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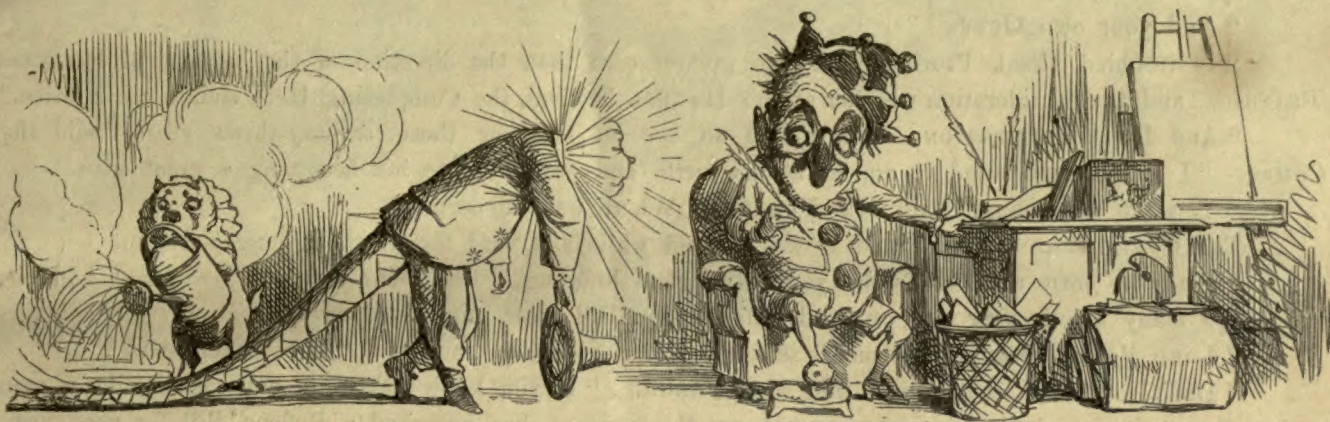


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1857.



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101
P8
1857

Punch



PUNCTUAL (like American fashions) to French time, which is rather faster, especially on the Tuileries' clock, than that of England, His Serene Highness, the COMET, duly arrived on the appointed date. As other foreign illustriousnesses are sometimes attended by a scent of consumed cigars, H. S. H. was accompanied by an odour as of burned-out planets. His head in a wide-awake, and his tail enveloped in asbestos continuations, H. S. H. hastened to report himself under St. Bride's.

"What's brought you?" said MR. PUNCH—whose maxim, *debellare superbos*, is ever before him.

"Why, I was prophesied," replied the COMET, humbly, "and I did not like to disgrace SCIENCE, who has been so fortunate in all her predictions of late years."

"True," replied MR. PUNCH, more graciously. "Very true. GEORGE STEPHENSON was never to drive a railway car more than eight miles an hour—Steam across the Atlantic was impossible—the Crystal Palace must crunch up by vibration, or be blown to sea by the winds—and now the Telegraph to America will not carry a message, and the Great Eastern is an ark to which no dove will bring a dividend. You are right, SCIENCE has been happy in her auguries, and she foretold you. You are welcome. Sit down, if your arrangements permit that attitude."

The COMET, severing asunder his glittering tail as easily as one of PETER WILKINS's Flying Indians adjusted her *graundee*, took a chair.

"May I ask what news is stirring?" said H. S. H.

"In our Earth?" asked MR. PUNCH. "Well, none. The four Continents are at peace—"

"Eh?" said the COMET. "I took China, America, and Algeria in my way, and gun-boats were throwing shells, Filibusters were engaging regulars, and Zouaves were driving dark fellows into caves—"

"If your Serene Highness had been kind enough to hear me out," said MR. PUNCH, "I was going to add—the four Continents, with the exception of Asia, Africa, and America. In Europe we are keeping the peace with great solemnity. LOUIS NAPOLEON, setting example, insists on such extreme peace, that even at his elections, His Majesty objects to opposition candidates. ALEXANDER sends the gentle CONSTANTINE

to count English and French guns, as he would not own one more for the world—no, not for Constantinople. FRANCIS JOSEPH, too, has a brother MAXIMILIAN, and he is here to express the ecstasy of Austria at the prospect of our Prussian alliance being drawn closer by HYMEN."

"*Tu, felix Austria, nube,*" said the COMET, "is a hint which he delights to find others can take."

"*Nube*—in a cloud," said MR. PUNCH, smiling. "A passable jest from a Highness from Cloud-land, but scarcely bright enough for me—however—let it go. Then, your Serene Highness, in Belgium, LEOPOLD the Astute, finding the priests flying something too frantically at the throat of LIBERTY, has flogged them off, for the hour; but she will never walk about in peace, poor thing, until they are chained up as the Belgian people will chain them in the next Revolution. PIUS THE NINTH is making progress—do not start—only through his dominions, crowning pictures of the Virgin, which Wink with pleasure, and actually mutter "*LA SALETTE*." The innocent ISABELLA again muses on the sweet joys of maternity, and vows, should she be blessed with a daughter, to make her an example of all the Virtues, to which end baby is to be sent from Spain before she can even see."

"And your own QUEEN?"

"Is troubled, thank Providence, by no greater care than the direction of the baptism of PRINCESS BEATRICE, and the consideration whether at the HANDEL Festival, the Conquering Hero should come twice."

"And LORD PALMERSTON. I have had an eye on him for these seventy-three years," said the COMET. "I had a good mind to appear at his birth, and prognosticate his becoming a great man."

"You are a humbug," said MR. PUNCH. "Where was he born?"

The COMET stuttered—and said it was a good while ago, and the place had escaped him.

"He was born at Broadlands, you astrological humbug," said MR. PUNCH, "where I hope he will spend many a jolly year yet, especially his Reform Bill Year, now fixed as 1858."

"LORD PALMERSTON a Reformer," said the COMET, looking troubled. "Hm. Well. Ah!"

"Don't mutter in that way," said MR. PUNCH. "If you know anything, out with it like a man and a Comet, if not, don't be mysterious. LORD PALMERSTON has promised a Reform Bill for next year, and I am going to keep him up to his work in my THIRTY-THIRD VOLUME—"

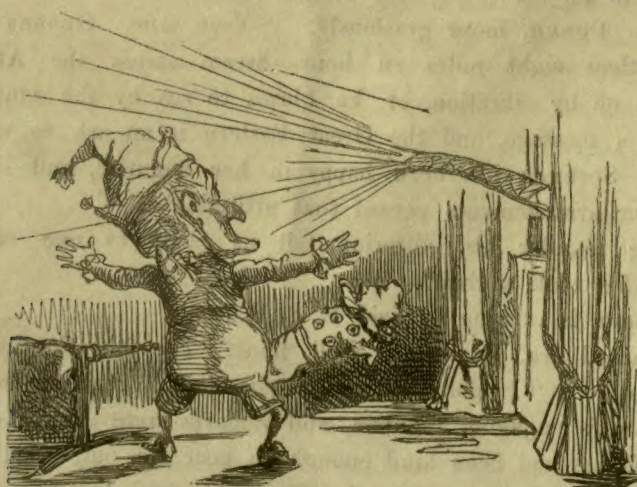
"Is the THIRTY-SECOND complete?" said the COMET, tremulously.

"Complete," said MR. PUNCH. "I present you with a copy. Here!"

"If a New Volume of PUNCH is to be launched, I'm sure the world wants no Comet," cried the individual in asbestos trowsers. "I shall not show."

And he bolted through the window into infinite space, taking with him, for the edification of the Solar System,

VOL. XXXII.





CHRISTMAS IN THE WORKHOUSE.

MR. PUNCH,—"Possibly, for what I am about to observe, many of your readers will set me down as a person of exceeding selfishness, with both my eyes always turned upon Number One. For that, Sir, I do not care a single snowball. You will print my letter, I shall be talked about, and that is the grand thing. A dog with a tin-kettle tied to his tail has, in my opinion, more than compensation for the inconvenience: for with every bang of the kettle, and every muscular spasm of his tail, he has still a greater number of people to stare and shout at him.

"Mr. Punch, I am perfectly sick of the maudlin sympathy and twaddle that call people men and brothers. It is all humbug, Sir. There were two brothers at the beginning, and didn't one brother find the other brother one brother too many? We shall never get on as we ought to do, until we make every man, woman, and child, go upon their own hook. I consider the invention of poor-rates as a bit of howling cant; and look upon the collector of that particular tax as very little better than an unduly licensed ticket-of-leave. Let me explain, Mr. Punch.

"Thursday showed its honest Christmas-head once again to my great satisfaction. For I am a person very well-to-do; can buy my own Christmas Turkey; draw my own port; and, in a word, don't owe—and don't intend to owe—any man the value of a Christmas chesnut. Why, then, for the sake of a maudlin sympathy and cant as hollow as a showman's drum, why should I be pillaged of my money, to feed and pamper a lot of paupers, who are only poor and destitute, because they have been idle, profligate, or unfortunate, which, be the case as it may, in no manner ought to concern me? Men and brothers may be very well in their way, but a man who begs ceases to be a man; and a brother lying in a door-way, is, at the best only a shabby *step*-brother!

"Now, Sir, to return to that good old institution, Christmas Day. I enjoyed myself, as I always do,—and I may confidently say it, charmed and delighted a large circle, as I always do, on that day. Sweet is the consciousness of ready-money; and a man who can lay his head upon his banker's book, has the best right of all men to pleasant dreams. I rejoiced my heartiest, and slept my soundest.

"The Friday morning brought me my morning paper. What was my disgust to see a sickly sentimentality paraded in capital type as follows—'CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE WORKHOUSE!' I read that in Marylebone the paupers had roast beef 'without bone,' and no end of plum-pudding. In St. Pancras, besides beef and pudding, Hanbury's beer, tobacco and snuff. In Fulham Union, fruit and nuts; in—but

why need I proceed? The columns of the newspaper steamed like an alderman's kitchen; and that with Christmas dinners to Christmas paupers!

"Now, Sir, I have had my larder three times thoroughly burglary-fied. On the first occasion the burglars carried off the very respectable remains of a cold shoulder-of-mutton; on the second, a whole partridge (forwarded to me by an anonymous admirer); and on the third, the model of a Swiss mouse-trap. Well, to what am I to attribute these midnight atrocities, but to the pampered tastes of paupers? These workhouse people are, from time to time, let out upon society, and, with a full remembrance of their workhouse beef and beer, with their appetites vitiated by morbid humanity and tobacco—they will not starve quietly and decently, but—they burglaryfy my larder! And when I spoke of the burglary to a policeman, casually naming the lost mouse-trap, he said—"That's nothing to what it would be: paupers let out of workhouses couldn't do without their glass of punch, and I'd better keep a sharp look-out for my sugar-basin and lemon-squeezer."

"Now, Sir, I have one remedy for all this. People who can't, as I say, depend upon their own hook, ought not to be allowed to hang upon other people's pockets. I would therefore manfully put down a morbid humanity, and at the same time abolish the poor's rates. To which end I would have clear work made of all the unions. I would have all the paupers seized and packed aboard ships (we have plenty of them) previously condemned. The vessels should be navigated into deep water (say the middle of the Atlantic) and there and then with a firm hand, *scuttled*. (Of course, one sea-worthy vessel should provide for the safety of the persons sent upon duty.) *Scuttled* is the word; and when, in fancy, I might behold 'some strong swimmer'—pauper I mean—"in his agony," and at the same time should think how he had pulled at *my* pocket, I should of course complacently wonder how *he* liked it.

"Such a scuttling would be a fine, wholesome, corrective sight to anybody who should have the luck to see it, and at the same time would be a mortal blow to maudlin humanity. Such is my honest opinion; and as for the howling cant of your 'men and brothers' for that, and that ten times over, I do not care three scrapes of a tin fiddle; and so I remain,

"No. 1, Self Street, Dec. 27." "ANOTHER LONDON SCOUNDREL."

MARY ANN'S NOTIONS.



EAR MR. PUNCH,—I wish you a happy new year!¹ I consider that you ought to have printed the letter I sent to you from the country about the man who starved his child. It was very well written, and not the least bit in the world too strong.² You are much too fastidious, and I can tell you that your lady-readers would like you a great deal better if you did not affect to be so dreadfully moderate and just.³ We do not care about moderation and justice,⁴ and we like heart.⁵ There is a scolding for you, because you have suppressed my nice letter.

"I have heard nothing but talk about the Income-Tax for more than a week. I quite understand the question, and I wonder

that there can be two opinions about it.⁶ It is most ridiculous to talk of one person's being taxed more than another, if the incomes are the same. A hundred sovereigns are (or is, which is it?) a hundred sovereigns, and while you receive them, that is your income, and when you do not receive them you cease to have that income.⁷ So that people ought to pay and not make a fuss. Besides, what meanness it is in men to dispute about such sums. What is sixteen pence to a man who earns hundreds? Why AUGUSTUS gives eight pence apiece for cigars, and by leaving off two of those he would pay sixteen pence at once, not that the Government will get much out of him, an idle creature! And then, if sixteen pence in a hundred pounds⁸ is such a tax, why don't you work harder and earn a little more, and pay the tax out of that? I have no patience with such nonsense. But men must have something to grumble and growl at. Presently you will complain that the QUEEN wears a gold crown, and will vote that she ought to have an electrotype one.⁹

There was a very sensible thing said in the paper on Saturday morning. Papa, in his condescending Parliamentary way, dear old thing, banded Mamma and me the *Times*, instead of keeping it all break-fast, saying, 'I observe that a considerable portion of to-day's impression is devoted to an analysis of the Christmas entertainments provided at the metropolitan places of public amusement; and as this may have an interest for yourselves, my loves, which I am free to confess it does not possess for me, I beg leave to lay the paper on the table.' But I have to say that I did not read all the accounts of the pantomimes, because I hate to know what I am going to see,¹⁰ and I did read one of the political articles, and I was struck with a bit of advice which it gave to men who are so dreadfully afraid that they shall not be rich enough to support their wives and children. It was something like this, 'Let a young gentleman work a great deal harder than he does. It will not kill him. And let him do without a great many things that he thinks are necessities but which are not.'

"I should think so. Bless me, look at the quantity of work that women do, without making such a deal of complaint about it. Why, I hardly know a married woman with a family who is not on her legs¹¹ from morning to night, and when she sits down it is only to begin stitching and mending, and making, and darning.¹² And at night do you find her sinking into a chair in a lackadaisical manner, mewing out that, 'the stretch upon her physical powers has been considerable,' and sending everybody to bed that the room may be quiet, and hinting that she must really have a little respite and fresh air? Not a bit of it; and if her husband came in after she had had ever such a day, and told her to put on her bonnet and come to the theatre, how long would she be about it?¹³ The fact is, my dear Mr. Punch, men ruin their constitutions with smoking and Greenwich, and late hours, (not that being up late in proper places is any harm¹⁴) and then they are not fit for the business of life, and fancy that 'the average demands upon their physical powers are excessive.' I have heard that rubbish, and it means that you are a set of idle pigs.

"The other hint about doing without a good many things that you really do not want, was very good indeed. Now, there are tailors' bills. A man must dress as a gentleman, or he would not be fit to go out with his wife,¹⁵ but a married man cannot dress too plainly, and if he takes care of his things he ought not to want many suits in a year. Then, smoking he ought to give up entirely, it is an acquired habit, and highly pernicious. As for wine, there might be great saving there. Men like 'their own wine,'¹⁶ and give wicked sums of money for it,

while 'a light sherry,' or something with as much flavour as camomile tea, is good enough for their wives. How a husband can drink port wine at five guineas a bin¹⁷ or whatever it is, while his wife very likely wants new furniture or some other necessary, is to me marvellous! But if a husband retrenches his tailor and wine-merchant, and leaves off tobacco, he may put away money enough to pay the Income-Tax without electrotyping the QUEEN's crown, or making his wife ashamed of his meanness.

"Ought to enjoy himself?" Of course, he ought. What does he marry for, except because he thinks it will make him happier? But let him enjoy himself rationally. If he saved his money in the way I mention, he could keep a little Brougham for his wife, and they could have drives together, if my lord would condescend to honour her with his company. Let him come home, too, in the evening, as soon as his work is done, and read a novel to her, or take her to the Opera (orders are easily got, I know, if he is too mean to pay), or to a concert. Or if they only walk up and down and look at the shops, it is better than his sitting in the smoking-room of a club, drinking gin-slugs and hearing stories which can in no way concern him, and only give him a bad opinion of woman's nature, which would be perfect if you all did not spoil it by flattering hypocrisy before marriage and rudeness and neglect afterwards. If a husband led the life I have advised, he would not come home complaining that the 'demands on his physical powers were excessive;' indeed he would find new interest in his business, because there would be no other excitement to occupy his mind, and I dare say he would soon be rich, and able to take her¹⁸ a country house.

"I hope that we shall hear no more nonsense about the Income-Tax, but that men will make up their minds to work harder, and save more. Of course a person who has to work for his living ought not to pay like a person whose living is in the Bank, or has estates;¹⁹ but this is an easy matter of arithmetic that might be settled in five minutes, only you like better to grumble.

"Yours, affectionately,

"MARY ANN."

"Monday."

¹ The same to you, dear, and many of them.

² Once more, Miss, no dictation to Us. Besides, what do you call strong, if not a suggestion that a man should be hanged over a slow fire and flogged to death, and transported. You were in a natural rage at reading of an act of cruelty, and wrote your rage down. We burned it.

³ Mere spitefulness.

⁴ True; but to be regretted.

⁵ So do we; and, by the way, a wine-glass of catsup, or of port-wine in the gravy is a great improvement. The force-meat cannot be too rich, mind that.

⁶ We know somebody with two, and a good little girl she is.

⁷ None of your flippancy—find the rule and apply it.

⁸ This proposition we cordially admit.

⁹ Ah! if it were only that, SIR G. C. L. might plunder us till he became a statesman, or, to take a shorter date, till the end of time.

¹⁰ Women's hypotheses are always useless and often impertinent.

¹¹ A neat hint to Papa to call on MR. SAMS.

¹² MARY ANN, how vulgar. Say "who finds time for inactivity."

¹³ Do you know any single sisters of these remarkable women? Because we have sons, and ask the question for a reason.

¹⁴ Not long, at all events, in accepting the invitation.

¹⁵ Ah!

¹⁶ Ah!

¹⁷ You said that you knew good wine from bad, or we promise you that never a line of yours should have appeared in these columns.

¹⁸ "That pretty bin," as SHAKESPEARE says, indicates imperfect information, M. A.

¹⁹ Her! We are not particular with you, but really you must bring your relatives and antecedents closer.

²⁰ Look at Note 8, and your text. We expect explanation and apology in your next letter.

LORD PALMERSTON A "BRICK."

THE *Herald* declares that the PRIME MINISTER and the people of England are equally in a disgraced position. The PREMIER for his utterance of wretched excuses in the matter of the Conference, and the people for the ignorant greediness with which they swallow them. Our daily teacher then puts forth the following profound apologue:—

"We have heard of a shark which once swallowed a heated brick wrapped in a greasy blanket, and naturally underwent some very severe internal revolutions. Let the public beware of a similar result."

But has not the public any antidote? Granted that the public swallows the heated brick PALMERSTON in a greasy blanket; has not the public its daily remedy in the wet blanket issued every morning in the *Herald*?

A Hint to the Crystal Palace Directors.

AMONGST the plaster statues commemorative of commerce and geography, set up along the great terrace, suppose MR. FERGUSON were to have erected an Africa, not in plaster of Paris, but hewn out of "Living Stone."

AN EXASPERATING NECESSITY.—People grumble at the probable cost of the new expedition against Persia. As if it were possible to arrive at "Erat" without granting a present "Sum."

THE NEEDS OF THE CLERGY.

We have much pleasure in quoting, from the *Morning Herald* the following statement to the credit and renown of a British bishop:—

"**EPISCOPAL LIBERALITY.**—The LORD BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL provided lodgings at his own expense, for every candidate for the recent ordination, and directed that all their needs should be promptly and liberally supplied."

No doubt the generous bishop afforded the young parsons ample means for drinking his good health. It would not surprise us to learn that the supply of things needful included a sufficiency of good cigars. There is, however, some reason to fear that the episcopal direction for the supply of all the needs of the reverend youths could not be quite carried out. Perhaps a few of them may have wanted a little Hebrew, not to mention Greek and Latin, and a certain amount of theological literature, and ecclesiastical history, which any attempt to supply them with would have proved abortive.

The Knightsbridge Candles.

MR. LIDDELL, at St. Paul's,
Into Puseyism falls,
And establishes a New Oxford Tracts' light,
Which his altar he sets on;
But CHURCHWARDEN WESTERTON
Goes and puffs out his little Roman wax-light.

Unseasonable Benevolence.

MR. MERRYMAN has been entertaining a numerous, if not very select, circle.

The honourable gentleman has distributed a large number of ices among the population in his vicinity. He has also made a liberal distribution of straw-hats and ventilating Zephyr paletots, and has, in the most unreserved manner, thrown open his grounds, with their extensive fish-ponds, to parties desirous of bathing.

AN ANGEL IN DANGER OF FALLING.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA is particularly requested to take care that he does not fall. No insinuation is intended in this advice, which arises merely from an apprehension that the Angel of Peace may sink into the Demon of War.

A HINT IN SEASON.

Now Italy's tyrants dance o'er the volcano,
Let Austria by BOMBA be warned, while he can;
Lest the feeling which prompted the thrust of MILANO,
Perchance should give point to the stab of Milan.

The Height of Ingratitude.

THE Americans have sent us a noble vessel, and it is proposed, in return, to send them a noble Lord. An Ambassador in exchange for a *Resolute*. Small craft for great craft! Truly the days of GLAUCUS and DIOMED have returned, and brass is given for gold. Well, we calculate the exchange is awful agin the States. Yes, Sirree, some!

SPORT FOR MR. FARQUHARSON.

"**LORD SHAFTESBURY** has ordered the preservation of the foxes in the Horton country for Mr. FARQUHARSON."—*Daily News*.

The foxes, we state it upon the best vulpine authority, are correspondingly obliged to LORD SHAFTESBURY.

Detur Digniori.

A DEPUTATION from the Incorporated Law Society last week waited on SIR BENJAMIN HALL to suggest the transfer of the Law Courts to a better site.—Ought not this work to be done by the Strand and Westminster Vestries, as coming strictly within their powers for the removal of nuisances?

"MIND YOUR I'S."

THE Usher in the LORD MAYOR'S Court, lately described the great gold robbery case (alluding, we presume, to the character of AGAR, the principal witness) as a case of doubtful "TESTER-mony."

NATIONAL INSTINCT.—The Salmon in Scotland are distinguished by one very singular characteristic. It is well known that every Scotch Salmon, imbibing the spirit of caution peculiar to the country, looks twice always before it leaps.

A MANAGER WITHOUT GUILF.

We have been charmed with the ingenuousness of a Plymouth Manager. His name is NEWCOMBE. A name that deserves to be written in the very brightest footlights; for it is not very often that the anxious caterers for public amusement exhibit such touching truthfulness, such affecting sincerity as enhances the character of NEWCOMBE. His play-bill of December 17, 1856—(will not the document be henceforth precious to all antiquarians?)—informs the Plymouth public, that two young ladies will severally act—no, not act, but appear—as *Hamlet*, *Prince of Denmark* and *Ophelia*. MR. MANAGER NEWCOMBE, however, has something to say, to promise to a confiding public on this matter, and therefore prints the subjoined notice in his bill:—

"MR. J. R. NEWCOMBE begs to inform his Patrons that having entered into an Engagement, he feels himself bound to carry it out; but at the same time feels himself equally bound to state to those Patrons who may be inclined to visit the Theatre during such Engagement, that they will be deceived, as he has been, if they expect to see anything beyond the acting of two Ladies, who have a great deal to learn before they are competent to sustain, with any credit, the characters they are attempting."

O Virtue, cried MOLIERE, in what nook wilt thou not hide thyself? O Honesty, after this, in what barn mayest thou not be discovered? NEWCOMBE's dress-boxes are 3s.; his upper ditto, 2s.; his Pit, 1s.; his gallery 6d.; and to the predetermined visitors to all these places, he cries—hold; ponder a little; think of it; the *Hamlet* may not be worth eighteen-pence, and the *Ophelia* dear indeed at threepence. It is ruled by the worldly wise that a man who vends fish ought to utter no syllable that should cast a doubt upon its freshness. But here have we in the conscientious NEWCOMBE a tradesman who, compelled to cry *his* fish, nevertheless cries it with his nose between his fingers.



The Good of the Garotte.

Two cabriolet drivers had adjourned from their stand to an adjoining tavern, for the purpose of partaking of a slightly stimulating refreshment. "I say, BILL," exclaimed cabriolet-driver, No. 1, "this is bad work, this 'ere garrottin'."—"Bad work!" responded cabriolet-driver, No. 2, "unkimmon good work, I finds it—all the timid old gents as used to walk 'ome of a hevenin', stead o' that, now they stands a chance o' bein' grotted, takes a cab."

NOT IMPROBABLE.

A Mons United Collieries' Company is announced with a million capital, to produce marvellous dividends, of course. Let the shareholders look out lest

"Parturit Mons: nascetur ridiculus mus."



THE FESTIVE SEASON.

Amy (to Rose). "GOOD GRACIOUS, ROSE—I'M AFRAID, FROM THE WAY THE MAN TALKS, THAT HE IS INTOXICATED!"

Cabby (impressively). "BEG PARD'N, MISS!—N-N-NOT (HIC) INTOSSI-TOSSI-CATED (HIC).—ITSH ONLY SHLIGHT 'PED-PED-PEDIMENT IN SPEESH, MISS!"

A CHRISTMAS-BOX FOR A GOOD CLOWN.

OF all the cases of benevolence ever recorded at this time of the year, who can recollect one so truly seasonable as the following, related by the *Cheltenham Examiner*?—

"SINGULAR TESTIMONIAL TO A CLOWN.—It may interest some of our readers to learn the following:—Among the most prominent performers at HENGLER'S Circus, which has just closed at Chester, was FROWDE, the mimic. We feel much pleased to hear that his conduct in private life has attracted as much honour and justice as his mimicry in the ring, for having been noticed as a constant attendant on Church Services, three Clergymen of that ancient city have presented him with a very handsome Bible."

We ought to state that we quote the foregoing from a daily paper, because there is a passage in it which we have accurately copied, but which may, by many readers be regarded as obscure; and we do not know whether or not the statement that Mr. FROWDE'S conduct in private life has, equally with his professional performances, attracted honour and justice, occurs in the original text of our Cheltenham contemporary. The paragraph in question has been rather inconsiderately headed "Singular Testimonial to a Clown." If the testimonial is singular, at least it ought not to be. No doubt there are some people, in whose dictionary fun means sin, and laughter is defined to be the expression of wickedness, who may consider that a Clown, as such, has no more business with a bible than a toad has with a side pocket. This is the opinion of the natural melancholy fool, who hates the artistic and lively fool. The real fool who grins with the convexity of the mouth upwards to please himself, detests the fool who grins with the convexity of the mouth downwards to please other people. We should like to know the names of the three Chester clergymen, who had the pluck, and the philosophy, to present a Clown with a bible. A bible in the hands of a moral and conscientious Clown is nothing odd; a bible in the hands of a Clown who keeps those hands from picking and stealing anything but stage turkeys and theatrical legs of mutton. The bible is only out of place in the hands of that Clown who embezzles

trust-money, steals shares, and disposes of securities confided to him, singing psalms all the while, and who is a solemn, dull, and dreary Clown, and a sad rogue.

RECIPES FOR A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

You must do the following things, if you wish to pass a Happy New Year:—

To count five hundred before you venture to contradict your wife.

To be careful, when you are asked for your advice, (especially by an Irishman) how you give it.

To praise every baby that is brought up to you for exhibition.

To take twice of pudding, if you are told the mistress of the house has had a hand in the making of it.

To decline in the politest manner being appointed arbitrator in any matrimonial quarrel.

To mind your own business, or if you have no business, then to make it your business to leave the business of others alone.

To be cautious how you sit next to a lady of an uncertain age with green spectacles and inky fingers, and who shaves her hair to get up an intellectual forehead.

To pay no visits to such persons as never return them; *viz.*, to your Lawyer, your Pawnbroker, your Physician, your Magistrate, your Commissioner in the Court of Bankruptcy or Insolvency, much less your Judge in any Court, Central Criminal, County, Common Law, Consistorial, Chancery, or otherwise.

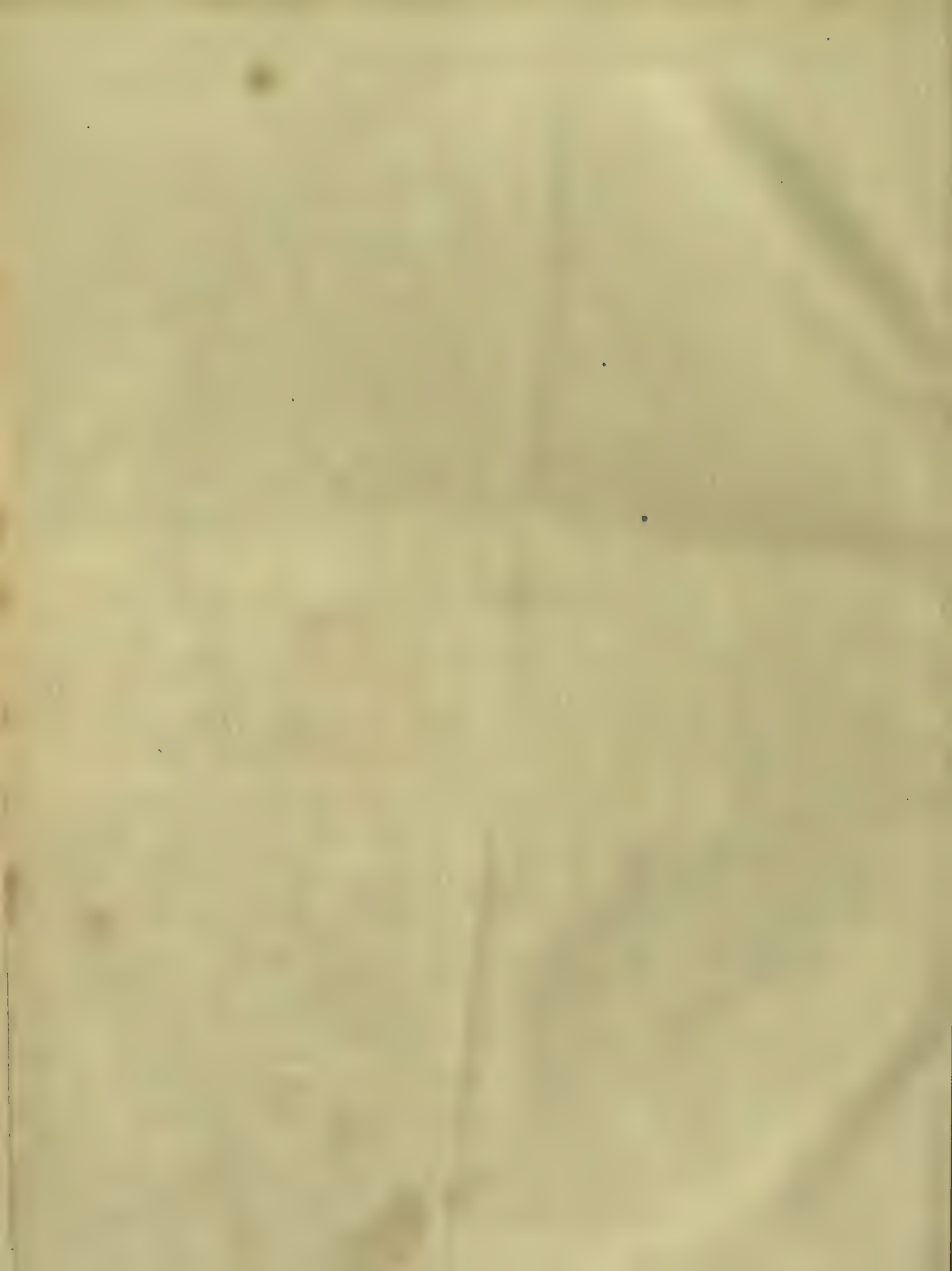
To enter into a solemn vow not to read the Debates.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.—THE GOVERNOR OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND has had his discount raised to a great height by the appearance of MR. ANDREWS in the field as a candidate for Southampton.



SWITZERLAND WARMING THE SNAKE.

(Another Illustration of the Old Fable.)



THE ENCORE SWINDLE.

MR. PUNCH cannot recognise more than a single view upon the subject of an *Encore*. But his own preternatural wisdom and rectitude—he admits the fact with due humiliation—sometimes prevent his making allowances for the ignorance and injustice of others. He will therefore condescend, upon the present occasion, to explain how the matter in question stands. He is moved thereto by a variety of correspondence which has been addressed to him, and by an article in the *Musical World*, in which some ridiculous provincial censures upon Mr. SIMS REEVES, the vocalist, are disposed of by a reply so unanswerable that it has naturally excited the wrath of the illogical. For it is in imperfectly educated nature to begin to revile when it ceases to reason.

Complaints were made, and what in the provinces passes for sarcasm was let fly against the singer we have named, for his excusing himself, on the ground of indisposition, from fulfilling a certain engagement. Now Mr. *Punch* has occasionally had his good-humoured joke with Mr. REEVES on this subject, and begs to premise that nothing herein contained will bar Mr. *Punch* of his right to say just what he likes to Mr. REEVES or anybody else. Nor, again, will Mr. *Punch*'s condescending to joke upon the subject, in any manner prevent his recognition of Mr. REEVES as one of the most admirable artists in the world. *Nunc tunc*, as VIRGIL might have said, if he had chosen.

The answer to these complaints is, that British audiences consist of swindlers. It is shown that Mr. REEVES, in common with many other artists, is compelled by a dishonest British public to do double the work which he contracts to do. It is set forth by extracts from the newspapers, detailing a long provincial tour (during which Mr. REEVES has not once failed to appear when due) that the audiences have always exacted from him precisely twice the quantity of music which they were entitled to ask. They have habitually *encored* everything. And when an exhausted singer has ventured to substitute something else for the fatiguing air which is dishonestly redemanded, they have *encored* the substitution. The consequence of this selfish injustice was that REEVES, lacking the courage of ALBONI and MARIO, who will seldom "take" an *encore*, got knocked up, not being a mere singing machine, and had to give his throat and lungs a few days' holiday. This brought out provincial censure and sarcasm, completely met, as it appears to Mr. *Punch* and every honest person, by the *Musical World*.

By what right, we beg to ask, does an auditor cheat and rob an artist by *encoring*? A playbill promises that if you will pay a specific sum, you shall have a specific song. You pay the money (or go in with an order), and you demand twice the music you have bargained for. Do you serve anybody else so, except an artist? If you buy a pair of trousers, and they please you, do you *encore* your trousers, that is, require the tailor to give you another pair? Do you *encore* a dozen of oysters, asking the second lot for nothing because the first were sweet and succulent? Do you *encore* a portrait, and because a painter has succeeded admirably in taking your likeness, do you clap and stamp about his studio until he paints you another copy for nothing?

But "O!" say JOHN BULL, and MRS. BULL, with their usual vulgarity, "these are real things, with a value, while a song's nothing but air (hair, very likely MRS. BULL calls it) coming out of a man's mouth; and it has no value, and he ought to be very proud that we are pleased with him."

Get out of the theatre, you old idiots! Get out, you dishonest old ignorant wretches, and go to Mr. SPURGEON, or a police magistrate, or somebody, and learn your duty to your neighbour! Get out, we tell you!

And yet why should Mr. *Punch* be wrath with you? Your fathers thought in the same way about books, and wondered at an author's impudence in calling mere words by the sacred name of property. And the notion is not quite extinct yet. There, we retract, we feel compassion for you, you old creatures, not anger. You may stay. But mind this. You have no right to steal music. If your housemaid stole your snub-nosed Patty's dog's-eared copy of the *Troubadour* from the pianoforte, you would call that housemaid a thief, and send for a policeman. What are you, that steal four songs in one evening? Take that hint to heart, and when next you are delighted with an effort that it has cost an artist years of expensive and laborious study to bring to the perfection that enchants you, and you feel disposed to cheat him out of it again, remember snub-nosed PATTY and her dog's-eared music.

Were Mr. *Punch* a Manager, he would borrow a hint from the omnibus, and write across the curtain

ALL ENCORES MUST BE PAID FOR,

and the money-taker should go round, attended by a detective, to require a second payment of the price of admission. On the other hand, if it could be shown that singers, or music-sellers, or friends with orders, had caused the *encore*, (for all sorts of tricks are resorted to in order to puff up indifferent wares) the night's salary of the singer supposed to be benefited should be forfeited to the General Theatrical Fund. As Mr. *Punch* is not a Manager, he obligingly makes a present of these suggestions to the editor of the *Musical World*.

SOCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

Wishing to obtain some information as to the effect of the Income-Tax upon our social condition, we resolved to ascertain as far as it was practicable, whether any falling off had been noticeable this Christmas in the parties which are annually given at that festive season. For this purpose we selected several of our most going-out reporters, and supplied them with instructions to spare themselves no expense in white kids and waistcoats, until they had provided us with full statistics on the subject.

As a sample of the evidence with which we have been furnished, we learn from the gentleman to whom we had entrusted the dining-out department that, of twenty dinner-parties he has been invited to, at eight there have been served up for the first course both soup and fish, at ten there was soup only, and at two only fish; at nineteen the second course consisted (besides *entrainments*) of either a roast turkey and a bit of boiled beef, or else a boiled turkey and a bit of roast beef—the latter being in one instance supplanted by a saddle of mutton, while for the third course, at all the twenty tables, there were either a brace of pheasants or a hare, a Brobdignag plum-pudding with a sprig of holly in it, about a peck of mince-pies, and bushels of jellies and what he designates as "sweet-stuff." The cheese was Stilton at sixteen tables, and at the other four Cheddar: with the addition of celery in eleven cases, and in thirteen of macaroni; while at every house where there were children, there were at least a dozen dishes for dessert.

On the whole our reporter's conviction is, decidedly, that the dinners given this Christmas may be fairly quoted at about the usual average; both as regards their frequency, and the quantity as well as quality of condiments provided. And he considers, therefore, that among the middle classes, the privations through war-prices are as yet not so extreme as certain grumbling politicians seem desirous to make out.



TOO GENEROUS BY HALF.

If money is at the present moment a little "tight" in France, it is because LOUIS NAPOLEON has held his purse-strings a little too loose. He is a second *Antony*, and although his minister, M. ACHILLE FOULD, has attempted to describe him in prose, we can assure France that it is SHAKESPEARE only—the divine WILLIAMS of M. PONSARD—who can alone, through the lips of *Cleopatra*, limn the imperial munificence:

"For his bounty,
There was no winter in't: an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping."

Only France is, now and then, liable to less than average crops, and a blighted vintage.

"In his livery
Walk'd crowns and coronets."

For has not FREDERICK WILLIAM of Prussia just joined, fallen into, the royal procession?

"Realms and islands were
As plates dropp'd from his pocket."

Only—let the truth be said—some of these island-plates have a great deal too much *Cayenne* in them.

Christmas Contrition.

MATERFAMILIAS, who, in former years, has been accustomed to spend a great deal of money in decking her Christmas Tree, calls the room at the German Fair, where they announce "150,000 toys at a penny each," her "*locus penitentiae*."

KEEP YOUR TEMPER.—Avoid entering into an argument with a deaf man in a railway carriage, as it is sure to lead to high words.



Sensitive Young Lady. "POOR CREATURES! NOTHING BUT EATING AND SLEEPING. WHAT A DREADFUL EXISTENCE!"

Stout Youth. "DREADFUL EXISTENCE!—OH, AH! I DARE SAY. WHY, THAT'S JUST THE VERY THING OF ALL OTHERS I SHOULD LIKE THE BEST!"

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

It is well known—or why has the country so many newspapers?—that immediately on the prorogation of Parliament, LORD PALMERSTON quietly set himself to work to provide for the opening. The PREMIER has already determined upon so many reforms that it may reasonably be predicted the next session will be placid as the Serpentine. Halcyons are expected to breed upon the Thames in spite of any motion made by MR. DISRAELI. But amongst all the national benefits anticipated during the recess by a provident PREMIER, the statesmanlike move in the matter of the Income-Tax will, probably, be the measure that shall command the most universal admiration. We cannot say that the whole of the QUEEN'S Speech is determined upon, but we have the best authority for stating that the document will contain a golden paragraph, of which we subjoin a faithful copy.

"The Conferences at Paris have been brought to the happiest conclusion. All the purposes of a just and necessary war have been fully accomplished. And acknowledging the zeal, the readiness, with which my faithful people responded to the call made upon their pockets to carry out the issue of the contest, it affords me heartfelt satisfaction to know that such measures of retrenchment have been determined upon consistently with the true dignity of Government, that from and after the 5th of April next ensuing, the Income-Tax will cease and determine. The discontinuance of so grievous, but made by circumstances, so necessary an impost, is the best national monument that can be resolved upon in commemoration of the struggle."

By this master-stroke of policy LORD PALMERSTON the more certainly fixes himself in the hearts of the people, inasmuch as he shows himself so anxious as a Minister to keep himself out of their pockets.

Dentistry without Danger.

We rejoice to see that a College of Dentists is in course of formation, with a view to the distinction of the respectable members of the profession from the quacks. If this can be effected, the toothless in search of teeth will no longer be in danger of running into the fangs of extortionate advertisers, by whom those unfortunates are at present so commonly bitten.

SONG OF THE REJECTED.

Dedicated to the Civil Service Commissioners.

A NOBLE friend, not long ago,
Gave me a situation;
But said, alas! I first must pass
A slight Examination.

They asked me questions, I am sure,
Would puzzle anybody,
I never knew how far Pegu
Was from the Irawaddy!

I am an English gentleman,
My age is twenty-two,
And I cannot tell what goods will sell
The best at Timbuctoo.

I can read, and I can spell,
Or write out from dictation;
But at Paraguay I cannot say
What is the population.

Of course 'twas very ignorant,
And must my fame disparage,
I could not state what was the date
Of great KING ALFRED'S marriage!

I don't know when we first were taxed,
Or who was the Assessor;
I really can't describe the Aunt
Of EDWARD THE CONFESSOR!

They asked what king first had a corn,
I never could imagine it;
How should I know about the toe
Of Tudor or Plantagenet?

Such things as these no doubt are known
To many of my betters,
But I cannot see their use to me
In merely copying letters.

TRUTH TO THE LETTER.—A Woman who writes a letter is a Fool, but a Man who keeps, or publishes one, is a Traitor!—*Sir Charles Napier.*

THINGS WHICH NO OLD BACHELOR WILL EVER DO IF HE CAN HELP IT.

To begin with—Get outside an omnibus to accommodate a lady.
Go to a theatre on a Juvenile Night.
Assist in dressing up a Christmas Tree, or be present at the distribution of the gifts.
Escort his married sister when she goes to buy a baby-jumper.
Throw away his cigar when he comes in contact with a lady.
Take a walk down Regent Street at the time when the perambulators do mostly congregate.
Accept an invitation to stand godfather, for fear of its being cited as a precedent.
Give up a dinner party for the sake of escorting his friend's wife to an evening one.
Take his country cousins shopping, for fear of being asked to carry home their parcels for them.
Attend a juvenile party, and submit to be made a blind man's buffer of.
Oblige his married sister at a Railway Station by "just holding baby for a moment."
Burn his fingers at snap-dragons, because "it will please the children so."
Run the slightest chance of ever being caught beneath the mistletoe.
And to end with—Dine twice with a family where he finds the baby handed round with the dessert.

Casus Belli.

THE Indian Government was perfectly right in declaring war against Persia for seizing on Herat, because the Persians had no business thereat.

HOMOEOPATHIC CHRISTMAS REVELRY.—At all the metropolitan workhouses, the Christmas fare appears to have been weighed out to the paupers. The entertainment must have been scaly.

LILLIPUTIAN LEGISLATION.



THE meeting to promote, according to advertisement, "Legislative prohibition of Street Smoking," held last week in the spacious Vestry Hall of St. Pancras; the fulminations were tremendous, even when compared with the oratorical artillery with which the assembled vestry usually batter the walls of that resonant edifice. Juvenile street smoking was gravely denounced, as the source of a torrent of drunkenness, crime, and Sabbath desecration, which will utterly overwhelm the country, unless it be dammed and stemmed by legislative prohibition. The designs of Russia; Parliamentary, Income-Tax, Law and Ecclesiastical Reform; Bolgrad; Naples; Neufchâtel; the Metropolitan Board of Works; every public ques-

tion; every social improvement and national interest, sinks and falls in the estimation of the British-anti-tobacco Society-for-promoting-legislative-prohibition-of-juvenile-street-smoking, before the overwhelming importance of preventing the peripatetic issue of tobacco-smoke from under caps and out of round jackets. Poison, bankruptcy, delirium (of all sorts besides *tremens*), suicide, and every other variety of destruction and death being staked on this question, no other subject ought, in the estimation of the orators, to take precedence of the juvenile-street-smoking question at the approaching assemblage of Parliament. The Russian, Italian, and United States questions; every sort of Reform, must wait.

And the solution of such trifles will have to wait for a considerable time. If the great little-boy-street-smoking question be of primary importance, must not an efficient baby-perambulator-prevention measure, in justice to the pedestrian community of the Metropolis, be pressed upon the consideration of Parliament? Are there not a hundred other evils that cry out in our streets for removal—a hundred trumpet-tongued nuisances proclaiming a deadly necessity for abatement?

Should the St. Pancras Society for the putting out the pipes of the under-age lieges succeed in their object, an industrious Parliament may, before the less important subjects already enumerated are disposed of, adorn the statute book with several measures equally beneficial to the lives and welfare (moral and spiritual) of the British public of all ages. This sort of Maine law once turned full on in such a direction, they may hope to find their own and other sympathetic efforts crowned with such additions to our legislative code as the following:—

I. **An Act** for the suppression of street hoops.—Any juvenile of either sex trundling a hoop in any public thoroughfare, to be liable, on conviction, to a penalty of twenty shillings or one month's imprisonment. And whereas the traffic of large towns having been much impeded by the immoderate breadth of ladies' petticoats, any lady stopping the way by reason of the illegal circumference of her robes, may be, and shall, on proof of the fact before any one of HER MAJESTY'S Justices of the Peace, be fined in a sum not exceeding the price of two dozen pairs of gloves (best Parisian kid) and instant forfeiture of the obstructing hoop or hoops, in open Court.

II. **An Act** to render it felony for any little boy, in frosty weather, to make slides on the pavement.

III. **An Act** for the "legislative prohibition" of the game of "Cat."

IV. **An Act** for the expulsion, from crowded thoroughfares, of apple-stalls, butchers' trays, perambulators, chimney-sweeps, and contraband shoe-blacks (that is to say, shoe-blacks out of uniform).

V. **An Act** for empowering the police to take up all *gamins* caught in the fact of inquiring of any rate-payer, or other respectable resident within the Bills of Mortality, the address of his batter; whether his mother is aware of his absence from home, or the like.

VI. **An Act** to be intitled the Omnibus Passenger's Regulation Act. 1. Any person weighing more than sixteen (imperial) stone refusing to pay double fare to be—when practicable—ejected from the vehicle, and debarred the benefits of the statute in that case made and provided in cases of assault and battery. 2. No person to bring into

such public conveyance wet umbrellas, puppies, portmanteaus, or milliner's waggons, under penalty of forfeiting the same.

VII. **An Act** (applicable only to that part of HER MAJESTY'S dominions called Scotland,) to constitute the use of the adjective "English" in any bond, warrant, quittance, or obligation, newspaper, book, or any other public document, petit treason.

VIII. **An Act** to render it a misdemeanour punishable by imprisonment with hard labour to strew the streets with orange-peel.

IX. **An Act** for the transportation beyond seas of bill-stickers, bill-deliverers, and vendors of spurious newspapers. Lastly,

X. **An Act** for the Annihilation of Parochial Spouting Societies.

OUR FILTH AND OUR FELONS.

LORD PALMERSTON once, with that off-hand felicity,

Which belongs to his lordship in stating a case,

To a new definition of "dirt" gave publicity,

As "nothing but matter left in the wrong place."

The notion took root; for the festering matter

That poisons our houses, in village and town,

Would be food, we all know, could we find means to scatter,

Its streams o'er the garden, the field and the down.

Nor alone to material filth of our cities

His lordship's idea exactly applies,

We have moral filth too; in our Commons' Committees,

Our papers, our prisons, laid bare to our eyes.

As our sewers with town-refuse, our gaols are o'erflowing

With refuse humanity's festering slime,

And as that's only used plague and fever for sowing,

So this bears fruit only, of outrage and crime.

But as sanitary doctors are ceaseless in urging,

'Tis but waste of good stuff to send sewage to sea,

So the worst way humanity's cesspools of purging,

Is to ship off the filth, as the way used to be.

As our fields crave the one, we have tracts crave the others,

Where e'en felon-labour with use might be tried:

Fever-seeds may turn food; why not felons prove brothers

When once (*selon PAM*) in the right place applied?

VERY LOW CHURCH INDEED.

ONLY think, my dear ARCHDEACON HALE, of the following statement made by the Berlin correspondent of the *Times*:—

"There are livings that bring in little more than £45 a-year in money, while the most lucrative office of a general superintendent will hardly bring in more than £750 to £800 per annum."

He is writing, my dear and reverend Sir, of the Church of Prussia. It is not easy, is it, to conceive the idea of a Low Church carried so far; to imagine a Church of so awfully low a figure? Fancy an ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY receiving less than a thousand a-year! The Church in that case would be so low that a gentleman could not stoop to live in it—could he? No wonder, then, that the above-quoted writer should go on to remark that—

"With such small pecuniary remuneration, and in the absence of any 'factitious prestige in society or high political rank for the Bishops, it is almost superfluous to mention that the Prussian nobility never enter the Church; there is no chance for any other qualities than learning, piety, zeal, and capacity to get on in the ecclesiastical career."

It is all very well to talk of the learning, piety, and zeal, which a system of Church economy, quotable at figures so disgustingly low as the foregoing, may encourage; but how can the divinity of clergymen, who cost so little as the Prussian, be good for anything? How is it possible for them to drink the necessary port? The Prussian clergy must be limited to beer, like Parsons *Adams* and *Trulliber*, and, in further similarity to the last-named divine, perhaps have to eke out their incomes by dealing in pigs. Speaking as a moderate pluralist, how many livings ought a man to enjoy, that is, to hold with any enjoyment of existence, passing no richer than forty-five pounds a living?

An Old Saw and a Modern Instance.

On the day succeeding Christmas Day there occurred a singular illustration of the popular saying relative to the "thin end of the wedge." Several little boys received a wedge of cold plum-pudding; and when they had got the thin end of the wedge in, it was astonishing to see how soon the rest followed it.



UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

AUGUSTUS THINKS CRINOLINE A DETESTABLE INVENTION.

THE SURGEON TO HIS HENCHMAN.

WHAT ho! my staunch Assistant, there is work to do anon,
So gird thee with thine apron true, and put thy stout sleeves on.
Prepare to pound; drugs must be ground; the brazen mortar ring,
And the pestle roll in the marble bowl, and the scales will have to swing.

It is the merry Christmas-tide, when worthy people eat
Five times as much as is good for them, drink ten times more than meet.

The fields lie bare in the winter air, or yield beneath the plough.
Though fallow be they, we make our hay; 'tis the doctor's harvest now.

The boys are home for the holidays, and they feed unchecked by rule
Of dietetic discipline, and economy at school;
Roast beef they cram, and turkey and ham, or sausages tuck in,
And pudding of plum, till they become filled nearly to the chin.

But oh! the vast capacity which the juveniles evince!
Each urchin still some room can find within for the pie of mince.
Or tart of jam and blanc-mange they cram and their skins with jelly stuff.

And custard and cream, and yet they deem that they have not had enough.

Dessert succeeds; new appetite its delicacies wake,
And they gobble up apples, oranges, nuts, almonds, raisins, cake;
Besides a deal of candied peel, and dates, French plums, and figs;
Whence business to us shall accrue, so please the little pigs.

The revel is not ended yet—for pastime they stand up,
And that restores their appetite, and heartily they sup.
They gorge a mash of rich sweet trash—at midnight seek their beds.
The sun will smile, next morn, on bile, and no end of aching heads.

There will be pills for thee to grind, and draughts for thee to pour,
And powders thou wilt have to weigh; provided be, therefore.

"AND IS OLD DOUBLE DEAD?"

THE "Middlesex Reform Registration Society" is dead. Starved outright! Not a sixpence found in the pocket of the deceased; and, on *post-mortem* examination, not a crumb of food in the stomach. Can anything more disgustingly mark the swollen ingratitude of a greasy, prosperous constituency? There are 14,000 electors in Middlesex, all of them so well-to-do (and it would seem so willing to be done) that, in their prosperous thanklessness, they would not give a sixpence to lengthen the days of poor old Registration. This it is to attempt to be patriotic to people who have three fingers of fat on the ribs—whose nostrils are ever dilated with the savoury smell of the fleshpots! MR. GEESIN (a Middlesex HAMPTON) did not express himself too strongly when he said he "was thoroughly and heartily sickened at the liberal interest, which he considered the most illiberal." And we are told that even DOCTOR EPPS followed in a similar withering strain. Even MR. CORROCK shed a bitter, burning tear on the occasion; solemnly testifying to the impossibility of returning members free of expense, especially members for Middlesex. The last election cost £4000, and it was impossible to fight it for less.

And so departed poor, neglected Registration. We owe it, however, to LORD DERRY to state that his lordship sent to Jermyn Street, where the body lay, and in the handsomest manner offered to pay the expenses of the funeral. MR. DISRAELI also expressed himself ready to deliver an oration, all from his own heart and head, over the body, without borrowing a syllable from THIERS.

Hot Coals at Newcastle.

THAT tremendous body, the Urquhartites of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, have pledged themselves "in case our expedition against Persia is persevered in, to bring to trial for their lives, before the Central Criminal Court, certain of the officers and soldiers engaged therein!"

This suggests a free rendering for a passage from HORACE slightly altered:—

"Antecedentem scelestum
Insequitur pede poena claudo."
"Justice stalks behind Stalker!"

And mingle and make, all ready to take, each remedy and cure,
For feeling queer, of Christmas cheer to come which will be sure.

Mix plenty of the dose of black, roll many a pill of blue,
And also compound colocynth, and compound aloes too;
And the powder grey in doses weigh; likewise the Pulv: Jalap;
And the Pulv: Rhei—they'll be wanted by right many a little chap.

To remedy too much mince-pie put up Vin: Antim: Tart:
And Ipecacuan: which will like benefit impart,
And to distress from fond excess in pudding give relief,
And the system clear of the wine and beer together with the beef.

Of Senna good provision make, and Scammony as well.
Divide in doses manifold a lot of Calomel.
Checks will grow pale, on beef and ale if maidens dance and romp.
Quinine at hand have, therefore, and Mistura Ferri Comp:

See that our lancets all are sharp; our cupping-glasses sound;
Scarificators springing well, and well, if need be, ground:
Our leeches all right, and inclined to bite: for blood must needs be shed.

In case it should, through too much food, be determined to the head.

See that Unguent: Cantharidis is at thine elbow nigh:
For blisters it may also be our duty to apply;
And since we're afraid that so many our aid this Christmas will require,
The red-lamp clean—that it may be seen—and look to the night-bell wire!

"Sleigh—Sleigh—Sleigh!"

THERE is one reason for supporting "COLONEL" SLEIGH for Greenwich, which must weigh with a metropolitan constituency. The "Colonel" will be just the man to return thanks for the Army at public dinners, when ADMIRAL NAPIER returns thanks for the Navy; seeing that the Colonel's name is not in the Army List, and the Admiral's ought not to be in the Navy List.



HOMAGE TO HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

A GENUINE LETTER FROM A YOUNG LADY.

"My Dear Mr. Punch,

"we Hope you are Quite well and i wish you Many Happy returns of Christmas and i Hope you will Excuse me riting to You but mamma Says you allways are Fond of little peeple so i Hope you will Excuse as me And charley read in the illu-
terated London [News] that Mr. Hans Christian andersen is Coming to spend His Hollidays in England And We shold like to see Him becuse he as Made us All so Happy with is Betiful storys the ugly duck the Top and the ball the snow Quen the Red shoes the Storcks little ida the Constant tinsoldeir great claws and Little Claws the daruing Neddle and All the rest of Them and it says in the ilustat [several attempts, a smear, and the spelling evaded by] Paper the children shold Meet him in the Crys-pallace and we shold Like to Go and tell him how much We Love him for his betiful stores do you know the tinder box and tunnemelise and charley likes the wild Swans best but i Hope you will Excuse bad riting and i Am

"Your affectionate
"Nelly."

"charley says i Have not put in wat We ment if you please Will you put In punch wat everybody is to Do to let Mr. hans Ansen know how Glad we are He is Coming."

FRANCE TO NAPLES.

WE are enabled by the means of an ubiquitous correspondent to give a copy—the only one in existence—of the letter of congratulation written by LOUIS NAPOLEON to the KING OF NAPLES:—

"MY DEAR COUSIN AND BROTHER,

"In obedience to the wishes of HIS HOLINESS THE POPE, our common spiritual father, no less than to the promptings of my own fraternal heart, I hasten to offer you my congratulations on your escape from an attempt that, had it disastrously succeeded, would have caused universal sorrow to every legitimate sovereign in Europe, and despair and consternation to the Two Sicilies in particular. Having happily escaped, I ought perhaps further to congratulate you that the attempt has been made; and for this reason, as it is the destiny of all Sovereigns and Fathers of their People to excite against them, once or twice, the sacrilegious spirit of impious men, so is it well when the attempt—foiled and defeated—is well over. Has not our dear brother, FRANCIS JOSEPH of Austria, had *his* little escapade; have not I encountered the like risk? It is the fate of the purple. But I feel a lively conviction that you are now insured for a long and prosperous life.

"Of course the diplomatic relations that have cooled between us could in no way lessen my admiration for you as a sovereign, and the respect I entertain for you as a man. Indeed, I know not whether the removal of my ambassador from your court has not considerably strengthened your position as an absolute monarch. For have I not induced England firmly and resolutely to join with me in doing nothing? England is, at least, in a ridiculous position, and is not that something? And trust me, my faith in your discriminating character always led me to believe that you would think me incapable of seriously breaking with you. For how can I, as the proprietor of Cayenne, presume to meddle with the discipline that you may think best for your royal gaols?

"You will then, I trust, believe me in all affection,

"Your faithful Cousin and Brother,

"LOUIS NAPOLEON.

"P.S. Is it true—I hope not—that an attempt has been made to convey to the relatives of the impious MILANO a certain sum of money, previously offered by some wicked Englishman to the survivors of any one who would attempt MILANO's work? But this comes of the English press. Oh, my friend and brother, why cannot those English scribblers, one and all, be flung into the consuming bowels of your own Vesuvius?"

CANDLES AND EXTINGUISHERS.

WHENEVER a foreign journalist is at a loss for a little paragraph to fill up a corner, he instantly announces some new tax as having been imposed upon the Jews or Poles in Russia. We do not know, therefore, whether the statement that a tax has just been levied by the Russian authorities upon the wax-lights used in worship at the Jewish Sabbath be a truth, or only a typographical expedient. But if true, the addition that the tax so raised is to be applied in support of Jewish Schools, is somewhat extenuatory. We think the same process might be applied to our Puseyites. Let them have their church-candles, but under a tolerably heavy tax, to be devoted to the support of schools where children will learn reasons for laughing at mummeries.

The "Resolute" and the Irresolute.

ENGLAND intends imitating the generous example of America. She intends sending over to the EMPEROR ALEXANDER one of the Russian ships taken in the late war, and to beg his acceptance of it—admiral, crew, and all. The Admiral selected for the appointment has been SIR CHARLES NAPIER, and several of the most sensible electors of Southwark form part of his crew.

SLAVE INSURRECTION.—Great excitement has taken place in the Southern States, from expectation of a revolt of the slaves. The black draught is working.

MACBETH AT ASTLEY'S.

"And Duncan's horses (a thing most strange and certain),
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience—"

MURMURING those well-remembered lines, we entered the theatre; and over against the immemorial sawdust of our childhood, which was, and is, and we hope will continue to be, ever sweet and fragrant, took our seat in our box, fully prepared to enjoy Mr. COOKE's "equestrian illustrations" of *Macbeth*. The play had begun some little time, and the witches had vanished, which was a disappointment, in that we had no positive means of knowing whether they did so on horseback; but if they did not, they ought to have done. To have seen them careering wildly up a precipitous and well saw-dusted platform with cloud facings, and so "into the air" which the band was then playing, would have been a tremendous "effect;" and with the addition of a spoonful of red fire, altogether weird and terrible—but this by the way. And there we saw *General Macbeth*, looking very



smart, and brave, and warlike in his new ring'd shirt, accompanied by *General Banquo* in a crimson cloak of somewhat faded splendour, which had evidently once belonged to *Count Almaviva*; but he looked bravely too; and it was very pleasant to see them riding over the "blasted heath," and making no more fuss about it than if it had been that of Hampstead. Then followed closely six warriors in waterproof leggings smothered in buttons, mounted upon an equal number of "highly trained steeds"; and then twelve "supers" on foot, with their legs scored all over with red tape—which of course we knew to be the Scottish army—and so the scene closed in.

In the next—and upon the announcement to *Lady Macbeth* of the King's proposed visit—we began to speculate as to the probable manner in which "*Duncan's horses*," the "beauteous and swift," would—according to the text—be made to break their stalls, when the proper time should arrive for their doing so. This being the "incident" of all others which we were quite sure *must* be the crowning "illustration" of the play. *Duncan* was coming, that was certain—as certain was it that he would come on horseback, with "all the king's horses and all the king's men," and a gallant cavalcade of Thanes, and knights in gorgeous caparison, and banners, and trumpeters, and all the rest of it. That we should have the horses, therefore, was settled. Any doubt at all about it, however, was soon cleared up—in the very next scene indeed—by the arrival of the royal party, the royal "party" himself being under what we at first took to be a four-post bedstead, but which was in reality a regal canopy, supported by four retainers in crimson gaiters. If MR. CAMPBELL's portrait of the "gracious *Duncan*" were at all like the kingly original, he must have been a very "gracious" and affable old gentleman indeed. His delivery of the line

"but he rides well,"

was capital, combining a graceful compliment to MR. HOLLOWAY's horsemanship, and an excellent point with reference to the speciality of the theatre.

The next scene was that wherein *Macbeth* and his wife arrange the preliminaries of MR. CAMPBELL's murder; and our thoughts again wandered to "*Duncan's horses*," as the time was rapidly drawing near when by rights they should be—to use a "hack" and therefore not altogether inappropriate phrase—"out on the loose." We had a perfectly vivid notion of the way in which the late MR. DUCROW would have ridden over the difficulty—a scene would have been interpolated representing, in the first place, the *Interior of the Stables in Macbeth's Castle* (and what a line for the bill!). *Duncan* was at supper, *Lady Macbeth* had just said so, what then more likely, that having finished

that cheerful meal, he should express a wish to his noble host to "just go round the stables," a custom perfectly in keeping with the rude fashion of that warlike time; and so, by an ingenious device, we should have seen the "minions of their race" each in his respective stall, "done up" for the night snug and comfortable; but here our reverie was interrupted by the scene changing to

A COURT WITHIN THE CASTLE.

Ahem!—we mentally ejaculated—no stables. Yes, to be sure—all right! here we have the *outside* of them, opening quite properly into the courtyard—but (shade of DUCROW!) where were the double platforms, down which, having "broke their stalls," the infuriated steeds would stamp and clatter; with grooms and horseboys wildly hanging on in every sort of struggling attitude—now dragging them one way, now backing them another, and in short going through all that vigorous pantomime which everybody who has seen *Mazeppa* knows perfectly well is the proper way of managing wild horses? But where were the horses?—the time was fully up—the storm was at its height, the sheet-iron was rumbled, the lightning was flashed, the murder was committed, *Macbeth* had left the stage and was washing his hands, *Macduff* had arrived, and was making noise enough, not only to wake up the house, but to rouse the neighbourhood, and all the while "*Duncan's horses*" were patiently waiting underneath the stage to be mounted by the English cavalry in the last act; and no more thinking about breaking loose than of eating one another.



To speak truly, we were a little disappointed; we felt that MR. COOKE scarcely made the most of his materials; in other words, that he gave us rather too much SHAKESPEARE, and not enough COOKE; and that his new edition of the tragedy would be all the better for less letter-press, and more "equestrian illustrations." For example, in the scene of *Banquo's* murder; at the line—

"His horses go about—"

how good it would have been to have seen them literally going about, and over a bridge at the back of the stage, or zigzagging up the mountains; whilst *Banquo* walks across the front, in *Count Almaviva's* cloak. And why (in the name of all that is hippodramatic) did not the messenger who announces the coming of Birnam Wood, gallop in on horseback? and so give *Macbeth* "the office" to drag him off



bodily—which would have been something like a "situation." And again, when *Macbeth* says—

"Send out more a-hor-r-ses,"

what a famous opportunity for displaying the "numerous sord," and "stupendous resources of the establishment"—an opportunity worth any amount of posters and advertisements, and nothing to come of it! So following up our previous thought, we, too, say with *Macbeth*—

But the last scene of all, was very thrilling, and in every way a

triumph. Dunsinane in a state of siege—terrible encounter of horse and foot—sortie of the garrison—*Macbeth* rushing about without his hat, like a maniac in the front garden—then the cream-coloured horse on the "prompt side" was tapped under the knees till he fell down dead—and then the white horse on the O. P. side was served in the same way, and fell down dead too—then *Macbeth* met *Macduff* in mid career, and a combat ensued, so terrible, that even to think about it takes one's breath away—and then *Macbeth* smeared some rose-pink over his countenance, and was finished off in a grim and ghastly manner—and then Mr. W. COOKE, JUN., was hoisted on a shield—the warriors all shouted "Hail, King of Scotland!" and the curtain came down, amid the "deafening plaudits and reiterated acclamations of a crowded and fashionable audience."



Of MR. HOLLOWAY'S performance of the principal character, we cannot speak too highly; most of his scenes being rendered very intelligibly, and with really marvellous power; his style is evidently based upon the severe schools of KEMBLE and CARTLITCH—especially CARTLITCH—with just the least hint in the world of PHELPS and HICKS—especially HICKS.

We reserve our remarks (should we have any to make) upon the other Pantomime of *Paul Pry on Horseback*, until our recovery from the excitement produced by *Macbeth*.

THE LATEST FROM AMERICA.

(In Anticipation of the new Submarine Telegraph.)

NOTICES have been served upon all the magpies in the neighbourhood of New Orleans that, for the future, they must decide whether they will be black or white; for it is morally impossible that they can be allowed to remain any longer on both sides.

In Kentucky a barrister has taken out a patent for cracking jokes. The machine is in the form of a lawyer's head, mounted with a wig made apparently of horsehair, and it is found that if the smallest joke is put into its mouth, it is cracked instantly with the greatest applause.

In New Hampshire a miller has invented a new motive power for turning his mill. The secret consists in throwing every now and then a bottle of Cognac into the stream, and the effect, it is said, is such as to make the wheel, by the aid of this new brandy-and-water power, revolve with almost nearly the same velocity as a woman's tongue!

The voracity of the shark is too well known to need any comment. Last week, a full-sized one was taken in the Bay of New York. For days and nights previously, the persons living on the shores had been charmed with the most delightful music. Upon the shark being opened, the secret was laid bare. Lo, and behold, there was a cottage piano inside its stomach! The instrument was open, and in front of it there was found a copy of "CRAMER'S Exercises."

An Irish Oculist has the theory that the potato-disease arises from too much moisture, the consequence of which, he says, is to give the potato a cataract in its eye. He has devoted a whole lifetime to the special study of this disease, and he now makes the announcement that he has succeeded in inventing a "POTATO EYE SNUFF," which he guarantees will effectually cure the ophthalmic esculent.

It is solemnly asserted by English Jurists that "Wisdom lies in a Wig." But we can record a more wonderful phenomenon than that, for we actually knew an instance of the Wisdom lying in a Tory!—and at election times, it lied pretty soundly too.

Elderly ladies, who have the privilege of proposing to young gentlemen during Leap Year should make a practice of residing at Niagara, for at the Falls every year is a Leap-Year.

BARNUM is about to proceed to London for the purpose of purchasing

Vauxhall Gardens exactly as they stand, and bringing them over with the Hermit, the 10,000 Additional Lamps, Sea-Horses, and everything all complete, to NIBLO'S Gardens.

MR. MITCHELL is in the North, trying his best to domesticate the famous breed of Kilkenny Cats in our country.

The reason why the ladies wear such tremendous circumferential dresses, is a very spiteful one. It is only to make it more difficult than ever for their poor weak fools of husbands to get round them.

COMPARATIVES ARE ODISIOUS.

EVERY student of his LINDLEY MURRAY is, or should be, well aware that very many of the comparatives in the English language are in their formation as irregular as the trains upon the Eastern Counties railway. The addition of "er" is the general rule, but to this, as to every rule, there are plenty of exceptions. For instance, it is more correct to use the prefix "more" in this case, than to say "correcter;" and nowhere, we imagine, except perhaps in the examination papers of a candidate for a Civil Service clerkship, could we ever come across such a word as "gooder."

There are, however, several other ways of forming our comparatives than those with which our grammars have as yet made us acquainted. The word "more," for instance, is by no means the only intensifying prefix which is used for the purpose; but of a dozen others we select, for illustration, the familiar one of "jolly." Thus, when we speak of an acquaintance being "jolly drunk," the first of these two adjectives becomes a prefix of intensity, and denotes a something more than merely positive state of tipsiness. In some cases, too, the entire word is merged, and another substituted; as, for example, when we wish to describe a man as being something more than a positive nuisance, we are necessarily driven to write him down a NEWDEGATE. It is however quite impossible to assign any reason or rule for these irregularities. For example, a comparative most closely akin in meaning to that which we last instanced, is one of the most regular and legitimate formation, as may be shown at once by putting it thus:—

Positive SPOON,
Comparative SPOONER!

CLUB FARE.

THE rate at which officials are paid at our principal Clubs is generally upon the following discriminating scale:—

	receives from	£800	to	£1000 a-year
The Cook		100	"	150
The Librarian	"	250	"	300
The Secretary	"			

The above scale fully proves the superior value of Physical Food over Intellectual!

And in addition to his £800 or £1000 a-year, the Cook (an elegant French or Italian gentleman, in the cleanest of cotton nightcaps) has the privilege of taking pupils, and "finishing" other cooks, to say nothing of innumerable other perquisites and *douceurs*.

Neither the Librarian nor the Secretary enjoys similar privileges. They must be always on the premises, ready at a moment's grumble, to listen to the complaint of any over-pampered member. To take in a pupil would be as much as the eyes of either would be worth. To eke out their income in any respectable way would be voted by the Committee a stain of dishonour such as no fuller's earth, save instant dismissal, could possibly remove!

We wonder that, in their leisure moments, the Secretary and the Librarian do not occasionally descend to the kitchen, and take a few turns at the spit, so that when the Cook has made his fortune and retired to his *château Margaux* or *Lafitte*, they might be duly qualified to take his place and salary?

American Journalism in a new Line.

It is much to be hoped that the Telegraph wire, About to be laid down, will not form a lyre
On which to strike discord 'twixt the Old World and New;
Though scarce can we hope all its Messages true,
For then t' other side would have nothing to do.

BIBLES FOR THE DESTITUTE.

A WEALTHY American has ordered a quarto Bible, bound in morocco, with panel covers and rosewood cases, for each and every of the "crowned heads of the world." Should the present, in every case, have the desired effect, how marvellously will the heads of the world be turned!

NAME FOR THE WESTMINSTER NEW BRIDGE.—As it will lead to the Houses of Parliament, may we respectfully suggest that it be called the "PONS ASINORUM?"



OF ALL FOOLISH THINGS, THE MERE PUN IS PERHAPS THE MOST FOOLISH.—NOW, HERE'S A FELLOW (PROBABLY A MEMBER OF THE ST—CK EXCH—NGE) WHO, IN SPITE OF HIS REALLY PERILOUS CONDITION, SAYS "THAT HE CAME OUT FOR A (W)HOLE HOLIDAY—AND HAS GOT IT!"

"THE RESOLUTE."

WELL, we have been invaded by JONATHAN, and all of us Englishers taken prisoners. CAPTAIN HARTSTEIN and his jovial, gallant crew, have carried away the best parts of the Britishers—their hearts. We have struck to the generosity of the Stars and Stripes, and only pant with a feeling to avenge ourselves by the best and greatest act of gratitude that destiny may yet have in store for us. The *Resolute*, a waif and stray amidst mountainous icebergs, rubbed and barked, and a little, and not a little nipped, was picked up by American hands, carried into an American port, and forthwith docked in an American dock, to be returned by son JONATHAN to daddy JOHN, as spick and span as when she first turned her bows from her English home for Arctic seas. There was fine music going on whilst the *Resolute* lay in that American dock. Every blow of the shipwright's hammer struck a note of lasting peace between the two countries. *Yankee Doodle* and *God Save the Queen* were sounded by that harmonious iron. It would take very many of the brassy tongues of the MITCHELLS and the MEAGHERS—Irishmen melodiously raucous with the wrongs of "the first flower" and "the first gem"—to drown the recollection of those sweet sounds in the memory of Englishmen. CAPTAIN HARTSTEIN, in his manly, sailor-like speech—with the smack of the true salt in it—hoped that the old timbers of the *Resolute* would float for many a day. Sure we are that they will float with a still enduring strength, none the worse but all the better, for the bit of timber grown on the soil of America, that may here and there be found in her English carcase. Sweet, and especially fragrant the pitch that newly caulked her—pitch tapped from American pines.

CAPTAIN HARTSTEIN has departed, and is now on the Atlantic. Our regret is that he could not have been brought face to face with all England; that every Englishman could not have had a grip of his sailor-hand. This was not to be, but—we give the hint to the Lords of the Admiralty—why not, as a further perpetuation of the memory of the gallant fellow's mission, why not christen the next English ship launched—*The Hartstein*? Further, we know not whether we would not lengthen

'FIFTY-SIX AT THE BAR.

At his Session of Audit old CHRONOS was seated,
To balance the books of the year 'Fifty-six;
The ledger he closed, his inquiry completed,
But paused, ere proceeding his seal to affix.
"What certificate"—thus spake COMMISSIONER CHRONOS,
"Shall I give to the year that has just passed the Court?
Shall I brand him with scorn, shall I crown him with honours?
Hand him o'er, foul or whitewashed, to after-report?"

"In the old world, what fetters by him have been lightened?
In the new, hath he not rather forged a fresh chain?
I look for the nations, whose hopes he hath brightened,
The truths he hath garnered, the lies he hath slain.
To the plentiful harvest of shams diplomatic,
He hath added, in Naples, but one sham the more;
And the dark cloud that looms o'er the sad Adriatic,
Thanks to him looks more broad and more black than before.

"If I turn to the head of account marked 'Great Britain,'
I but find shameful record of fraud and of crime,
In ink red as blood, each foul entry is written;
Or reeks from the page as with poisonous slime.
How pause on a leaf, where I find DOVE and PALMER,
SADLEIR, ROBSON, and REDPATH, and CAM'RON enroll'd—
Where I read 'England's' protest, while donning its armour
To defend from the spoiler its life and its gold.

"Speak out, 'Fifty-Six, and show cause, if thou hast one,
Why thy name in the Black-book of Time should not stand."
"Please your Honour," quoth old 'Fifty-Six, "ere you
cast one
Into limbo, a reference to March I demand.
There your Honour will see, that how scanty soever
My assets of realised good may appear;
In one point at least success crowned my endeavour,
For that I am the twelvemonths which muzzled the Bear.

"That achievement, I humbly submit, should o'erbalance
What of wrong in the old world I've borne with, or done;
And as for the new world—this reign of BUCHANAN'S,
I own I'm ashamed of, before 'tis begun.
But here, too, I've got a per contra, as set-off,
In the submarine telegraph I have seen planned,
Which from this side and that, peccant humours shall let off,
And link JOHN and JONATHAN, fast, heart and hand."

the name of *The Resolute* into *The Resolute Jonathan*; or, we are not particular, to *The Jonathan Resolute*. In these suggestions *Punch* has done his duty: let the Lords of the Admiralty imitate *Punch*.

AUSTRIA'S EAGLE AND GOOSE.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA proposes to beatify Milan by arriving in that city on the 9th January, and, in order that the enthusiasm of the Milanese towards their foreign monarch may not be wanting in outward expression, a loyal demonstration of a peculiar kind is to be made at the theatre. The *Times*' Paris Correspondent says that:—

"Orders have been given to the performers at the theatre of La Scala to prepare to play VERDI's opera of *Ernani*, and to substitute for the words '*A Carlomagno sia gloria e onor*,' the words '*A Francesco Giuseppe sia gloria e onor*.' The verse will be destroyed by the change, but the Austrian authorities are no strict observers of the rules of Italian poetry."

This violation of prosody will only increase the aversion of Italians to Austrian measures. A more dangerous expression of sham loyalty could hardly have been ventured on in a playhouse; where the audience are privileged to express their disapprobation if they please; that is, are displeased with anything done, said, or sung on the stage. The above-quoted infraction of metre is a certain goosetrap, though a trap set to catch the opposite of goose. The barbarous line will be inevitably hissed, and FRANCISCO GIUSEPPE will be placed in the unpleasant predicament of doubt as to whether the hisses are intended for the sentiment, or the solecism, or both, of the clumsy compliment which he will receive from unwilling sycophants, at the dictation of asinine flunkies.

A New Year's Gift to Louis Napoleon.

It is said that a New Year's Gift, of the simplest kind, found its way to the Tuileries on New Year's Day directed to the EMPEROR. It was no other than an apple pierced with an arrow; the arrow inscribed *From the Land of WILLIAM TELL to the late exile, LOUIS NAPOLEON*.



THE PRUSSIAN DISTURBER OF THE PEACE.

LORD PALMERSTON AT SOUTHAMPTON.



LORD PALMERSTON complains that his confidence has been betrayed by Mr. LANKENTER, an outspoken burghess of Southampton. His lordship in the course of an airy chat ventured to express his doubt of the scholastic fitness of Mr. ANDREWS to represent Southampton; but his lordship in no way intended his opinion to be published in the borough. Of course, however, LORD PALMERSTON is not the man to flinch from anything he has uttered: quite otherwise, he stands to it; and further, will display his constitutional courage by a further vindication of his views. To this end it is said that LORD PALMERSTON has resolved to decline the support of any member who improperly drops or exalts his H's when speaking of the Onorable Ouse, or of any Haet or Haets of Parliament. This rigour will somewhat lessen the noble lord's customary majorities;

but this difficulty he is prepared to meet. Further, we understand that, in future, all members of Parliament before being invited to LADY PALMERSTON's will have to undergo an examination that shall test their knowledge of all the historical arcana of the *beau monde*. We give a few of the questions as they have oozed out from the committee at Almack's—only a few.

State the origin of May Fair, and name the countess who fell in love with the rope-dancer.

How many gold frogs were worn by the Prince Regent on his frock-coat, and what was the value of every frog?

Was BEAU BRUMMELL vaccinated?

At what date did hoops disappear from Ranelagh; and when amongst ladies of distinction did little black footboys go out?

Can you detect paste from diamonds, and by what means, and at what distance?

What are your armorial bearings, and how did you obtain them?

Do you, or do you not, believe that SIR FRANCIS BURDETT was justly sent to the Tower; and do you, or do you not, believe that the interests of really good society would have been greatly benefited if HORNE TOOKE had been hanged?

We believe MR. ANDREWS of Southampton to be a very worthy man, but we much fear that, even if elected for that borough, he will scarcely be able to pass the examination necessary to admit him to LADY PALMERSTON's parties.

STARVATION OF LOYAL MINDS.

THE *Court Circular* is very niggardly of the information with which it supplies HER MAJESTY's subjects respecting the personal and private acts of HER MAJESTY and her illustrious CONSORT. For instance, one day last week, the whole of the intelligence, not merely public, relative to the QUEEN and PRINCE ALBERT, was comprised in the two following scraps—highly interesting and important, to be sure, but still too only:—

"The QUEEN walked in the grounds adjoining the Castle this morning.

"His ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT, with the PRINCE OF WALES, the PRINCE OF LEININGEN, and PRINCE EDWARD OF LEININGEN, skated on the ice in the Home Park."

Who can doubt that HER MAJESTY did a great many things of full as much, if not more consequence, than walking in the grounds adjoining Windsor Castle on the day in question? The QUEEN drank at breakfast either tea or coffee, or chocolate, or cocoa, or something else—but we are not informed which, or what. HER MAJESTY, of course, exercised her mind as well as her body—why are we not told what books, papers, or periodicals, she honoured with her perusal? The omission is not only most important, but perhaps unjust, for it may

have withheld from publicity an enviable distinction very probably conferred upon *Punch*.

Why should the public appetite for knowledge concerning the acts of PRINCE ALBERT be stinted to the information that His Royal Highness skated with certain other Princes on the ice in the Home Park? It is as likely as not that the Prince spent some portion of the day in designing a military frock and trousers, or a new cap for the infantry, or an art-helmet for the cavalry. After skating on the ice he doubtless felt hungry; but a loyal people is not even acquainted whether he returned to the Castle to lunch or to dine, or partook of refreshment on the spot. The illustrious Prince may possibly have indulged in a cigar in the course of the day, but what the fact was, in this momentous particular, is left to conjecture. It is not impossible that the Prince honoured MORPHEUS by taking a nap at some time between breakfast and bed; but then to be sure we cannot expect the *Court Circular* to say that PRINCE ALBERT was caught napping.

"SET A THIEF TO CATCH A THIEF."

(Being some Hints on Prison Discipline, addressed to Mr. Punch by an old Ticket-of-Leaver.)

"ONERED SIR,

"I no think there never was sich times for offendurs, setten 'em up with hevery body a ritin about 'em, and all in a pukker, some adwokatin o the gallus, wich *that* wont do it, you may take your davy, wotever a London scoundrel may say, and some a torkin out for Botny bay agin, wich taint so hesy as it looks to find fokes as will be glad to take our bad uns off our ands and no questshuns axed, and suppose you tries it on with South Hostralia and Carpentraria, well jest you wate some three yerres, wen South Hostralia 'ave took as many convicts as she wants, and Carpentraria's gown sich an Ell upon Erth that you've ad to do away with it as you ad with Norfolk Island; well then all the fat 'ill be in the fire and you'll ave to face the facks arter all and fined owt 'ow to dele with yur prigs at 'ome, depend on it. Better face the facks at wunce, *Mr. Punch*, that's wot I say, and insted of callin out for transportashun, see wether we cant fit the best part of our prigs—them as aint too bad for anythink but prisun—for emigrashun, and as for the wust, wy, if they must be shut up, I'll be bound there's islands enuff a deal nearer than Hostralia, and ferther off the diggings, and hesier to keep 'em tight, and cheaper to feed 'em.

"As I've been a sayin' all along, wurk is the wun thing prigs 'ates, and vunce you teeche a cove there aint nothink for 'im but wurk, and find wurk for 'im, and cum down on 'im sharp if 'e wont wurk, then you've dun the best you can for the prigs as you *can* do anythink with. The young uns as you can ketch afore they've got it werry bad, you may manage with your skools, and then you've left on 'and the rele 'ardened hout-an-hout jale-birds, and that sort. Wen vunce you've got 'em, you'd better keep 'em, as chepe as you can, and as safe as you can, and git wot wurk you can out on 'em, and at hany rate make 'em kepe thimselves. And this brings me to the pint I promised to tuch upon in my last, about the competishun with free labor. Now wot I say is this 'ere—spose a chap's been tort a trade and sticks to it, he competes I spose with uthers in that ere trade, and nobody says nuffin agin that. But spose he takes to prigginn, and you ketches 'im, and shuts 'im up, and sez, 'Now, you've a trade, my man, and you shall wurk at that trade in quod, as you-wouldn't wurk at it out o quod,' ow does that there man compete more with free labor than he'd a' done if he'd a bin an onest workman, and stuck to 'is trade? Woodn't that a' been the best thing he could a' done? And wy shouldn't guv'ment make 'im do the best thing agin 'is own will, if so be he wont do it 'isself? Ow is fifty prigs a wurkin at shoomaking for guv'ment, competin more with free labor than the same fifty shoomakers, turned 'onest, and wurkin' in a East-end 'olesale shoo-factory, under a guv'ment contract? That's wot I wants to no, *Mr. Punch*, and that's wot I've axed hover and hover agin, wen people torks to me abowt jale-labor competin with free labor, and it's a pint I never could get no satisfaction in. Is the navvies was off, a cos o' the prigs guv'ment kepes at work on the Portland brakewater?

"And, if so be, prigs must be kep out o mischefe, and can be made to pay for their kepe, and guv'ment has its soldiers, and its peelers and its sailers to clothe, and find in shoes, and all that 'ere, and if, for them as aint used to sich work as talorin and shoomakin, there's carpenters' work to do in prisuns, and rivers to imbank and thames marshes to drane and London to soocer, and arbors o' refuge to bild, and sich; well then, I say, *Mr. Punch*, use your prigs to do it, and make 'em pay for their bub and grub and lodgin and washin, and restore the walley o wot they've priggid into the bargin, and dont trete em all alike, mind. And wen there tyme's up don't send a feller naked out o' quod, into the world agin, without a rag of karakter to is back, and is old pals a waitin for 'im at the jug-door; but 'ave a sort of a betwix and betwene-term, wen he wouldn't be quite a prisuner, nor yet qwite a free man, but 'ud be tried with a taste o' liberty, and a touch o' temptation now and then, and ave some of his own arnins to do as he liked with, and,

in short, *Mr. Punch*, 'ave a sort o' bridge bilded for 'im out o quod back agin into 'onesty. I've eerd from an Irish friend o' mine, wich he was wunce a prig, but is now as onest a man as I am, as 'ow MISTER CROFTON, the direktor of conwicks in Ireland 'ave tried on somethink like wot I've deskribed, and as 'ow he finds it anser, and so I say it will if anythink hever will, and that you may depend on—

"So no more on this ere

"From yur umbel sarvunt

"JAMES DARBY."



A CHANCE OF AN OLD MASTER.

Will it be believed, by anybody who does not happen to know, that the following advertisement has actually appeared in the leading journal?

PAOLO VERONESE.—An ORIGINAL PICTURE, by this great Artist. Price 1,000 guineas. Can be seen at the offices of —, Trafalgar Place East, Hackney Road, London.

Here is positively an alleged **PAOLO VERONESE** going, as we may say, a-begging—at least, offered for the mere song of a thousand guineas—and the authorities of the National Gallery do not jump at it! Therefore we shall not be astonished if the **PAOLO VERONESE**, so called, should turn out to be genuine.

Rather an Expensive Message.

Will the Submarine Telegraph Company that is about to rule the waves all the way from England to America, charge the President for the transmission of his Message nothing more than the usual rate charged for ordinary messages? or will the bill be made out at so much a line, or so much a column, or so much a story, or so much a sheet? The President will have to be especially careful about what he says for the future, for he will find that there is nothing like a Telegraph Office for testing the value of words!

TICKETS-OF-LEAVE TO RIDE.

THE new General Omnibus Company are issuing notes of their own, which you are to buy at their office, and with which you may pay the conductor for your ride. The chief utility of this new currency will lie in its baffling the wickedness of the boy whom you send on a message, and who, if you give him sixpence to expedite his journey by riding, of course spends the money in tarts, and tarries twice as long as if you had sent him empty-handed. Several questions of law, however, will arise upon these notes. If the omnibus breaks down, is that to be equivalent to a bank breaking, and must you go to the courts of Bankruptcy and Chancery to recover your threepence, or may you instantly take the conductor in execution? Are you entitled to discount if, irritated beyond bearing at the sluggish pace of some of the Company's omnibuses, you jump out and take a cab? Is there any law to restrain the playfulness of the omnibus officials, and will the driver be forbidden to inquire of the conductor, "What's inside, BILL, Rags or Browns?" meaning to ascertain whether the travellers pay in notes or coin. Can the conductor insist on your stopping in the mud, and writing your name and address on the back of your note? How will you ever convince old women, inside, that a washing-bill, or a turnpike ticket, or any other bit of paper that they may have in their pockets is not as good as the Note, drat the feller's impudence? But, finally, and this is important, if two passengers wish to get in when there is only room for one, will not the conductor favour the one who proffers coin, the Company having already got the other party's money? Such are the complicated dangers of disturbing the currency; and even in the case of an omnibus, there are wheels within wheels.

Perfection of Hospitality.

It is now the custom, in the best circles, when invitations are issued for Juvenile Parties, to enclose, with each note, a pretty little perfumed packet, directed "Mamma." Nothing more is seen of it until the day after the party, when the contents are exhibited in a little syrup or marmalade, and the Family Apothecary is defrauded of a fee. All juvenile-party givers should conform to this practice—evidently a relic of the court of *Pie-Poudre*.

A Witty Reply of a London Manager.

A BEAUTIFUL lady called upon a certain Manager for some tickets to see his pantomime. "Excuse me, my dear Madam," smilingly replied our second **SHERIDAN**, "when you reach home, you will find your wishes have been forestalled." True enough—on her malachite table there was a managerial letter, and inside it Four Stalls! Nothing could be prettier.

JOHN CHINAMAN.



HE STUBBORN mule old YEH was born, The Foreign Devils he held in scorn; But he still was faithful to the plan Of China for JOHN CHINAMAN.—

Sing YEH, my deep JOHN CHINAMAN; Sing YEO, my 'cute JOHN CHINAMAN; Let the outer barbarians get as they can

The silk and the tea of JOHN CHINAMAN.

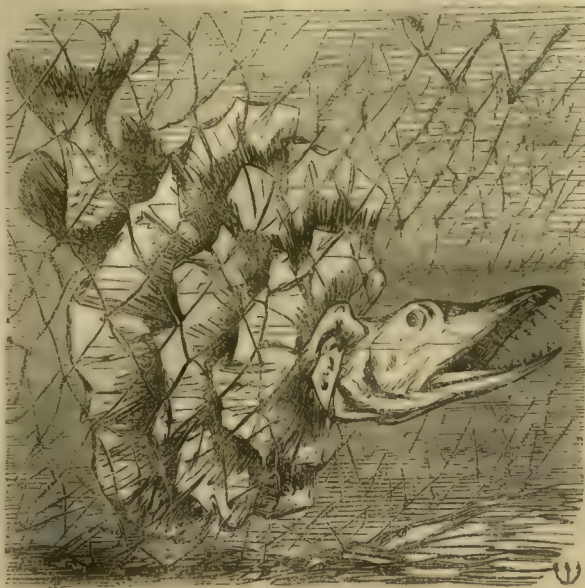
With his long tail twisted in many a plait, And his Mandarin's button upon his hat

The heart of BOWRING he did trepan—
My solemn, smug JOHN CHINAMAN!
Sing YEH, my smooth JOHN CHINAMAN,
Sing YEO, my sly JOHN CHINAMAN,
Where such honours are paid to the lit'rary man,
That SIR JOHN wished himself born a Chinaman!

He puffed their language, he puffed their schools,
Their civil-service-promotion rules;
He puffed their proverbs and their swampan;—
Who so witty or so wise as JOHN CHINAMAN?
Sing YEH, my proud JOHN CHINAMAN,
Sing YEO, my prim JOHN CHINAMAN,
Little fancied BOWRING he'd be the man
To bombard his friend, JOHN CHINAMAN!

Though the Government through each place be won
By competitive exam-in-a-tion,
Yet in the right place he don't get the right man,
Judging by the results to JOHN CHINAMAN.
Sing YEH, my bullied JOHN CHINAMAN,
Sing YEO, my bombarded Chinaman;
You'd better get rid, as fast as you can,
Of COMMISSIONER YEH, JOHN CHINAMAN!

SPORTS IN HIGH LIFE.



WE have heard of a wager of six new bonnets, made by LADY CAROLINE B. with the DOWAGER DUCHESS EVANGELINE C. that she would run away with the Dwarf that is at present exhibiting in Regent Street. Accordingly, on Tuesday last, the little fellow was missing from his usual platform for a full half-hour. The greatest consternation prevailed in the neighbourhood. Young ladies went into hysterics, and tore their cambric pocket-handkerchiefs into pieces. It was eventually ascertained that LADY CAROLINE B., attired in the utmost breadth of the fashion, had visited the Exhibition that day, and upon inquiry, it was clearly proved that the Dwarf had been forcibly abducted by Her Ladyship, without any one in the least perceiving the embezzlement, and afterwards shown to her friends in her magnificent drawing-room in

Belgrave Square. How the abduction was so quietly managed no one is aware; but it is supposed that Her Ladyship contrived to secrete the Dwarf in one of the folds of her capacious costume, and succeeded in carrying him down to her carriage before his absence was observed.

Precautions have been taken to prevent a similar catastrophe occurring again. A female searcher from the Custom House has been stationed at the door, and all ladies suspected of smuggling the Dwarf will have their dresses rigidly examined before they are allowed to leave the premises.

THE EXCLUSIVE OF BICKLEIGH VALE.

THE Bill for the admission of the Jews into Parliament, annually voted by the Commons and rejected by the Upper House, will, this year, at length, in all probability, be agreed to by the Noble Lords. If otherwise, their Lordships' House is not what it is generally taken for.

There is, near Plymouth, a certain pleasant valley which has hitherto been denominated Bickleigh Vale, but the name whereof is now likely to undergo an alteration. Some propose to call it Duke's Place, for a twofold reason; namely, because it has been engrossed and appropriated by a person who, although a mere baronet, has, in that proceeding, assimilated himself to certain Scotch Dukes; and also because the baronet in question may be regarded as one of the Duke's Place aristocracy. Others are of opinion that it might be more correctly termed Houndsditch for a reason of a threefold nature; inasmuch as Houndsditch and Duke's Place in London are localities alike peculiar, whilst the narrowest part of Bickleigh Vale is actually guarded by several ferocious dogs, and, in the opinion of many, the man that would deprive his neighbours of their customary passage through his domain is justly denominated a hound.

Now the baronet who has appropriated and engrossed Bickleigh Vale, may, to render our argument the clearer, be called SIR MOSES LEVI. He is, in fact, SIR MOSES LEVI as regards that argument. SIR MOSES has, according to the *Plymouth Journal*, closed Bickleigh Vale by protecting its entrance with a locked gate and a pugilistic gamekeeper; besides the savage dogs abovementioned, which he has placed within it. SIR MOSES LEVI, by the account of our Plymouth contemporary, has also closed several paths, called church-paths, one of which shortens the footway by two miles.

Whether SIR MOSES LEVI has been won over to bacon, or continues to repudiate ham-sandwich, we do not know. It is pretty clear that he is no Christian. Even if we are to take MOSES, in his case, as a Christian name, his closure of Bickleigh Vale, and the paths through his other property, will plead irresistibly for the Jews in the House of Lords. It will appear to that exclusive assembly a signal example of the kindred exclusiveness which has been supposed to be inherent in the Israelitish character. A fellow feeling will make the majority of the Peers wondrous kind to the descendants of JACOB. The Scotch Dukes, in particular, will be zealous in proclaiming their adhesion to Hebrew Emancipation. Should SIR MOSES LEVI ever be created a Peer of the realm by the title of BARON BICKLEIGH, or EARL OF HOUNDSDITCH, the Dukes and all the rest of the noble Lords will receive him with open arms.

A RIVAL TO SPURGEON.

A MR. GUINNESS has been started in Devonshire as a rival to MR. SPURGEON. His admirers say, "he has a voice quite as powerful as MR. SPURGEON's." What say the combatants in *Bombastes Furioso*?—

"So have I heard on Afric's burning shore,
A horrid lion give a horrid roar!"
"So have I heard on Afric's burning shore,
Another lion give another roar;
And the first lion thought the last a bore."

We wonder what MR. SPURGEON thinks of MR. GUINNESS?

Flippancy in a Tenant.

Landlord. Good morning, MR. JONES. Fine day, Sir. I've taken the liberty of bringing a receipt for the quarter's rent.

Tenant. Rent. O, ah! Due last week—you're quick on quarter-day, MR. BROWN. By the way, do you know that none of the doors in this house will shut?

Landlord. New house, you know, Sir. Must have time to settle.

Tenant. And so must I, MR. BROWN. Good morning.

[Exit Landlord, unpaid, but unconvinced.]

Christmas at Esher.

THE QUEEN as usual sent a magnificent piece of Christmas beef to the ex-royal family at Esher. Is PRINCE JOINVILLE still tarrying there? If so, with a full recollection of his gracious pamphlet in which, upon paper, he had invaded the Thames, and burnt the shipping in the Pool, he might wash down the royal beef with the "Port of London."

In the meantime the boys are shouting "Old Close!" after SIR MOSES, with obvious reference to his closure of Bickleigh Vale; for which act, a Committee, appointed to consider the encroachments of SIR MOSES on the public rights, has reported that, by the advice of MR. COLLIER, Q.C., an indictment had better be preferred against SIR MOSES LEVI. It is not at all improbable that the inhabitants of Plymouth, Devonport, and Stonehouse will subscribe abundant funds for the prosecution of SIR MOSES for a nuisance, if that injury can be called a mere nuisance which consists in depriving the inhabitants of three towns of a large portion of their "lungs."

THE CANDIDATE FOR EARLY CLOZUN.

WHEN I begun a Workman, I wun't zay in what shire,
Chaps had to work vrom marn to night all week days droo the year,
Till I grow'd up a Master, the truth is what you hear,
And I thinks it right of a Vriday night to pay 'em their wages clear.

What I and my companions in this here move intends,
Is to make the workun men take whoam what now in drink they spends,
Which leads to poverty and crime, the fruits o' gin and beer.
Oh! I thinks it right of a Vriday night to pay 'em their wages clear.

The Early Clozun Movement we also wants to speed,
And if there was but moor on us we should very zoon succeed,
To shut up shops o' Zaturday night the zoonest way 's this here,
Zo I thinks it right on a Vriday night to pay 'em their wages clear.

I gies em Zaturday evenun their leizure to enjoy,
And moor than that I ood a'ford to all in my employ,
If moor o' my feller Masters ood to what I zays give ear.
Oh! I thinks it right of a Vriday night to pay 'em their wages clear.

Success to Early Clozun, and all enlightun'd views,
And if a representative you be in doubt to choose,
Choose him whose liberal principles does in his acts appear,
Oh! I thinks it right of a Vriday night to pay 'em their wages clear.

The Mistletoe Bough.

TWENTY tons of mistletoe were gathered in Gloucestershire and Herefordshire, and sent to various markets. Twenty tons of mistletoe! Let us hope that the supply of lips was fully equal to the demand.



OLD MR. WIGGLES TRIES HIS NEW SEWING MACHINE, AND FINDS HIS GARMENTS THROW OUT BUTTONS IN A VERY INDISCRIMINATE MANNER.

WHO IS TO STAND IT?

THE *Times* opened the new year with an eloquent sermon on the hollowness of outside show, with a pathetic appeal to the latent love of truth and simplicity lurking, haply, in the British bosom. Let us—cried our monitors—no longer be impostors to one another and to ourselves. Let us appear in our naked truthfulness, and be not ashamed! Let not £500 per annum puff, and strain and swell to seem as big as £1000, and burst in the endeavour. Let us live life as a daily truth, and not dress it up in flaunting fiction. The homily, the exhortation was very noble. Well, will the women begin? Will they reform their milliners' bills—will they collapse to something like the tangible dimensions of "femininité"? Seriously, they owe us something. Seeing that all future milliners were even in the pips of that apple, seeing that when Adam first put his teeth into that tremendous pippin, he let loose upon futurity clouds of milliners—flocks of tailors, flocks more multitudinous than flocks of northern wild geese—the women ought to begin the work of retrenchment, and further ought to subside into the span of a fair armful.

Yet how is it with them? How is it with the delicate creatures at this present opening of 1857? A woman is hooped with iron like a beer-butt; being at the same time of thrice the circumference. When she has not outer supplementary ribs of steel, there are the osseous remains of leviathan weltering in many a rood of surrounding whalebone. And then to read the monthly manifesto issued to women—to Englishwomen—from imperial France; and to reflect upon the haste, the ardour with which they hurry to obey the edict! We are invaded by the needles of French milliners, and again we ask, on the part of husbands and fathers,—who is to stand it?

Let us glance at the *affiche* posted up in Vanity Fair for January. Even as the Chinamen peruse the imperial edict, we read and tremble. First, we are told that—"The casaque-jupe is still the most fashionable style." That is, the process of inflation still continues, and feminine balloons are still up in the world. We come to shawls, about which the daughters of EVE—think of *Eve at the Fountain*, and EVE, a daughter of EVE, in a casaque-jupe, with circumvallations of steel and whalebone about Paradise—are all of them amiably mad.

"The furor of the present season is the long double shawls, in stripes of bright contrasting colours, with black or gold borders, and deep fringe the colour of the ground."

A BOARD ON ITS BEAM ENDS.

THE local Board of Health at Rotherham, in the West Riding, has been labouring with more zeal than discretion in their sanitary operations, having spent upwards of £40,000, incurred debts, become insolvent, and had their works seized by their creditors, on whose mere will and pleasure now depends the water supply, and nearly all the drainage of the town. The venturous energy of the board, as originally constituted, may be estimated from the following statement:—

"The execution of the works was pressed on with vigour, and the Board required that private property should be simultaneously drained into the public sewers. They were, indeed, so urgent on this latter point, that they undertook to execute the private drainage through their own contractors for a very small per-centage above the actual cost."

This readiness to sacrifice themselves and their own contractors for the public weal redounds greatly to the credit of the Rotherham Board of Health; but how the contractors relished the idea of being made use of as the channels through which the drainage was to be accomplished, may admit of doubt. If the contractors meant were Indian-rubber tubes, that alters the matter, and also the marvel of their application to the specified purpose. To these remarks we would add the suggestion, that if the Rotherham Board of Health has been going too fast with the drainage of their town, the error is less culpable and less common than going too slow.

A very Ill Weed.

It seems that if you desire to smoke—who does not?—in a railway carriage in the north of England, the only answer you need make to remonstrance is, "I'm a Bowton Bleacher." Porters, Guards, Station Masters, and all other officials recoil at this announcement. A Bolton Bleacher understands nothing, listens to nothing, and does as he pleases. Could anybody oblige us with a similar pass-word for the South? We think, in compliment especially to LORD HASTINGS, of trying "I'm a Country Justice."

Here is a shawl, or pall, to hide a multitude of vanities; a shawl, in fact, crying loud, and fitly heralding a DALILAH; but surely not a shawl for our own gentle, timid MARY ANNE; nevertheless, MARY ANNE will do her best, that she may obey the manifesto, and don the stripes!

The new *sortie de bal* is enough to make even the sixpences shake in the husband's pocket.

"We cite one of white cachmere, entirely covered with embroidery of floss silk, in China rose, blue, and black, mixed with gold and silver—the design and mixture of colour displaying great novelty and elegance. A fringe of the same colours, spotted with gold and silver, surrounded this graceful cloak, which was made in large plaits, forming sleeves, and descending in points in front. A small high collar, slightly turned back, and fastened at the throat with two large gold buttons, from which hung two long tassels of silk and gold, completed this elegant pardoessus."

Is not this a *sortie de bal* for QUEEN SHEBA, with the mines of Ophir for her pin-money? Nevertheless, MRS. BROWN, MRS. JONES, and MRS. ROBINSON will have a good womanly struggle to achieve something like a *sortie*. If the real gold be not obtainable, they must try pinchbeck.

We end with the mantle—a mantle "trimmed with a rich medallion fringe;" a mantle only to be worn by CLEOPATRA, with a regal monopoly of the pearl fisheries.

"Nothing can be more distingué and elegant than this embroidery, which resembles rivers of pearls on the rich shades of ruby, purple, sapphire blue, or emerald green. We have seen the same style of embroidery used with great effect on the flounces of moire dresses."

Rivers of pearls! Mines of diamonds will doubtless duly come in for the mantle of February. Again we ask—who is to stand it? Are we never again to see a compassionate woman in the sweet simplicity of white muslin? A woman whose figure defies steel, and who makes no whalebones of herself?

Tewkesbury and Glasgow.

MR. HUMPHREY BROWN is about to vacate Tewkesbury. When may Glasgow count upon the same favour at the hands of MR. MACGREGOR? Or is it that Scotland is so fond of the term "British" in preference to "English," that even a dirty tumble on a British Bank makes a Glasgow member all the sweeter for his seat?



DISMAY OF TOOTLES AT HEARING A STRANGER COMMENCE "THE STANDARD BEARER"—A SONG WHICH HE (TOOTLES) HAS BEEN PRACTISING FOR MONTHS, WITH THE VIEW OF CREATING A SENSATION AT MRS. BLOWER'S MUSICAL EVENING.—UNFORTUNATELY, TOO, FOR TOOTLES, "THE STANDARD BEARER" IS HIS ONLY SONG!

SHOP-HUNTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE sport of shop-hunting is now so extensively pursued by our fair countrywomen, and occupies so large a share of female thought and conversation, that we are annually more and more surprised to find no notice taken of it publicly in print. Year after year, as the season for shop-hunting again approaches, we regularly ransack our sporting contemporaries in the hope of finding promises to devote a weekly corner to the records of the sport. But editors, like men in general, seem strangely selfish creatures; and although we find them furnishing no end of information on all the subjects which have interest to themselves and sportsmen generally, we never see them print a single syllable of news by means of which our sportswomen can anyhow be benefited. Through the medium of his *Bell* every fox-hunter and grouse-shooter may acquaint himself beforehand with the prospects of the season, and know exactly where the best sport is likely to be had. But the shop-hunter has no such easy means of reference, and can only gain her information by her own eyes and ears, and by those of her immediate acquaintances and friends. Indeed, considering the number of ladies who are addicted to the sport, and who would be certain to become constant readers (paying their subscription of course out of the house-keeping, under the unfathomable head of "sundries"), we think if any one would only start a female sporting paper, it would be pretty sure at once to have a fair circulation.

We would suggest for its title either *Belle's Life*, or the *Shera*, in distinction to that print which is sometimes called the *Hera*. In the meantime we shall endeavour, as we always do, to supply the want ourselves; and for the convenience of the shop-hunting sorority, we hereby pledge ourselves, with that benevolence which invariably has characterised us, to devote to them an inch or two of "valuable space" whenever it so happens that we cannot better fill it.

Although the sport is followed with more or less avidity the whole year round, the shop-hunting season may be said in London to commence at the close of the sea-side one. Every materfamilias on her return from Margate, is pretty certain to discover that she wants a hundred things for her wardrobe, and her family's; and until the hundred things are bought her only aim in life is to get them "bargains." For this she arranges a meet at a friend's house (for the shop-hunters usually hunt in couples), and proceeds with her to hunt through half the drapers' shops in London, until she manages to hunt up what she is in want of.

In the ardour of the sport the shop-hunter is rarely affected by

fatigue, and after spending half the day in beating down Regent Street, will often "try back" to Bloomsbury or Holborn, unless the cry "So ho!" divert her course in that direction. Nor is she particular in confining her pursuit to any special object: any more than is the Cockney who prepares to go out partridge-shooting, and then bangs away at larks. The chase professedly of a bit of ribbon often leads to an exciting run after a new dress: and it is no uncommon thing, when she goes out on a boar-hunt, for the shop-hunter to come home exceedingly elated, at having succeeded in bagging a "perfect duck" of a new bonnet.

PUNCH'S POT-POURRI POUR RIRE.

No woman is a beauty to her *femme-de-chambre*.
A Lawyer's carriage is only a legal conveyance—and it is the client, as often as it stops at his door, who pays for the drawing up of it.
Most Golden Calves, when thrown into the crucible of Time, turn out no better than Pigs of Lead!
Life is a Romance, of which a Coquette never tires of turning over a new leaf.
Mock no man for his snub-nose, for you never can tell what may turn up.
A character, like a kettle, once mended, always wants mending.
Be kind even in your reproofs, and reserve them till the morning. No one can sleep well who goes to bed with a flea in his ear.
The man who is fond of staking his reputation upon the smallest trifle, generally retires from the contest before he is called upon to deposit his stake.
Life is full of contradictions—but Woman takes very good care that we shall never hear the last of it.
It is wrong to judge men by trifles. The man, yesterday, who kept the dinner waiting half-an-hour, keeps his mother-in-law!

Things that it's Better to Do.

It's better to brew beer than mischief—to be smitten with a young lady than with the rheumatism—to fall into a fortune than into the sea—to be pitied with a mother-in-law than the small-pox—to cut a tooth than a friend—to stand a dinner than an insult—to shoot partridges instead of the moon—to have the drawing of an artist instead of a blister, and to nurse the baby at any time in preference to your anger!!!

SMITH O'BRIEN ON THE WAR.

MR. SMITH O'BRIEN has written a long letter on the war. With a full recollection of his own exploits, he should hardly have written on such a subject, unless, indeed, he had written upon cabbage-leaves.

THE DYSPEPTIC OF THE HOME OFFICE.



MUCH concern and anxiety are felt in many quarters touching the health of SIR GEORGE GREY. Not that the HOME SECRETARY has been understood to complain of anything; but very great complaint is made of the HOME SECRETARY. SIR GEORGE GREY discharges the duties of his office in such a manner as to cause the supposition that his digestive organs are out of order. Some men are marble before dinner; wax afterwards: inexorable with an empty stomach; incapable of saying No when that organ is distended. Such men are dyspeptic subjects, and SIR GEORGE GREY exhibits evident signs of dyspepsia. One day, he turns a confirmed ruffian loose on society, or reprieves an unnatural murderess; on another, he hangs a boy of eighteen: for *qui facit per CALCRAFT facit per se*. At one time he is DRACO; at another BECCARIA, or even a mawkish sentimentalist. The HOME SECRETARY's last exhibition of that eccentricity which no doubt results from derangement of the chylopoietic viscera, consisted in performing a frightfully imperfect act of justice under the ridiculous denomination of an act of mercy. He procures the QUEEN's pardon for the poor fellow MARKHAM, convicted of forgery, and condemned to penal servitude by reason of mistaken identity.

In the meantime MARKHAM has been ruined and his wife and children have been well nigh starved. SIR GEORGE GREY would seem to think that the QUEEN's pardon will sufficiently compensate MARKHAM for the horrible misery and affliction to which he and his have been subjected by the blunder of one of the QUEEN's assize-courts. This is one of those hallucinations which often attend disorder of the liver in particular. It is usually removable by blue-pill: of which preparation SIR GEORGE GREY had better take some. He will then, perhaps, see the case of MARKHAM in its right light, and perceive that it is one of the most atrocious injustice and cruelty. Regarding it in this point of view, the idea will possibly occur to him that it would be desirable to procure for the grievously wronged MARKHAM some amends rather more satisfactory than the QUEEN's pardon for having done nothing, and having been punished for looking like somebody else. In addition to the QUEEN's pardon, perhaps he will procure something like an indemnification in the shape of a decent amount of the QUEEN's coin.

The Bonnet of the Season.

THE *Follet* for January announces as much in favour—"The Marie Antoinette Bonnet." We presume this is a bonnet to be worn when the lady has entirely lost her head.

A TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN'S TOLERATION.—Let us all learn to respect each other's convictions.

THE SONG OF THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN,

As received with boundless applause by the Harmonic House-breakers, at the Thieves' Kitchen Chaunting Club, Ruffian's Rents.

AIR—"O, 'tis I'm a Gipsy King!"

O, 'Tis I has a ticket o' leave,
And where is the prig more free?
I'm at liberty now to thief,
And the crushers can't meddle with me.
Tho' my sentence were Fourteen Year,
Scarce a couple in quod I had bin,
When the Chapling ses he, there's no fear
Of the penitent sinnin' agin.
So they giv me a ticket o' leave, ha! ha!
Yes, pals, I'd a ticket o' leave.

The dodge on it's simple enough,
If you've got a good mem-o-ry,
And 'll larn a few collecks and stuff,
Yer 'll be let off as heasy as me.
Jist turn up the whites of your eyes,
Give a sanctified twist to your mug,
And the Parsin vith texts if you plies,
He 'll soon make you free of the jug.
For he 'll git yer a tickit o' leave, ha! ha!
(Spoken.) Yes, he 'll say as how for your good conduct,
(Sings.) You're desarvin' a ticket o' leave!

So, pals, here you 'll find as I'm fly,
For the lay as 'll best stand the shot,
Crib-cracking, or faking the cly,
Or tipping a taste o' garotte.
But ere leavin' this here festive scene,
For a toast your attention I'd claim,
'Ere's a 'ealth to them Chaplings so green,
And success to our gammonin' game!
Which it wins us our tickets o' leave, ha! ha!
Yes, it gits us our tickets o' leave!

TOBACCO-STOPPERS.

THE fact that nothing so much weakens an argument as exaggeration seems to have been overlooked completely by the speakers at a recent public meeting, where, according to the *Daily News* :—

"The baffled efforts of the various institutions which have for their object the elevation of the masses were traced to the prevalence of the habit of smoking; and it was contended that all the efforts which philanthropists can devise cannot by any possibility stem the current of drunkenness, crime, and Sabbath desecration which everywhere abounds, while the people of this country spend £8,000,000 a-year for tobacco."

"Drunkenness, crime, and Sabbath desecration!" This is rather a whole-hog *sequitur* to the use of pigtail. We should think the orators must have studied the *Rejected Addresses*, and taken their line of argument from the lines—

"Who makes the quartern loaf and Luddites rise?
"Who fills the butchers' shops with large blue flies?"

According to such reasoners, every social evil is a branch from the pipe stem: and we may next expect to hear that the dirty state of the Thames has been traced to the filthy habit of tobacco-smoking, as well, very likely, as the double Income-Tax.

At the same meeting, too, a letter was produced from a certain DR. HODGKIN, who stated his opinion that :—

"The use of tobacco is a violation of the courtesy of a Christian, and the good manners of a gentleman. Let it be stigmatised as a vice, and placed, as it ought to be, under the observation of the police."

DR. HODGKIN's blow reminds us of KING JAMES's *Counterblast*: and indeed we can imagine that had policemen been invented in KING JAMES's time, that sapient monarch would have used them to put his subjects' pipes out. But we apprehend that now-a-days were a MAYNE law introduced at Scotland Yard to the effect suggested, it would be a puzzle to SIR RICHARD to prevent its being a dead letter. Indeed we doubt if there be any one policeman in the force who would submit to be made a Tobacco-stopper.

We have every wish to commend any attempt that may be made to purify the moral atmosphere of the country, but we do not think that the prevention of Tobacco-smoke would do so much towards it as those who take a merely bird's-eye view of such things may be led to state. There are other clouds which darken more than those from clay or meerschaum; and we regret that DR. HODGKIN, and his co-Tobacco-stoppers, should not show their zeal in clearing these away, instead of wasting it on that which they seem now so smoking hot against.

THE SERVANT'S WARNING.

I AM married to a wretch who beats and kicks me like a brute,
So that I'm all over bruises on my skin from head to foot.
Both my eyes is black, you see, my nose is flattened to my face.
Oh, that I was still a servant, and had never left my place!

There I used to have my wittles reg'lar, vegetables, meat,
Bread-and-butter, bread-and-cheese, as much as ever I could eat.
Tea, and toast, and milk, and sugar, plenty; lots of table-beer;
What besides can any woman want? What fools we are, oh dear!

Now I'm that reduced by want my bones is nearly through my skin,
'Cause my drunken husband spends my due maintainance on his gin.
Then, wherein, if I was minded, I might feed until I bust,
Now my meals is many a day a drop of water and a crust.

Makin' beds and washin' tea-things, plates, and dishes, then I
thought
Overwork and too hard labour; more to do than servants ought.
Which I often of my Missus used to grumble and complain,
Now I sees how much more wiser 'twou'd have been for to remain.

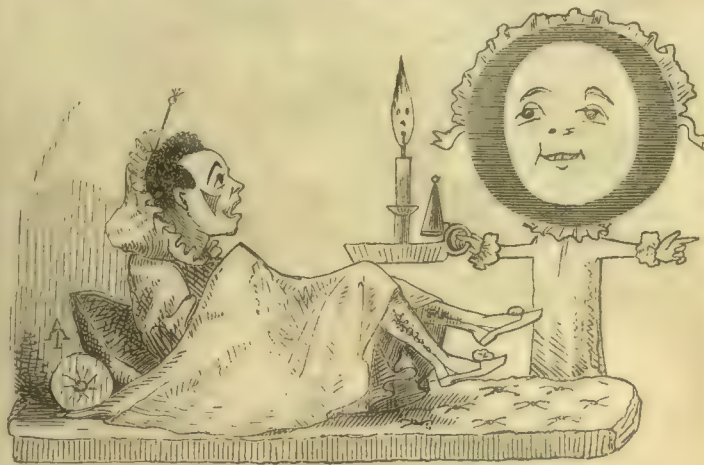
Harder my oncertain livin' now I finds it is to earn
By my washin' and a mangle, often nobody to turn.
Then a little extra cookin' slavery I used to call;
Now I slaves and glad enough of anythink to cook at all.

How much trouble then I thought it sometimes havin' to attend
To the children, such as dress 'em, or put on their things, or mend!

Little did I think to be with half-a-dozen of my own,
Not a mortal soul to help me, doin' for 'em all alone.

What a stupe I was to listen to a suitior's flatterin' tales!
Which an appy one has cost me, ansome wages, keep, and vails;
Missus she was right in sayin', "You'll repent your bargain, HANX."
Spite of which I went and did it—marryin the baker's man.

By my fate all maids take warnin', which I mean don't warnin' give,
In a hurry for to marry, comfortable where you live,
Far the wust of all bed-makin'—now you mark the words I say—
Is the sort of bed that I made, and on which I've got to lay.



A MINISTER'S LECTURE.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

I'm sure you're all bricks, regular bricks, I may say, and I can see it in your good-looking faces. So here goes, without further palaver, or what Mr. Bob Lowe tells me they call in Australia, yabber-yabber. You want to know something about Russia? Very good, I'm the boy to tell it you. But what the deuce do you want to know about Russia? That's the point. If it's much, you won't get it from me; for I ask you, in the name of all that's reasonable, how could I learn much about it? You shall have all I know, and that's the best I can do for you. Is it a bargain, or will you sky a copper whether I shall go on or shut up? I'm to go on? Then, on we goes, and OLD NICK take the hindmost.

I went to Russia with LORD GRANVILLE, and a very good fellow he is. I was sent because it was wished that members of the highest classes only should appear at Moscow as the representatives of this country. Well, you know, we spent a lot of tin, and astonished the natives a little, I flatter myself. But, Lord bless you, call Russia a country! That old humbug, NAPIER, ought to have cut her up, root and branch, smashed her tee-totally; yes, I assure you, if he had done his duty, he would utterly have flabberghasted her. Bless my soul, a country! Why, I've seen a good many countries, and ought to know something about foreign affairs, but the likes of Russia I never did see. What do you think? Their language is so ridiculous that all decent people are ashamed of it, and talk French instead. What's a nation without a language? Ought she to have a voice in the European family? Blow me tight, if she ought. What do you say? Well then, again, look at her capital, St. Petersburg. It may well be called a capital, for there's precious little interest about it. Ah! you don't see that joke? Never mind, you'll see the next. St. Petersburg stands on the Neva, and I never did see such a place. Is that better? Bravo! On we goes again.

I am bound to say that I have seldom beheld such a lot of Guys as came to the coronation with us. Guys of all nations. From France, now, came COUNT DE MORNAY; you know what they say about him, and whose relative he is, but that's neither here nor there. A downy old bird, I can tell you, and knows how to feather his nest. He brought a lot of pictures with him, and as the Russians like the reputation of *virtu*, and know as much of art as a cow knows of a pair of candle-snuffers, I'll take odds that our friend DE MORNAY drove his pigments to a fine market. Then there was ESTERHAZY, but he's a good chap—my Ministry is on good terms with his government just now—which fully accounts for the milk in the cocoa-nut. The Sardinian cove was also all right, for the same reason. But as for the fellow from Belgium, you never in all your blessed life saw such a perverted hippopotamus. He was too proud to look down when he sneezed, for fear of seeing his shoes. And a lot of others, all highly ridiculous. There was a Turk, too, and though he was a very picturesque looking individual, it was impossible for a profound thinker to look at that man's toggery, and

not feel that the nation he represented must have lost her place in the scale of nations and be on the high-road to tarnation smash.

As for Russian living, my dearly beloved bricks, I don't know what I can say to you. We had French cookery, of course, and all I know about what the common Russians eat is, that it is very beastly. Travelling is great fun in Russia, because they take anybody's horses, stick anybody on for a postilion, and kill him if he don't go fast enough for your liking. I never enjoyed travelling so much in all my life. You may like to know something about the constitution of Russia—well, she hasn't got one. The Emperor makes the laws, and the people are well licked if they don't obey them. What the laws are, I don't pretend to know, but I should say they were rum ones, judging from the look of the people. As for their religion, I fear they have none in the sense in which you and I have it, but they are always knocking their nobs on the pavement in honour of some saint or another, and they burn lamps before the images, and some sacrilegious rascals are wicked enough to drink the oil when no one is looking. Those are the principal doctrines of their faith, into which, of course, I made it my business to inquire very closely, for I think that unless a chap is religious it is all dickey with him.

Well, I don't know that I have much more to say. I bought a lot of turquoises over there. Don't think I'm touting to sell any of them to you; quite the reverse; I've left them in London. As for taking out articles to Russia to sell, like DE MORNAY, I wouldn't be guilty of such a meanness, making myself a mere commercial gent. By the way, that thundering old humbug NAPIER called GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE a frank and open-hearted sailor. Soft sawder. The DUKE's as artful a card as you'll meet, and thinks more of francs than frankness. But NAPIER is an awful old humbug. I assure you, once more, that if he had chosen, he could have taken Cronstadt as easily as I take this pinch of snuff. He wanted no gun-boats, nor men, nor nothing, except one thing, and that was pluck. I looked at the place myself, and I know all about it. He might have taken it with six ships only, as ADMIRAL VERNON took Portobello, near Edinburgh.

I suppose I had better shut up, and I am much obliged for your attention, and I hope I have entertained as well as instructed you. It is the wish of my Ministry, I mean LORD PALMERSTON's, that we should be as affable as possible, and that we should do all in our power to remove the conviction that he is the only Minister, and we are all puppets. I assure you, ladies and gentlemen, that we are nothing of the kind, and I trust that the moral effect of my lecture to-night will be considerable. I will now, with your polite permission, hook it. *Au reservoir!*

Fun at St. Barnabas's.

A TERRIBLE wag of a Puseyite indulges in the following mild bit of Christmas facetiousness. He says that "The foot of St. Peter's at Rome, is the most perfect illustration of mistletoe in the world, for one of the saintly toes has been so regularly kissed away that it has mizzled in toto."



A MAN OF SOME CONSEQUENCE.

Elder Sister. "WHY, GEORGE! NOT DRESSED! PRAY ARE YOU NOT GOING WITH THE OTHER CHILDREN?"

George. "H'M!—I SHOULD RATHER FANCY NOT.—YOU DON'T CATCH ME GOING OUT OF AN EVENING JUST TO FURNISH PEOPLE'S ROOMS. WHERE I GO—I DINE!"

THE SIEGE OF GREENWICH.

THE subjoined despatches have been received from LIEUT.-GENERAL TOMNODDINGTON. They will, no doubt, be read with considerable interest.

"MY LORD,

"*Greenwich, Lecture Hall, Jan. 7.*

"I TOOK up my position here last night, having made very easy approaches to the town, in no way harassed by the enemy, who, I am bound to say, has hitherto behaved with the greatest courtesy, inasmuch as he has scarcely shown himself. His position does not appear very strong. He has worked at certain zig-zags, but hitherto has made no attempt to shell-out. It is my conviction that his total inability to effect this operation will cause him very soon to evacuate the place with his cab behind him.

"My position commands the Hospital, which I can attack either by a flank-movement or by scaling the principal staircase. I have made a reconnaissance at QUATREMAIN'S (the striking similarity to Quatrebras would be thought of goodly omen by a Roman soldier), and found the position excellent. I held it with my staff for more than four hours, and then retired under rather a heavy fire of grape, in excellent order. The Whitebait Battery will be unmasked to-morrow, and I expect when duly served, will play with considerable effect upon the wavering disposition of the burgesses.

"In the course of another week, I trust to be able to have at least one other movement to report to you. For it is my unalterable resolution, in admiring imitation of a siege so recently brought to so glorious a termination, to do nothing in a hurry. As the parliamentary forces will not be disbanded before July, I have all the Spring and the Summer before me to conduct the siege, with the mingled leisure of an officer and a gentleman.

"I regret to say, that I have been compelled to put the young EARL OF BULLSEYES under arrest, for having withdrawn himself aboard his yacht, the *Saucy Sue*, during a very heavy canvas. He originally

pleaded a sore throat, but there is evidence of his having sung '*Villikins and his Dinah*' in the fullest possession, such as they are, of all his faculties.

"I have the honour to remain,

"Your obedient servant,

"TOMNODDINGTON, Lieut.-Gen.

"P.S. Do you think you could enlist any of the *Punch* fellows? We are much in want of material for a few telling broadsides. Those chaps will do anything for money. Pick us up a few."

PRO-SLAVERY POSTULATES.

At a numerously attended meeting of Slave-owners lately held at Cowhideville, South Carolina, the following resolution was proposed by BISHOP DOLLARS, and having been seconded by the REV. EBENEZER B. STUMP, was carried unanimously:—

"Resolved, that, in the opinion of this meeting, all religion is all nonsense."

JUDGE SIXSHOT, seconded by PROFESSOR BOGUS, then proposed the further resolution:—

"Resolved, that this meeting is of opinion, that all morality is all humbug."

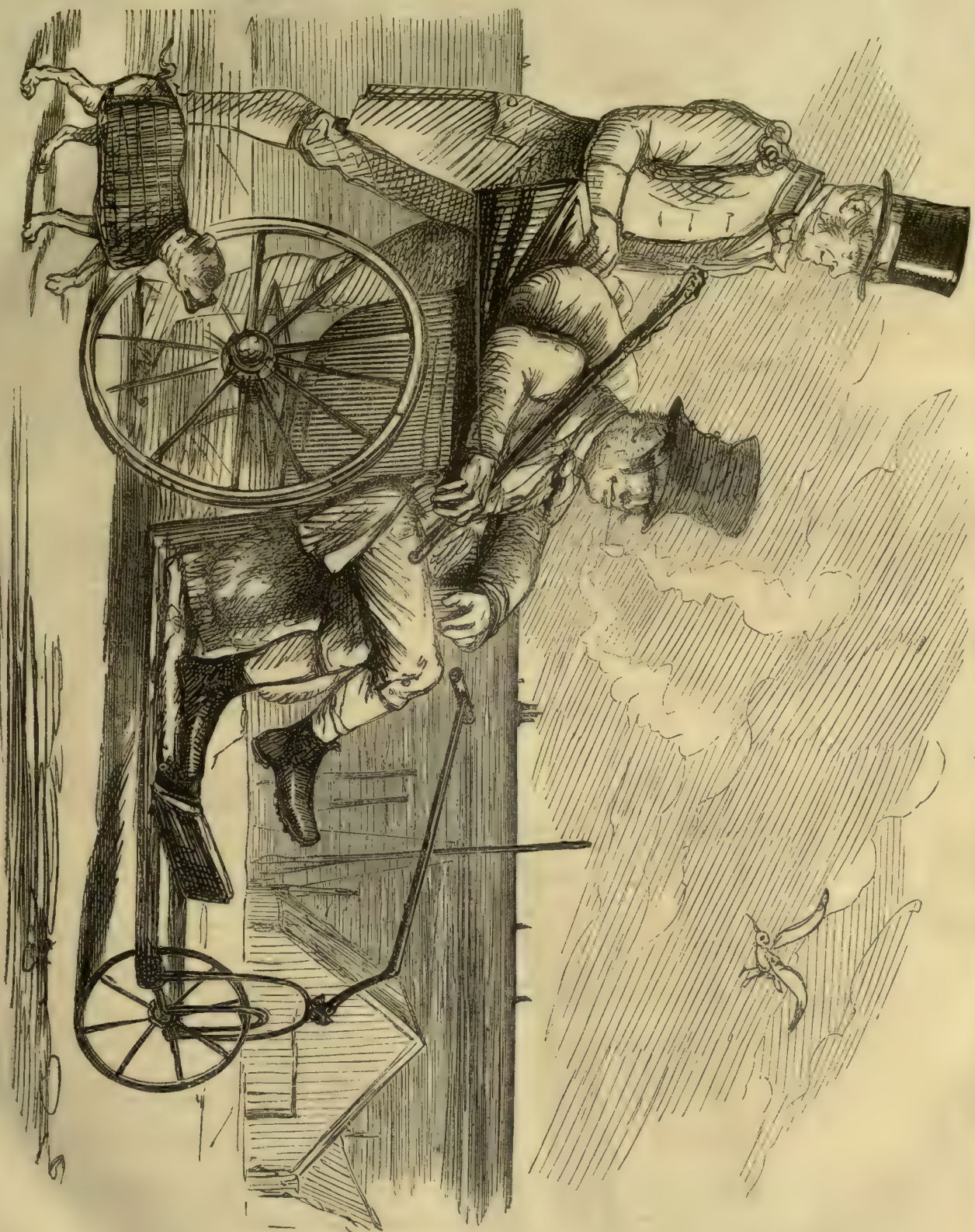
This resolution having also been carried by acclamation, COLONEL STRIPES proposed the ensuing:—

"Resolved, that it is the conviction of this meeting that slavery is the one thing needful."

It was seconded by MR. BUNCOMBE, and voted *nem con.*

A Pretty Dish to Set before a King.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA has been disappointed in his expectations of Italian diet. Instead of eating humble pie, the inhabitants of the districts he has lately visited have but shown him the cold shoulder.



CRIMINAL INDULGENCE.—A HINT TO THE HOME SECRETARY.

SPIRITS BY RETAIL.



E subjoin an advertisement which is no invention of ours:—

COMMUNICATIONS with the **SPIRIT OF WASHINGTON** for Oracular Revelation of public fact and duty; responses tendered relative to Executive or Governmental, State or Diplomatic, National or Personal questions on affairs of moment for their more ready and appropriate solution, and the special use of official, Congressional, and editorial intelligence. Address "Washington Medium," Post Office, box 628, Washington, D.C. No letter (except for an interview) will be answered unless it encloses one dollar, and only the first five questions of any letter with but one dollar will have a reply. Number your questions and preserve copies of them.

This, *Mr. Punch* begs to repeat, is no hoax devised by any gentleman connected with him. The *Times* quotes it from an American local journal, not specifying the locality. We would suggest Gotham, U.S. The spirits who are in the habit of communicating with the Washington Medium, apparently inspire him with information on all manner of important subjects but one. They do not tell him how to make money quickly, or he would not be under the necessity of selling their supernatural wisdom by retail so petty as that of a dollar's worth at a time. It must take him a long while to extract many dollars from the pockets of even the Executive, Governmental, Diplomatic persons, statesmen, and private simpletons, who constitute the population of that Yankee Gotham, of which he appears to be one of the Wizards, or Wise Men.

SIR ROBERT PEEL'S DESCENT ON MOSCOW!

SIR CHARLES NAPIER (friend and, as he hopes, fellow-exhibitor of SIR ROBERT PEEL) presents his compliments to all Committees, Principals, Secretaries, and that Sort of Thing, of all Saloons, Music-halls, Institutions, and So Forth, and begs to inform 'em that he is about to offer an Engagement to SIR ROBERT PEEL, Bart., to join him in a Course of Entertainments, for a manly set-to atween 'em in the Metropolis of London and the Provinces generally. As difference of opinion should never separate friends, for that very reason the old sailor thinks that SIR CHARLES and SIR ROBERT should go together. Their ages may differ, but so do their abilities, and their claims upon the patronage of an Enlightened British Public. Whilst SIR ROBERT can do the tumbling, SIR CHARLES won't turn his back upon nothing rough. As in the good old times of our grandmothers there was nothing like the show of the monkey and the dromedary, so in this Card it is the humble but hearty desire of SIR C. N. to bring back the good old days of his ancestors with the helping-hand of SIR R. P. With this view as an object, SIR CHARLES NAPIER will give at once a short notice of the entertainment which himself and his gallant junior friend of the Admiralty (if he will allow him so to call him, and if he won't, it doesn't much matter) will be ready at the shortest notice, in any place, to project before the public.

PART I.

Will open with SIR C. N. and SIR R. P. on the deck of "one of those magnificent vessels which," as SIR R. P. observes, "ploughs the ocean like Queens;" not that SIR C. N.—although a bit of a farmer—ever saw a queen at the plough in all his life. Passing Cronstadt, there will

ensue a little lively patter between the parties, a song then to be sung by SIR ROBERT in the character of *Cronstadt* to the old words of—"Take me while I'm in the humour;" to conclude with a cutlass combat which will be supposed to land the exhibitors at St. Petersburg.

A street in St. Petersburg will introduce my gifted friend SIR ROBERT with a weather-glass under his arm. He will sit down upon the monolith—which he says is "the biggest stone in the world,"—and to show the variety of the temperature will be *friez* to it in five minutes. This accident will bring out the real friendliness of the Ruskys in the shape of an old woman with a boiling tea-kettle which will thaw SIR ROBERT afore you can cry *scaldings*.

We shall then be invited into the Winter Palace to see the Crown jewels; faithful models of which have been taken and will be carried round by SIR ROBERT on a gilt dish for the inspection of the ladies. SIR ROBERT will be prepared for any question that may or may not be put. Returning to the stage, SIR ROBERT will sing a song, in which the admiral will be playfully badgered for not having brought home the emerald from the sceptre for the sword-handle of PRINCE ALBERT. We shall then exhibit two portraits of the GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE, on the truly British principle of hearing both sides. There will be *my* Duke, and SIR ROBERT's Duke. Ladies may choose atween 'em. This part will conclude with a grand dinner, SIR ROBERT—like *Leporello* in *Don Giovanni*—showing how he dined at £60 a-head, and even then hadn't a belly-full. The total amount of the bill will be given in fireworks, which will conclude PART I.

PART II.

Arrival at Moscow, we are drawn by Four Grey Horses at five-and-twenty pounds a leg to our destination. SIR ROBERT, puffing a cigar in his lively way, in the face of a policeman is all but speared like a grampus by the Peeler's three-pronged fork. Off for the fair at Nishnei, SIR ROBERT singing an entirely new song, "*If I had an Arab what wouldn't go.*" Frightful state of postilions; no saddle—no nothing. SIR ROBERT asks 'em "If they didn't wish themselves cherubims," when the coachman knocks 'em off their perch for not giving a civil answer. True British Humanity! SIR ROBERT lets fall a tear on the unfortunate, and drops 'em a rouble. SIR ROBERT shows to a discerning public "how he never enjoyed anything so much." Great discovery at Nishnei. SIR ROBERT finds "a brick" in the shape of a Governor; which he will make the subject of a lecture, a comic song, and a hornpipe. Portraits of lovely Circassians, and imminent danger of SIR ROBERT, when his friend and companion, SIR CHARLES comes to his rescue, and carries him safely off. SIR ROBERT in the character of a Tea-totaller. He buys 3,000lbs. of tea for home consumption, a general election being expected in the summer. At the grand fair of Nishnei, SIR ROBERT meets a Scotch lassie, and to the delight of the "brick" of a Governor, dances a Highland-fling with her. Splendid view of the Coronation at Moscow; with portraits, painted by SIR ROBERT. COUNT MORNÝ, as a picture-cleaner, and the Belgian Ambassador as a cheesemonger. The EMPRESS of RUSSIA dishevelled, and the grand smash of her crown! The whole to conclude with fireworks that, duly going out, and succeeded by a steady electric light, will show "SIR ROBERT PEEL reposing in the lap of BRITANNIA," SIR CHARLES NAPIER, his friend and companion, on this occasion only, feeding him with spoon victuals.

Full particulars will be described in future bills. In the meantime all parties desiring to treat, will address either to SIR ROBERT PEEL, Bart., Drayton; or to SIR CHARLES NAPIER, Reform Club; or both.

"Beds of Justice" at Berlin.

THE Scythians, as STERNE informs us in *Tristram Shandy*, used to hold their discussions under two opposite conditions; the state of sobriety and that of intoxication. They debated their affairs, first drunk, that their counsels might not lack vigour; and then sober, in order that their resolutions might not be wanting in discretion. KING CIRCUOR is evidently a descendant of the ancient Scythians, but as yet he seems to have acted, in the business of Neufchâtel, after the manner of his ancestors in part only. He meditates vigorous measures against Switzerland; but he has not yet revolved these under the circumstances which are necessary to render them discreet.

TO PALESTINE FROM GAOL.

WHITHER to transport our convicts is now the anxious question of every social politician. The Hebrews have been proposed for the site of a penal settlement—but would it not be better if we could send all our rogues to Jericho?

THE MOST DIFFICULT PROBLEM OF ALL.—To Square the Circle of a Lady's dress. N.B. A poor husband says, he has been trying the experiment on his wife's milliners' bills, and for the life of him he cannot make them square at all.

THE WEATHER AND THE CROPPERS.*

BY A VERY OLD GENTLEMAN.



I'm frozen in;
I couldn't stir out of my room for pounds;
Last night I tumbled down and broke my shin,
My boots were "listed" carefully, but, Zounds!
'Twas on a slide (I wonder why they suffer
Such things to be), and no Policeman near—
And one young villain bawled out in my ear—
"Why don't you go and get rough-shod, Old Buffer?"

Oh, dear! what weather—
I sit and watch the snow fall shower by shower;
I've seen the snow and men go down together;
I've seen five cabs go down in half-an-hour;
I've seen two Chimney-sweeps in white pass by—
I've seen the pot-boy over at the "Grapes,"
With his big shovel in no end of scrapes;
I've seen a snow-ball through a window fly.

I'm out of Coal—
Two sacks this week already, and they're gone,
And MRS. FINCH, my landlady, good soul,
Came up to me and said in mildest tone,
"I've sent my JIMMY and it ain't no go—
Of course he went a slidin', the young rip he
Always do—and it's so cus-sed slippy,
That your 'arf-underd's buried in the snow!"

We're out of water—
And so of course on No. 2 we call;
And No. 2, or else her pretty daughter,
Stands on a chair and hands it o'er the wall;
She hands it to our charwoman, old SWITCHER—
And yesterday, in manner most improper—
The poor old creature went a dreadful "cropper,"
And broke her nose—it might have been the pitcher!



I sent young JIM—
To get some Brandy in a bottle, well

* We beg to inform our polite readers that this word is synonymous with "tumbles."

He met the "Times," and had a slide with him;
"Times" tripped up JIMMY, and of course he fell,
And broke the bottle—five young imps stood around him,
And one, when from young JIM the spirit trickled,
Cried "Want yer door swep?" seeming greatly tickled,
I could have punched his little head, confound him!

I'll go to bed—
And there shut out the fog and sleet and snow—
I'll wrap my blankets tightly round my head,
And thus get warm—"Who's knocking there? Hollo!
"It's me Sir, MRS. FINCH, cheer up, Sir, lor!
Our student gent down-stairs, he says to me,
'The frost's all over, MRS. F,' says he,
'To-morrow's Thursday—it's the day of Thor.'"

MAJOR SCOTT OF GALA AND "A VILE VAGABOND."

MAJOR SCOTT, of Gala, has been lecturing to the forlorn folks of Galashiels, whom he has not enlightened. Unhappily for them, quite otherwise. Even as Orpheus, first lyre as he was considered, was at length torn to pieces by his audience, even so did MAJOR SCOTT by too bold an experiment on the ears of his listeners, run a like danger of dissolution. Fortunately, however, for MAJOR SCOTT he possessed a personal privilege, an immunity not enjoyed by the Orpheus aforesaid. MAJOR SCOTT is Lord of the Manor of Galashiels, and we hope, exclusive proprietor of the manners of MAJOR SCOTT. The Major began his lecture in all the easy confidence inspired by genius with the fullest confidence in itself and in the credibility of its hearers. He gave a history of the condition of Ireland in 1848-9; then, passing quickly from the first gem of the sea, he landed on the continent of Europe, and immediately put his foot in it. For the Major observed that—"At that time, Hungary was under the leadership of that vile vagabond, Louis KOSSUTH!" The audience gasped a moment for breath, and then, collecting it, sent forth so deep, so piercing a hiss that it searched the very button-holes of the Major, going clean through his shirt to his skin, thence to his marrow—his martial marrow. For it so happens that KOSSUTH has just finished a triumphant progress throughout Scotland, sowing memories of his genius, memories of the wrongs of his country, thick as gowans. Therefore was the time especially ill-chosen for the Major to air his opinions on the character and properties of Hungarian scoundrelism; and therefore, warned and shivering by the result, it is said by those in his confidence that the Major, upon reaching a place of security, thought himself particularly fortunate that he had been only well hissed. After all, we dare say the Major meant no harm. And for hissing, there is an animal upon which any amount of hissing is only so much breath thrown away, seeing that in the matter of hisses it is fully capable of supplying itself. By the way, the editor of the *Kelso Chronicle* has made up a portentous rod of native thistles, wherewith he has so scourged the Major that, however willing he may be to pocket the chastisement, he must feel it rather difficult to sit down upon it.

The Swiss Holydays.

ACCOUNTS from Switzerland state that:—

"On the 24th, all the higher public schools in Switzerland were closed, and it was settled that they should not be re-opened until the storm had blown over."

"Don't I just wish that old CLICQUOT was going to pitch into England!" will probably be the exclamation of many of our juvenile readers on perusing the above announcement.

OUR POLITENESS EXCEEDS HIS BEAUTY.

MR. SPURGEON has just published a sermon-pamphlet, called *Turn or Burn*. Wishing to meet the reverend gentleman more than half-way, Mr. PUNCH did both. He turned the second page, and then burnt the whole.

The Experience of a Borrower.

"How very provoking, my dear fellow? If you had but come yesterday, you might have had the money!" How true this is through life! Whenever we ask for anything, the only Yes we receive is in "Yesterday!" In begging favours, To-day always means a Day-too-late!

APING THE FASHION.

THE French proverb informs us that "*L'habit ne fait pas le Moine*." We can only say that if "the dress does not make the Monk," it frequently makes the Monkey—as may be seen any day by walking down Regent Street at three o'clock.

MARY ANN'S NOTIONS.



"MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"SOME of your remarks upon my last letter are sensible,¹ some are funny,² and the rest are very stupid.³ But I am not at all offended with you,⁴ because I know that in your heart you agree with everything I say, and only add those grumbling growls to keep up the precious dignity of your sex.⁵

"You told me in a note you sent me, that what I said in a former letter about the ridiculous way young men talk has been considered as 'too severe' by some of them, and that they have been writing to you about it. I wish you had sent me their notes.⁶ They must be dreadful babies to feel hurt by a girl's observations; but if the cap fits let them wear it by all means. The fact is, my dear creature, I have not said half enough about them. We have been to a good many parties this Christmas (and, by the way, I send you a box of *bonbon* crackers for that dear darling little thing that wrote to you last week about HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, who is a great pet of mine, so be sure that you have them forwarded, and do not let any of your great stupid he-contributors get hold of them, or not a cracker will the poor child ever see; for men are the greatest babies of all⁷) and I have of course had plenty of opportunity of listening to the sort of talk that I am too severe about. I made memorandums of what I could remember when we got home, on several mornings,⁸ and I have put it together, as a specimen of a gentleman's polite conversation in 1857. I have not put in my answers because they were only nods, or indeeds, or O yeses, or little laughs.⁹ Listen to him, now.

"Children's parties very delightful, ain't they, charming and fresh and all that? I don't care much about children myself, but I know a good many persons that do. (*This was meant for facetiousness*). If they're little I'm always afraid of breaking 'em, and if they're big they break everything. My sister's got a lot, I think they're the best children I ever saw, but I don't often see 'em, because she knows I don't exactly hanker after 'em, as MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS says. Seen MRS. BARNEY? No? You should, she's very great fun. They say PICCOLMINI has made a fiasco in Paris, the French people won't have her at any price, say she can't sing, and laugh at us for going wild about her—you liked her? Yes, all the ladies liked her, because she was a lady herself, by birth, SONTAG the same, you know, though it was before your time. What a noise the wind makes, awful gales everywhere. I know a fellow in the Waifs and Strays, government office, you know,—and his time of leave is up, and as he's rather down in the black books he ought to be coming over to-night, wonder if he will. He'll be a waif and stray himself if he does. (*More facetiousness*). Well, no, not a friend, but I should be sorry to hear that old PIGGY CARTER had come to grief. PIGGY—yes, we call him so, chiefly because he hates it, I believe, his name's PIGGOTT. His mother's so proud of him that she used to call him her PIGGOTT diamond; there's a big stone of that name, you know. ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS, yes, very shocking, very funny the assassin's name should be VERGES, same name as in the play, you know, where *Dogberry* comes. Do you like the theatre? I like to be amused, but there's nothing to amuse one now, unless one takes a Hansom, and goes away into the wilds at the east-end, places you never heard of, there's fun there, but it's a bore to go so far. Any friends in China? I only ask, because as you may have heard, we've been breaking the crockery, and one likes one's friends to be out of the way of the pieces. How those young ones are pitching into the cake. I got two things off the Tree, a baby in a cradle, and a gridiron, here's the gridiron on my watch, but I gave the baby to MRS. MELLINGTON, over there. They've no children, and it's a great grief to them, because his brother, whom he hates like fun, will

come into the property, and it's a tender place with them, so I gave her my baby, as one likes to be charitable, you know, but she did not look very grateful. Seen any of the pantomimes? Well, I don't know which is the best; they're all more or less stupid; besides, there's no fun; they go in for a great show, and clown don't burn pantaloons with hot pokers, and wop him, and all that. That makes me scream, but I don't care about revolving stars and glittering abodes. O yes, I know all that, they are wonderfully clever, and the other's only like big schoolboys, but I hanker after the hot poker. BROWNING, no, I can't say I have. Is she an English person? Very clever, I suppose. There are such lots of clever persons now, that if one tries to read up to the time of day, one would have no time for anything else, so I wait till somebody tells me. But if you say BROWNING, I shall send for it. I must remember her name—BROWNING—a brown—done brown—I know—we had a row at the club about maccaroni, and the cook stuck out it wanted no Browning, I shall remember. Now the young ones are pretty well cleared out, I suppose we might stand up. May I have—&c., &c.

"There, my dear Mr. Punch, there is a little bit, and I believe I have made it a great deal better than it was. Am I 'too severe?' They ought to be ashamed of themselves, great ridiculous idiots.¹⁰

"Yours, affectionately, "MARY ANN."

"Tuesday."

- ¹ Much obliged.
- ² Not one of them, Miss.
- ³ Encouragement makes some people presumptuous. We indulge you too much.
- ⁴ That is a consolation.
- ⁵ How many more times are you to be told to speak of us otherwise than as part of the aggregate multitude. Our soul is like a star, and dwells apart, young woman.
- ⁶ We never give up the letters of stupid correspondents, or we could make three fortunes a year by our waste paper basket.
- ⁷ We merely put in an exhausted protest against this style of writing. It defies criticism.
- ⁸ Mornings. If you mean that you sat up after a party to write, you are a foolish little goose.
- ⁹ Which last you do very prettily, MARIA ANNA.
- ¹⁰ It seems to us that as partners go, you got a very lively and clever one.

ULTRA-PROTESTANT PRECAUTION.

THOUGH every man is supposed to be a fool or a physician at forty, it appears that the science of spiritual medicine is not necessarily acquired in the course of many more than that number of years, even by those who have been studying it all their lives. The following epistle, from a clerical pen, betrays the apprehension that a doctor of divinity may possibly abjure sound doctrine in his old age, and turn quack:—

To the Editor of the "Morning Herald."

"SIR,—As it is quite expected that a more general measure will be introduced into Parliament for the pensioning of retiring Bishops, permit me to suggest that a clause ought to be inserted in the Bill to the effect that any Bishop who shall, after his retirement, secede to Rome, shall forfeit his pension granted by such a Bill. Such a clause is evidently desirable, considering the Romanising tendencies of some of the Episcopacy.

"Jan. 3rd."

"I am, Sir, yours, CLERICUS."

But, if it is fair to deprive a poor old prelate of his superannuation allowance for turning Papist, why propose to limit the deprivation to a particular case of perversion? Why should not an ex-bishop be equally liable to lose his income for turning Methodist or Quaker, or, at the imminent peril of his old body (at least), submitting to be ducked as a particular Baptist? By the time a bishop has qualified himself for the episcopal pension-list, he may be presumed to have made up his mind pretty well upon the subject of theology, and any change of mind, at that time of life, on such a subject can only be that species of change which involves irresponsibility. He would be about as likely to go over to Rome as to go over to Utah, and to join a confraternity of friars as to enter the Agapemone; and in the event of his doing either of these things, why punish the poor old bishop for indulging in a mere vagary of dotage.

How History is Written.

WE all know that History is but another form of Romance, especially in the hands of a Frenchman. For instance, the "History of the Empire," by THIERS, is only His-Story (and we need not say what kind of a Story that is) of the different wars that took place with the English in the Peninsula, and elsewhere.

HOMŒOPATHIC COMFORT.

THERE are some persons who are contented with very little. Look at LORD ERNEST. He is indifferent to public opinion—he is perfectly satisfied, he says, with the esteem he has for himself.

THE MONEY MARKET.—Get your money ready before getting out of an Omnibus, and before getting into Chancery.



Emily. "Madame Bonton says 'the Circumference of the Crinoline s'ould be Thirty-Six Feet!'"
 Caroline. "Dear me!—I'm only Thirty-Two—I must Inflate a little!"

THE EVER-PERSECUTED SAINTS.

BY OUR ULTRAMONTANE CONTRIBUTOR.

IN a spirit of violent bigotry, intolerance, and hostility to the mild and liberal Church of Rome, the *Times* has published the substance of an allocution lately delivered by the holy POPE in a sacro-sanct and secret consistory. The intolerance, animosity, and prejudice of the *Times* are not indeed evinced in any particular comments upon the apostolic address, but are manifested in wicked inverted commas, in which certain passages of that venerable document are maliciously printed. For example, from that portion of it wherein the Government of Mexico is affectionately reproved for its horrid and execrable contumacy of the authority, and interference with the property, of the Church, is culled the following extract:—

"The permission given by the Government to all sects publicly to practise their religious rites is denounced as 'an abominable measure which is calculated to undermine the most holy Roman Catholic religion.'"

This other passage, on the subject of Switzerland, is, in like invidious manner, selected from the allocution:—

"The state of Switzerland makes Pius THE NINTH quite disconsolate, 'so numerous are the encroachments of the civil authorities on the rights of the Church, and of her Bishops and servants.' After hurling his thunders at those Priests who obey the laws of the countries in which they live rather than the instructions forwarded to them from Rome, the Holy Father entreats the Most High to enlighten the minds of men, and to bring back those who have gone astray into the right path."

The impious inference which the above passages are published to insinuate evidently is, that the Roman Church would forbid all toleration if she could, and desires to set herself above the law. The writer ignores the indisputable truth that true toleration is simply the toleration of Catholicism, and the equally undeniable verity that the Church cannot wish to be superior to the law, because she actually is so. How much longer are Catholics to groan under such bitter persecution as that which they suffer in beholding the words of their venerable pontiff exposed to obloquy and derision in the pillory of inverted commas?

COLT ABOVE THE CLOUDS.—An analogy has lately been established to exist between planets and shooting-stars. It mainly rests on the astronomical fact that the former class of luminaries are all revolvers.

A CHRISTMAS PUZZLE.

Or all riddles and puzzles that are generally handed round at this puzzling time of the year, we think the following (which curiously appeared, though not in the form of a "Conundrum," in the columns of the *Manchester Examiner* of Dec. 31) is about the very hardest to crack:—

A DARK-COMPLEXIONED GENTLEMAN will be happy to "LET IN" the NEW YEAR for a few respectable families. Address, &c.

We are curious to know the nature of the above "Let in"—and whether many respectable families were accordingly "let in" in the mysterious manner indicated? And why a "Dark-complexioned" Gentleman? Would not a fair-complexioned gentleman have had the face to do it equally as well? Or, if it comes to that, would not a sanguine Gent, of a good rich Rufus complexion, have been endowed with the same liberal proportion of "cheek" for letting in families as a dark-visaged *Monsieur* of a deep Spanish-liquorice hue? These mysteries weigh heavily upon us, like a pork-chop supper. We hope that the family so favoured did not find its stock of silver spoons reduced after the "let in," and that there was sufficient left in its larder to provide a decent breakfast the next morning? As for ourselves, we were singularly "let in" on New Year's Eve, for we played at Whist, and lost a small carpet-bag-full of sovereigns to two or three dark-complexioned old maids! In the meantime, we recommend to all such jovial societies as still love to play a good round game of Forfeits to adopt that mysterious paragraph as one of the punishments, viz.:—Let the lady or gentleman *en pénitence* be condemned to read *Bradshaw's Time Tables* until the meaning of the above hieroglyphic is satisfactorily explained; or the penitential party, failing of success, to go without supper.

Clicquot's Last.

OUR own Correspondent at Berlin informs us that the following remark was yesterday made, in English, to the British Ambassador after dinner by his Majesty, KING CLICQUOT:—"How ish't anyboys' stonisht 'cause I shert my rightantile t' Neusch'el? Ought to shink emshelves presh's lucky I don't shert my claim to sh' whole o' Swizzle-(hie)-Swizzleland."

PUNCH AMONG THE POULTRY.



THE Poultry have been gathered beneath the wing of the Crystal Palace, and the crowds who flocked to see them have been such as one expects to encounter in the Poultry. "Among the distinguished visitors who were present," the reporters have omitted to announce the name of *Mr. Punch*, a slight which *Mr. Punch*, whose distinction is in need of no such advertisement, is willing to forgive.

The show consisting of more than a thousand pens, *Punch* will not attempt with his single one to make individual mention of them all; but for further information he would refer the curious to the Catalogue.

To have added to the musical attractions of the Palace, the show might not inaptly have been advertised as a concert, the pieces for performance being principally by COCKS AND CO. There were indeed so many bright chanteurs assembled to proclaim the morn, that it would have somewhat puzzled the *Ghost of Hamlet's Father* to have known which particular cockerow to select as his signal for departure. The voices of the game cocks were especially triumphant, as though crowing over the downfall (in price that is, for on their legs they stand as high as ever) of their late antagonists the Cochins, whose melancholy notes seemed sounding a lament that the good old Cochin days are over, and that they are now quite off the road to fame. *Punch* noticed several attempts to bring their disputes to the decision of the beak, and the struggles which they made to do so, stretching out their necks and pecking round the corner at their next door neighbours, induced the reflection that to "live like fighting cocks" can hardly be as enviable as the saying seems to hint.

Stepping rather quickly past the long-legged Malays, and not being judge enough to know for what good point such skinny creatures could be "highly commended," *Punch* lingered with reflective fondness by the edible-looking, plump, and appetising Dorkings, and thought how much their appearance would improve with oyster-sauce and parsley. Some of them being marked for sale at the "reduced price" of ten and even twenty guineas, *Mr. Punch* was strongly tempted to smack his mental lips at them, and estimate the value of their liver wings, and wonder if the eggs they laid were really golden ones.

Mr. Punch next honoured the rabbits with a visit, and finding that the prizes were awarded chiefly for their length of ears, thought of certain ears which shortly he expects to see in the St. Stephen's Show, and which he considers might have fittingly competed. Among the pigeons, the least formidable looking were the "dragons," and as a descendant of St. GEORGE, *Mr. Punch* would back himself to demolish any number of them—due attention being paid to their being nicely baked. The fantails and pouters seemed the swells of the assemblage, and strutted up and down like beadle-birds, swelling with importance. Ladies who wear Crinoline—and who of them does not?—combine the

characteristics of both pouter and fantail; puffing themselves out as well in front as in the opposite direction.

Returning to the poultry, *Mr. Punch* last inspected a prize pen of Polish; which proved to be indicative of the thought that had he himself condescended to have been an exhibitor, the prize in this case would have been awarded differently; it being, he believes, universally acknowledged that in the matter of polish, there has never been a pen to equal that of *Punch*.

THE REVERSE OF PRUDENCE.

At a late Meeting of Middlesex Magistrates, MR. W. PAYNE brought up a report from the Committee in relation to criminal jurisprudence. One would think the report in question must be brief, as the Committee can hardly have had much to say on that which does not exist in England. Criminal jurisprudence is a science which we have yet to learn: there is no such thing at present in HER MAJESTY'S dominions. On the contrary, the outrages committed, daily, by ruffians who have been turned loose on society, clearly prove that our arrangements for the disposal and discipline of our convicts have been dictated by the very grossest jurisprudence.

A MILLINER'S SHOP IS ONLY A DUCK-POND.

A MISERABLE grumbling victim of a husband anathematises those seductively pretty bonnets that milliners will exhibit in their shop-windows to tempt poor frail women to step inside and purchase. He informs us that they are generally "show-bonnets," bought at a large price in Paris, and kept purposely before the public female eye as an alluring bait to catch customers. But few can resist the temptation. A wife looks—sails round it—admires and admires—ventures closer and closer—opens her mouth—and with one bold gulp she and her purse are fairly hooked and taken in. Therefore, our above-mentioned victim declares that whenever, to his sorrow and cost, he overhears his wife, in an ecstasy of uncontrollable admiration, exclaim, "There's a Duck of a Bonnet!" he always says, as tenderly as he can, "No, my dear, not a Duck, but a Decoy-Duck of a Bonnet. It is only placed there just to induce a pretty little Duck, like yourself, my dear, to rush in after another!" The first time he tried this tender remonstrance, it had the effect, he says, of saving his wife from plunging into the inevitable vortex of extravagance, but he regrets to add that it has never succeeded since! He characterises a milliner's shop as a Duck-Pond, full of nothing but Decoy-Ducks.



HORRID SPLENDOUR.

LORD CAMPBELL, in his lately published *Lives of the Chancellors*, indulges in the following jocose remark:—

"I am grieved to say that since the year 1845, when the above sketch of the office of LORD CHANCELLOR was composed, it has been sadly shorn of its splendour."

In stating that the Lord Chancellorship has been shorn of its splendour, the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE of course means to say that the abuses and iniquities of Chancery have been rendered somewhat less glaring. They are still, however, sufficiently so to render the Court of Chancery much too splendid.

The Hero of the Nil(e).

THE papers speak highly of CLIFFORD's plan of lowering boats. We wonder if the plan is at all equal to the one that SIR CHARLES NAPIER tried before Cronstadt of lowering English men-of-war, for without making a single move, or striking as much as a blow, he contrived to let down, in the estimation of foreigners, an entire British Fleet.

ABOUT THE ENGLISH OF IT.



We are enabled to publish the real English of the Chinese Despatches relative to the bombardment of Canton, of which flowery translations have lately appeared in the Newspapers, as well as the private communications of our Consul, Admiral, and Plenipotentiary, of which their published letters are an expansion by the diplomatic theorem:

"To COMMISSIONER YEH.

"British Consulate.

"Sir, — One of your war-boats has boarded an English lorch, the *Arrow*, lying near the Dutch Folly, has carried off

twelve of her Chinese crew, and hauled down the English flag.

"I went to the war-boat, and explained to the Officer in command that I wouldn't stand it, and that he must send the men up to the British Consulate. The Officer refused, and told me to be hanged, and said if I didn't get out of that, he would make me.

"Not wishing to be ducked, I left the boat, and now write to request that you will at once give orders to CAPTAIN LEANG-QWO-TING, to send the men back to the *Arrow*. I may as well mention that I have written to our Plenipotentiary and our Commodore. You know neither will stand any nonsense, and if you don't send the men back at once, and with a proper apology, I won't be answerable for the consequences. So look out for squalls.

"Yours, indignantly, H. S. PARKES."

(A True Translation. PUNCH.)

(MR. CONSUL PARKES to COMMODORE ELLIOT, H.M.S. *Sibylle*.)

(Private.)

"My dear ELLIOT,

"Here's a chance for you. These fellows have seized some men aboard a lorch flying English colours. I have written to desire YEH to send them back. I haven't got his answer, but of course he won't.

"You know what a pig-headed brute it is, and besides, there is no doubt the lorch's colonial registry was not renewed when it last expired. This will give him a legal ground for refusal, but of course I shall not condescend to discuss the point of law with him. I fully anticipate your thirty-two pounders will be required to reduce him to reason; so bring up *Sibylle* without delay, there's a good fellow.

"Ever yours, H. S. PARKES."

(MR. PARKES to SIR JOHN BOWRING, enclosing YEH's answer.)

"To HIS EXCELLENCY SIR JOHN BOWRING, &c. &c. &c.

(Private.)

"My dear Sir,

"I enclose YEH's answer to my letter. As I expected, he offers no apology, but takes advantage of the legal quibble, as to the *Arrow's* right to fly our colours; but he luckily misses the strong point that her registry was not renewed on the 27th of September last, as it ought to have been. The story of the pirate on board is new to me. It may or may not be true, but at all events we may fairly contend there is no reliance on the evidence of natives given under duress. I hope you will not see any objection to my having written to ELLIOT to bring up *Sibylle*. I think the sooner we come to great guns the better. These Quibis will discuss law points with us for an eternity.

"Yours, sincerely, H. S. PARKES.

"P.S. I forgot to mention that YEH sent back nine of the men. Of course, I refused to receive them. His pretext for keeping back the others, that they are under legal examination, is ridiculous. What business has he to set up Chinese law against the demands of a British Consul?"

(YEH's answer enclosed in the above.)

"YEH, Imperial High Commissioner, &c. &c. &c., addresses this declaration to MR. PARKES, the British Consul at Canton.

"I have received your letter of yesterday, and have well weighed the contents. The men of the *Arrow* were seized on the information of HWANG-LEEN-KAE,

a merchant of LIN-HIN, whose vessel was plundered in September last, by pirates, among whom he swears was LE-MING-TAE, one of the crew of the *Arrow*. This man, HWANG-LEEN-KAE recognised on board the lorch as he sailed past her yesterday on his arrival in the river. I send back nine of the men against whom there seems no legal cause of complaint. I keep back the alleged pirate, LEANG-KEEN-FOO, another of the crew who was engaged by the helmsman at the same time with him (and who is also stated on the evidence of WOO-AJIN, to have been concerned in the piratical attack on the ship of HWANG-LEEN-KAE) and WOO-AJIN, who has given evidence both as to the ownership and registration of the *Arrow*,—showing that the *Arrow* is a Chinese and not a British vessel—and as to a confession of the alleged piracy by LE-MING-TAE, and the other man whom I have detained.

"I trust that this answer will satisfy you that the taking of the men is not intended as an insult to the British flag, but that they were seized on legal grounds, for a serious offence, in due form of Chinese law, and on board a Chinese vessel. I hope that the promptness with which I have given this explanation, and sent back all the men not under actual examination, will satisfy you that I have done nothing for which any apology is required, and still less for which I and this City need fear any of the consequences to which you refer in your letter.

"Hieng-Fung, 6th year, 9th month, 12th day."

(A True Translation. PUNCH.)

(With SIR JOHN BOWRING's Despatch to MR. PARKES in answer to his letter of the 9th.)

(Private.)

"Dear PARKES,

"Hong Kong, Oct. 11.

"I'm afraid you have been in rather too great a hurry to punch YEH's head; but as you have got me into the mess, I suppose I must see you through it. Why the mischief didn't you satisfy yourself before making any row in the case, that the *Arrow* had a right to fly the British flag? Then we should have been all right. But, as it is, it is as clear as that two and two make four, that she had no such right whatever; her registry, by virtue of which alone she hoists our colours, having expired on the 27th ult.

"Luckily—as you say—YEH doesn't take this point, so that we have a loophole left to creep out of. *De non existentibus et non apparentibus eadem est ratio*, as NOR puts it in his maxims,—a work which I dare say you never read. By the bye, it would be just as well if you would read a little international law. You see the Chinese are a remarkable people. Their system of competitive examinations secures great administrative ability. YEH is a highly educated, and very superior man, somewhat obdurate, especially when he is in the right, but quite able to chop logic, or hold a diplomatic argument with you, or, indeed, with myself. I am daily more and more sensible how lucky it is for England that I am in my present position. As one of the few men of letters who have attained eminent success, and high official position in the British service, I am fitted, perhaps, better than most of my diplomatic brethren, to cope with the literary ability of Chinese officialism.

"But, really, if you get us into many rows of this kind, I cannot answer for bringing either you or myself creditably out of the scrape. The plain English of it is, that we haven't a legal leg to stand upon, so I have ordered up SEYMOUR and the big guns. You will see I have only given YEH forty-eight hours to make his apology in. Literary men as a class are not easily led to abandon their view of a case, especially when they stand on such really strong ground as YEH does. And as to consequences, I am afraid I must own to a little sympathy with him in his disregard of them.

"Ever yours, JOHN BOWRING."

(H.B.M. Consul to H.B.M. Plenipotentiary.)

(Private.)

"H.B.M. Consulate, Canton, Oct. 15.

"My dear SIR JOHN,

"I feel the full force of your letter. We are in a hobble. It is a great comfort YEH does not take the point of the expiration of registry. He still refuses all apology, but reiterates his assertion of this lorch being a Chinese and not a British vessel. Though this is quite true, he does not put it on a legal ground, and I have therefore directed ELLIOT to seize an imperial junk.

"Yours faithfully, H. S. PARKES."

(H.B.M. Consul to COMMISSIONER YEH.)

"Oct. 21.

"If you don't apologise in twenty-four hours I'll batter your house about your ears. It's all nonsense arguing the point about the ownership of the lorchs and the law of the case. Apologise, or it will be the worse for you.

"H. S. PARKES."

(A True Translation. PUNCH.)

(H.B.M. Consul to SIR MICHAEL SEYMOUR.)

(Private.)

"My dear SIR MICHAEL,

"Oct. 22.

"Old YEH sticks to his case. If you can take the Bogue forts it may convince him he's in the wrong.

"Ever yours, H. S. PARKES."

"COMMISSIONER YEH, &c. &c. &c., addresses this declaration to MR. PARKES, &c. &c."

"You tell me your Admiral has taken the Bogue forts. I know it—and I am sorry for it—but taking twenty forts will not make black white, nor force me to make an apology when I am conscious of having done no wrong. You English profess to reverence Heaven, to pray in your churches on Sundays, and to esteem justice. How do you reconcile all these with your taking the Bogue forts in this case?"

"Hieng-Fung, 6th year, 9th month, 27th day."

(True Translation. PUNCH.)

(Oct. 25. SIR MICHAEL SEYMOUR reports to SIR JOHN BOWRING the taking of the Blenheim and Macao forts. Still no apology.

The 26th, being Sunday, was observed as a day of rest. It is clear that Britons do respect the Sunday, for all the COMMISSIONER YEH's offensive insinuations.)

(SIR MICHAEL SEYMOUR to H.B.M. CONSUL PARKES.)

(Private.)

"My dear PARKES,

"Oct. 27.

"I am really ashamed to go on pitching into these helpless Chinamen in this style, especially while they are in the right and we in the wrong.

"But, if I must give them more powder and shot, can't you manage to find me a decent excuse? Suppose you insisted on YEH's receiving my call? If he don't, I shall have no objection to blow him and his Yamun into the middle of next week. Couldn't you put our right on the old Treaties of 1842—46?"

"Ever yours, M. SEYMOUR."

(H.B.M. Consul to ADMIRAL SIR M. SEYMOUR.)

"My dear SEYMOUR,

"Oct. 27.

"You are our preserver. I shall at once insist on YEH's receiving you. I am afraid the Treaties are rather stale to revive very effectively, but I will try it on.

"Yours sincerely, H. S. PARKES."

"Oct. 27.

"The Imperial Commissioner makes this declaration to H. S. PARKES, British Consul at Canton. 'You insist on YEH's receiving your Admiral. YEH says nay.'"

(True Translation. PUNCH.)

(H.B.M. Consul to H.B.M. Plenipotentiary.)

"My dear SIR JOHN,

"Canton, Oct. 28.

"It's all right at last. I am sure you will be relieved to hear that YEH refuses to receive SEYMOUR. We have a clear right under the Treaties to insist on his doing so. The consequences of the refusal be on his own head.

"Faithfully yours, H. S. PARKES."

(H.B.M. Plenipotentiary to H.B.M. Consul.)

"My dear PARKES,

"Hong Kong, Oct. 29.

"I am delighted that you and SEYMOUR have got on legal ground at last, though I wish we had insisted on the Treaties a little sooner. I'm afraid we may be told at home that the Statute of Limitations applies to the case.

"But we have gone too far to recede. Tell SEYMOUR to blaze away, but to kill as few people as possible, and not to destroy more private property than is absolutely necessary. My heart bleeds for these infuriated Chinese. I can't understand YEH's holding out against SEYMOUR's guns, though I admit he had the best of it against your arguments. I know that under similar circumstances I should have thought twice before refusing an apology. In an ancient Spartan or a modern Swiss, YEH's conduct might be called heroic. In a Chinaman it is culpably obstinate, and cannot be submitted to for a moment.

"Yours, in haste, JOHN BOWRING."

(And so for the next fortnight the Admiral blazed away with a com-

fortable conscience. YEH will know another time what it is to refuse to receive a British Admiral when he does him the honour to volunteer a call.)

CLICQUOT TRANSLATED.



For the freedom of Europe, assailed by a CZAR,
I could not think of plunging my country in war,
And I was, as before his lamented decease,
Mighty NICHOLAS named me, the Angel of Peace.

Do you note what a change has come over my wings?
(As an Angel, you know, I of course have such things.)
Do you see they have grown like to those of a bat?
Do you mark that my face is as black as your hat?

How queer, too, my feet have got, don't you remark?
Why have they become cloven; why look I thus dark,
With my pinions, once white, turned to what they now are,
And the Angel of Peace to the Demon of War?

What has made me, so chary of bloodshed before,
Now ready to deluge the fair Earth with gore,
To send forth my subjects to slay and be slain,
Leaving me o'er their widows and orphans to reign?

Why, I, blind to honour, and justice, and right,
For my Fatherland who had no stomach to fight,
By hurt pride and conceit am transformed as you see,
And wish Fatherland's children to battle for me.

WAYS AND MEANS.

THE question which, just at present, chiefly occupies attention, is how to provide for the abolition of the Income-Tax by just as well as necessary taxation. To this end we have received various suggestions.

A young lady proposes the imposition of an additional tax upon cigars; on all dogs except King Charles's spaniels, Skye terriers, and Italian greyhounds; on guns; on yachts and wager-boats; on canes and walking-sticks.

Several young gentlemen recommend a tax on Crinoline; on bandoline; on eau-de-Cologne; patchouli, and all other perfumes; on buns; on ices; on bouquets, pianos, and white satin shoes.

Various individuals connected with Exeter Hall urge the enactment of a tax upon theatrical performances; all concerts of a secular nature; casinos; masquerades, whether public or private; races; dog-fights; and evening parties.

By sundry adherents of the Band of Hope, an increase in the taxation of malt and hops, and all fermented or spirituous liquors, is advocated. Divers publicans, on the other hand, desire an augmentation of the duty on tea and coffee, and the addition of a Government per-centage to the water rate.

The Vegetarians generally contend for a tax on butchers' meat; the homeopaths for an increase of duty on all articles of the *Materia Medica*, and a special tax on allopathic prescriptions.

"Paterfamilias" is in favour of a tax upon lodging-houses.
"An Old Bachelor" wishes for a tax on the following articles:—Hard-bake, lollipops, toffee; toys; rusks, tops-and-bottoms; wet-nurses; cats; perambulators; violet-powder; and babies.

Financial Hocus FOCUS.

WITH a view to disarm, in some measure, the growing opposition to the Income-Tax, it is, we understand, the intention of the Government to direct the various collectors, in all possible cases, to extract the amount due under Schedule D from the payer under the influence of chloroform.

SATURNALIA IN THE BOUDOIR.

THE fashion of inflating ladies' dresses has so far reversed the relative positions of mistress and servant, that it is now usually the lady's maid who has to blow the lady up.



A FRIENDLY MOUNT.

Party (whose nerve is not what it used to be). "YOU ARE QUITE SURE, CHARLES, THAT HE'S TEMPERATE?"

Charles. "OH, YES! COME ALONG! DO YOU THINK I SHOULD LET YOU RIDE HIM IF HE WASN'T? WHY YOU MIGHT KILL THE HORSE!"

[Nervous Party is much flattered by the consideration of Friend.]

THE ORGANIZATION OF PLUNDER.

THE rapidly increasing respectability of the profession of theft and roguery, attested not only by the names of the several eminent parties who have of late adopted that profession, but also by the opulence which has been acquired by many of its practitioners, suggests the expediency of organizing the predatory and fraudulent community in a similar manner to that of the organization of other professional bodies.

When a gentleman such as MR. AGAR, celebrated in connection with bullion, is found to have been in possession of as much as £3,000, amassed by perseverance in dishonest industry; when we find such gentlemen with balances at their bankers, and operating on the Stock Exchange, as well as in some more public places, besides private residences and pockets; we clearly perceive that the time for moral and social combination among those gentlemen has arrived.

The particular gentleman whose name we take the liberty of mentioning, MR. AGAR, is, as is well known, under sentence of transportation for life. To an individual of that respectability which is implied in £3,000, this position must be peculiarly distressing. If rogues and thieves would constitute themselves a corporate body, misfortunes of the kind alluded to, might, by various means, be averted from the sort of gentleman indicated. A Charter might be eventually obtained, empowering the Corporation of Thieves, like some other Corporations, to rob the public with impunity.

It is in the first place proposed to found a College of Thieves, at which lectures shall be delivered, with practical demonstrations, on the various branches of swindling and stealing. The importance of education to the thief is now fully recognised; and it is earnestly to be hoped that sectarian prejudices will not interfere to deprive him of that inestimable blessing. Little difference may be expected to prevail among the predatory classes, either as to the propriety, or the method, of combining religious with secular instruction.

The College of Thieves will grant diplomas in the various branches

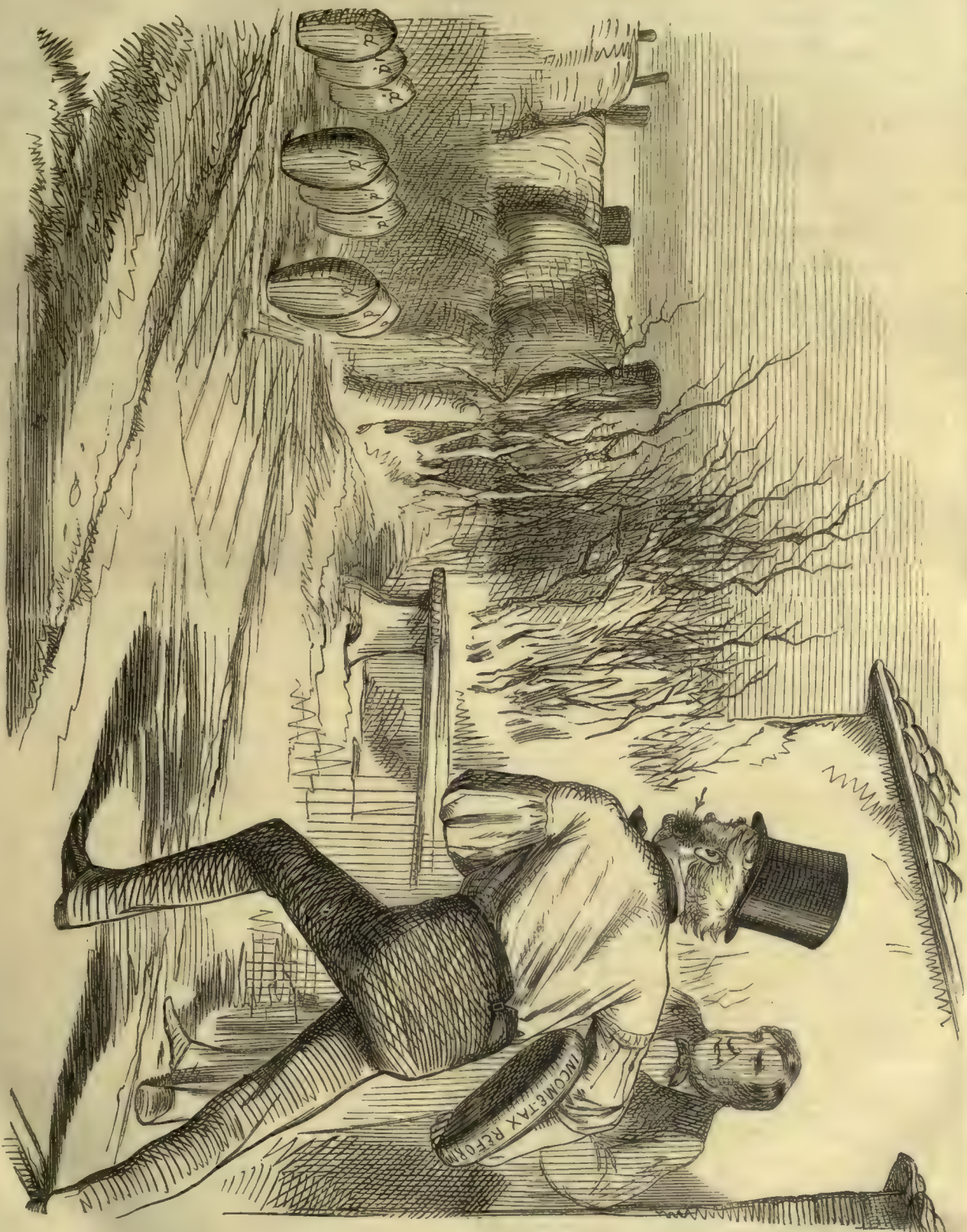
of the profession, and these distinctions will give the gentlemen on whom they are conferred a social *status* superior to that of unlicensed practitioners.

A Thieves' Mutual Assurance Society will also be established in connection with the College, to the end of securing a decent maintenance for the widows and orphans of such of the members as may come to be hanged, or for the wives and children from whom others may be separated by transportation. It is not anticipated that there will be felt any great want of confidence in the projected institution. The Bullion Case has, indeed, cast some little doubt on the hitherto received maxim of "Honour among Thieves;" but other cases have thrown as much doubt on the presumption of the existence of honour among commercial gentlemen; and if, as has been said, a Board has no conscience, there can be little difference, except in name, between a Company and a Gang. In fact, the distinction between a rogue and an honest man so called, is now very generally felt to exist merely in name; and censure, as in a nation of antiquity, regards not crime but detection. Education, therefore, will tend to preserve the character of the thief, by developing those talents which will enable him not to get found out; and the maintenance of respectability will be further insured by a system of co-operation calculated to frustrate those objects which are vulgarly termed the ends of justice.

FISCAL NURSERY RHYMES.

SING a song of Income,
Taxed, under Schedule D,
As high as rent, or interest
Of funded property.
When the wrong is pondered,
Its infamy is seen.
Isn't this a pretty tax
To levy for the QUEEN?

The QUEEN is in her countinghouse,
Shocked to count the money.
PRINCE ALBERT's at his pasture,
Shooting hare and cony.
POOR TOMKINS to the workhouse,
His savings robbed of, goes:
For down came the Income-Tax,
And stripped him of those.



PAL—ER—TON'S NEW GAME.

CH—N—LHOR OF EX—R (aside), "O, YES! HE MAY FLOOR 'EM—BUT I'LL SOON PUT 'EM UP AGAIN."



THE LAUREATE ON THE NEW YEAR.



On the 19th January, 1807, exactly fifty years ago, our *Times* was late, and we had nearly finished breakfast before it arrived. Consequently, when it did come (having an engagement with the DUKE OF YORK, who was just about to be impeached by COLONEL WARDLE) we put the paper into our pocket, instead of leaving it on the mahogany slab in the hall for the then news-boy (now the Venerable ARCH-DEACON * * * * *), and it is still in our possession.

Happening to look into it, we observe an Ode for the New Year, by the Poet Laureate. This official's name, at that time, was *PYE*. Now it is *TENNYSON*.

Had the present Poet Laureate seen fit to announce an Ode on the present new year, we should not have felt it our duty to

look for one elsewhere, because we have a good deal of confidence in Mr. T., and we think that what it was desirable to say he would have said delectably. But as Mr. Moxon gives no sign that he is in possession of "copy"—advertises no Ode for the New Year—we are thrown upon our own resources. And as nobody in the world can possibly have heard of MR. *PYE*'s Ode for forty-nine years and three hundred and sixty-four days, we cannot see why it should not do over again, with a few notes, showing its adaptation to existing circumstances. For one year is very like another.

The first verse contains eighteen lines, in which the question is asked whether a sailor in a storm yields himself to inaction, and the answer is given "No"—that he says his prayers and mans the mainsail-top-gallant-brace, or performs whatever other nautical manoeuvre may be shipshape. This proposition may be admitted. Now for the application. What was true in 1807 is true in 1857.

"So, though around our sea-encircled reign,
The dreadful tempest seem to lower,
Dismay'd do Britain's hardy train
Await in doubt the threatening hour?¹
Lo! to his sons, with cheering voice,
Albion's bold Genius² calls aloud;
Around him valiant myriads crowd,
Or death or victory their choice;³
From every port astonish'd Europe sees
Britannia's white sails swelling with the breeze;
Not her imperial barks alone
Awe the proud foe on every side;⁴
Commerce her vessels launches on the tide,
And her indignant sons awhile
Seceding from their wonted toil,⁵
Turn from the arts of peace their care,
Hurl from each deck the bolts of war,
To sweep th' injurious boasters from the Main;⁶
Who dare to circumscribe Britannia's naval reign."⁷

1. We should think not. 2. Mr. Punch. 3. Preferably the latter, of course. 4. For "white sails swelling with" read "funnels smoking in." 5. This is Ode slang, but it means that the General Screw and P. and O. boats carry guns. 6. Pronounced *tile*, in poetry. 7. Or read

"To smash the injurious Pig-tails, who again
Have dared to treat Sir J. D. BOWLING with disdain."

The next verse is excessively noble and retrospective.

"And see with emulative zeal
Our hosts congenial ardour feel;
The ardent spirit, that of yore
Flam'd high on Gallia's¹ vanquish'd shore;
Or burn'd by Danube's² distant flood,
When flow'd his current ting'd with Gallic³ blood;
Or shone on Lincelles'⁴ later fight;
Or fir'd by Acre's towers the Christian's Knight;
Or taught on Maida's fields the Gaul to feel,
Urg'd by the Briton's arm, the British steel;
Now in our breasts with heat redoubled glows,
And gleams dismay and death on Europe's ruthless foes."⁵

1. Gallia means France. 2. A large river of Europe. 3. French. 4. Ha! we have you. You have laughed, in your geographical *hauteur*, at the three preceding annotations—now tell us what Lincelles is, and who fought the later fight, and when? A copy of Mr. Punch's *Pocket-Book* shall be given to any lady or gentleman who will solemnly assure

us, on honour, that, without looking into a single book, he or she answered that the battle was fought between France and Austria, England siding with the latter, on the 18th of August, 1793. 5. The verse will do, but we propose to read, for the last couplet,

"Now bids us force JOHN CHINAMAN to blows,
His teacups break, and further flatten his flat nose."

The fourth and last verse of the Poet Laureate's Ode runs thus:—

"Not to Ambition's specious charm,
Not to th' ensanguin'd Despot's hand,
Is conquest bound—a mightier Arm
Than Earth's proud tyrants can withstand,
The balance holds of human fate,
Raises the low and sinks the great,
Exerting then in Europe's cause
Each energy of arm and mind,
All that from force or skill the warrior draws,
Yet to Superior Power resign'd,
Whose high behest all Nature's movements guides,
Controls the battle's and the ocean's tides;
Britain still hopes that Heav'n her vows will hear,
While Mercy roars her shield and Justice points her spear."

By reading this verse carefully about eleven times, and not allowing yourself to be confused by the pertinacious inversions thereof, you may gradually discover the meaning, which we take to be nearly unobjectionable. It is not in mortals to command success, but if we do all we can, we may take our chance, provided we are humane to the vanquished, and never go to war except for just cause. This latter proviso, the poet, after the fashion of his school, puts at the end of all things; and indeed, as it is usually the last thing thought of, it may be said to be in the right place. Well, the verse answers the purpose of the campaign of 1857, and

"Britain still hopes Tea will not be more dear
Along of ADMIRAL S., both cruel and sewere."

And even if the moral of the poem should not at once strike conviction, there is another moral which must go home to every careful heart. We have been taking care of this Ode for exactly fifty years, and behold we find—what we never expected—a use for it at last. To adapt a celebrated maxim, "Burn no man's poems; some day you may want a poet of your own."

"FROM THE DON TO THE GANGES."

"AMONG all the studies to which human attention can be directed, none is more pleasing and profitable than Geography." This touching passage in an essay of Mr. Punch's, written long anterior to his being invested with the *toga virilis*, has been suggested to his memory by the following extract from the *Calcutta Englishman*. This journal, in criticising an article by our respected contemporary the *Examiner*, upon the Persian war, and the possible advance of Russia upon India, observes:—

"The *Examiner* is a very poor authority upon Indian military matters, for he says that a Russian army, after beating us on the Indus, 'would have a march of 1,500 miles to make in order to reach the powerfully fortified British Capital in the marshes of Bengal.' Think of that, GENERAL TODTLEBEN. Sevastopol is nothing to Calcutta. All your skill would be unavailing to cross the Chitpore Canal, for that is the only fortification we know of. Fort William, it is true, is at the opposite end of Calcutta, and if its ramparts were not shaken down by its own fire, might demolish the town in a short time, but, as for defending it, that is totally out of the question."

Now, a geographical dictionary, of respectable proportions, would have contained such a description of Calcutta as might have prevented our friend the *Examiner* from falling into the Chitpore Canal, and—

Stop! A dark thought crosses us. Is treachery afoot? Did the *Examiner*—bribed with Russian gold—desire to mystify our military authorities, and to delude them into permitting a Russian army to advance upon Calcutta? That those authorities should, of themselves, know anything of the subject, is out of the question—that they rely upon the English press for information and guidance is notorious. And the *Examiner* has betrayed them!

Tower-Hill! Are there no Axes left, save what serve for the moon's rotation—no Blocks, save Metropolitan central boarders? Well, Parliament meets in a few days, and we counsel the *Examiner* to obtain passports for some region where ex-tradition is unknown. "A manifest traitor!"

Height of Liberty.

AN unselfish Manager, inspired by the generosity of the season, exhibits the bills of other Managers' pantomimes, by the side of his own, in front of his theatre.

A PASSAGE THROUGH LIFE TO BE AVOIDED.

THE heart of a Coquette may be compared to the Exeter Change Arcade, where there is always a shop to be let, or in which the tenant rarely stops long!

THE SPRING ASSIZES.



Most likely the Winter is not as yet gone,
And we may have frost, snow, and scating anon;
But I feel, from afar, the oncoming of Spring;
A redbreast, this morning, I heard softly sing.

Up the window-pane crawling, moreover, saw I
A half-awake, half-asleep, blue-bottle fly.
The foretaste of Spring I perceived in my soul
Had aroused him as well: made him creep
from his hole.

Next, casting my eyes on the paper, I saw
That in Westminster Hall met, the Sages of Law,
The Judges, inspired by that influence bland,
The Spring Circuit, likewise, had yesterday planned.

The season of Oyer and Terminer's near,
The crocus and snowdrop will shortly appear,
Of gaols the delivery general is nigh,
And the primrose and cowslip will blow by-and-by.

With the Spring the Assizes the first of all come,
Ere opens a flower whereupon bee can hum;
The judges of wig and robe break out in bloom,
Before opened violets shed their perfume.

The Courts will soon sit, all in legal array,
Besides other courtship on VALENTINE'S Day.
In whose Court, unlike Nisi Prius and Crown,
The most of the pleaders will *not* wear the gown.

Their lordships, the judges, will try all the thieves,
And then trees and hedges put forth their young leaves,
My lords will doom convicts to punishment meet,
Whilst newly-born lambs in their innocence bleat.

Majestic in robes, and tremendous in wigs,
On stealers of horses, sheep, oxen, and pigs,
They will sentence pronounce; and correct evil swains,
With plunder and rapine infesting the plains.

I hail the Assizes of Spring, which precede
The hawthorn in blossom, and fresh verdant mead,
So smiling, so brilliant, so gay to behold,
With cuckoo-flowers spangled, and marsh-marigold.

The judge on the bench as the herald I view
Of the daisies and buttercups, speedily due,
Of the nightingale too, and all small birds of song,
Which perhaps we may mention the "Black Cap" among.

An Airy Nothing.

MR. THOMAS CARLYLE is requested to state whether he does not think that if certain gentlemen deserve the name of Wind-bag, a lady whose petticoats are distended with air might not be correctly denominated a Wind-baggage?

A SAVAGE CUSTOM.

By DR. LIVINGSTON'S accounts, which we rejoice in having lately had the opportunity to audit, we are informed that the natives of the Central parts of Africa bear, in many points, by no means an unfavourable comparison with nations far more highly civilised: indeed, that several of their manners and customs might with advantage be adopted by ourselves. Their marriage laws, however, it would seem from what the Doctor says, are still in a sadly savage state; and had we any notion of committing matrimony, we should be among the last to wish to see them added to our Statute book. Only fancy what a falling off there would be in the Doctors' Commons licence business, and what a mania for emigration all our British bachelors—except, of course, the old ones—would suddenly be seized with, were the legislature to give sanction to such notions as the following:—

"If a young man married a woman of a neighbouring village, he left his own village and went to live with his mother-in-law. It was his duty to pay her the greatest respect, and to supply her with firewood. Near the Zambesi the young men had to make long journeys into the country in order to procure firewood for their mothers-in-law."

Just imagine the effect upon the marriageable members, were a measure framed upon this passage to be introduced next Session, entitled (say) "A Bill for the better protection of Mothers-in-law and for more effectually providing them with firewood." Certainly, if anything were wanted to confirm our previous impression of the hopeless state of barbarism in which the Central Africans are sunk, their laws as to their mothers-in-law have abundantly supplied it. Can anything be conceived more truly barbarous than this sentencing a married man to the hard labour of procuring fuel for his mother-in-law. The more we think of it, the more we feel assured that no civilised being would ever dream of a consent to it. At the same time, however, we cannot help admitting that although with us a mother-in-law has not as yet been legally invested with the power of making her daughter's husband go and cut her firewood, still her influence has not infrequently proved strong enough to induce him, for a time at least, to cut his stick.

A PRECOCIOUS NATION.—It is our belief that every French literary man, from the age of five, begins to think of writing his *Mémoires*, and accumulates tittle-tattle and scandal accordingly.

THINGS WHICH NO YOUNG GENTLEMAN WILL EVER DO IF HE CAN HELP IT.



TAKE a tour on the Continent without letting his moustache grow.

Allow that he can possibly exist for four-and-twenty hours without his smoke.

Betray a *penchant* for pastry otherwise than secretly in private trips to the confectioner's, alleging in public that "it spoils one's taste for wine so."

Wear boots of any other than the most excruciating polish and proportions.

Be ever caught in the confession that he thinks his elder brother is in any way his superior—age alone excepted.

Attend an evening party without consuming all the ices he can lay his hands on.

Suffer the servant to sit up for him, when he thinks he has a chance of being trusted with the latch-key.

Refuse a full-flavoured cigar if it be offered, although he more than half anticipates that it will make him sick.

Escort his sisters to a dance, and not make himself intensely disagreeable by interrupting their flirtations.

Lose an opportunity of impressing it on his hearers that he "knows a thing or two."

And lastly, Ever hear the word "young" in any way applied to him without facially expressing his extreme disgust at it.

Perfidious Albion again!

Of course, we must have reparation from China for the expence to which the Chinese Government has obliged us to go, in placing us under the necessity of bombarding Canton. This will probably come in the shape of another lot of Sycee silver, which of course will give occasion to the *Assemblée Nationale* to say that our motive for going to war with the Celestial Empire was simply a desire for change.

MARY ANN'S NOTIONS.

"MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"I HAVE not said anything about Politics in any of my letters,¹ but I beg you to recollect that I made a condition when I began to write to you, that no subject was to be considered out of my sphere,² and as to a woman's not understanding politics, that is all fiddle faddle when you look at the ridiculous idiots³ who profess to be politicians, and a great deal of good they do to the nation that a woman could not do! But my particular reason for letting the matter alone was, because I knew that as soon as February came you would all be at it 'ding dong, hammer and tongs,' as AUGUSTUS sings,⁴ and I thought that in the mean time you might as well not be diverted from something of more importance. I know exactly what is going to happen. In about a fortnight the precious Parliament assembles, and then good bye to everything rational. For my part, I always wish that Papa would discontinue the newspapers during the time Parliament keeps sitting, as there is never anything to read that is worth reading, and one only gets irritated with the absurd nonsense that is talked from night till morning.

"I never could understand why the Parliament does not have a newspaper of its own, and not spoil ours with its nonsense. Surely such a wonderful! astonishing! eloquent! omnipotent! national! assembly⁵ could manage to keep up a paper for itself, and if it thinks all its miraculous wisdom worth printing, print it, and not intrude into other places. I consider it all very mean conduct, but that is just like the people who talk most of their liberality. I dare say that the very member of Parliament who would go up to the House, and make a grand tirade about charity and the poor, and all that, would shove a poor little ragged boy that begged of him right out into the mud, and then look round and growl because the policemen did not keep the street clear of beggars.⁶ I have not the least faith in anybody that proclaims his good deeds, and as for defending himself by saying that the poor little child could go to the workhouse, that drives me out of all patience, when you know quite well that he would be abused for coming there, and very likely beaten, for as for the relieving officers, you can easily see what sort of wretches they are, when you read in the *Times* of Saturday last that the relieving officer at Mile End (and he should be sent miles off, if I had my way⁷) was brought before the Magistrate for beating and kicking his wife.⁸ A nice person to send a poor ragged child to, I think!

"But what I was going to say was this, that the opening of Parliament is a signal for leaving off attention to anything that ought to be attended to. Nothing of that sort will get into the newspapers for ever so many months. There is some check upon bad people while you can expose them in the press, but when the press is stuffed up with rigmorole speeches,⁹ people may do as they like, for there's no chance of complaints getting a hearing. I do not mean nonsense about the moon going round and round, as MR. JELLYBAG SOMEBODY¹⁰ says she does or does not (and what does it signify?), or ridiculous passengers who are going on a voyage of ten thousand miles¹¹ and make a riot because their rolls are not hot in the Red Sea,¹² or creatures who get too much wine at their clubs, and think they ought to have a policeman to escort them to their bed-rooms, and feel them selves throttled by their horrid all-rounders (and I'm GLAD of it) and fancy they are being garrotted. Such geese ought not to be allowed to write in newspapers at all. But if a real abuse comes, and one would like to see it shown up, it is either neglected altogether, or put into a few words, and stuck in a corner which no one sees. We may be run over by cabs, or imposed upon by the drivers, or we may see something cruel done, or we may feel indignant at the police-magistrates (who have no more hearts than stones, and take things quietly that ought to make them boil over with rage¹³) or box-keepers may have been rude to us, or servants may have played tricks with false characters, or letting in cousins who are burglars, or fifty things, and not one of these, let us write yards upon the subject, will be printed while the Parliament sits and chatters. For this reason, my dear Mr. Punch, and because it makes the papers so stupid and not worth reading, I consider that Parliament is a great nuisance. Shouldn't I catch it,¹⁴ if Papa knew that these were the sentiments of

"Tuesday."

"Your affectionate

"MARY ANN."

¹ Or we should have struck it out.

² You made! Come.

³ You have used this rather strong appellation in a former letter. Is it a pet phrase of yours?

⁴ CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

⁵ The bitterness of your irony, dear, inclines to monotony.

⁶ He would be right to refuse street alms, because they usually go to unworthy persons who send out children to beg. Ladies are the great encouragers of this cruelty.

⁷ We print this epigram that you may see it in type and be ashamed of yourself.

⁸ This brute's case is exceptional, but you are right, to a certain extent. The workhouse official is apt to be hard and coarse, and therefore ought to be regularly looked after by his masters.

⁹ We have not curtailed any of your censures, but you will not suppose that we have not the highest opinion of Parliament.

¹⁰ Never cite a name wrongly. Nothing is in such bad taste. You allude to MR. JELLINGER SYMONS, whose theory may be wrong, but whose courtesy in maintaining it is a rebuke to his petulant antagonists.

¹¹ Ten thousand miles! What voyage is this, child?

¹² Can you allude to an evasive and impertinent defence just offered on behalf of the Peninsula and Oriental Company?

¹³ Justice never boils over. Read Us.

¹⁴ "Be rebuked," you mean, MISS MARY ANN. We hope you do—and that you will.

THE GREAT CLOCK CASE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* complains, with a warmth which is not unpleasant this cold weather, that having paid to see the Great Clock of St. Paul's, all he was allowed a sight of was the wooden outside case, which was something like paying to see WOMBWELL'S menagerie, and being shown the exterior of the caravans containing it. We are not aware ourselves how the case really stands, but it would seem from this statement, that the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, in their capacity of showmen, have also become sellers, and as such are amenable to the law forbidding trading in the Church. The disclosure will, however, doubtless serve to prevent their doing much more business, or many more of the public: for if we hear of any one now paying the initiatory fee of twopence for the privilege of seeing what he has been warned he won't see, we shall apply to his ascent to the sight which is invisible, the observation, "Twopence more, and up goes the Donkey!"



Pro-Slavery Solecism.

THE *Augusta* (U.S.) *Chronicle*, in describing the sale of a lot of niggers, makes the following observation:—

"They were common negroes—field hands."

Hath a negro, then, hands, or any other human members or dimensions, in the opinion of an advocate for bestial slavery? Does he account negroes men? Could he not have had the consistency, instead of "hands," to have written "paws?"



FLUNKEIANA.

Lady of the House. "OH THOMAS! HAVE THE GOODNESS TO TAKE UP SOME COALS INTO THE NURSERY!"

Thomas. "H'M! MA'AM! IF YOU ASK IT AS A FAVOUR, MA'AM, I DON'T SO MUCH OBJECT; BUT I 'OPE YOU DON'T TAKE ME FOR AN 'OUSEMAID, MA'AM!"

"BRUMMAGEM" PIETY.

WE learn from a paragraph in a weekly contemporary, to which, of course, "a press of more important matter" has prevented any earlier allusion, that a majority of the Members of the Birmingham Town Council have acted recently in such a manner as to render it desirable to have their portraits taken, and sent in to the Association for wholly closing Sunday, as candidates for the Cant Gallery which we hear is in formation. The act by which they have immortalised themselves (for, being introduced in *Punch*, their reputation is undying) has been the prohibition of a concert of purely sacred music, which it was proposed to give in their Town Hall on Christmas Day, at prices that would render it accessible by "the people." The debate upon the question is said to have been a long one, and in proportion to its length was the narrowness of mind which was evinced by those whose votes had the majority. As a sample of the oratory by which they professed to expound their views, and justify their opposition to the leave which was applied for, we are told that—

"One expressed his opinion, that sacred music was not different from polkas, except that it is played slower. Another observed, that he did not individually object to music of any kind, but he didn't like sacred music blown through a trumpet."

Had it been proposed at this Christmas Concert to perform the *Hallelujah Chorus* on a pair of bagpipes, we should think this latter gentleman would have not withheld consent to it. His objection, it would seem, is directed not so much against the music as the instrument; and in instancing the trumpet as his particular aversion, he is probably moved by a spirit of rivalry, as he perhaps is in the habit of blowing his own. Now in the bagpipes he in no way need have had such fear of competition; while its tone might in some measure have "improved the occasion," by reminding those who heard it of those sermons in drones which we most of us have listened to.

When ears are stopped with the cotton of Cant, they are rendered deaf not only to reason, but to music. However long a fanatic's auriculars may be, he can hear no difference between a psalm tune and a

polka, at least if the former be played out of Church-time. Having "no music in his soul" all music sounds alike to him, whether it be the HANDEL of the organ-loft or the handle of the street piano; and having himself "no mind for" it, he compounds for other sinfulness by condemning that as such.

It is a common phrase to speak of articles of doubtful origin as being "Brummagem" ones. And we think such spurious sanctity as that which would prevent even the music of the *Messiah* being played on Christmas Day, may be fittingly set down as "Brummagem" Piety.

MENTAL MORPHINE.

A NUMBER of serious gentlemen have formed themselves into an association, under the title of the "Society for the Suppression of Opium Smuggling;" their object being to prevent the Chinese from ruining their constitutions by taking opium. In the attempt to stop a supply for which there exists a demand, these philanthropists may not, perhaps, be very successful. The best way to effect the desired purpose, will be, not to bother Parliament to legislate for the prevention of the opium-traffic, but to endeavour to supersede opium by something better. Let them get a number of Exeter Hall tracts translated into the Chinese language, and imported into China. These will, to all the natives who may be induced to read them, prove a harmless and efficient substitute for opium; and the speeches of the members of the Society, added to the tracts, will doubtless much augment their influence in communicating repose to the Celestial Empire.

Dresses and Dinners.

WHY, it was demanded by a vulgar person, do the air-tube Crinolines cause a ball to resemble a dinner party? This extraordinary question meeting with no reply, the coarse individual said, "Because where the Crinolines are inflated, there must be a regular blow-out!"

THE JACKANAPES' DEVELOPMENT SOCIETY.



PEOPLE generally admit that domestic servants are the greatest of all domestic troubles. Most of them are quite impracticable. They are discontented with rigour, and demoralized by indulgence. Their regard is deadened by keeping them at a distance: familiar treatment destroys their respect. What to do with them nobody knows; but unfortunately nobody also knows what to do without them. Efficient substitutes for men and maid-servants would be among the greatest blessings which could be conferred on respectable society. The above-named Association has been organized with a view to supply them.

By far the most faithful, tractable, and as far as their abilities

extend, useful, servants, are dogs. They are, moreover, much more sagacious and intelligent than many, if not most human domestics. There are but two things that a good dog wants in order to enable him to become a perfect servant. He only wants a pair of hands. If he had but that, he could clean boots, and knives, and forks, as well as plates and dishes, which he now actually cleans. He could also cook, instead of being limited, in his culinary employment, to causing the revolutions of the spit. He would be honest, trustworthy, grateful; would know how to behave himself, and would unhesitatingly do whatever he was told, if possible.

But dogs have not hands, and therefore there is an end of the question of the possibility of educating them to wait at table, and converting the servants' hall into the servants' kennel. There are, however, certain other animals possessed of the organs which those of the canine species are destitute of. The animals alluded to are the several varieties of the monkey tribe, particularly the orang-outang, the ape, and the chimpanzee. These creatures display a high degree of intelligence, which, if duly cultivated, may be confidently expected to render them fully equal to the performance of any menial function. To acclimate and educate apes and monkeys, so as to render them capable of supplying the place of footmen and maid-servants, is the design of the Jackanapes' Development Society.

If success should crown the endeavour to train the *simia* to act as servants, it will afford a peculiar advantage. The male animals of that class will look particularly well arranged in that variegated and comical attire with which the superior classes are accustomed to decorate their serving-men. To the judicious eye, a livery seems to have been cut out for an ape, and an ape to have been designed to wear a livery.

Ladies are requested to observe that monkeys will, as maids, have the recommendation of never "answering," when found fault with or scolded.

The domestic apes and baboons, when not employed in the kitchen, will have the special recommendation of being sufferable to remain in the parlour, whence they will not be able to carry away any conversation which they may hear, and where their familiar treatment will not render them insolent. By being thus kept within sight, they will be prevented from exercising any of their mischievous propensities that education may not have eradicated.

The fondness which monkeys display for their young gives good reason to expect that they would make the best of *bonnes* and nursemaids; and, considering what history records of ROMULUS and REMUS, and the more modern and less questionable fact that infants are now often brought up by hand upon asses' milk, there is no reason why a healthy young female orang-outang should not be employed as a wet-nurse.

The infestation of areas by policemen and soldiers, is a nuisance which will be entirely abolished by the substitution of monkeys of the softer sex for cooks and scullions. No followers will ever be stipulated for by these domestics; in short they will be manageable exactly like any other live stock: and it will be at the option of families to "raise" as our American cousins say, their own servants, or to purchase them when wanted.

No solicitude will need to be felt on the subject of a provision for servant monkeys in their old age. When past work, it will be simply necessary to shoot them.

Forcible Association of Ideas.

At a House of Call for Ticket-of-Leave men, in the neighbourhood of Notting Hill, a well-known "neck-and-nothing" hero dropped in rather late one night, and, with his mind evidently running upon his business, cried out: "Here, waiter, quick,—a chop—hot—and rub the plate down with a Garotte!" A couple of policemen, who happened accidentally to be present, instantly disappeared.

CRINOLINE'S RAGING FURY;

OR, THE FASHIONABLE FEMALE'S SUFFERINGS.

You rustic maids of England,
Who dress yourselves with ease,
Ah, little do you think how hard
It is French taste to please.
Give ear unto the milliners,
And they will plainly show,
With what care, tight with air,
They our Crinolines do blow.

All you that will be modish,
Must bear a steadfast heart:
For when boys gibe you in the streets,
You must not blush nor start;
Nor must you be disgusted
To hear them cry, "Hallo!
I should think you will shrink:
Give your Crinoline a blow!"

The bitter jests and sarcasms]
A poor girl must endure,
And look a fright to dress aright,
Are grievous, to be sure;
Our skirts they are derided
For being puffed out so,
That by steam, it would seem,
We our Crinolines do blow.

In growls like distant thunder,
Which gruffness doth enforce,
We oft hear things old fogies say,
Beyond all bearing coarse;
This causes indignation,
And makes our anger glow;
But disdain is in vain,
And our Crinolines we blow.

Sometimes when Neptune's bosom
Is tossed with stormy waves,
A lady walks out shopping,
And wind and weather braves;
Borne off her legs she mounteth,
And cometh down so slow,
Broad and light, with such might,
We our Crinolines do blow.

A maid exerts the bellows
To bloat us round about,
When woman's arm doth fail us,
Then man's must help it out;
We ring for JOHN's assistance—
For he is strong, we know—
To help puff us and stuff us
When our Crinolines we blow.

The husband, and the lover,
May simple gowns prefer,
That fit the form, and, in a storm,
With safety let one stir;
Reproaches fierce, our hearts that pierce,
Against our taste they throw,
Which we poor things endure,
Whilst our Crinolines we blow.

We put on costly merchandise
Of most enormous price,
So much we need of drapery,
To follow this device;
We spend so much in drapery,
Of such a size to show,
And with toil our shape spoil,
When our Crinolines we blow.

Genius Rewarded.

It is reported that a Russian order is on its way to England to be bestowed upon SIR ROBERT PEEL, in recognition of his late lecture on Russia and her people. The order is the Order of the Merry St. Andrew of the first class. The QUEEN, it is said, has already anticipated the baronet's prayer to wear the honour; he having, in HER MAJESTY's opinion, so richly deserved the distinction.

SCOTLAND AGAIN IN MOURNING.



arms being rarely antiquarians; but it was otherwise with EDWARD THE FIRST's myrmidons. They were ruffians with a taste; bullies and swash-bucklers inclined to the historical; and therefore burgh-seals of wax and lead were far more attractive in their enlightened eyes than salvers and tankards. "It might form a subject for the justice-to-Scotland men," writes the Scotch patriot, "to institute inquiries as to what of these memorials survive." It is impossible to conceive a nobler, a more useful application of northern intellect. "If part of them still exist," continues the ardent champion of his country's glory, haply remaining in lead and parchment, "it might be a question if their concession to the original owner should not be asked." We earnestly hope that, at least a few fiery souls will work their way to England in search of the stolen goods; for there can be no doubt that the precious plunder somewhere enriches the great national fence kept by the Southron. The parchments and seals are, doubtless, hoarded somewhere with the original knee-buckles of the first MACALLUM BORE; and ought to be carried back in solemn procession to the land of seedy cakes.

BULWER has just delivered himself of one of his best firework orations, as the new Lord Rector of Glasgow. He glowingly counselled the young students to go forth into the world "with the lion of Scotland in their hearts, and the white cross of St. ANDREW"—we forget where. Now, what could be nobler knight-errantry for these young Scotch lions crossed with St. ANDREW, than to sally forth in search of the papers, the charters, and the burgh-seals carried from Scotland by EDWARD THE FIRST, and hidden in the closets, the store-rooms (much of the parchment covering the mouths of pickle-jars,) and the strong boxes of the Southron? The history of any one such knight duly attended by his SANCHE duly mounted, the faithful animal fed with the national thistle, would make a finer poem than the *Fairy Queen*, a more splendid prose epic than *Don Quixotte*. We make a present of the idea to PROFESSOR AYTOUN, who, should he condescend to adopt it, will do equal justice to Scotland and himself. EDWARD THE FIRST has long enough had it all his own way; and it is quite right that, even at this late hour, Scotland should bring the freebooter to the scratch.

A PLEASANT SERVICE.

A BRIGADE order recently issued at Naples prescribes the system of reciprocal espionage to be observed in the Army of his most Catholic Majesty. Every soldier is to denounce the possession of private papers by a comrade. The officers are instructed to intercept and examine all letters addressed to their men. Every soldier of superior intelligence or education is to be watched. This order will no doubt be followed by a new Neapolitan manual and platoon exercise—of which the words of command will be:—

Present papers!
Return papers!

Carry letters!
Open letters!

But we cannot for the life of us imagine how, with such a system, BOMBA's soldiers are ever to "stand at ease."

NEWCASTLE NOODLEDOM.

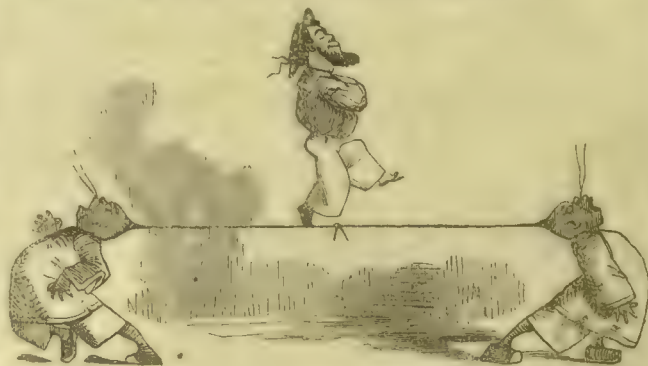
LORD CLARENDON must mind what he's about. It would seem that he no longer is the head of the Foreign Office; or rather it would appear that there are now *two* Foreign Offices, and that his is the inferior department, and exists only under the *surveillance* of the other.

The Urquhartites of Newcastle, in their capacity of zealous servants of the state, and in their apparent incapacity to serve it any better, have been forming a "Committee for Investigating the action of Diplomacy," which is intended to act as a check upon LORD CLARENDON, or whomsoever else the foreign ministry may hereafter be entrusted to. As a specimen of the wisdom which the country may expect to emanate from its Newcastle privy councillors, we read that the Committee at a recent meeting for "investigating" the Chinese bombardment—

"Resolved unanimously, That ADMIRAL SEYMOUR has unnecessarily and unlawfully destroyed innocent life: that we therefore resolve to proceed against ADMIRAL SEYMOUR for murder at the Central Criminal Court."

In the event of the failure of their criminal proceeding, for in the existing state of the law it may not be quite so easy to indict an admiral on such a charge as the Committee seem to think, we suppose that the Parliament now sitting at Newcastle will proceed at once to pass a special act for the occasion, declaring such offences as that which is in question to be legally considered murder, and giving themselves the power to appear as public prosecutors whenever they think fit. Being acquainted somewhat with the instincts of busybodies, it would not at all surprise us if the Committee should be led to arrogate the functions of the Home as well as of the Foreign Office: and indeed their resolution to indict ADMIRAL SEYMOUR is a sufficient indication that they intend going by degrees the whole Governmental hog, and removing the nation's business premises from Downing Street, Westminster, to their committee-room, Newcastle.

Now, granting every allowance for the weaknesses to which all busybodydom is subject, we are not disposed to grant that two heads to a department would be better than one; and as the office of administering our foreign affairs must be considered foreign to the duties of Newcastle-men, we cannot suffer them without a protest to threaten LORD CLARENDON with official decapitation. It is all very right to keep an eye upon the Government, but *Mr. Punch* does this without being thought prying—which indeed he would submit to be, if he were ever caught "investigating" the secrets of the State. And the nation probably will agree with *Mr. Punch*, that whenever it be needful to haul any of its servants over the coals, those combustibles may be supplied at 85, Fleet Street, without having to send so far as to Newcastle for them.



THE ANTI-CINDERELLA COSTUME.

"A RESPECTABLE ELDERLY GENTLEMAN," writing in the *Times*, on the subject of those extensive dresses which are the fashion that ladies now use, makes the following observation:—

"Beauty seems to be valued like Crown land, only by the number of square feet enclosed."

It is, however, to be noted that the dresses at present in vogue not only cover a certain number of square feet. They cover two other feet, which may be square for aught anybody can tell; or which may be splay, or clubbed; and whilst we find fault with wide and dragging skirts, we should not forget that they are a great blessing to those otherwise fair damsels whose lower extremities are clumsy or deformed.

The Frying Pan and the Fire.

WHEN the Window-Tax was in operation, we complained of it as a tax upon light. The Light-Tax is no more; but we have the Income-Tax in its place. Perhaps, it is rather generally considered, that we have exchanged the Light Tax for the Heavy Tax.

GLORIOUS NEWS FOR THE GENTLEMEN!



NEWS! GREAT NEWS! A French paper says, "*La Crinoline est morte!*" The Editor can hardly contain himself for joy in making this announcement. You see him cutting a caper between every line. After a little of the steam of his exultation has blown off in the most explosive style, he proceeds gravely to say, that "the EMPRESS EUGÉNIE, at whose door (what a very wide door it must have been!) the greater part of the mischief has to be laid, appeared at the ball given at the Tuileries

on New Year's Day, without the least '*morceau de bouffant*.' The EMPRESS, with a face radiant with joy, went up to the EMPRESS, and, in the most marked manner, complimented her on her very graceful appearance. Thus, in common with the nation, we rejoice that *les jours gras des femmes maigres* are at last at an end." And we also rejoice that women, no matter whether stout or thin, can no longer play the swell in the preposterous manner they have been doing all the year round. The circle of fashion will be now all the more approachable. We think that there ought to be a public meeting of husbands and fathers to express aloud their thankfulness that Crinoline has been carried away with the skirts of the departed year. Let all the horsehair be collected in one heap, and worked up into a series of magnificent mattresses, until piled up as high as one of the Pyramids, and, gradually growing smaller, the topmost pillow is surmounted with a golden statue of the *jupon-annihilating* EMPRESS. The following inscription would suffice: "A EUGÉNIE, LES MARIS RÉCONNAISSANTS."

We trust, however, that, in our extreme hatred for milliners' bills, we are not premature in our rejoicings. Let us hope that one absurdity is not defunct, merely

to be succeeded by another of equal bulk and bad breeding. We put our banker's-book to our heart, and raise the fervent aspiration that on the demise of Crinoline, the cry has not been heard usually shouted at the *exit* of a French King: "*La Crinoline est Morte! Vive la Crinoline!*" No; we believe that there are good patriotic Frenchmen, who would sooner welcome back to France the return even of the BOURBONS than that of Crinoline. In the meantime, it is our conviction that LOUIS NAPOLEON himself has had a powerful hand in putting down this stubborn enemy, as he was fearful of the important part Crinoline would probably play in another revolution. Supposing the barricades were ever raised up again, every dress would have been a complete barricade in itself!

A Notion for the Budget.

The Poor's Rate presents his compliments to Mr. Punch, begs to submit that, whatever objection may have been made to his amount, inequality of operation has never been alleged against him, and wishes to ask whether the mode of his assessment might not advantageously be adopted as a model for the levy of all direct taxation?

A CRUSTACEOUS KING.

A RESEMBLANCE between KING CLICQUOT and a snail is suggested by the circumstance that, after a considerable deal of foaming, that very slow monarch has quietly drawn in his horns.

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

A GERMAN will keep awake for hours to study metaphysics. When an Englishman studies them, it is to induce him to go to sleep.

THREE WORDS ON THE SPANISH LOAN.—Let it alone.

RABELAIS IN PIMLICO.

How we came to a certain Fair Region, and touching the Horrible Noises which we heard therein.

THEN we took to our vessel, named the *Bride*, and steered along the muddy shore of the river Thamesis, which in the old Hebrew signifieth foulness, and passing the Archbishop's Tower and a strong and crafty prison-house, we landed at Pimlico. Epistemon told us that the region was so called from one Ben Pimlico, a jolly companion of the order of the Bottle, who deceased in the odour of strong liquors three hundred years since; but for my part I believe him not, neither do I care for Ben Pimlico, nor for you, nor for anybody else. The houses were fine and stately, and one of them was a tavern, into which we entered. Friar John, who was always ready for a quart or so, demanded of the hostel-keeper the best of his ale. Which the fellow straightway bringing in a glass, "By the Pope's horns," quoth Friar John, "thou noddie-peak doddipol, I will teach thee to mete out such measure *ad clerics*," and thereupon lent him a thwack with his walking-staff, which knocked him into the ides of February in August, or, to speak more clearly for your comprehension, into the middle of next week. But a comely damsel hastening with an ample flaggon, the good father, who was the gladdest man in the world, and nothing malicious, heartily forgave him, saying, "I have but given thy malt a new stroke." At which Pantagruel laughed until he had bursten four hundred and forty-three thousand two hundred and seventeen buttons off his nether garments.

While we drank, at a pleasant window, Panurge bid us remark the goodly dwellings thereabouts, saying, that doubtless fair and gentle folk did dwell therein. Whereto the good Pantagruel answered, that it was not so, and that the fine new sweet lovely houses were inhabited, in great part, by slubberdegullion druggels, paltry customers, base loons, noddie meacocks, minnie-hammer flycatchers, weak lob-dottorels and the like. These, mark you, infest the new streets of that region, which were designed for altogether another sort. "But how, my Lord and King," quoth Panurge, "do such sort of forlorn snakes contrive to live here?" "Thou shalt see for thyself," answered Pantagruel.

While he spoke there arose a dreadful yelling as if Lucifer and nine hundred and nineteen thousand of his fry had broken loose. Panurge fell down, sitting-wise, and cried, "O my sweet friends, Pluto and Proserpine and the furies have come forth, and I hear Cerberus howling and Demorgorgon roaring. Bou, bee, bor, baa. Let us fly,

my friends, before we be torn in pieces. Friar John, thou cowardly roysterer, draw thy great sword, and comfort me, bou, bee, boo, baa, boh." "Truly I will belabour thee," quoth the glad Friar John, "thou bawling slave, until thou hast no more consistence than a syllabub (would I had one here), an thou cease not thy clamour." "They come, they come," cried Panurge, "and the world is at an end. O that I had a sweet little great lodging on the top of Mont Blanc, or Mont Maelstrom, or I care not if it be Mont Pleasant, where I might be out of the fangs of these demons." "Be still," quoth Friar John, "and I will kill them to you like so many blackbeetles."

With that the horrible rabble came howling and roaring past our window, and we plainly discerned their vileness. There were men, and women, boys and children, all bawling and screeching like frantic fiends. And they cried hareskins, and hearthstones, and matches, and ornaments for your fire-stoves, and periwinkles, and sweep, and water-cresses, and milk at threepence a quart, and vegetables, and oranges, and old clothes, and fish, and rabbits, and onions, and images, and flowers all-a-blowing, and dust, and catsmeat, and knives and scissars to grind, and pots to mend, and kettles to mend, and umbrellas to sell, and baskets, and chairs, and muffins, and crumpets, and broken windows, and a thousand other cries. And with them came minstrels of all kinds, Germans in a dirty gang blowing blatant trumpets, and scrubby Italians grinding organs, and vagabonds with blackened faces and paper collars, with banjos, and other miscreants with hurdygurdies, and ballad-singers with furious shouting, and an idiot with a cracked fiddle. And ever and anon came men with loud and sepulchral voices, proclaiming beer, but at times they battered the doors fearfully, bawling pots. And this we learned was the rioting that went on in these regions from morning to night.

"I do now no longer wonder," quoth Friar John, "that no decent person can live in these new and pleasant streets, and I marvel that such things are permitted. Nevertheless, I will do somewhat for mine order's sake, for are we not to promote peace? *Pax vobiscum!*" Therewith he rushed upon the rabble with his thundering great sword, which he called *Benjaminall*, slashing, crashing, smashing, kicking, pricking, licking, swearing, tearing, never sparing, until he had so banged, beaten, and routed that whole gathering and assemblage of rascals that there remained not one. Then from the neighbouring regions issued, smilingly, gentle and courteous people who had long suffered the anguish of these monsters, and they fell on Friar John's neck, and kissed him, and entreated us all to come into their houses and eat, drink, and be merry. And we did so, carousing until the dawn, and it was a sweet and heavenly sound to hear us laugh.



IN A HURRY.

Boy. "NOW THEN, SIR!—THE MORE YOU LOOK THE LESS YOU 'LL LOIKE IT!—GET OVER, OR ELSE LET US COME!"

LEAP-FROG.

Dedicated to PRINCE NAPOLEON, THE DUKE OF MALAKHOFF, MARSHALS CANROBERT, BOSQUET, and the other French officers present at the late Crimean banquet at Paris.

FROGGY, must a warring go—
Heigh ho, so slowly!

Froggy must a warring go,
By the Emperor's orders, like it or no,
With his swingeing ST. ARNAUD, BOSQUET, and CANROBERT,
Heigh ho, so slowly!

So off he sailed to the Bosphorus blue,
Heigh ho, so growly!
So off he sailed to the Bosphorus blue,
And there found JOHN BULL with a soldier or two,
With his good-natured RAGLAN, LUCAN, and CARDIGAN,
Heigh ho, so scowly!

When the Rooskies at Alma were forced to run—
Heigh ho, so easy!
When the Rooskies at Alma were forced to run,
It was Froggy, of course, took the one captured gun,
With his swingeing ST. ARNAUD, BOSQUET, and CANROBERT,
Heigh ho, so easy!

When the beaten Rooskies we failed to pursue—
Heigh ho, so foully!
When the beaten Rooskies we failed to pursue,
To JOHN BULL, of course, the delay was due,
With his easy LORD RAGLAN, LUCAN, and CARDIGAN,
Heigh ho, so growly!

When to "sap" was changed what should have been "sack"—
Heigh ho, so slowly!
When to "sap" was changed what should have been "sack,"
Of course, Froggy held left and right attack,
With his bouncing PELISSIER, BOSQUET, and CANROBERT,
Heigh ho, so slowly!

When six to one did at Inkermann fight—
Heigh ho, so boldly!

When six to one did at Inkermann fight,
It was Froggy, of course, that defended the height,
With his terrible *Chasseurs, Zouaves, and Indigènes*,
Heigh ho, so boldly!

When at Balaklava fled Russia's horse—
Heigh ho, so quickly!

When at Balaklava fled Russia's horse,
The "thin red line" was Froggy's of course,
With his blundering LUCAN, CAMPBELL, and Highlanders,
Heigh ho, so quickly!

When the Allies' assault was repulsed in June—
Heigh ho, so foully!

When the Allies' attack was repulsed in June,
'Twasn't Froggy began the attack too soon,
With his DUKE OF MALAKHOFF, BOSQUET, and Company,
Heigh ho, so foully!

When at last Sebastopol city was ta'en—
Heigh ho, so slowly!

When at last Sebastopol city was ta'en,
It was Froggy did all—except lose the Redan,
With his thundering D'ANGELY, BOSQUET, and MALAKHOFF,
Heigh ho, so slowly!

In short, the Siege of Sebastopol—
Heigh ho, so wholly!

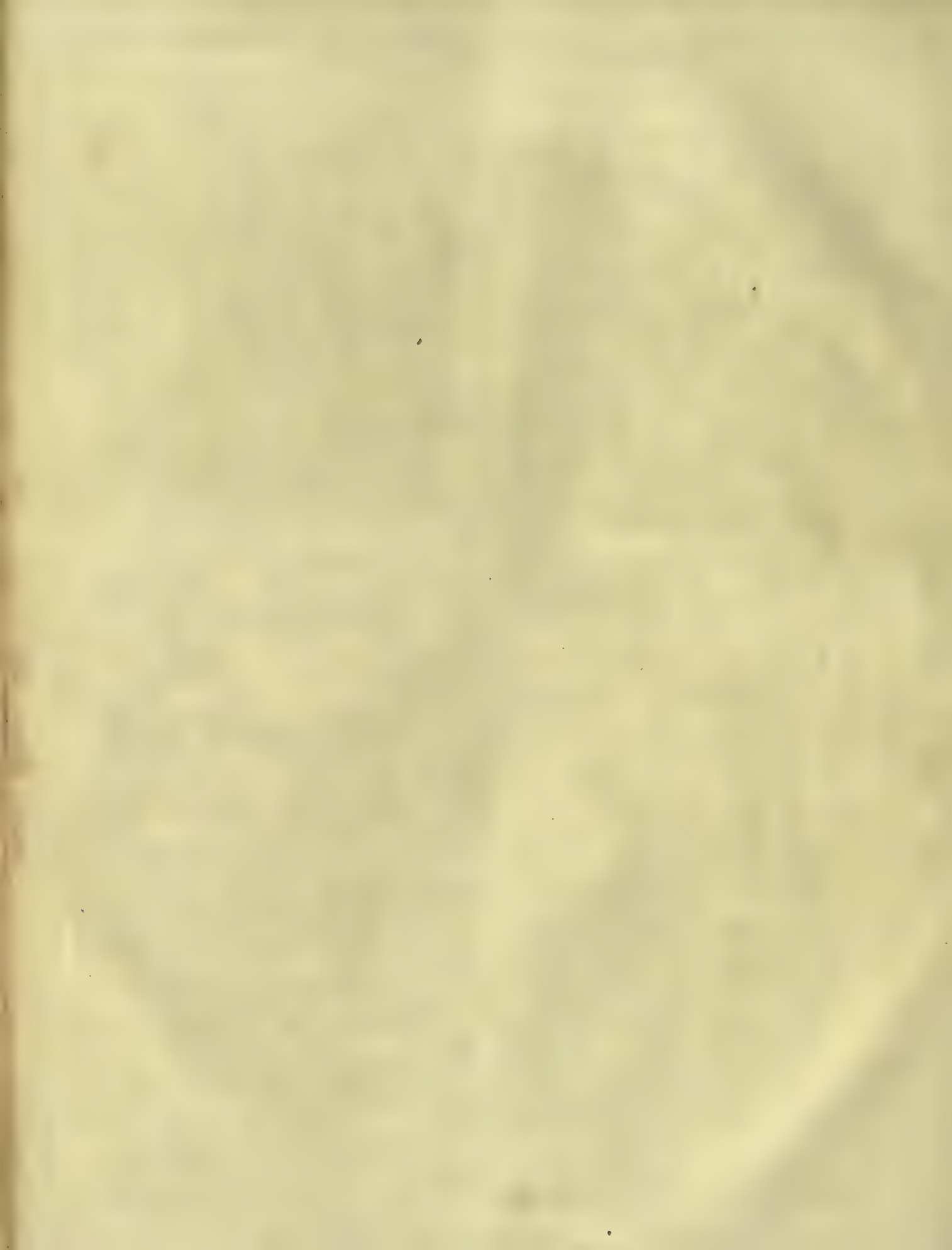
In short, the Siege of Sebastopol,
Was Froggy's achievement, whole and sole,
With his ADMIRAL HAMELIN, BOSQUET, and MALAKHOFF,
Heigh ho, so wholly!

Of what laurels there are to win and wear—
Heigh ho, so seedy!

Of what laurels there are to win and wear,
Of course, Froggy claims the Lion's share,
With his Dukes and his Marshals, BOSQUET and MALAKHOFF,
Heigh ho, so greedy!



THE FRENCH GAME OF LEAP-FROG OVER THE BRITISH LION,
As Recently Played in Paris.



A GOOD SPEC.



THE following statement appears in *Notes and Queries*.

"NEARSIGHTEDNESS.—It is stated in the *Paris Medical Gazette* that of the 3,295,220 young men examined in France for military service, during 19 years, 13,007 were exempted for myopia."

Greatly as our neighbours delight in military glory, they are not very fond of the conscription. As nearsightedness is a ground of exemption therefrom, it has no doubt become as fashionable among them, for that

reason, as it has among our own young men from affectation. Would it not be a good speculation to manufacture, for exportation to France, a large number of cheap spectacles and eye-glasses, adapted to natural and perfect vision?

MARY ANN'S NOTIONS.

"MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"PAPA has just been reading to us, with considerable delight (all his own, dear old thing!) some remarks which MR. ROEBUCK, a member of Parliament, has been making in a speech somewhere, being I suppose, in such a dreadful hurry to let off his pent-up eloquence that he could not even wait until Tuesday week. I think I never heard such rubbish talked in all my born days. Who MR. ROEBUCK is I have not the least idea in the world,¹ and what's more, I don't want to,² but what people they are that send such a person to represent them I certainly should like to know, that I might ask Papa to reserve his nominations to the Idiots' Asylum for them."

"This MR. ROEBUCK, as far as I understand his stupidity, was declaiming against politicians who pretended to be independent, but went over and sat by the Government. As if it signified where people sat; but men are such absurd sticklers for rules and regulations, though they can always find some Jesuitical excuse for breaking them when it suits their precious taste. Besides, it is the man that talks, and not the chair, I suppose, and he can just as well speak his mind in one seat as in another. If I were to say that I could sing '*Bobbing Around*' (not that I would sing such vulgar and ridiculous nonsense anywhere, and it shows what men are, and what will amuse their intellectual lordships, when they will go and shriek and applaud like a pack of schoolboys at such dreadful rubbish,⁴ for I read the words in your paper, and though I dare say the singing is everything, you ought to be ashamed of yourselves), on a music-stool, and not on a chair, I should be called a ridiculous lump of affectation."

"But I suppose he meant to say that these independent men, who professed to belong to no party, were got to support a party after all. I have no doubt of it in the world, and it is just the character of all men who make professions, and of a good many who are too artful to do that, for fear they should have their words thrown in their hypocritical faces.⁶ How men ever trust one another at all is beyond my comprehension. But that is their business. As for their joining a party, it is very natural. Most men are idiots,⁷ and if they find one who is wiser than the rest, they run round him like my bees at Worthing round their queen, and do as he does, and repeat all he says with the greatest slavishness. It is quite consistent with human nature, I mean man's nature, not that it is always human, but often very inhuman. Look at that wretch that beat the poor children in the factory with a great strap. I should like to tie him to some of the machinery, and let him be torn into a million pieces,⁸ and if that other man gets off that destroyed the babies, it will be just like our laws.⁹ The QUEEN ought to be despotic in such matters, and when she reads a shocking thing in the paper, she ought to have power to send off some soldiers, without another word,¹⁰ and shoot such people out of a cannon. What is the use of calling her a Queen if she cannot do as she likes?¹¹

"I was going to say, however,¹² that it is quite natural that men should turn round upon some pretence or other, and break their words with their constituents, and serve them right for trusting. But I was not prepared for MR. ROEBUCK's impudence—I don't care whether the word is the thing or not (nobody can see me as I write it)—in actually

laying the blame of such men's tergiversation—is that the way to spell it—on their wives. Yes, you would hardly believe it, but this is the excuse set up by MR. ROEBUCK. Papa read it out, 'with emphasis and bad discretion,' as AUGUSTUS says. 'Now, my dears,' said Papa, 'observe the influence with which the honourable member credits the gentler sex.' And he went on to say that the way independent members came to vote for LORD PALMERSTON (who is the dearest man in all England, and everybody ought to vote for him¹⁴) was this. The member's wife reads of the QUEEN's parties, and of course is dying to go to them, and so LORD PALMERSTON tells the man that if he'll vote for him he'll procure a ticket for his wife, and then the woman gives her husband no peace or rest (and very right too) until the ticket is got at the price.

"I hope this is true. I hope with all my heart that it is true. I don't suppose it is, because men never speak the truth in public, whatever some of them may do in private. But if it is true, it shows that a wife knows much better what is good for a husband than he does. It is good also for the people, because if you do not support the QUEEN and her Government, there must be revolution and rebellion, and very likely a guillotine in Trafalgar Square, and the poor dear little royal children beaten by shoemakers in the Tower.¹⁵ And as you are always preaching to wives to mind their families and their interests, they are doing so, I suppose, by getting their husbands into the highest and best society, and making acquaintances for their children against the time they come out. What can be better for a girl than that she should be introduced into society by her own mother, instead of having to beg for a *chaperone*? And as for the sons, I suppose a father who is friendly with LORD PALMERSTON, can always get them made cornets and senior wranglers and midshipmen, and all that.¹⁶ And because a poor wife struggles to gain these things for her children, she is to be denounced upon a platform. Nice creatures you men are, certainly, very nice creatures! Preach at us to do things one day, and abuse us for doing it the next."¹⁷

"Your affectionate

"MARY ANN."

"Saturday."

¹ He is member for Sheffield, dear, and the ANDREW MARVEL of the VICTORIAN age.

² We beg your pardon—we had not read this piece of elegance when we penned the above note.

³ The population of Sheffield, in 1851, was 135,310, and it contains 70 places of worship. Little girls should not be flippant.

⁴ There is some sense in these exceedingly irrelevant remarks.

⁵ This would be a coarse way of observing, that you appeared to exhibit a little whimsicality.

⁶ Explain this curious process to us in a note, not necessarily for publication.

⁷ A broad proposition.

⁸ You would like to do nothing of the kind.

⁹ If guilty, he will not escape.

¹⁰ Without another word of inquiry?

¹¹ We are not usually serious with you, child, but you really must not assume that our Sovereign is dissatisfied with the amount of power she possesses. We have the best reason to know the contrary.

¹² After a parenthetical dissertation on human nature, criminal law, the power of the Crown, and the theory of sovereignty. Well done, MISS BLACKSTONE!

¹³ Certainly not.

¹⁴ We have supported him, which is saying the same thing.

¹⁵ Ask AUGUSTUS what a *petitio principis* is. He won't know.

¹⁶ We don't know. LORD PALMERSTON is at our office four times a week at least, and none of our young fellows have had anything from his lordship—yet.

¹⁷ You have made out a better case—woman's case, of course—than usual, but we assure you that there is something to be said on the other side. Suppose you drop politics?

THE POST IN THE SUBURBS.

FEW people are aware of the enormous distance which intervenes between London and Hammersmith. True, the transit in an omnibus does not seem to take a very long time, and on foot is accomplished with apparent ease and brevity; but the road must be an enchanted one, and its seeming shortness illusory. It is, in fact, much farther from the Metropolis than Southampton; for if at the latter place you post a letter directed to Fleet Street, one minute before ten at night, it arrives at its destination early the next morning; whereas, if despatched from Hammersmith at the same time, it would not be delivered there before two o'clock on the following afternoon. Either, therefore, the foot-passengers and the omnibuses are all bewitched, or else the mail-carts are so; unless, indeed, the Post Office authorities are under the influence of a spell which renders them inattentive to Hammersmith letters. Under the new postal arrangements Hammersmith is marked "W," for West. This is at present a mistake. The mark for that so-called suburb ought to be "F. W.," signifying Far West.

THE THREADNEEDLE STREET CHARTIST.

MR. WEGUELIN, the Governor of the Bank of England, who aspires to the representation of Southampton, appears to be a man of note rather than celebrity.

INDISPENSABLE IN A TEETOTAL BALL-ROOM.—Pumps!



WHERE ARE THE POLICE?

Small but Brutal Shoe-boy (log). "Ave yer Moostarchers blacked, Capting?—Do 'em for a a'-penny!"

HOW TO BEHAVE OURSELVES.

Or all reading, we like the literature of etiquette. We never open a book of manners, without a pleasant sense of our ignorance—the ignorance that is perfect bliss. We really feel that we have been, even at the best oyster parties, but as a child playing with the shells, now and then it is true, swallowing an oyster, but without any thought of the pearls that we were casting to our porcine appetite. And then, conscious of our shortcomings, stricken with conviction of what is wanting in us, we feel inexpressibly grateful that we have arrived at the age of—well, no matter what—knowing so little, and faring so well. For instance, we learn for the first time, from the *Etiquette and Ball-Room Guide*, that—

"When you receive visitors, do not show off your wardrobe. It is kind to your friends to give them a chance of outshining you; or, to put this more seriously, you should be sure that your own appearance will not shame the worst-dressed man that may happen to come."

Henceforth, when we "receive," we put aside our brilliant studs, and merely exhibit our modest ivories. Nor henceforth will we, with unfeeling vanity "shame" dear, good MUDDASON; who, for "dress," always reads "dirt," and enters the drawing-room with a splash. Henceforth, far be from us the vanity, the unfeeling conceit of varnished boots. No; we will sink to the homely level of BIGGLES-WADE, and "receive" in high-lows.

The next formula on "the art of introduction" should be deeply considered by men; they would perhaps learn from it humility, and perhaps not.—

"In the act of introduction, the inferior is always presented to the superior; for instance, the gentleman to the lady, and not the lady to the gentleman."

Of course not: women—we beg their pardon, ladies—being in all English conditions superior to the inferior animal, man. Hence, have we a queen: hence, women have the first seats in Parliament (in the gallery): hence have they the first word, we need say nothing of the last, for that speaks for itself. In fact, in all cases woman is superior to the man. It is not only the law of England, but the law of nature. Therefore, TOMKINS, when at MRS. NOGGINS's ball—for which she has sent out cards—you are introduced to MISS JEMIMA SMITH, bow low, and consider yourself considerably beneath the superior JEMIMA. And remember, TOMKINS, you are compensated for this humility by the assurance of the author that "the first act of courtesy should always come from the lady," an old truth, as old as Paradise, when EVE courteously offered the apple to her husband. By the way, speaking of apples, we are told that—"If the lady who sits next to you at dinner should ask you to pare an apple or an orange, hold it with your fork to do so." Had father ADAM done this, it is not improbable

that he might have thought twice ere he had tasted that tremendous pippin. The next injunction is full of divine philosophy:—

"If you are offered anything nice to eat or drink, do not pass it to somebody else. The reason is obvious; you thereby charge your friend with overlooking the claims of another."

And how gross, how indelicate such an implication! Nevertheless, how constant throughout life is the tendency of mankind not to keep what is nice, but to pass it to somebody else! After this fashion, how do women give away their hearts, and—bless them!—often think nothing of the present. The concluding sentence has all the weight and music of the deep harmonies of LORD BACON.

"Do not be so absurd as to refuse to take 'the last piece,' or any nonsense of that sort."

The counsel, perhaps, would be more complete (we suggest any improvement with tremulous diffidence) if it ran thus:—"Make sure of the first piece, and end as you begin."

As to the treatment of ladies, the profound observer of human nature declares that—

"There is a certain fulsome obtrusiveness of attention to ladies, to which some gentlemen are given, and which is very offensive. Pray you, avoid it."

Thus, though you are in your own looking-glass, that never yet deceived you, lovely as ANTINOUS, do not believe that the ladies may entertain the same reflections. Do not, therefore, in the invincibility of your own fascinations, be fulsomely obtrusive; do not let your forefinger rebuke a vagrant tress that may have wandered on the white brow of AUGUSTA, whom, haply, you see for the first time; neither take the hand of EUGENIA (perhaps you have beheld her twice) between the pressure of your own, and carry the blushing tips of her fingers to your idolatrous lips. Again, when you look at a lady, perhaps for the third time, do not gaze upon her as a sparrow-hawk takes its bird's-eye look of a chicken; neither scrutinize her features closely as young MOSES SOLOMON questions the validity of a doubtful shilling.

"Presents" are wisely discriminated. "You must not make presents to your superiors." For instance, it would not be etiquette for you, JONES, or for ourselves, to send a brace of birds to HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT. Neither would a present of dairy-fed pork be complimentary in the same distinguished quarter, seeing that His Royal Highness breeds his own pigs.

"Of course there are exceptions. For instance, if you are the writer of a book, or the painter of a picture, you may safely offer it to any one. Or, if you are a sailor, you may request a lady to accept the skin of a rare animal for a toilet-mat; or anything of that sort."

A parrot, whose education has been carefully superintended on the fore-castle, would, doubtless, be very acceptable to a serious family. Having planted your parrot in the bosom of the circle, possibly you may fall in love with DINAH. Well, you are a wild worldly fellow, and have been seen by the REV. MR. HOWLAWAY (who himself attended for convertible purposes) at JULLIEN'S Concerts. DINAH will not have you: she still treads the tiger cat-skin you gave her under her feet, and still rejects you. What is your appointed conduct, under such truly agonizing circumstances? Why—

"If a lady declare herself unwilling to receive your addresses, retire from the field at once, with dignified courtesy."

Excellent advice: still, dignity is difficult. For ourselves, we should counsel a new plunge. The best mode of recovery is to fall in love again as soon as possible.

"If the courtship assumes the usual shape, be kind and respectful to the friends of the woman you profess to love, and do not bore them by too frequent calls."

We confess that our author is here a little unsatisfactory. It is very true that by abstaining from "too frequent calls" you may please mamma and papa; but how about the beloved object: what says the pouting JEMIMA?

In the matter of dancing, the benevolence of our author oozes forth like aromatic gums. He says—

"A kind-hearted gentleman will not fail to lead out ladies who appear to be neglected by others—but he will not do it ostentatiously."

Henceforth, having arrived at a contemplative period of life, we will be that kind-hearted gentleman.

N.B. Balls attended (where good suppers intervene), and plain partners led out with ease and despatch.

"Monarchs Retired from Business."

LET us hope that in the next edition that may be called for of DR. DORAN'S book under this title, there may be a supplement, devoted to KING BOMBA and PIO NONO.

A WHITE STORY.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE intends to visit the United States, but, out of deference to public opinion in America, will, on arriving in the Model Republic, change his name.

BOMBA THE BENEVOLENT.



BOMBA's benevolence exceeds all bounds. Not content with bestowing on some thousands of his subjects free maintenance and lodging for the chief part of their lives—giving them unasked admission to the Royal Almshouses (known to coarser minds by the name of the State Prisons), and there providing them with bed and board, the former of the two being in fact the latter, except where its stead be supplied by a stone flooring; not satisfied, in short, with the safe keeping of their bodies, the King is now taking thoughtful measures to ensure also the safety of their souls. A paragraph, which is quoted by the *Daily News* from the "official journal of Naples," informs us that KING BOMBA by a recent edict has, in his clemency, decreed as follows:—

"Cherishing in our royal soul the desire of improving more and more the condition of our prisoners, and wishing that their morals shall not be inferior to their material improvement, we decree that the moral and religious direction of those who are detained in prison is entrusted to the reverend fathers of the society of Jesus. One of the reverend fathers shall form part of the Commission of Prisons, and will have a deliberative voice in the examination of affairs."

Still having in our mental ears what MR. GLADSTONE told us of the horrors and enormities of the Naples State Dungeons, we fear that if the moral condition of the prisoners be no better than the material, they most of them must be in a truly "parlous state." But seeing that sick bodies do sometimes make sick minds, although the reverse be the more commonly held axiom, would it not be greater charity were the King to "cherish in his royal soul" a desire for the corporeal improvement of his victims, before pretending to take measures for their spiritual benefit?

By the clement KING OF NAPLES the State Prisons, it is obvious, are regarded rather as but adult charity schools; their inmates being one and all "detained" there solely for their good, and for the sake of "improving more and more their condition." Viewing it in this light, we are indeed so struck with KING BOMBA's bounty, that we think his name should be coupled with a fitting epithet, to denote the quality for which he lives distinguished. If the name of BOMBA be handed to posterity—and even that of NERO still survives to it—we would have him descend (although we own he cannot sink much lower) as BOMBA THE BENEVOLENT.

MANGLING DONE HERE.

A Classical Duet on the Persian War, showing how JOHN BULL was at first induced to complain of the Expedition, but finding that he was too late, he was consoled, and drank with the jovial Minister.

Bull. Persicos odi, PAM, apparatus.

Pam. Russia might come to Herat, and checkmate us.

Bull. Nec te Ministrum dedecet myrtus.

Pam. Go in for laurel, the Persians can't hurt us.

Bull. Persicos odi, I'm a repeater.

Pam. Late is your protest, sera moretur.

Bull. Where's my coronæ?

Pam. Cartwheels? I've spent 'em.

Bull. } What's the odds? Drink to me, vite bibentem.

Pam.

FINANCE RIDDLE.

My first is a preposition, my second is an invitation, my third is a bore, and my whole is a swindle—In-come-Tax.

"DEAR BILL, THIS STONE-JUG."

(Being an Epistle from TOBY CRACKSMAN, in Nenogate, to BILL SYKES.)

DEAR BILL, this *stone-jug*,¹ at which flats dare to rail,
(From which till the next Central sittings I hail)
Is still the same snug, free-and-easy old hole,
Where MAC HEATH met his *blowens*,² and WYLDE floor'd his bowl.
In a ward with one's *pals*,³ not locked up in a cell,
To an old hand like me it's a *jam'ly*⁴ hotel.

In the day-rooms the *cuffins*⁵ we queer at our ease,
And at *Darkman's*⁶ we run the rig just as we please;
There's your *peck*⁷ and your *lush*, hot and reg'lar, each day,
All the same if you work, all the same if you play.
But the lark's when a *goney*⁸ up with us they shut,
As ain't up to our *turks*,⁹ our *flash-patter*,¹⁰ and smut;

But soon in his eye nothing green will remain,
He knows what's o'clock when he comes out again.
And the next time he's *quodded*,¹¹ so downy and snug,
He may thank us for making him *fly to the jug*.¹²
But here comes a *cuffin*—which cuts short my tale.
It's agin rules is *screevin*,¹³ to pals out o' gaol.

(The following postscript seems to have been added when the Warder passed.)

For them coves in Guildhall and that blessed LORD MAYOR,
Prigs on their four bones should chop schiners,¹⁴ I swear:
That long over Newgit their Worships may rule,
As the *High-toby*, *mob*, *crack* and *screeve*¹⁵ model-school;
For if Guv'ment was here, not the Aldermen's Bench,
Newgit soon 'ud be bad as "the Pent" or "the Tench."¹⁶

Note.—We subjoin a Glossary of MR. CRACKSMAN's lingo:—

- | | | |
|--|--|---|
| 1 Prison. | 2 Ladies of a certain description. | 3 Comrades or fast friends. |
| 4 Thieves speak of themselves as "family-men." | 5 Warders. | 6 Night. |
| 7 Meat and drink. | 8 A greenhorn. | 9 Tricks of the trade. |
| 10 Writing. | 11 Imprisoned. | 12 Up to prison ways. |
| 13 Writing. | 14 Thieves should pray on their knees. | 15 Highway-robbers, swell-mobsmen, burglars, and forgers. |
| 16 Slang names for Pentonville Model Prison and Millbank Penitentiary. | | |

THE BRITISH BANK IN PARLIAMENT.

WE learn with great pleasure that on an early day of the Session, a Bill will be brought into the House for the better protection of all bank depositors, and the surer punishment of all shortcoming directors. The Bill will be brought in by MR. JOHN MACGREGOR, still member for patient Glasgow, who will advocate the measure with his customary eloquence, and illustrate the subject with the most copious details drawn from long and close experience.

Depositors and shareholders of the Royal British will, we doubt not, be glad to hear that MR. HUGH INNES CAMERON, though absent, is still considered very dear by a large number of anxious inquirers. MR. CAMERON sojourns in the Holy Land. Whilst engaged in the Royal British, it was not possible for him to give more than a piece of his active mind to religious matters (we believe that prayers were only said in the Royal British once or twice a day), but that released from the entanglements of Mammon, he now devotes the whole of his time to serious subjects. The worthy gentleman has been busy carrying on excavations in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, and has discovered the country seat of BARABBAS, which it is said he proposes to occupy. Such a dwelling-place to such a mind must abound with the most impressive associations.

THE BAYSWATER BROTHERS (whose height is respectively 6 feet

4 inches, and 6 feet 11, and the united breadth of whose shoulders extends to as much as 3 yards, 1 foot, 5 inches) give, respectfully, notice to the Gentry and Public of Paddington, Kensington, Stoke Newington, Chelsea, Eaton Square, and Shepherd's Bush, that they will be most happy, upon all social and jovial expeditions, such as dinner and evening parties, as well as tea-total meetings, to escort elderly or nervous persons in the streets after dark, and to wait for them during their pleasure, so as to be able to escort them home again in safety. No suburb, however dangerous, objected to, and the worst garrotting districts well known, as the Brothers, both BILL and JIM, were for several months in the Police Force.—Terms, so much a head per hour, according to the person's walk of life. A considerable reduction on taking a party of twelve, or more. Distance no object. Testimonials, and ample security given. For further particulars, Apply to B. B., Royal Humane Society, Trafalgar Square.

The Pantomimes.

THE playgoer will be startled—and very much startled—when he sees the subjoined managerial opinions of the managerial pantomime, written with a pen plucked from the wing of truth.

"By no means the least effective pantomime."—*Drury Lane*.

"Certainly not the worst pantomime."—*Haymarket*.

"As far as pantomimes go, very good for a pantomime."—*Adelphi*.



COOL REQUEST.

Lady Crinoline. "YOU WON'T MIND RIDING ON THE BOX, EDWARD DEAR, WILL YOU?—I'M AFRAID, IF WE BOTH GO INSIDE THE BROUGHAM, MY NEW DRESS WILL GET SO RUMPLED!"

"THE PLAYHOUSE IS IN FLAMES!"

OUR Conservative contemporary, the *Press*, who has suddenly discovered that it is his duty to be a Destructive, in regard to what he calls "theatrical humbug," is pleased to remark that he has received

"Abuse for daring to say that most theatrical notices were puffs secured by management, that most theatrical audiences, by their impartial attendance at good performances and vile ones, show that they neither care for nor comprehend the difference, and that several actors and actresses are by no means the marvels they allege themselves to be."

We should rather think he had. Is he surprised at it? He must be rather a green critic if he imagines that he is to attack the three strongholds of theatricalism—its Mamelon, Malakhoff, and Redan, puffing, ignorance, and vanity—without getting shots from the mud-works in reply. Abuse! What else did he expect? Does he not know that if you praise an actor from the tip of his feather to the heel of his shoe, and then hint that his hat was a little on one side, or his buckle a trifle too large, he instantly sets down all the praise as mere hypocrisy, and regards you as his enemy for life, and the hired minion of some rival? Marsyas, after Apollo's slaying him, was pachydermatous compared to a criticised actor. And then the *Press* expects to escape unpelted for laying on the lash all round. However, it is comforting to be told that—

"We have, *per contra*, been informed by actors of the first class, by persons who love the drama, and by members of literary and cultivated society, that we 'have hit the right nail on the head,' and can do much service to the stage and its professors by exposing the humbug which surrounds them with a false atmosphere."

If the *Press* would do us the honour to take a hint from us, we should recommend it neither to heed nor to register abuse on one side or approbation on the other. If, in a humble way, it would imitate *Mr. Punch*, serene in his conscience, and steady in his purpose, and would never disquiet itself, it would be saved a good deal of trouble. However, that lofty philosophy is not to be expected from everybody—*non ex quovis Ligno fit Punchus*.

THIS PICTURE AND THIS.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL already develops all the striking characteristics of his illustrious parents. His hair of the palest gold, falls in rich clusters adown his neck, and is beautifully symbolical of the prosperous fortune brought by the genius and wisdom of his heroic and sagacious sire on France. His brow is square and broad as a tablet; whereon might be written, were it necessary, another *Code Napoleon*. The mouth reminds the Biblical beholder of the riddle of SAMSON, in which the sweetness of honey is mingled with the strength of the lion. His vivacity is unbounded, and his laugh rings as with the shrill note of a silver trumpet; the clarion of France. It is said by those most intimate with the person of the IMPERIAL PRINCE, that his right shoulder is marked with a bee; while his left is visibly impressed with a violet. —*The Moniteur*.

THE infant of M. BUONAPARTE gives unmistakable evidence of his parentage. There can at least be no doubt in *his* case. His features are of the coarsest mould. His hair has a deep, sanguine colour; in fact quite a Second of December tint. Dull and inflexible, it is a type of the man who dominates France. The forehead is low and retreating; altogether of a simial character. The jaws protrude and develop the merest animal instincts. M. BUONAPARTE's child has, to the present period, shown a total absence of the gaiety and sportiveness that are the inseparable characteristics of infancy. His look is a scowl; and his voice a snarl. We do not profess to vouch for the truth of the rumour—which we take at its worth—but it is said the brat is marked on its right arm with a poniard.—*The Red Republican*.

Taxation at Best.

A JUST system of taxation is one [which would press with equal hardship on everybody, inflict on all the same amount of suffering, be felt alike inconvenient and objectionable by each individual, and give no one person more reason for grumbling and swearing than another.

THE BATTLE OF THE PANTOMIMES.



we must visit individually each one of the competitors; for until we have inspected all the pantomimes in London, how can we with any truthfulness declare which is the best. It would seem, then, that our previous inference has been deduced incorrectly, and that the assertion of superiority, which appears at first to warn one from the doors of other theatres, in reality provokes one to pay a visit and a shilling to them: so that the philosopher is tempted to suspect that he would find, if he could only get a peep behind the scenes, that the opposition companies form, in fact, a coalition, and while pretending in their posters to be playing *The Rivals*, are in truth very amicably playing into one another's hands.

But the pantomime harvest is at longest but a short one, and with Christmas it comes but once a year to us. So although the philosopher may have suffered from the Income-Tax, and have become morose and a rather strict economist, let us hope that he can still afford to laugh at any harmless little dodgery that may be used to keep the *Pantaloon's* a little longer on their legs, and enable the *Harlequins* to leap a little farther into the spring than they might otherwise have been engaged to do. A *Columbine's* roses are by no means thornless, and *Mr. Merriman* has often cause to show himself a sad dog in private: so we will not judge too critically of the means which we may find are tried to keep the roses in bloom, and the *Merriman* from laughing on the wrong side of his mouth.

LITERATURE FOR LADIES.

WE understand that the producers of those interesting serials, the illustrated books of fashions, are becoming seriously inconvenienced by the growing amplitude of ladies' dresses. They have already, it appears, enlarged their engraving-plates to more than twice their former size, but even this extent is weekly proving less and less sufficient to give a faithful picture of the costumes now in vogue. We learn indeed from one of their most skilful draughtsmen, that he finds it quite impossible to so reduce the scale, as to draw a lady's figure in full evening dress within the comparatively contracted space assigned him. Even on the scale of only one-twentieth of an inch to a yard he finds the largest quarto double page by far too narrow to contain all the widths of a fashionable ball dress; and he quite anticipates that he will soon be forced to draw half a skirt at a time, and get the publisher to intimate that it will be "continued in our next."

Knowing from experience that the votaries of fashion are prepared to go any lengths—or widths—in following their leader, it would not at all astonish us to find that their circumference increased to such extent that, to do it proper justice, the fashion-books were furnished with plates as big as dinner-tables. Unless the *mode* become more moderate, our daughters will be coming home with their *Belle's Liures* about the size of Atlases, with engravings upon folding leaves, which when spread out would paper half our dressing-room. Indeed, if those "art-treasures," the millinery magazines, be filed at the Museum with our other current literature, it will soon, we think, be rendered requisite to build an extra wing to hold them.

A Domestic Stampede.

It is melancholy or droll, according to the constitution of the observer's mind, to notice with what rapidity children, who are playing about their mother's knee, will instantly decamp on the announcement of their early dinner.

THE TEN TOWNS.

Or, *Mr. Punch's Complete Handbook to his friend MR. HILL's New Postal Plan.*

ROWLAND HILL has just divided London's waste of brick by ten; Every change, of course, is chided, By our stupid "business-men." But the plan has pleased their betters, HILL's new boundary rails are cast, And those nuisances, our Letters, Will be brought us twice as fast.

Neither *timidè* nor *temerè*

HILL proceeds: his scheme to aid ROWLAND begs you'll fix in memory, These new districts he has made. *Punch*, believing that in no land Works a sounder man than HILL, Begs to give, in help of ROWLAND, Some Mnemonics, framed with skill.

Let us take some leading feature In each district thus assigned, And the most oblivious creature Soon will bear the name in mind. Unto its Initials adding, Endings new but *apropos*, ROWLAND's heart you'll soon be gladdening By the ready skill you'll show.

Thus:—*N.W.*'s region's lying All around the Regent's Park, "What Nice Willas folks are buying Round those parts," is your remark. *W.* holds the whole, or nearly, Of the Fashionable Squares, Think of "*Wealth*," or (more severely) : Of the Wanton Waste it dares.

Lawyers, and good *CORAM's* Foundlings, All are found in *W.C.* Theatres delight its groundlings, Wicked Creatures, is your key. *Pimlico* is in *S.W.*, Brompton fast, and Chelsea mild, There the Shouting Wretches trouble you With the Cries that drive you wild.

E.'s for England, represented By her fittest symbol, Docks, There's her Empire, sea-cemented, Throned upon a thousand stocks. Lady, your New Evening dresses Come from yonder scorned *N.E.*, There the weaving Frenchman blesses *Nantes' Edict*. Ah! *mais out!*

S. for Suburbs, neat and cheapish, Brixton, Camberwell, Vauxhall, And one's friend looks rather Sheepish Bidding you to come and call; Yet that part in turn outectors Yonder dismal hole *S.E.*, Southwark, where the Snob Electors Choose *SIR CHARLES* and *APSLEY P.*

Under *N.* the map embraces Islington and Pentonveal, Folks who ask you to such places, Are a Nuisance, don't you feel? While what's ancient, rich, or witty, Makes *E.C.* a glorious bunch, That's our own Eternal City, Tower and Bank, St. Paul's and *Punch!*

Fashion for Statute Fairs.

A STATUTE Fair will shortly be held at a suitable place. The Ticket-of-Leave men of the Metropolis, and those of the nation at large, will be invited to attend with their Tickets-of-Leave in their hats, which will doubtless give them a great advantage over unconvicted labourers, in competition for employment. The site which has been selected for this hopeful labour-market is Gotham.

MARY ANN'S NOTIONS.



MY DEAR MR. PUNCH.—Your last piece of advice is very rude, and I shall certainly not take it. Drop politics, indeed! Just like the selfishness of men! At the very moment when Parliament is beginning, and there is some little interest in the subject, I am told to drop it, that it may be left to your hearers. I shall do nothing of the sort, and I do not believe that you will be so unkind as to suppress my letters.¹

“However, to-day I shall comply with your grumbling,² because I have something else to say. At least I don’t know—is Divorce politics?³ I should not wonder if you made out that it was, and if it is, I can’t help it. How you can read that beautiful letter of Mrs. Norton’s, and not all of you set to work with all your might to try and get what she says carried into effect, I cannot conceive, but I dare say nothing will come of it.⁴ When a woman who can write such a letter as that condescends to address you, you ought to pay the most respectful attention, and be grateful for her advice—but not you; and I dare say the mean manly feeling (I consider manly a term of contempt⁵) that a woman ought not to interfere with the laws, makes you treat her with even more coldness than if a man had made the suggestions she does.

“As for divorce, the question is perfectly simple.⁶ A party of ladies could draw up the law as it ought to be in ten minutes, only you must fuss about it in the two houses of Parliament, and talk about the Mosaic law, and the church, and the fathers, and the proctors, and everything that has nothing to do with the matter. How can Mosaic law concern it, unless to be sure a husband has made his wife presents in Mosaic gold?⁷—and many are quite stingy enough! As for the church, we go to church to be married, not to be divorced. I don’t know much about the fathers, but if they were fathers of daughters they would like to see laws made for their good, and as for the proctors, I have met one or two at parties, and they are dreadful stuck-up old things, whose opinion I would not take on anything but starching a cravat?⁸ If people who have nothing to do with a subject would leave it to those who have—and it stands to reason now, my dear soul, that the person who wears the shoe must know where it hurts⁹—this question could be settled at once.

“A man ill-treats his wife. Very well. Now we don’t want any Acts of the House of Lords, and all that, costing thousands of pounds, but let a magistrate sign a paper, and send the husband to prison, and take all the property and give it to the wife. Let the husband, if he has any trade or occupation (and if not let him be compelled to learn one) be made to follow it, in prison, and let the money he earns be paid over to the wife and children. Now what can be simpler than that? The man would be made industrious, the public would have the advantage of promoting trade,¹⁰ the wife would be protected and the children educated. If, after a great many years you thought he had thoroughly repented, you might transport him and turn him loose in some colony; only make him take another name, that his wife might never be shocked by hearing of him. Of course, if she liked to marry again at any time she should be free to do so; but most likely she would think she had had enough of matrimony.

“There now, there is the whole thing provided for, and if lawyers and talkers would not bring in stupid complications and objections, those words might be made into a law, and there would be an end of the matter. The only difficulty that I see is, as to what should be done if a husband runs away; but I think that if you made another law, saying that if they did this they should be executed, and any person harbouring them should be transported for life, it would prevent it. This would not be a bit too severe, because, you see, a person who leaves his children without the means of being educated is answerable for all the crimes they may commit.¹¹ But now we come to a question which you will be sure to stir up, and which I dare say men would avail themselves of to defeat the punishment they ought to receive, and this is, what do you mean by ill-treatment? Of course, if a man were to raise his hand to a woman, or use bad words at her, or lock her in a house against her will, or any other flagrant and open outrage, there could be no dispute. But there are thousands of other injuries which the ridiculous law takes no notice of, because it was made by men who have hard and coarse natures, and do not even see or hear a thing that will perhaps keep a woman crying all night.¹² And then there are different grades of society; and, what is an insult to a woman in one sphere, is not an insult to a woman in another.¹³ Then again (I am coming to something presently) there are cases in which a woman might like only to punish a husband a little, in the hope of reforming, and forgiving him. Also he might sincerely repent, after a short time, which, if he was a man of any feeling, he would do. Therefore, and this is what I am coming to, you ought not to attempt to make a law providing for every case that can possibly occur; for, when you had thought over every injury which a man could do his wife, his evil ingenuity would invent some fresh one. There ought to be a sort of Court established, not a ridiculous one where a parcel of lawyers chatter because they are paid for it, and everybody tries for victory, not for what is right, but more like a committee. Why, when we had a committee at Worthing, for giving away the bread, and flannels, and coals that winter, we discussed everything quietly enough; and, what is more, everybody got bread, and flannels, and coals, which is a good deal more than men can say when their precious administrative powers are put to the test, remember the Crimea for that.¹⁴ But this committee should not be all women, or else you would complain of partiality, but there should be some dear old men upon it, fathers of daughters, with white hair and benevolent old faces,¹⁵ and then I suppose you would be satisfied. These questions of ill-treatment might be brought before this committee, and the magistrate might go by their decision. Now do you mean to say that a woman can suggest nothing practical?

“Of course, my dear Mr. Punch, there would be some unreasonable complaints. A wife might bring up her husband for not being dressed when she wanted to go to a party, and refusing to go (I made a little picture of it the other day, and I send it you; you can put it in *Punch* if you like, only mind and tell the printers to keep the face pretty¹⁶) and though I don’t say that he would not be a great bear and deserve reprimand, this would be irrational in her. But you may rely upon it that there would be little of this. Women are too glad to keep their husbands when they can. This is just a man’s aggravating cavil, and I have no patience with it.

“Your affectionate

“Monday.”

“MARY ANN.”

“P.S. If you ask me, whether a man ought to be able to get rid of his wife?—I answer, Certainly not. A man has the choice of the whole world before he marries, and if he chooses badly, that is his fault. A woman can only have the husbands that offer to her, and when she has got one, it would be too bad to take him away.¹⁷”

¹ This mixture of pathos with defiance has just—and only just—saved your letter from the basket that was yawning for it.

² We do not grumble, we reprove. And you use vile English—comply with grumbling, indeed.

³ “Politics” means that part of Ethics which consists in the government or regulation of a nation, for the preservation of its safety, peace, and prosperity. “Ethics” means—but look it out for yourself, and answer your own question.

⁴ SIR RICHARD BETHELL, HER MAJESTY’S Attorney-General, has promised legislation upon the question, Miss. Watch the debates.

⁵ It is nothing of the sort. But it always makes us think of MR. JOHN COOPER, of the Theatres, delivering a pleasing and elevated sentiment.

⁶ You said that about the Income-Tax.

⁷ The preceding passages convey an impression of discreditable pertness on the part of the writer.

⁸ And that he knows how to alter it, eh?

⁹ Please, please spare us your political economy, second hand from Papa. That is rather too afflicting.

¹⁰ This is a glimmering of sense after a mass of feminine wisdom.

¹¹ No woman ever cried all night, though thousands courageously declare that they have done so. We class the assertion with that other favourite womanly complaint that the eyes were never closed once all night.

¹² Not put with exactitude, and therefore false. The same insult is equally felt by both women. A pound of feathers weighs the same as a pound of lead, and *vice versa*.

¹³ Fair enough.

¹⁴ What ugly daughters to have!

¹⁵ We have used your picture as an initial. Do not be too proud.

¹⁶ We insert this P.S. because it evidently occurred to you that you had forgotten that there were two sides of the question. But we will never insert another. This is final, so get your last words over before you sign your letters. Do you hear, young woman?

LUNACY IN SHOE LANE.



LL yesterday, the attention of the LORD MAYOR was, we venture to say, painfully engaged in a case of unquestionable lunacy. A person, who had evidently once moved in genteel life, was brought before his lordship, charged with disturbing the neighbourhood, and obstructing the way of Shoe Lane. The offender was very fantastically drest, combining in his wardrobe the character of the Asiatic and the Russian. He said he had good reason for his outward appearance. He had laboured at the Turkish and Russian questions all his life; long before LORD PALMERSTON had sold England to the OZAR; a fact which he intended to prove by producing the conveyancer (a gentleman of otherwise unquestionable probity) who had executed the treasonous document.

Policeman X stated that he apprehended the defendant in Shoe Lane. He was seated cross-legged before the office of the *Maundering Herald*, having covered a large

square of the pavement with writing, and with rude designs in coloured chalk. The writing he continually rubbed out, and as continually renewed. A great crowd was gathered about him, to the annoyance of passengers, and to the general obstruction of the thoroughfare.

The defendant, when called upon for his defence, said he was content to add another name to the list of martyrs. He had for some time past written leaders for the *Maundering Herald*; but he thought he should better serve the cause of truth by appealing to a larger body of readers. He, therefore, had taken his place upon the pavement, and had chalked out the perils of his country in chalk of many colours. He had also illustrated them with a variety of designs. He defied any of the men of the Academy to beat his design of LORD PALMERSTON, hanging by the neck, with the Russian treaty peeping out of his pocket. Besides, it was well known to him that there was a hitch.

His lordship asked what he meant by a hitch?

The defendant replied—He meant a hitch in the Cabinet. It was at first a simple hitch; and then there was a hinge in the hitch; and then the hinge was got over; or rather it was cut by the Sword of the LORD and of GIDEON—SIR ROBERT PEEL and the Bricks of Babylon—The EMPRESS of CHINA and a Bed of Roses. Ought not Broadlands to be sown with salt—and the Headsman be forthwith sent to take measure of the PREMIER's neck?—Three cheers for HAMPTON and SIDNEY, and down with *Cupid*!

His lordship, evidently moved by the poor man's condition, asked if he had no friends?

The policeman replied that he had made all inquiries, but without success. He had heard that the gentleman was once very well-connected, but was given up as hopeless when he became addicted to the *Maundering Herald*. The stuff his lordship had heard was of the like sort with what was written by the defendant on the pavement in Shoe Lane.

The defendant, apparently unconscious of the statement of the policeman, made a gesture as though desirous of silence. He then said, "There's a split—a split with a handle; a split with a running knot." The unfortunate man then sat down on the floor, took from his pocket a piece of chalk, and with amazing rapidity wrote as follows: "Pillicock sat upon Pillicock Hill, which incontestably accounts for LORD PALMERSTON's bad eminence."

"Hopdance cries in poor Tom's belly for three red herrings,—which to any sane mind sufficiently substantiates the treason of the ignoble PREMIER."

"The Cabinet-door is not to be bolted with a boiled parsnip; no, my LORD PALMERSTON, nor are the hinges of the Cabinet to be oiled with melted butter."

"Is England to be cast into a china teapot, and the very depths of the nation to be stirred by the spoons of place?"

"But the thunders of vengeance are beginning to rub their eyes and look about them, and the avenging lightning has already taken off its nightcap."

"The showman puts his head into the lion's mouth once too often; the lion wagged his tail; and the head dropt into the stomach. At this minute, LORD PALMERSTON has his head in the mouth of the British lion; the tail begins to oscillate, and—but to the sagacity of the reader we leave the just, though horrible conclusion."

"That's the very same stuff, my lord," said the policeman, "that the prisoner has filled all Shoe Lane with. The waggons can't get on for it."

The defendant slowly rose, and with an air of authority addressed one of the officers.—"You will immediately take that leader to the *Maundering Herald*. And mind: large type, with double leads. Understand me, double leads."

The LORD MAYOR compassionately shook his head, and remarked that it seemed a very hopeless case.

"He shall be hung in his Garter, my lord," said the defendant; and he immediately caught up a policeman's hat, and on the glazed crown, rapidly sketched a figure, depending from a gibbet. Underneath, the artist wrote, "A trifle for PAM!" Then, offering the hat to the LORD MAYOR, the defendant smilingly observed, "From the life, my lord, and at your service."

His lordship said he really could not, in mercy to the poor man himself, suffer him to go at large. He must have some security for his future good conduct. No bail was forthcoming, and the defendant was therefore locked up.

Late in the day, however, two persons—we considerably suppress their names—appeared, and entered into the required bond. They were very strange-looking individuals; wearing their beards almost to the waist. Indeed, altogether they had a most weird, and old-world aspect. They were understood to be distinguished Southeotians, and constant readers of *The Maundering Herald*. The cab, containing the defendant and his bail, on leaving the office, took the direction of St. George's Fields.

MORE ART-TREASURES.

THE Directors of the Art-Treasury at Manchester are overwhelmed with offers, on the part of all classes, to contribute to that exhibition. They are daily compelled to decline propositions from parties whose estimate of their own treasures is based upon private admiration rather than upon public recognition of their merits.

MR. STUBBS, of Aldgate, has proffered the loan of the following works of art:—

His Grandfather, (twice Churchwarden) by AMOS SMITH, artist to the Portrait Club that used to meet at the Toadstool Tavern, Houndsditch, in 1785-6.

An Anonymous Female, artist unknown, but from the circumstance of her having a cat and kittens on her lap, supposed to be by SIR GODFREY KNELLER, who painted the Kit-Cats.

Engraved view of Hyde Park, George the Third reviewing the Volunteers.

Moonlight Scene, by MISS STUBBS, when she had had two quarters' drawing. Remarkable for the artist's bold contrivance for introducing light, by cutting out the moon, that a candle may stand behind.

Front of Newgate in 1788. The aerial perspective a little injured by injudicious cleaning by MASTER STUBBS in a washhand basin, but archaeologically interesting.

Anonymous.

Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs, in black silhouette. Additionally valuable from their having been executed on Windmill Hill, Gravesend, on the actual wedding-day, the new-married couple having previously ordered dinner at Rosherville. *Anon.*

Two Statues in Plaster. Boy, undraped, reading. Boy, undraped, writing.

Statuette Bush, very small. MR. BUCKSTONE or MR. WRIGHT, but the hat and nose being gone, identification is difficult.

Spangled and coloured full-length Portrait of Mr. Hicks as Radgario, in the *Dumb Imp of the Demon's Gorge*. This noble portrait was offered to the Garrick Club for ten shillings, but rejected, through the intrigues of jealous artists.

Inkstand, China, in saucer to match, with two dogs fighting, and the legend, "Let dogs delight," &c. Historically interesting as the inkstand used by JOHN BOMPAS, the liberator of Aldgate, when he signed, in 1908, his memorable protest against "The Thruppny Poor-Rate."

A Bone Knife Handle, curiously engraved with the cipher "B. M.," and therefore supposed to have been the property of Bloody [Queen] MARY.

Specimen of Embroidery of the Eighteenth Century, being an Exemplar, or Sampler, worked by MARY JANE EJAX, aged 11, in 1799, and representing a rural residence, animals, and trees, with alphabet, and Arabic numerals, and the distich

"I can stitch, and hem, and fell,
And I can kiss and never tell."

All the above have, upon the recommendation of MR. PETER CUNNINGHAM, been thankfully declined, but as it is not designed to discourage offers of the kind, any similar works may be left at Mr. *Punch's* office for that gentleman's preliminary inspection, before sending them to Manchester.

An Anticipated Performance.

(In the House of Commons.)

Stage Manager Lewis (coming boldly forward). "Gentlemen, will you allow me to announce, in consequence of its great success, the repetition of the Income-Tax every year until further notice?"

Liberal and Conservative Members (unanimously). "Off! off! off! off!"

A Million Cries (heard outside). "Off! off!! off!!! off!!!! OFF!!!!!"

[And Off goes the Stranger accordingly.]

LEGAL DESTITUTION.—The "eye of the Law" has become so weak from the want of proper practice in the different courts, that it is going to advertise for a pupil.



Disgusting Boy. "I SAY, CLARA!—I'M SO JOLLY GLAD, I AM. DO YOU KNOW, ALL THE PIPES ARE FROZE, AND WE SHAN'T BE ABLE TO HAVE ANY OF THAT HORRID WASHING THESE COLD MORNINGS!—AIN'T IT PRIME!"

[Sensation.]

A TEACHER'S WORK FOR A SCULLION'S WAGES.

We should like to know what are the usual wages of an ordinary maid-of-all-work in Scotland? They must be what good housewives call very reasonable indeed, if those of extraordinary maids-of-all-work are not generally more unreasonable than those offered in the subjoined advertisement extracted from a Scotch newspaper:—

WANTED.

A TEACHER, for the Ladies' Seminary, Portsoy, capable of Teaching English Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Grammar, Geography, History and Music, as well as Knitting and Plain and Ornamental Needle-work. The Teacher must have a Government Certificate of Merit, or be prepared to be examined by HER MAJESTY'S Inspector for such Certificate. Salary—Eight Guineas per Annum. Immediate application, inclosing Testimonials, to be made either to the REV. P. MURRAY, or the REV. A. COOPER, Portsoy.

December 27, 1856.

Here are ten branches of knowledge to be taught, and a proposal to allow a remuneration for teaching them, at the rate of 16s. a-year each to the educational maid-of-all-work. Is "Ladies' Seminary" an euphemism? Does the phrase really mean ragged school? Or is the above announcement to be considered as a piece of Scotch practical "wut," put forth by some humorous party desirous of ridiculing the parsimony practised towards teachers at the establishment in question; a parsimony really extreme, but of which the terms stated are a jocose exaggeration? If not, is not there a mistake in the statement that a "Government Certificate of Merit" will be required of the teacher? Surely the document intended to be specified—under the idea that a certain plan has been pursued by Government with female equally with male convicts, and that a reformed lady-thief might be willing to accept any terms as a teacher—must be a Ticket-of-Leave.

A FRIENDLY QUESTION TO MR. BUCKSTONE.

The Babes in the Wood may be all very well; but why, BUCKY, why continue to give us *The School for Scandal* in the same material?

MY INCOME-TAX.

FARE you well, my hard Income-Tax,
Fare you well for some while,
For the shop it is ruined, the Union is near,
Or I'm bound for the Jug, Income-Tax,
I am bound for the Jug, Income-Tax.

Don't you see that seedy cove,
That is crouched under yonder pile,
Lamenting his fate, in want doomed to rove?
And so am I by my Income-Tax,
And so am I by my Income-Tax.

A beggar, who a beggar's pot
At least can boil off his own hook,
May suffer some, but surely not
What I endure through my Income-Tax.
What I endure through my Income-Tax.

When they were levied just and fair,
A heavy and a grievous load
Was taxes; but none could compare
For cruel weight to my Income-Tax.
For cruel weight to my Income-Tax.

THE LIMBS OF THE LAW.

EVERYBODY is aware that the law has limbs, but not everybody, perhaps, knows what they are. The recent trial of REDPATH has disclosed two of them. On the question of proceeding further against the other defendant, who had been acquitted, the following conversation took place between the Judge and one of the Counsel for the Prosecution:—

"MR. JUSTICE WILLES. I think that you ought to have put your best leg forward. I have read the whole of the depositions, and I must say that I anticipated the result.

"SERJEANT BALLANTINE. Felony is considered a 'better leg' than misdemeanour. We always try the gravest charge first."

Thus it appears that the legs of the law are felony and misdemeanour. The observation may, perhaps, be permitted that misdemeanour and felony are the law's lower limbs. Here the question arises, if felony is the better leg of the law, is it a right leg? By parity of reasoning it may perhaps be inferred that the hands of the law are larceny and swindling.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

YOUNG PAM, alias **THE BOTTLEHOLDER**, begs to announce to the Nobility, and Gentry in general, and his backers in particular, that he will be in attendance at his well-known quarters, the St. Stephen's Head, Westminster, any night between the 3rd of February and the beginning of August, where his money will be forthcoming, and he will be prepared to make a match with any man, at any weight. If **YOUNG DIZZY**, or **THE DEARBY FET**, mean fighting, now is their time. The B.-H. has generally been considered among the light weights; but he is anxious his friends should know that he has picked up a good deal of meat in the last two years, that his wind was never better, and that he is open to accommodate any customer from ten to thirteen stone. The B.-H. gives Private and Public instruction in the noble Art of Self-Defence at the St. Stephen's Head, and at his Crib in Downing Street.

A Harmonic Ordinary at the St. Stephen's Head every night, except Wednesday and Saturday. **CHARLEY LE-FEVRE** takes the Chair nightly. Comic songs and recitations by the unrivalled **BOB PEELE**, the whistling traveller, including the favourite entertainment of "The Rooshian Coronation," as recently given by him with so much success at Birmingham.

RATTING SPORTS.—**DICK CORDEN** and **JOHNNY PAKINGTON**, alias **THE QUARTER-SESSIONS PET**, having recently entered into partnership at the Manchester Arms, are open to make matches with their celebrated dogs, Voluntary and Churchman.

GEORGEY BOWYER and **NEDDY MIAL** have several customers ready to make engagements with **BLANDFORD'S** well-known old dog, Establishment.

BELL-RINGING.—**BIG BEN**, the Llaneror youth, will attend at his House of Call, Whitehall Place, and back himself against all England to ring changes, on the Marylebone bells, any day between this and the next General Election.—N.B. Change-ringing taught, and the Nobility attended at their own houses.

BEN DIZZY wishes us to state he is tired of doing nothing, and would be glad to make a match with anybody on any terms.

ON DITS.—We understand that a mill may shortly be expected between **DE LIONE**, of the Belgian fancy, and **BOBBY PEEL**, in consequence of the latter's chaffing at the Adderley Park Harmonic meeting a few weeks since. **BOBBY** ought to be careful of his bounce. If his friends will give him the office, they ought really to lock his jaw-box, for as it is, he is positively too aggravating for anything.

There is no truth in the report lately spread by "Mrs. HARRIS," alias "The Shoe Lane Oracle," of engagements having been entered into between the **BOTTLEHOLDER** and **BILL GLADSTONE**. **BILL** is open to a match, but the **BOTTLEHOLDER** is not at all likely to come to **BILL'S** terms, so far as we can understand them. But **BILL** ought to learn to express himself more distinctly.



SWELL MOB AT THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

PUNCH (A I). "NOW THEN! WHAT'S YOUR LITTLE GAME?"

D—Z—Y. "OUR LITTLE GAME! NOTHIN'—WE'RE ONLY 'WAITING FOR A PARTY.'"



MRS. DURDEN'S APPEAL TO PARLIAMENT.

So Parliament's about to lay their heads together for improvements.
(Ah, if I was about their House I'd quicken their slow dawdling movements.)

They're fonder far of talk than work, just like a pack of idle hussies,
What I wish is that they'd reform them good-for-nothing omnibuses.

They've room in Parliament to sit with comfort to themselves and others;

I wish they'd think about our seats, considering their poor old mothers.
Get out with all your education; don't tell me about your learnin',
Unless you give me what I want, and find a body space to turn in.

First as concernin' of the doors, they're all of them a deal too narrow,
To shoot one's self through holes like them, a person ought to be an arrow,

One's figure should be like a hoop between the sides of 'em to trundle;
And there's an umbereller too, besides a band-box and a bundle.

You bump on this and 'tother side; against the passengers you blunder,
Which causes 'em to grunt and growl, and makes 'em look as black as thunder:

And then you sits down where you can by means of pushin' and of squeezin',

With some one's elbow in your ribs which keeps a worritin' and teazin'.

With knees to knees and feet to feet of people facin' opposite you,
You sits in misery and pain, the whilst they looks as if they'd bite you;
There's always somebody inside that pisons you with gin and onions,
And sure as any one comes in, he tramples on your corns and bunions.

Their boots, too hitches 'in your gownd, and what's the use of axin' pardon,

When, for the mischief they have done, there's none of them as cares a farden?

They breaks your band-boxes all in, your bonnet that's inside they batters,

And 'tis destruction for your clothes, reduced to rags and dirt and tatters.

Then, when you've reached your journey's end, and squeezed as flat as a baked apple,

'Stead of St. Paul's Churchyard you find they've took you on unto Whitechapel.

They tells you you should look alive, whereas you look half dead more often,

And what can you expect, confined, as I may say, within a coffin?

I've got no patience with the way in which them there conductors serve us,

And all that scramblin' on the roof must make a timid creature nervous;

I often wish I was a man for to give vent in oaths and cusses,
Which is the sentiments I feels when travellin' in omnibuses.

I do hope Parliament will take the case into consideration,
And put the omnibuses right—at least do something for the nation.

But I'm afraid they'll waste their time on foreign fiddlestick discussions,

Which never comes to any good; and what I say is, Drat they Russians.

A SEALED BOOK FOR SLAVES.

STRINGENT measures are in contemplation for the purpose of keeping the black portion of the public in Tennessee in subjection to the white. Among others it is proposed that the negroes shall no longer be permitted to attend their own meeting-houses, but if they go to any places of worship at all, shall be limited to the ordinary churches. One additional precaution should be taken in order to obviate any undesirable influence which may be exerted upon the slaves by religious services. In the various churches and chapels of Tennessee, the ministers should be strictly prohibited from reading a certain portion of the book of Exodus. The slaves of Tennessee will not be edified, to the satisfaction of their masters, by hearing the account, narrated in that history, of the deliverance of other slaves from Egyptian bondage.

Keys for Queer Characters.

MANY simple-minded persons may wonder why the officers of the 2nd Life Guards should think it necessary to be provided with golden latch-keys. A golden key will often procure the admission of a scamp into a decent house, but we do not imagine that anybody at present holding a commission in that gallant corps can want such a key for such a reason.

A NEW LITERARY FUND.

MR. PUNCH was pleased to read, in one of last week's papers, that a Scottish Literary Fund, for the relief of distressed authors, is in course of formation. All honour to the promoters, and all success to the undertaking.

As it is in its infancy, and youth is liable to err, *Mr. Punch* can conceive the possibility of this Literary Fund falling into a few errors, and therefore he has thrown together some hints, which, if considered before the rules and regulations of the New Fund be finally settled, may render them more suited to their purpose, and the character of the proposed charity, than they might be if modelled upon other principles.

When a gentleman, who has pursued the most honourable of avocations, is compelled to apply for assistance, do not make it necessary for him to bring a number of witnesses to testify that he is not a liar.

Have some men on your board who are acquainted with the literary world, or who, if unacquainted with the applicant, can quietly ascertain who and what he is. Spare poverty the additional humiliation of going round to its acquaintances to glean testimonials.

You will, of course, feel it your duty to inquire minutely into the antecedents of every applicant, but if you should discover that twenty years earlier somebody gave him twenty pounds, let your official be authorised to relieve his immediate wants, while he is endeavouring to satisfy your natural desire to know what became of all that money.

As a rule, if he alleges that he is starving, assist him within a month or so from his application.

Of course, if you have any idea that anybody else has an intention of assisting him, save your own money. But be tolerably sure that such a thing *has* been at least talked about.

If he be recommended to you by other gentlemen of character, you may as well accept their testimony, and not insult them by prosecuting inquiries to ascertain whether they have told the truth.

Do not impose upon the poor man the expensive task of sending you copies of all the works he has ever published, but let his application be referred to somebody who is acquainted with literature, or can find out a book by the aid of the catalogue in your University library.

If these, and some other suggestions which occur to *Mr. Punch*, and which he will take another opportunity of offering, be regarded in the spirit in which they are made, SCOTLAND will have reason to be satisfied with *her* Literary Fund.

EFFECT OF CRINOLINE ON PARTIES.

CRINOLINE is beginning to tell in an unexpected manner on Evening Parties. Ladies in the present season complain that they do not receive so many invitations as heretofore. The reason is this. Rooms that would comfortably accommodate fifty matrons and spinsters, will not now, without a heavy crush, contain above fifteen. Hence, doubtless with a view to a renewal of the old hospitalities, we have seen the subjoined Card:—

The Hon. Mrs. Plainbody

At Home.

Without Crinoline.

TRANQUILLITY ON WASHING DAY.

AN American invention for washing linen and other clothes has been for some time in highly successful operation. The American Patent Washing Machine has certain peculiar advantages which ladies who wash at home will not fail to appreciate. One of the principal of these is that it consumes no gin, beer, and tea; requires no meals, and does not walk off with any broken victuals. Moreover, it neither gossips nor scolds, and it contrives to wash without involving itself in hot water with the servants; in all which respects it has immense advantages over the ordinary laundress.

Showing the Income-Tax the Door.

WE should not at all wonder if the Income-Tax, like a well-bred dog, seeing the impending certainty of being kicked off, saves the House the trouble by quietly taking itself off.

HOW TO CUT OUT A MUSLIN DRESS (SOMETIMES).—Wear a Velvet one.



INNATE POLITENESS.

"Take my Umbrella, Missus!—That 'ere little thing o' yourn ain't no use wotsumdever!"

HIEROGLYPHICS FOR THE HEAD.

THE *Lady's Newspaper* contains the following description of a fancy head-dress called the *Coiffure Egyptienne* :—

"It is formed of two bandeaux of groseille-colour velvet, embroidered with gold, and on one side there is the lotus flower, and on the other a bow of groseille-colour ribbon, figured with hieroglyphics of gold."

A lady had better be cautious how she wears this head-dress. Much progress has been made of late in the deciphering of Egyptian symbols. One would not like to wear an inscription in those characters in one's cap without being sure about the translation of it—would one? My beauties, suppose one of you to be at a party, with this cap on her head, and there to meet some University man, whom she has reason to suspect of understanding everything. "Oho!" says he. "You sport hieroglyphics." Then, with a suppressed grin, he asks, "Do you know what they mean?" "Oh, dear, no," is her reply.—"Do you?" He answers in that tone of voice which a man assumes when he is telling you a story which he does not mean you to believe—"N-n-no." She sees that he does know what her hieroglyphics mean, and also that it is something very stupid. She sits, or dances, upon thorns during the rest of the night, and is probably deprived of sleep all the next day.

PUNCH'S PREROGATIVE OF MERCY.

MR. PUNCH was induced, by misinformation, to believe that MR. SNOOKS was guilty of shameful and scandalous conduct. Under the influence of this erroneous belief, Mr. Punch held up MR. SNOOKS to ridicule and contempt in a caricature, and abused and vilified him in an article breathing indignation mingled with scorn, by which means he inflicted severe suffering upon MR. SNOOKS, and in addition destroyed the character of that gentleman, who is now, consequently, unable to obtain employment, and likely to starve. Under these circumstances, Mr. Punch, having discovered that the injury inflicted by him upon the supposed offender was inflicted on an innocent man, has been graciously pleased to grant MR. SNOOKS a free pardon.

EPITAPH FOR THE "WAR 9d."—*Pax Vobiscum!*

THE QUEEN'S BALL PRACTICE.

ON Tuesday last a very full meeting of ladies, wives and connections of Members of Parliament, was held at WILLIS's Rooms, for the purpose of considering and meeting the charges made by MR. NOBUCK, at Liverpool, in the matter of the QUEEN's balls. The hon. gentleman had roundly accused the wives of the Commons with a desire to trample the interests of the country under their feet, by dancing at HER MAJESTY's balls. The press it was understood, was to be inexorably excluded; but thanks to the facilities offered by crinoline, our reporter smuggled himself in, and took his notes without the least inconvenience.

THE HON. MRS. DOUBLECHIN (Member for Downshire, in right of her husband) was, after some contention, called to the chair. She said, she would use the fewest possible words—she always did. MR. NOBUCK, who was certainly no gentleman (*cheers*), had accused the wives of M.P.'s with nagging their husbands—if he didn't use the word, he meant nagging; for she knew what nagging was—with nagging their husbands to sell themselves that their wives might dance at the QUEEN's balls. For her part, she had no need to nag her husband on that head. Her birth and station secured her tickets. But as everybody wasn't on the visiting-list of HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY, she couldn't refuse her assistance to her less fortunate sisters (*Faint applause*).

MRS. MINCEM, M.P. for Marabout, moved the first resolution. MR. NOBUCK—she believed that was the creature's name—had grossly insulted all the lady-members of the House of Commons. He had accused them of a desire to turn their husbands round when and how they pleased. That person—she would not call him a gentleman—altogether wanted the milk of human kindness. Milk! his wet-nurse must have been a tame porcupine. He must have cut his teeth upon a stick of horse-radish, and been weaned upon a nutmeg-grater. (*Loud cheers*.) That was her opinion. And more than that, she had made it the opinion of her husband.

MRS. SUNNYMOUTH, M.P. for Pearlpowder, seconded the resolution, and observed that MR. NOBUCK, in his gross and ungallant charge, had said "MR. A. is affected through Mrs. A." She hoped so; for where there was no such affection, there was an end of the

beauty and utility of the marriage-tie. (*Loud cheers*.) She wouldn't give a pin for a woman as a wife, who couldn't affect her husband. What were husbands for, if not to be affected? (*Cheers*.) English-women were not household slaves. An English wife was the better half, if not the better three-fourths of her husband. Well, what said this MR. NOBUCK? "MRS. A. wants to go to the QUEEN's ball?" And why not? What more natural? (*Loud cries of Hear.*) Why shouldn't she go to the QUEEN's ball? But there were some men who would make their wives prisoners, and their houses gaols. Very well. "MRS. A. wants to go to the QUEEN's ball. The way to get there is to make MR. A. vote with the Minister, and when he votes with the Minister, she receives the invitation!" And why not? (*Cries of "Why not, indeed?"*) For her part she never troubled herself—so that her husband did his duty—which side he was of. Still, if for instance, she had a longing for such a thing as the QUEEN's ball, she did think it a little hard that any MR. NOBUCK should come between her and her proper influence with her own lawful, wedded husband. If a woman hadn't a right to her own husband's vote, there was an end to the holy state of marriage. If such horrid principles as MR. NOBUCK's were to find their way to families, people would soon go back to the state of savages. She would sit down by seconding the resolution.

MRS. WEATHERPROOF, M.P. for Adamant (the lady was slightly lame) said, that for her part, she thought MR. NOBUCK a very sensible and very independent gentleman. She thought dancing a vain accomplishment, and had never danced in her life. (*Hisses*.) She was not easily to be put down. She would speak her mind, if she stayed there all night. (*Cries of "Well, I'm sure!" and "Did you ever?"*) If the wives of M.P.'s would look back upon historical examples—(*cries of "Fiddlestick!"*)—if they would only remember how *Portia* stabbed herself as an experiment—("More silly she!")—how the Amazonians maimed themselves that they might shoot the better—how CHARLOTTE CORDAY sacrificed herself to rid her country of a monster and a tyrant—here the interruption became so vehement, and so sustained, that MRS. WEATHERPROOF, with a grim smile of defiance, sat down; not, however, until the Hon. Chairwoman had promised to put Mrs. W.'s resolution. It was to the following effect:—"Resolved, that, with a view to meet and defeat the charge of MR. NOBUCK, the meeting

pledge themselves to bring up all their future daughters on the Chinese principle of dwarfing the left foot." The resolution, not seconded, was met with the loudest expressions of contempt and scorn.

Finally, the meeting broke up, having come to the unanimous resolution never on any occasion or any pretence to attend HER MAJESTY'S State Balls, unless—formally invited.

Some amendment was talked of with respect to husbands; but after consideration, given up as hopeless.

METROPOLITAN FANCY BLACK-BEETLE CLUB.



HE third "Session" of this Club was celebrated on Wednesday last by a dinner at Crickett's Hotel, Grass-hopper Lane, City, when a numerous attendance of members took place.

MR. PAUL DE COCKROCHE, the President, occupied the chair, faced by MR. BUGSBY, the Honorary Secretary.

After dinner and the usual loyal healths,

The President proposed the toast of the evening, "Success to the Metropolitan Fancy Black-Beetle Club." He met the Society, he said, with the greatest pleasure, as it was to announce that they grew stronger and stronger year by year. The club had been called into existence by the demand for some association, which should combine the harmlessness and innocence of the Fancy Rabbit Club, Fancy Pigeon Club, Fancy Cat Club, and Fancy Guinea-Pig Club, with an economy that should place the object within the reach of all. Those clubs had their organization, their reports were regularly published in the sporting papers, and the speeches of their members, and the prizes they obtained, were duly recorded. Why should not the Black-Beetle Club aspire to similar distinction? The Beetle was a beautiful object (*cheers*), and capable of cultivation to any extent. If it had not lopping ears like the Rabbit, it had a great many more legs to make up. The glossy hue of its back was as lustrous as the breast of the vaunted Pigeon, and as for the Cat, it excelled her in noble and amiable qualities, for while that ferocious beast and her cruel offspring would devour black-beetles, their only revenge was to disagree with their murderers and make them thin, while he had seldom or never heard of a beetle eating a cat. As for the Guinea-Pig, he should blush to compare their little favourite with that tawdry and tail-less rat, that "woppy docky," if he might borrow a rural term. (*Cheers*.) A black-beetle was within everyone's reach; it was a silent and domestic animal; its keep was inexpensive, and it supplied the means of inoffensive recreation to its rearer, just as was done by the rabbit, the pigeon, the kitten, and the guinea-pig. He was proud to say, for himself, that he had introduced the beetle into every house he had occupied (and circumstances had compelled his frequent change of residence) for twenty years. (*Cheers*.)

The beetles were then produced, and the prizes awarded. A silver Scarabæus, modelled from that found in the great Pyramid, was awarded to MR. TRAPPER, of Kensington, for the biggest and finest beetle.

MR. TRAPPER returned thanks, and observed that if they could only get the ladies of their families to co-operate with them in rearing black-beetles, much might be done. But he regretted to say that women had an antipathy to the little creature; and his own wife had manifested much hostility to his nursing his beetles in their bed-room, and had surreptitiously scrunched several very promising ones.

(*Shame!*) It was not, however, by violence that they could conquer. He suggested that the prize Scarabæus should in future be a brooch, to be presented to the wife of the successful trainer.

The SECRETARY said that all his children were confirmed beetle-trainers (*applause*), and even the baby, though rather addicted to dismembering the animals, took an eager interest in them. (*Renewed cheers*.)

A MEMBER said that it was a cheering fact that no more opprobrious epithet could be bestowed upon a lady's feet than to call them beetle-crushers. (*Laughter and cheers*.)

Another MEMBER said that there were some persons called "beetle-browed." Now the Club was not beetle-browed, but beetle proud. (*Cheering for several minutes*.)

A discussion took place upon the probable character of the "three-man beetle" of which *Falstaff* speaks, and the SECRETARY was directed to write to MR. CHARLES KNIGHT, and ask whether he had procured a specimen of the creature for illustration to his *Pictorial Shakspeare*.

The evening was somewhat abruptly closed by the hysterical screams of a chambermaid, to whom one of the Members, a little excited by wine, had, on leaving, insisted on presenting his favourite black-beetle as a testimony of admiration. It had got down her back when our reporter came away.

THE HUSBAND'S OWN FAULT.

"MR. PUNCH,

"As a young man, and an enthusiastic admirer of those lovely beings who constitute the fairer portion of humanity, and afford models to artists for the delineation of celestial spirits, permit me—I will not say to deny—to question the accuracy of a supposition occasionally either made or implied in your otherwise infallible columns, with respect to those charming creatures. I allude to the surely erroneous idea that ladies can ever, possibly, except in the very rare case of unhappy marriages, in which the parties have no regard for each other, put their husbands to any inconvenient expense for millinery, and other dress. Beyond decent and comfortable clothing, a married lady cannot possibly want any more dresses, or ornaments, than her husband is inclined to give her. If she wants a new bonnet or shawl, it must be for the sake of pleasing him, and not somebody else, or other people than him. What can any lady, happily married, care about attracting admiration at balls and evening parties? Her husband is the only man by whom she can like to be looked at. If ever she expresses a desire for this or that article of wear or ornament, without waiting for him to suggest the purchase thereof, that desire is expressed on her part by reason of an impulse derived sympathetically from his own mind, through the mysterious union of their two souls. He thinks how beautiful she would look in it, pictures her in it mentally, and admires her in imagination. She instantly becomes cognisant of his idea and emotion; and hence her wishful exclamation in reference to the article. "How remarkably well that bonnet would become my little wife," is the thought of the masculine mind. Transmitted into the feminine, it finds utterance in the rapturous observation, "What a duck of a bonnet!" When a man finds his wife's dressmaker's bill too heavy for his circumstances, he himself is, in the great majority of cases, the only person to blame. As he walks down the street, he should keep his eyes on the middle of it, and concentrate his attention on the horses and carriages. It is by looking into the drapers' and jewellers' and bonnet-makers' shops, and allowing the objects in their windows to inflame his imagination, that he puts the passion for them into his wife's head. Otherwise, she would not care a button for such frivolities—indeed would much less regard them than a button which she might enjoy the pleasure of sewing on her husband's wristband. I dare say young unmarried ladies may, rather generally, trouble their papas by excess in finery. They have an object to attain by display: a wife can have none—beyond that of rendering herself still more beautiful, still more captivating, still more attractive, still more precious, to the husband whom she is not content with having secured, but whose affection for her she strives to increase continually. Oh! Mr. Punch, I hope I do not utter, under the influence of too fervid sentiment, a belief which I shall one day find erroneous—when I declare my conviction that, were I a married man, I should regard the amount of my wife's dress bills, as the measure, in direct ratio, of her love and affection for your humble servant,

"STREPHON."

* * At least, [STREPHON will find that, the more money his wife spends in dress, the dearer she will be to him.

AN ANSWER WON'T OBLIGE.

A CORRESPONDENT, who, if he had any regard for the fitness of things, would have signed himself a Bedlamite, or dated from Hanwell, writes to know if he be justified in saying that the inhabitants of Sheerness live there only out of Sheerness-essity.



SCENE FROM A MELODRAMA OF PRIVATE LIFE.

BURGLARIOUS ATTACK UPON OUR ARTIST'S STUDIO!—AWFUL APPEARANCE OF THE LAY-FIGURE!—DISCOMFITURE OF THE BANDITTI, AND DEFEAT OF CRIME!

THE ART OF POULTRY KEEPING,

Considered from an Aldermanic point of view.

JUDGING from the show at Sydenham, the mania for keeping poultry seems as widely spread as that for keeping a perambulator, and indeed the poultry maniacs appear so lost to reason that they do not hesitate from designating their pursuit as an "Art." This we learn from a treatise headed with the title with which we head this article, and we suppose we next may hear of the "Art" of keeping pigs, and the "Science" of the cow-stall. It is a pity though, we think, that the professors of the "Art" do not inculcate a sounder view of it than that which seems in general to be accepted by its votaries. Their main failing, as we think, is their adherence to the fallacy that "fine feathers make fine birds;" their aim in breeding being for the most part rather ornament than usefulness, an attempt to please the eye rather than the palate. We believe that fully two-thirds of the prizes gained at Sydenham, were awarded either for the plumage or the shape; and indeed the epithets by which the breeds are principally distinguished are a sufficient indication of the animus of the breeders. Being no fanciers, and in ignorance of its merits, we should hesitate ourselves to buy a "Speckled Hamburg," in the fear of finding that its flesh was speckled also; and we have a still greater contempt for those preposterously prefixed breeds, the "gold-laced" and the "silver-pencilled," as though in any state of nature a fowl could wear gold lace, or carry a silver pencil!

Now as chickens are born for something more than merely to be looked at, we think this cultivation of the outward fowl to the comparative neglect of the inward to be as great a waste of pains and time as that which forms a part of any human foppishness.

To our view a fowl never looks so well as when it's stripped and dressed; and were we elected to the judge-ship of a poultry show, we should insist upon enjoying the privilege which is accorded at a fruit one—namely, not merely of viewing the competing birds, but personally tasting them. No fair exhibitor ever should persuade us that her Dorkings were "sweet things" until we had eaten a slice to

A CLERICAL QUIETIST.

THE following advertisement is one of the abundant comicalities of that amusing publication, the *Ecclesiastical Gazette*:—

EXCHANGE.—The Advertiser, who dislikes popularity, wishes to EXCHANGE his Living, in consequence of its rising too rapidly into importance for his taste. It is a Perpetual Curacy. Income over £200 per annum, together with a modern house and good garden. Population, about 2500. Excellent Schools, both Endowed and National. Climate healthy and bracing. Wanted, a quiet Agricultural Village. The Sea-coast preferred. Full particulars requested.

The name of this clergyman we conceive to be JAKES; the REVEREND MR. JAKES. In default of a Forest of Arden wherein to revel in the pleasures of solitude, the New Forest in Hampshire may perhaps be suggested to the reverend gentleman as a locality wherein he may be likely to get suited with a living. It is situated near the coast, and there is a particular spot in it named Stony Cross, where MR. JAKES will find as many sermons to study as there are stones with sermons in them. In the New Forest MR. JAKES will be able, if he likes, to establish a hermitage, into which it will be easy for him to convert the abode of some badger, by enlarging it. His devotion is evidently of the contemplative rather than the active sort, and in the sylvan and subterranean retreat, which we have proposed for him, it will be in his power to pursue continual meditation. If ever he should experience the want of something to do, there will be the game for him to preach to, as ST. ANTONY preached to the fishes. The Church of England has not as yet produced an anchorite: the REVEREND MR. JAKES will, perhaps supply the deficiency. If he chooses now and then to give the STANLEYS and LEES, and other gipsies who will be his fellow foresters, the benefit of his exhortations, he can. But, perhaps, the ascetic life may not be agreeable to the reverend advertiser, and the quiet desired by him may be simply freedom from disturbance, and tranquillity in the enjoyment of port wine. Possibly he merely wishes to exchange the cure for the sinecure of souls, and a sphere of usefulness for a situation of inutility. His parishioners will be sorry to lose him; for it is evident that he has involuntarily rendered himself popular among them, inasmuch that the popularity which he has acquired displeases him. What a difference there is between one man and another! What does the REVEREND MR. SPURGEON think of a divine who dislikes popularity?

prove their saccharinity; nor would we pronounce her Bantams to be "precious pets," unless we by our palate had assayed their richness. Such epithets as "juicy-fleshed" or "tender-legged" would sound far sweeter in our ears than "brassy-winged" and "golden-spangled," hard metallic attributes which set our teeth on edge to speak of!

In the present misdirected taste, one of the "beauties" of the Spanish fowls is the largeness of their lobes, which in the prize-birds, we are told, almost prevent their seeing. Such ophthalmia as this would find no favour in our eyes, although perhaps we might regard with greater lenience that kind of blindness which is caused by overfatness. To the coxcombry of cocks' combs we should never give encouragement; and, instead of valuing a bird for being "double-crested," our highest prize should be awarded to the man who introduced to us a breed of double-breasted!

A TUBULAR BRIDGE OF FASHION.

WHEN the Crinoline inflated petticoats go out of fashion, as go they rapidly must, what will become of the innumerable air-tubes, for thousands and thousands of miles of it will be suddenly thrown upon the market? They may do for submarine telegraphs, as the electric wires could easily be carried through them; or there may be an opening for them in the way of life-preservers and swimming belts, the price of which will doubtlessly fall to an alarming extent in the neighbourhood of the Docks? Or, perhaps, some enterprising *modistes* will buy up the entire quantity of cast-off pipes, and stitching them together, run up a kind of speaking-tube between London and Paris, so that the smallest change in the fashions may be communicated all the way through, from one capital to another, almost in a breath?

DARING ACT OF PENMANSHIP.

MR. PAUL BEDFORD has written a letter to the *Times*! (The friends of MR. WRIGHT have become naturally anxious for that estimable low comedian.)

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT. I



FEB. 3RD, 1857. *Tuesday.* Parliament reassembled. HER MAJESTY was pleased to have Her own gracious reason for non-appearance, and LORD CHANCELLOR CRANWORTH read the Speech for Her. Its contents were as follows:—

Glad to see you.
Treaty of Paris settled.
Prussia v. Switzerland ditto, I hope.
Have cut BOMBA.
Central America will be all right.
Am sworn friends with the KING OF SIAM.
Have walked into the Persians.
Have pitched into the Chinese.
Estimates to be as economical as possible.
Law amendments to be proposed.
Currency question must come up.
People content. Trade flourishing.
Soft Soap.
Short prayer.

The bottle of Parliamentary eloquence was naturally opened by getting LORD CORK out of the way, and LORD AIRLIE was also a very airie speaker. LORD DERBY, in the stereotype phrase of opposition, professed extreme disgust with the meagreness of the Speech, and scoffed a good deal at Ministerial foreign policy, which LORD CLARENDON defended, intimating that the other Earl talked ridiculously, not having read the documents affecting the questions he discussed. EARL GREY stood up for the Persians, and although LORD GRANVILLE assured him that they had been served quite right, and LORD BROUGHAM (wishing, however, to know more) was perfectly satisfied with the conduct of Government in the matter, GREY insisted on taking a division, and was beaten by 45 to 12.

The Chancellor announced that among the Law amendments to be introduced, one affected the Ecclesiastical Courts, another the law of Marriage, and a third Breaches of Trust, under the penal provisions of which last act *Mr. Punch* hopes that Ministers will be brought, if either of the two other bills should be once more abandoned.

In the Commons MR. HATTEY (the whipper-in) gave notice of some more Government bills, one of which regarded Transportation, and another the establishment of Reformatory Schools. This sounds well. Transport our adult offenders, and reclaim our young ones, and crime will rapidly diminish. *Mr. Punch* wishes he could believe that the new measures will be framed upon a national scale. At the present writing he believes nothing of the kind.

The debate on the Address was not a bad one. The echoes in uniform having subsided, MR. DISRAELI delivered a long and entertaining invective against Ministers for everything they had done or not done since he had last the pleasure of vituperating them. His chief point was the amiable intimation that they were Humbugs, for that they had been encouraging Italian aspirations for independence, while they knew that England had assented to a secret treaty by which France was bound to preserve to Austria her Italian spoils. This statement made a great sensation. LORD PALMERSTON declared that there was no such treaty, and assailed DIZZY with Rabelaisian abuse, calling him a gossip, a *gobemouche*, and a fly-catcher. But MR. DISRAELI replied that he "had seen the treaty." Now the question is, who is

to be believed? Is PAM a Sham, or ought the other's name to be written in future—DISRAELI? Leaving this for the consideration of the universe, let us proceed to note that MR. GLADSTONE assailed LORD PALMERSTON as a quarrelsome person, and applied himself to the Income-Tax question, on which (and, we suspect, on some other matters) he means to lend his honeyed eloquence and valuable vote to HER MAJESTY'S opposition. He said, neatly enough, that the people of England, though impatient of taxation, are reckless of expenditure; but if he would have the extreme goodness to point out in what practical way BROWN and JONES can check Government expenditure under our present system, those gentlemen would be very much indebted to him, and would much prefer being so to being indebted to the tax-collector. However, the fight on the Tax is to come off at no distant date, and a good slice of the Tax is to come off also. We advise the Nimble Ninepence to be as nimble as possible in getting away. LORD JOHN RUSSELL expressed general dissatisfaction with most things, and MR. MILNER GIBSON made some protests to which nobody paid any attention. SIR JOHN PAKINGTON got LORD PALMERSTON to alter the address so as to avoid committing the House to any opinion as to the China business, and then the Address was agreed to.

Wednesday. On the next stage of the Address MR. HADFIELD complained that he never heard in a Speech anything that he did not know before. *Mr. Punch* could easily make the honourable and disagreeable member one which would not be liable to that censure, but, valuing himself on his extreme suavity and politeness, abstains. VERNON SMITH mentioned that cotton was being satisfactorily cultivated in Bombay. The deficiency in supply has been attributed to the immense quantities, which, whenever Indian grievances come up, are found to be stuffed into the ears of the authorities. The House appointed its Kitchen Committee, and departed to the domestic lunch.

Thursday. In the House of Lords a piteous spectacle was afforded. POOR LORD CARDIGAN, who has merited and obtained so much castigation that humane people are now inclined to let him alone, has cast a new enemy in one of his own order, Major the Honourable SOMERSET CALTHORPE. In a book on the Crimean Campaign, the Major, a relative of LORD RAGLAN, has, according to the Earl, "maligned and defamed" him. LORD CARDIGAN, after an historical *résumé* of duelling, a touching reference to his own trial for felony, and an implied lamentation that it was impossible for him to call CALTHORPE out, stated that he had in vain sought reparation from that individual, and therefore had asked the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE to bring the Major to a Court-martial. The Duke refused to be bored with such bosh, having real business on his hands, and so LORD CARDIGAN was driven to ask LORD PANMURE whether such conduct as MAJOR CALTHORPE'S was right and proper. LORD PANMURE, in reply, blew him up for turning the House of Lords into a grievance tribunal, and told him that he had received the thanks of Parliament for his services, and those were an answer to all attacks. The Major has, of course, written to the papers, reiterating his charges, and especially reminding LORD CARDIGAN that his Lordship was retreating from the Balaklava Charge while his men were advancing, and that he rides too well to lay the blame upon his horse.

In the Commons MR. SPOONER gave notice that his attack on Maynooth would be renewed in a fortnight. There seems no hope of escape. If he lived at Notting Hill, or some other retired district—but no, he resides close to the House, and in the thick of gaslights and policemen; besides, it is impossible to regard the Garotte as constitutional, even in an extreme case like this. Perhaps, in the meantime, some beautiful young Catholic lady may fall in love with him and convert him to the old faith. We see no other chance for the nation, unless this atrocious weather should give him a touch of bronchitis, which we heartily hope it will not, much as we detest the annual squabble he raises. There was nothing else worth note, except that a Select Committee was appointed to consider what is to be done with the Hudson's Bay Company, which, under old charters, keeps colonisation out of an enormous piece of our American possessions, in order to preserve the animals that yield the furs in which the Company trade. This great wild beast preserve will have to be enfranchised.

Friday. A few of the Lords met, exchanged a quarter-of-an-hour's chat, and separated. About the only thing they did was to receive a petition from Margate against the Income-Tax. It is a little surprising that systematic robbery should not find favour with the Margate lodging-house keepers, especially when it is connected with enormous lying.

In the Commons, SIR CORNEWALL LEWIS explained that in regard to the Persian war, JOHN BULL and JOHN COMPANY go Yorkshire; but as regards the Chinese affair, BULL stands Sammy. Reducing this explanation to vulgar English, it means that the first outlay is shared equally between England and the East India Company, but that the country defrays the second. However, as the Company owe us money, we pay them nothing this year. A long debate then followed upon the Currency Question, on which, as everybody understands it, no information is necessary beyond the statement that Government, instead of coming forward with a Bill upon the subject of the Bank Charter, refer

the matter to a committee, in order to escape trouble and responsibility. After this, Mr. Lowe brought in a Bill for abolishing the passing tolls claimed by four harbours, one of which is Ramsgate. As this watering-place is now to be taken into the hands of Government, it will be open to any Member to put, during the bathing season, such a notice as this on the paper:—

“MR. PUDOR to ask VISCOUNT PALMERSTON whether it is true that the Ladies at Ramsgate sit among the Bathing-Machines, to the embarrassment of the Masculine Bathers; and whether the noble VISCOUNT is prepared to take measures for checking so objectionable a practice. Also to move for a return of the names and ages of the Ladies who are found on that part of the Ramsgate Sands.”

A COURT ALMONER EXTRAORDINARY.



THE Royal Household Books of the Middle Ages contain entries of expenses, among which are occasionally found items of this description—“Pa^ye Divell viii^d,” that is to say, paid somebody eightpence for personating the devil in a “mystery” or “morality;” the palace theatricals of the period. Eightpence does not seem a very handsome remuneration for playing the devil; but money was more valuable then than it is now; and perhaps the Lord Chamberlain, or Master of the Revels, or whoever it was that had to regulate the salaries of the actors, did verily give “y^e Divell” his due.

It appears that, under existing arrangements at Windsor Castle, the due, perhaps, but certainly no more than the due, is awarded to the player. That such is the

case is indicated by the following Police Report:—

“THE WINDSOR CASTLE THEATRICALS AND THE POOR-BOX.—MR. JAMES ROGERS, the well-known Comedian at the Olympic Theatre, waited on MR. ELLIOTT, and handed to his worship the sum of 18s. 4d., with the following note:—

“Sir,—Allow me to present to the poor-box the enclosed 18s. 4d., being the amount I received for performing at Windsor Castle on Wednesday evening last.”

“—ELLIOTT, Esq. I am, Sir, your obedient Servant, JAMES ROGERS.

“MR. ROGERS requested his worship would, with his usual kindness, acknowledge his small donation in the usual way, upon which MR. ELLIOTT said he would give him a receipt for it, but MR. ROGERS replied that that was not necessary.

“It would appear that the restriction of such members of the Olympic company as performed before the QUEEN and Court on Wednesday night last to the payment of their mere night's salary, has given rise to some gossip and grumblings amongst the profession.”

Polonius at Windsor Castle does not take the advice of *Hamlet* in the matter of dealing with the players. When the Prince of Denmark desires the old courtier to use those professional ladies and gentlemen well, *Polonius* replies by promising to use them according to their desert; whereupon the princely Dane rejoins:—

“Odd's bodkin, man, better: Use every man after his desert, and who should scape whipping! Use them after your own honour and dignity: The less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.”

The Windsor *Polonius* has altogether disregarded these instructions, unless, indeed, MR. ROGERS and his fellow comedians may, with reason, consider that he has, in a sense, fulfilled the last one. If he has, however, done the actors bare justice, has he done so much as that to the dramatic authors whose pieces have been performed before the Court? Have they received any recognition whatever?

Polonius may perhaps hold that the sum of 13s. 4d. is a royal reward, inasmuch as it is more than a noble one: being, in fact, twice as much as a Noble. He may also contend that MR. ROGERS had no reason to be dissatisfied with his hire, since, marry, the payment made to him, amounting to 13s. 4d., constituted an acknowledgment that he was an actor who had made his Mark.

Prima Facie Evidence.

No man carries his business in his face so unmistakably as BRASSY. He is a lawyer and a bill-discounter, and has a parchment skin and a bottle-nose. He takes snuff, too, in a greedy grasping manner, as though it were a client he was pinching, and he would not be satisfied with anything short of cent-per-cent!

NO JOKE FOR A JURY.

THE wisdom of our ancestors was remarkably exhibited in a matter which occurred the other day at the Central Criminal Court. A jury not being able to agree upon their verdict in a certain case, were locked up all night. The next morning they were brought into court, not having come, and not being likely to come, to an agreement—wherefore they were discharged. The fact is that the provision made by the wisdom of our ancestors for ensuring their unanimity was practically nullified. According to the report:—

“A jury in a criminal case, in the present state of the law, are not allowed to have any refreshment or fire, with the exception of candle-light; but with a view to remedy, as far as was practicable, the inconvenience to which they must necessarily be subjected by being confined in such cruel weather without any necessary comforts, MR. UNDER-SHERIFF CROSLY, with the sanction of the Court, directed that the jury should be placed in the dining-room, in which there had been two large fires the whole of the evening, and a great number of lamps were also placed in it, and this to some extent increased the temperature.”

The consequence was, that the jury came to no agreement. Had they been, in the spirit of our ancestors' wisdom, confined in an atmosphere of 26°, which, in the absence of artificial heat, would have been about the temperature at which they would have had to conduct their deliberations, possibly they would have soon arrived at a conclusion. Cold and hunger together would perhaps have succeeded. Hunger alone was tried. The report in continuation states that:—

“The jurymen earnestly entreated to be allowed to have some refreshment, but they were informed that the law was inexorable, and that the Court could not legally grant their request.”

More starvation failed. The jurymen should have been frozen as well as starved. It is true that they might have set to at sparring to maintain their animal heat, and have occupied themselves in punching one another's heads instead of laying them together. This exercise, however, might have been compatible with a determination, for they might have fought out the question of the prisoner's guilt or innocence. The practice of freezing and starving a jury into some decision is one example of that wisdom of our ancestors whereof the *paino forte et dure* was another—only the former instance of wisdom is more wonderful than the latter—for the idea of overcoming obstinacy by the infliction of pain can be understood; but that of conyineing the mind by the same method, passes all understanding. Besides, the prisoner pressed to death may peradventure be guilty, whereas the starved and frozen jury are not even accused of any offence. Of these two illustrations of the wisdom of our ancestors we have abolished the less striking, but we retain the more stupendous.

A LION LIEUTENANT.

A SMARTLY written account of a Staffordshire Yeomanry Ball is given in a recent number of the *Wolverhampton News*. The writer has studied, not unsuccessfully, the impertinencies of American ball-critics, and he discourses with the most unhesitating freedom upon the personal advantages and disadvantages of the ladies and gentlemen present. However, if the Staffordshire people like that sort of thing, it is their business. We propose to extract one sample only, for the delectation of mankind generally:—

“The great hero of the evening, however, was a genuine cherubim of the 10th Hussars, accompanied by LIEUT. M—, of the Staffordshire militia, just returned from the Cape of Good Hope, and who engrafs on the gentlemanly deportment of his father all the ease and magnanimity of the African lion.”

Simply pointing out to the ingenious writer of the above that the word “cherubim” is plural, and means cherubs (it is perhaps too much to expect Hebrew from Wolverhampton), we should like to see an explanation of his description of the gallant Lieutenant from the Cape. At present our zoology is at fault.

A Cure for Crinoline.

THE young men of fashionable society propose to form themselves into a combination against the gigantic nuisance of Crinoline. This confederacy will style itself the Anti-Dancing-League; its members all engaging with each other not to contract any engagement to dance on any evening at any party whatsoever with any young lady, or with any old woman, who wears those preposterous skirts which incommode everybody about her for a considerable distance, and render the performance of a waltz or a polka, with the most eligible partner an intolerable bore.

JUDGMENT REVERSED.—If PARIS had to go over his celebrated Judgment at the present day, he would give the Apple, not to the prettiest woman, but to the one who had the largest *Jupan*.

A JINGLE FOR THE EARS OF PARLIAMENT.—Precarious Income is incommensurate with income derived from permanent property.

HOOP AND JUPE.

In a Duchess's satin-wood wardrobe so spacious
A ball-dress with *jupé en tube* gave itself airs,
Taking up so much room for its volume capacious
That the skirts which hung near were deprived of their shares.
In vain angry gauzes and silks puffed and rustled,
And dowager *moiré antiques* thrust their way;
To the corner a meek French-grey satin was hustled,
And a blush-coloured *crêpe* on the floor swooning lay.

Now it chanced that, besides modern dresses, there slumbered
In the Duchess's wardrobe an ancient brocade;
From the days of QUEEN ANNE its first triumphs it numbered,
And under two GEORGES a figure had made.
It had swum through a minuet at Kensington Palace,
Promenaded at Ranelagh, been chaired through the Mall,
Stooped to go masquerading to MADAME CORNELLY'S,
Then slept, till revived for the last powder-ball.

With anger the ven'erable hoop had been swelling
At the modern balloon, in its over-puffed pride;
Till at length, such audacious encroachments repelling,
The soul 'neath the old whalebone ribs woke, and cried;
"How dare you, Miss FLIMSY, come thrusting your flounces
On your elders and betters? How dare you, I say?
Your sixteen full breadths, and your tubes and your bounces
Won't impose upon me, Miss! nor make me give way."

"My dears, I'm surprised"—here she turned to the dresses,
Who stared from their pegs, at her courage spell-bound—
"You endure such a creature's great airs, who I guess is
Grande dame in no sense, but her measurement round.
Do look at those *volants*, like leaves of cow-cabbage,
Swelling, row under row, trimmed with *ruche* by the mile!
I don't speak of the cost; in my time we'd no BABBAGE—
But the taste's what I look at, my dears, and 'tis vile!"

"You old thing!" cried the angry young *jupé* in a passion,
"How dare you talk of size, with that hoop stiffened out;
It's only your spite, because I'm in the fashion,
And you're not, if you ever were in, which I doubt.
I believe, if this moment we both could be measured,
There's stuff in your tawdry old skirt—so I do—
(I can't think how such rubbish her grace should have treasured)
Of moderate skirts, such as mine, to make two."

"Or suppose 'tis no ampler, at least 'tis as ample
As ever a *jupon* that's worn now-a-days;
So against your abuse, Ma'am, I plead the example
Of your own whalebone tub crowned by long-waisted stays.
But absurd as you look, in this wardrobe suspended,
With nothing inside you, decide, dresses, pray,
If by tall-powdered *tête*, and high heels she'd be mended,
And the patched, painted face of a *belle* of her day!"

"Irreverent monkey!"—rejoined, with a rustle
Of her sore-ruffled folds the indignant brocade—
"How dare you, wretched offspring of *bouffant* and bustle,
Judge the elegant times when my gloss was displayed?
When no slipshod slatternly nature intruded
In manner or morals, deportment or dress;
When gowns sat and rose, walked and danced—as, if you did,
You'd have reason to give yourself airs, I confess."

"From the tip of a heel to the lace of a top-knot,
Ladies then were turned out from Art's finishing school:
Durst not shift e'en a patch, not add riband or drop-knot,
From bodice or sleeve, but according to rule.
Each bend of the body, each beat of the bosom
Was marked out by compass and measured by line:
I suppose folks *had* hearts, and were subject to lose 'em,
But hearts or no hearts, all was stately and fine."

"Then I had a meaning: the whalebone that bound me
Was an emblem of manners as stiff as its pale:
Patches, paint, high-heeled shoes, powdered *têtes*—all around me,
From BEAU NASH at the Bath, to MACHEATH in the gaol—
All was mannered and modish: but you affect nature;
Your manners are blunt—not to use a worse word—
In style and deportment, in movement and feature,
As nature decides, at your ease you're absurd."

"Then the dress of old times with old manners abandon,
Out of second-hand hoops wriggle fast as you may;
For ridicule, now, lays irreverent hand on
Excesses, which fashion could crown in my day."

If folks will trust nature, in all she inspires them,
In her good as her bad do give nature a chance:
Let our women be seen, not the stuff that attires them:
And leave Crinoline and air-jupons to France."

TICKETS-OF-LEAVE!

(How they Work in Private Life.)



R. JONES obtained leave of absence for four days upon the plea that he had most important business to transact in the country. Upon Mr. JONES being accidentally seen in a private box at the Olympic, it would seem as though his business had been suddenly postponed, for he returned home in a very great hurry that same evening.

The Ticket-of-Leave which had been promised to MRS. AUGUSTA BROWN for a month's holiday next autumn at Broadstairs (and upon which she had so far built as to order in Cranbourne Street a new Chantilly bonnet expressly from Paris), has since been rescinded, owing to a violent fit of hysterics that she was weak enough to indulge in on her birthday, because Mr. BROWN ventured before company to express his dis-

pleasure, in terms that he "could not possibly control," upon the shabbiness of the dinner.

MISS LOUISA SYMPSON and MISS DOROTHEA PERKINS have each had their Tickets-of-Leave for two hours' absence every day taken away from them, as the awful discovery was made, that instead of going to SIGNOR SOTTOVOCE's for their singing-lesson, they were in the habit of strolling into the conservatory at the Pantheon Bazaar, where two moustachioed gentlemen, "unbeknown" to their mammas, were generally waiting for them. Their movements have been closely watched ever since.

The Ticket-of-Leave that was granted to MEGGY, the Irish cook, of 411, Albany Street, to go to the theatre with her brother, who had just come home from Australia, was instantly suspended upon its being discovered that her brother wore the uniform of a corporal of the dashing regiment that is quartered in the neighbouring barracks. MEGGY, until her removal, which takes place at the end of the month, is placed under strict surveillance.

MR. FRANK HUGHES has had his Ticket-of-Leave, that he has enjoyed for several years past, to dine at the club every Saturday, unequivocally suspended until further notice, as last week he came home with only half a collar, and his neck-handkerchief dangling down his back, in such a helpless deplorable state that it was morally impossible to believe that the "Salmon" could be entirely to blame for it.

The Tickets-of-Leave that had been liberally given to the pupils of DR. BIRCH'S Academy for an extra week's holiday, have since been recalled upon certain representations having been made to the worthy Doctor by several of the parents, whose means of living are not perhaps of the most expansive character, that the indulgence, though kindly meant, was only likely to retard the progress of their son's studies.

MRS. THOMPSON'S umbrella that had been carried off by the FALCONS one tempestuous night, when it was pouring with rain, upon their solemnly undertaking to send it back the next morning, came home twenty-three days after its Ticket-of-Leave had expired, not in the least improved from its lengthened absence.

The Pope's Best Boy.

It is said that PRO NONO calls KING BOMBA "the holiest son of the Church." If BOMBA merits that description, the Church, unless her girls are better than her boys, must have a sad family.

NEW GEOGRAPHICAL WANT.—A Chart(er) of the Bank on "MERCA-TOR's" Projection.



A GOOD LIVER.

Frank. "I SAY, GRANDPA! HAVEN'T YOU GOT SOME CHAPS COMING TO GRUB WITH YOU TO-DAY?"

Grandpa. "EH! WHAT? SOME GENTLEMEN ARE COMING TO DINE WITH ME TO-DAY, SIR, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN!"

Frank. "HAH! SAME THING! WELL, LOOK HERE! YOUR COOK ISN'T A GREAT HAND AT A SALAD—NOW THAT'S A THING I FLATTER MYSELF I UNDERSTAND BETTER THAN MOST MEN—SO, IF YOU LIKE, I'LL MIX YOU ONE!"

A RAT IN THE HOUSE.

In the last number of the *Quarterly* there is an admirable article on Rats; and we hope we betray no confidence when we inform the reader that it is the production of the RIGHT HON. BENJAMIN DISRAELI. Indeed, to any one acquainted with the style of *Coningsby*, the manner reveals itself. There is, however, one especial bit that we must quote, inasmuch as (probably all unconsciously) it reveals the hopes and intentions of the Right Hon. gentleman during the present session with a view to a return to the enjoyment of the fatness of office. The writer dwells upon the habits of rats; with their extraordinary adaptation of means to ends in the pursuit of food. They will, by means of a division of labour, carry eggs up-stairs; they will tip over a drum of figs that their brethren under the table may have a scramble; and—writes MR. DISRAELI:—

"They will extract the cotton from a flask of Florence oil, dipping in their long tails, and repeating the manoeuvre, until they have consumed every drop."

Now, it is our firm belief that, in this little anecdote MR. DISRAELI has revealed the policy of himself and party for at least the present session. First, they have to make sure of the cotton. That is, they have to get over the Manchester party; and so, by amendments on the Army and Navy estimates, cutting them down to the quick, to damage the Ministry. Well, we will say the cotton is secured. How is the oil to be extracted? We acknowledge it to be the privilege of genius to make nought of difficulty. Nevertheless, we must ask it. How will the party manage to achieve the required elevation that it may introduce its tail downward into the flask? As to the possibility of extracting the cotton, we must not—especially after MR. MILNER GIBSON'S last address to his constituents—for a moment doubt; but with even the cotton made sure of, how to get at the oil? Well, the only way will be to capsize the flask, and this MR. DISRAELI will certainly do if—he can.

AN ICE STATE OF THINGS.

We have every disposition to avoid a pun, but we cannot help saying that the streets last week were in an ice mess. To say the pavements were like glass would be to use a phrase in everybody's mouth, although nobody we suppose ever walked upon glass, or could speak from experience of the truth of the comparison. It would perhaps be more correct to say that the pavements were like strips of Wenham Lake when frozen; and any one who ventured on them, even without skates, was pretty sure to cut a figure. To persons of our weight the matter was really far too serious for joking, or we might have remarked that almost every one we met seemed to have come out in his slippers, and to have lost his powers of understanding. More than once in making a "terrific descent" from the kerbstone, we were reduced to the expedient of the man with the cork leg, and we "clung to a lamp-post—but all in vain" to arrest our downward precipitance. And more than twice, as we went floundering along, and finding no rest for the sole of our boot, we should have cried out with ARCHIMEDES, *Δός μοι τοῦ στῆ*, but that we knew we should run a risk in doing so of being taken up by a policeman for using bad language. Even when, regardless of the Income-Tax, we sent out for a cab, we found that it was possible to have many a slip 'twixt our door and the step: and we rarely went fifty yards before the wheels came to "Wo!"—which, as we found generally the horse was on his ribs, we considered to be rather an unnecessary oburgation to him.

Much as we abominate slippery behaviour, we were compelled for a day or two to plead guilty to the charge, and we are conscious of having shown symptoms of decided unsteadiness in our walk in life. Wishing to take steps in the right direction, we on more than one occasion slipped away to the left: and indeed such was our back-sliding that, if only for our moral reputation's sake, we were most heartily rejoiced to see the thaw—which not inappropriately came on Thor's day.



DESCEND, YE NINE!

SURGEON PAM. "STOP, LEWIS!—HE'S HAD ENOUGH!"



SOME MORE CHAPTERS IN THE HISTORY OF JOHN BULL.

How NICK the poacher determined to steal a Turkey: and how JOHN BULL took measures to circumvent him.

At last news was brought to JOHN BULL, that NICK the poacher, not satisfied with wiring the runs, smoking the pheasants, and netting the partridges on the manor, had a design on the poultry-yard, which JOHN was at great pains and cost to keep up, on one of his outlying farms. In this poultry-yard, about this time, was an uncommon fine breed of Turkeys, on which NICK had set his heart. First he tried scattering nasty stuff among the grain with which the birds were fed, and when it disagreed with a Turkey he would swear the bird was sick, and that it would be a mercy to wring its neck at once, for that sure it would never fatten. And then, thought he, I could get the carcass—'twould be famous eating. Luckily he had dropped a hint of his design to one SEEMORE, an old servant of JOHN BULL's, who happened to fall in with NICK at an alehouse where he was drinking and bragging as usual, so JOHN was on his guard, and told his bailiff on the farm, one CANNING, an ill-tempered dog as you would find in all the country round, but a sharp fellow enough, to look well after the Turkey-pen.

The bailiff soon found out what ailed the birds, and swore that they would soon come round if properly looked after—which was true enough. So NICK, being foiled in this plan of his, determined to break open the Turkey-pen and steal the birds by main force. I promise you this went sore against his grain; for big as he was, he was an arrant sneak, and would rather scheme and lie and plot for a year than risk a bout at fisticuffs, at any time. So he began to make preparations for an attack on the pen. JOHN BULL heard NICK had been buying powder and shot, and so was determined to be even with him. So he sent round his estate, and got together a posse of lusty young fellows as watchers, and had 'em drilled, and put 'em under the orders of his keepers and under-keepers. Before he sent the lads off to the farm—which was a poor, cold, hungry bit of moorland, a long way from the mansion-house—he called the young fellows together, and said, "Now, my lads, you know what a determined rogue this NICK is. You'll have to keep watch in the day, and to lie out at nights, and take hard knocks into the bargain. I dare say 'twill be rough work, especially as the winter is coming on. But I've charged the keepers to look after your comfort; you shall have plenty of the best to eat and drink, and loads of warm great-coats and blankets; you know I like my servants to live well, and lie warm" (which was quite true)—and, with that, he gave them a guinea to drink his health, and off they started for the farm, in famous heart, with three cheers for MR. BULL, that would have done any man good to hear.

How JOHN BULL's keepers neglected their duty, and how the watchers suffered.

Well, when the lads got to the farm, they found that NICK was in the neighbourhood sure enough, with two of his sons, thorough young rascals as ever stretched a halter, and a band of all the rogues of his own kith and kin and kidney that he could scrape together. He had armed them out of the store of old guns, pistols, and blunderbusses, which the old rascal always kept by him for his poaching jobs, and they made no secret that they meant to fight it out with JOHN's watchers. So the keepers posted their lads all about the farm, some upon the cold, bleak moor, where I promise you 'twas cold and cheerless enough, and others nearer the Turkey-pen, and round the house. Of course they kept the best quarters for themselves. The beef, and bacon, and bread, and beer, and coffee, and tea, and sugar, and the warm great-coats and blankets that JOHN BULL had sent up for the use of the watchers, they shot down all higgledy-piggledy in an out-house, a few hundred yards from the home-stead, and locked the door, and gave the key to an old fiddler, that was past watching or fighting, and trusted him with the business of carrying up the victuals and clothes to the young fellows as they might want 'em; only they forgot to give him servants and carts and horses for the job, though the poor old fellow begged hard, and swore he couldn't do the work without them.

All went on well enough while the summer lasted, though the lying out in the damp nights gave some of the lads sore colds, and 'quinsies, and bowel-complaints. However, they never complained, but stuck to their watching like men.

But at last the cold weather came—and a terrible winter it was: snow and sleet over head, and mud and slush under foot, and the poor fellows that lay out o' nights suffered terribly, as you may believe. Their clothes grew thin and ragged; their shoes burst, till the poor toes peeped out all swelled and frost-bitten. It wouldn't have been so bad if there had been more of them to take spell and spell about of watching at night: but they were so few, and NICK's rogues so many, that it was as much as they could do to keep the farm, lying out two nights in three, and never getting so much as a meal of warm

victuals, or a good blanket to wrap about them, or a new pair of boots, or a great coat, though they were all in rags and dying of cold. The poor old fiddler did his best to carry 'em great coats, and blankets, and victuals. But he was kept so short-handed, he couldn't supply such things as fast as they were wanted. In fact he was at his wits' end, and it was all in vain he begged and prayed, and stormed and swore for horses and hands and carts, and so forth. The keepers lived in the farm-house, warm and snug, and jeered, and cursed him for a lazy, muddle-headed old fool, and said it was his business, and not theirs, to feed the rascals. The head-keeper was a good kind of man enough, but he was old and easy-tempered, and the young fellows about him were most of 'em nephews and grandchildren of his own, and as was only natural, he took their word for everything, and, indeed, had his will been ever so good, he was rheumatic and stiff in the joints, and so couldn't go about among the watchers as a younger man might have done.

And when the watchers complained, he took out the lists of the things JOHN BULL had sent up, and swore there must be plenty for everybody; and fell into the way of cursing the old fiddler for a fool and a nincompoop, like the rest of the younger men about him. The longer winter went on, the worse things grew. The out-house, where the victuals and clothes had been shot out, just as the carts brought 'em, was in an awful state of confusion. The old fiddler couldn't put his hand on anything when he wanted it. The beer all turned sour before a pint of it found its way to the watchers: and,—as for warm drinks,—there was coffee enough, but it was green; and when it was carried to the poor watchers, they had no fire to roast it, and no mills to grind it, and many of 'em nothing to drink it out of, even if they could have made it.

Meanwhile, NICK's rogues were doing their best to steal a march upon JOHN BULL's watchers. Many a time the two came to blows, and when this happened JOHN BULL's lads always gave a good account of NICK's bullies, and sent 'em away with sore heads and aching bones. But the poor fellows couldn't fight against empty bellies and bare backs, as well as against NICK and his poachers. So many of 'em, at last, in sheer despair, laid down at their posts, and fairly gave up the ghost, till there was but a handful of 'em left to face NICK and his blackguards.

(To be continued.)

ABOVE A JOKE.

A NIGHT or two since, the EARL OF CARDIGAN reminded the House of Lords that, once upon a time, for fighting a duel—

"He had the misfortune to be placed at their lordships' bar, and tried as a felon, with the imminent danger of losing not only his property, but even his personal liberty."

Everybody who remembers the manner by which the noble Earl obtained an acquittal; or rather, by which the case was made to break down; must own, that when his Lordship complains of that event, he proves himself to be wholly insensible to a joke. There never was a more complete farce played at the Adelphi, than the farce of the CARDIGAN trial in the House of Lords.

DEMURRER TO MURROUGH.

A CONTEMPORARY, desirous to be very eulogistic of MR. MURROUGH, Member for Bridport, enumerates that gentleman's achievements during the past Session, and gracefully arrives at the following climax:—

"Such a man must have withstood temptation when the Minister was buying up mediocrities."

There are a good many people in this world who prefer long words to short ones, even when not quite clear about the exact meaning of the former. Our charitable view of the above sentence is, that the writer is of the number. Nevertheless he has innocently managed to come near the truth.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

I BEG TO GIVE NOTICE that there is no truth whatever in the report that I am about to bestow my hand, fortune, and every stick I have, on VENUS, or VESTA, or any other Star, celestial, theatrical, or otherwise. As such a report, if allowed to remain uncontradicted, might do incalculable injury to my future prospects by circulating the erroneous notion that I was no longer an available match (which would be a terrible blow indeed to my lantern!). It is to be hoped that this contradiction will be received by the public with all the flatness that the subject demands. The object of this Advertisement, therefore, is to state, that I am still open to competition, and to let the ladies know that my quarterings, which are some of the oldest in the world, and the large amount of silver that I have always at my disposal, are such as would reflect credit of no small brilliancy on any house that is liberally open to an offer, from one who stands so remarkably high in the world as myself.

(Signed)

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

(In Nubibus.)

THE ANTI-GAROTTE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

(TEMPORARY OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET.)

PROSPECTUS.



WITH a view of meeting one of the chief exigences of the time, the Directors of this Company feel pleasure in submitting their prospectus to the notice of the nervous public. It having become proverbial that the Police are only to be found when they are not wanted, and there being no authentic case on record of their having ever yet come up in time to prevent a garotte robbery, the Directors have decided that whilst the "force" has a weakness for cooks and sausage suppers, it is imperative that other means should be adopted for insuring the protection of the public. The Company have therefore set on foot a body of their own, having no connection with the members of the MAYNE force, and composed of men of such surpassing ugliness, that there is little danger of their whiskers

finding favour in the eyes at kitchen windows, and of their area-sneaking from their duties like their leg-of-mutton-loving brethren.

These protectives will be nightly in attendance at the Stations of the Company, and will hold themselves in readiness at half-a-minute's notice to obey the summons of any one insured in it, and escort him in safety through the dangers of the district. It will also be feasible, on the payment of a slight addition to the premium, to secure the guard of a protective officer every evening of the week at a fixed time and place; so that business men of punctual habits, who may be residing at a distance from their omnibus, may regularly ensure themselves a safe walk home from it. In the same manner too a special escort may be ordered in those suburban wastes where cabs are unprocurable, and where visiting is now very nearly put a stop to, on account of the dangers of the getting home. There will, however, in this case be a proviso in the policy for the payment of a stated personal gratuity, whenever the protectives are detained after midnight; and when summoned to a dinner-party, their fees will be proportioned to the corks which have been drawn, and the consequent cork-screwiness which any gentleman may manifest in his homeward ambulation.

While specifying some of the corporeal advantages which will be secured to those insuring in the Company, the Directors scarcely need call notice to its mental benefits, nor point out how immensely they expect it will conduce to the peace of mind, not of the insured alone, but of their wives and families. By paying a small yearly premium (the rate to be proportioned in some measure to the strength and stature of the person who desires to be protected) every affectionate husband and father will henceforth have the means of effectually allaying that conjugal anxiety which has of late infected the suburban districts. The approach of dinner-time need now no longer rouse such terrors in the wifely heart, lest, in coming down that single-lamp-lit road, to which after nightfall no policeman ever penetrates, her TOMKINS should have found himself embraced by some other arms than those of Mrs. T.

"Impenitence and Sin."

CLERGYMEN—if we are to judge from the doings in Convocation—are promised with a discretionary power to enable them to abstain from reading the burial-service over persons who "may have died in impenitence and sin." Will this strengthen the pillars of the Established Church? If clergymen of the Church are to be thus made the censors of the dead, we think one point is clear as the result—it will considerably add to the number of the dissenting living.

NON-ACCEPTANCE OF THE HUNDREDS.

MANY of the guileless constituents of Glasgow have expressed their surprise that their member, MR. JOHN MACGREGOR, seems obstinately determined not to accept the Chiltern Hundreds. Why not try the Ex-Director with Thousands?

BEDLAM AND DOWNING STREET.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has been uncommonly amusing in some of his late acknowledgments of the receipt of "conscience money." That phrase is, however, hardly applicable to the sum specified in the announcement subjoined:—

"The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER acknowledges the receipt of £70 in Bank of England Notes, from persons who, having a doubt to whom it belongs, have decided on paying it into the public Exchequer."

This is not restitution; it is donation: it is more than justice; it is generosity. Most people having any reasonable doubt as to whether a sum of money belonged to anybody in particular, would give themselves the benefit of the doubt, and divide the amount. Some might, perhaps, put it into a poor-box; but it is difficult to conceive what can induce anybody to make a present of it to the Exchequer. Such a disposal of money is not even rewarded by that pleasure which is said ever to attend, and sometimes does attend, the performance of a benevolent action. It does not promote the happiness of one human being: whereas seventy pounds might be so bestowed as to render many wives and children happy. Those who are possessed of any money, and, having a doubt to whom it belongs, determine on paying it into some office, will find one in Fleet Street much more eligible than any in Downing Street. That office is No. 85.

Another of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER's comicalities may perhaps be said to be a real case of conscience-money; but the conscience, in that case, is so preternaturally tender, that it must be supposed to be in a state analogous to inflammation. In citing it, we suppose we exemplify the height of scrupulosity:—

"The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER acknowledges the receipt of the remaining half of a Bank of England note (69,292), value £100, from 'One who in his younger days has frequently shot without a licence.'"

The force of conscience can no further go than this, surely. Remorse for having evaded the Game Laws is even a finer feeling than penitence for having eluded the Income-Tax. The very possibility of it will be inconceivable to the majority of our rural readers; and there are certain districts wherein anybody who might manifest such eccentricity would be in danger of being sent to an asylum. Such a person would not be allowed to go about in the New Forest. We expect the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER will next acknowledge the receipt of a hundred pounds from a gentleman who in his youth attended several masqued balls in the costume of the last century, and omitted to pay the Powder-Tax.



The Tomb of all the Capulets.

A TOMBSTONE is being prepared for this extensive cemetery, to be put over the remains of the "War Ninpence," as soon as that portion of the Income-Tax is decently buried. The inscription will be extremely simple. As it is thought that it is only fair that a War tax should be brought to a rest during Peace, the memorial will merely say:—

Requiescat in Pace.

MARY ANN'S NOTIONS.



Y DEAR MR. PUNCH, — "Drop politics, indeed! And who, if your lordship will be graciously pleased to tell me, is to take them up if I do drop them? Not the honourable members of Parliament who have been meeting this week and talking about everything that was of no consequence at all, and paying no attention in the world to the very things which we look to their high mightinesses to mind. I declare that I lost all patience wading through columns upon columns of debates, and in the whole week not one single law made for doing any good."

Here are hundreds of thousands of people out of employment³ and crying about the streets for food (you need not say that it is not so, because it is, and I myself saw three frozen-out gardeners in our own street yesterday, and made Mamma send them out a shilling⁴), and one would think that the very first thing for Parliament to do, would be the finding out some way to relieve these poor creatures. You may look through the newspapers yourself, and if you can find one single word upon the matter, yes, so much as a single question asked even by the members for the different parts of London (and a pretty set they are, with the exception of two or three, and utterly disgraceful it is to a Metropolis pretending to be intelligent to elect such ninnies⁵) I say if you find a word about these starving creatures you may print it in large capital letters and call me a story-teller.⁶ Not the slightest attention in the world is paid to this dreadful state of things, and, on the contrary, all sorts of nonsense is talked about the happiness of the country—downright wicked falsehoods. I do declare that if I was the QUEEN OF ENGLAND, and the Ministers came to me to ask me to make such a speech as that made on Tuesday, and I am heartily glad that the QUEEN had too much spirit to speak any such rubbish, and gave it to a ridiculous old man in a wig to read,⁷ I would throw it into the fire, and send them all to the Tower. Just fancy. The QUEEN would have had to say that she "witnessed the general well-being and contentment of her people," just at the very time in the afternoon when every one of the Magistrates had got his court crammed with starving persons, and the wretches at the workhouses were barring their doors against them, and refusing to give them anything to eat. Nice well-being and nice contentment, and this hypocrisy is what men call moderation and good sense, and I dare say that if I was to show you that on that very Tuesday ten children were starved in Middlesex—poor little dears!—you would bring a heap of abominable figures to show that no children were being starved in Kent and Surrey (though I dare say that would be false), and therefore the average of food was highly satisfactory.⁸ If there is one word in the world I hate more than another, it is average, because it always means an excuse for cold-heartedness and refusing to do anything kind and Christian. I wonder whether Members of Parliament and priggish-looking Government clerks⁹ would like to go without their dinner any day, and be satisfied to be told that the average of members and clerks were dining, and therefore they need not complain. I think I see their faces, greedy pigs.

And then, if you please, what is it that the Parliament has been talking about? Why, things that concern us no more than the man in the moon. There has been a treaty with Siam. That is a wonderful thing certainly. I dare say that I know more about Siam than anybody who heard the QUEEN'S Speech, because I never did know anything like the ignorance of men about geography, and that LORD CLARENDON and all of them made but one mistake in settling the treaty is marvellous to me, and I only wonder they did not draw the boundary line through Jerusalem.¹⁰ They had much better have asked LADY CLARENDON or MADAME WALEWSKI where Bolgrad was, and then they would not have been deceived by the Russians. But as for Siam, which extends from 4° to 22° N. lat., 98° to 105° 20' E. long., and is bounded on the N. by—but never mind, you see I know—what, in the name of gracious, are we to get by a treaty with those Mongolians? Why, all their language is made of little words, all of one syllable, except what they borrow from the Chinese, and it is perfectly ridiculous to think of a treaty with them. It is like writing to a

child. I suppose it says, 'We—do—mean—to—be—good—friends—with—you—if—you—will—be—good—friends—with—us—we—hope—you—are—quite—well—bless—you—good—bye.' Men ought to be ashamed of themselves.¹¹ And then Persia and China. What does it signify what has been done out there, especially when you cannot hear under a month, and more things are going on while you are talking which may make all that you have said quite beside the question? That is practical, I suppose, men are always so practical. As for the Peace business, I should have thought that those who had anything to do with it would be ashamed to mention such cobbling, but even my dear LORD PALMERSTON could only turn it into fun, and it was very kind of him to put such a good face upon it and defend the ridiculous stupids, and I do not believe one single word of what MR. DISRAELI said against him, and if there is such a treaty dear LORD PALMERSTON was never allowed to see it, I am sure.¹² As for the Income-Tax I cannot quite make out what anybody meant, and it seems such foolish Jesuitry, when, as Papa says, the Ministers know perfectly well what they mean to do, they do not say it out at once, and save all that solemn confabulation. But men are so proud to make speeches, that they would be disgusted at having the opportunity taken away. For the life of me, my dear Mr. Punch, I cannot see the least good in the world that the first week of Parliament has done, not a single law has been made, nor a single word said for the poor people, and if the members cannot do better than that, the thing for them to do is, as AUGUSTUS says—to 'shut up.'

"Ever affectionately,

"MARY ANN."

"Saturday."

¹ We are not a Lord.

² If you must write on such subjects, you had better lay out four and sixpence on Mr. DOB'S *Parliamentary Companion*, and if you read that excellent little book, and understand it, you will not write such nonsense. A law, as you call it, must be read three times, and be considered in Committee, in each House of Parliament.

³ Nothing like that number, which is a ridiculous exaggeration, but enough, we agree with you, to make the subject one for grave and immediate consideration. You are right, little girl.

⁴ Charity at Mammy's expense.

⁵ Without adopting impertinent phrases, we again agree with you. The batch is not brilliant.

⁶ We don't see the use of either operation.

⁷ This is really not the way to speak of the Lord High Chancellor of England.

⁸ Not unamusing, but quite unjust.

⁹ Evidently a personality—you are thinking of some friend of your Papa's.

¹⁰ Go to Jericho, Miss FLIPPANT.

¹¹ For printing such ridicule of a desirable negotiation.

¹² This reckless partisanship is most objectionable. LORD PALMERSTON is a friend of our own, but we cannot have him puffed in this manner. He might think it was intended to remind him that he has never yet given us anything, a fact we would not for the world bring to his notice.

TWO ARTISTS ROLLED INTO ONE.

IN the *Directory*, you will find the address of a gentleman in the Minorities, who writes up over his door "Hairdresser and Photographic Artist."

This strikes us as a curious combination of businesses. Are the two operations carried on at the same time? Does a gentleman sit down in the tonsorial chair to have his stubble removed and his physiognomy struck off by the same *coup-de-main*? Does the self-satisfied *Figaro*, as he wipes his customer's chin, exclaim, in a high tone of tradesman-like exultation: "There you are, Sir, clean shaved—and your portrait taken to a hair, Sir—all in less than two minutes!" In our opinion, a likeness with the upper part of the face darkened with a heavy mass of hair falling straight over it, which the handy *coiffeur* was busy cutting, would present a difficulty of recognition even by one's own son and heir; and, supposing the lower half of the face were whitened with a thick layer of soapsuds, whilst the barber was shaving you, we do not see that that fact even would warrant the likeness being considered a *shave-d'œuvre*. However, the rare power of an artist, who takes off your head one minute and cuts your hair the next, is certainly deserving of record in our historical columns, and we do not know of any photographic genius who would be able to *coiffer* a person equally in both lines of business, unless it is BEARD.

A Bull and Bear Tax.

THE *Daily News* states that on the first of January a tax of one franc was levied by the French Government on every person who entered the Bourse. This step was taken for the discouragement of speculative gambling, a very laudable object, which we hope the tax has so far effected, that, by making the payment of one franc the condition of admission to the Bourse, it has prevented a great many people from being let in for more.

A CASE FOR THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL.—We are always being told that "Property has its rights;" but, surely, in the matter of gloves and boots, Property has its Lefts as well as its Rights.

THE DIVINITY OF COTTON.

THE *New Orleans Delta* has an article on "The Future of Cotton," in which it not only personifies that substance, but idolises it. The high ground which our American contemporary takes for cotton is indicated by the passages italicised (by us) in the extract following:—

"Defended on both flanks, fortified at every point of attack, the institution of slavery diffused as a vital element over all her territory, she will be politically invincible; she may sit under her own fig-tree, with none to make her afraid; and the production of cotton keeping pace with the demand, the sceptre will not pass from the cotton king while there is a Southern soil to be tilled, labour to till it, and intelligence to direct the labour."

The prophetic quotation applied to the "cotton king" evidently shows in what light the writer regards cotton. His other examples of "iteration" refer to the "South," which with him is clearly what the East is to some other people. The South is the Holy Land for this gentleman. His cultivation of cotton is a positive *culte*. He only wants a church in which to worship cotton with divine honours. The church would, of course, have to be furnished with an altar whereon to offer sacrifice to his vegetable deity: The victims to be immolated on the altar would be those of slavery, an institution which he not only proposes to maintain, but to perpetuate by a revival of the slave trade. The future of cotton, perhaps, is, in the opinion of the adorer of that deity, the only future. He therefore praises cotton with psalms and texts of scripture. An advocate of the slave trade may well think that besides the future of cotton there is no hereafter.

"Loud Laughter."

MR. SPOONER (say the Parliamentary reports) gave notice that he would move for a Committee to inquire into the College at Maynooth. (*Loud Laughter*; in which, it may be added, internally MR. SPOONER himself joined. A bystander also informs us that he observed at the time a very broad grin in each of MR. SPOONER's sleeves.)

THE SECRET SERVICE.—Do a man a great service, and you may make yourself perfectly easy that he will never speak a word about it.



THE ART OF POLITE CONVERSATION.

"Old Sloppy! Who ar' you calling Old Sloppy, you little Half Ounce of Suet!"

A FEW MANDARINS WANTED.

THE Chinaman has gone down somewhat in the estimation of the thoughtful Briton since GOLDSMITH wrote the *Citizen of the World*. Then, and before then, the Chinese were the most virtuous and the most wonderful of people, because they were utterly unknown. They were painted under most extravagant forms: and in the brightest colours, even as they paint their own china; but even as china becomes flawed and breaks, even so has JOHN CHINAMAN gone, in our opinion, smash. The philanthropist has been found to be as cruel as a cat; the sage has the guile, the petty larceny of a magpie; the man of meekness the obstinacy of a hog. Even as we have sweetened Chinese tea, so have we, of our own liberality, sweetened Chinese character. Let us set aside the saccharine, and judge the pekoe in its native bitterness.

Well, we propose as speedily as it may be, to end the Chinese war. It is poor work to shiver tea-pots with Woolwich shells. Let us, then, as a means of putting an end to the strife, seize some dozen Mandarins or so—we must have YEH by all means—and straightway ship them to England. Arrived here, let them be immediately placed under the direction of proper guides and philosophers; so that they may not only learn our astounding resources as a fighting nation, but that they may also become subdued by a profound consciousness of our superior morals and of our excellent virtue. Thus disciplined, they may return to China, there to spread abroad a full report of our might and goodness as a people; qualities that, even backed as they are by the testimony of shells and rockets, they are strangely slow to acknowledge.

For instance, we would desire that LORDS CARDIGAN and LUCAN should, by means of interpreters, relate to them the most startling passages of the Crimean campaign; by which the gallant officers would, doubtless, deeply impress the Chinese mind with our admiration of the self-devotion of the British soldier when, by the grace of fortune, he happens to be a nobleman.

A visit to the public offices, with an explanation of the uses of such establishments by MR. ROEBUCK, would, no doubt, touch the celestial minds with great respect for the English as a practical people. A piece of red tape, judiciously presented to each of the visitors, might

serve to impress the visit and its moral consequences on their memory, to serve for the future.

We would advise that a Ticket-of-Leave meeting should be got up by LORD CARNARVON, in order that the Mandarins might behold the effects of the benevolent English law: LORD CARNARVON pointing out with his usual clearness, the brighter instances of the beneficence of the institution.

Finally, the Mandarins should be taken to the Surrey Gardens to hear MR. SPURGEON on the Christian charities. If this did not melt them, let them be straightway shipped to Canton as incorrigible.

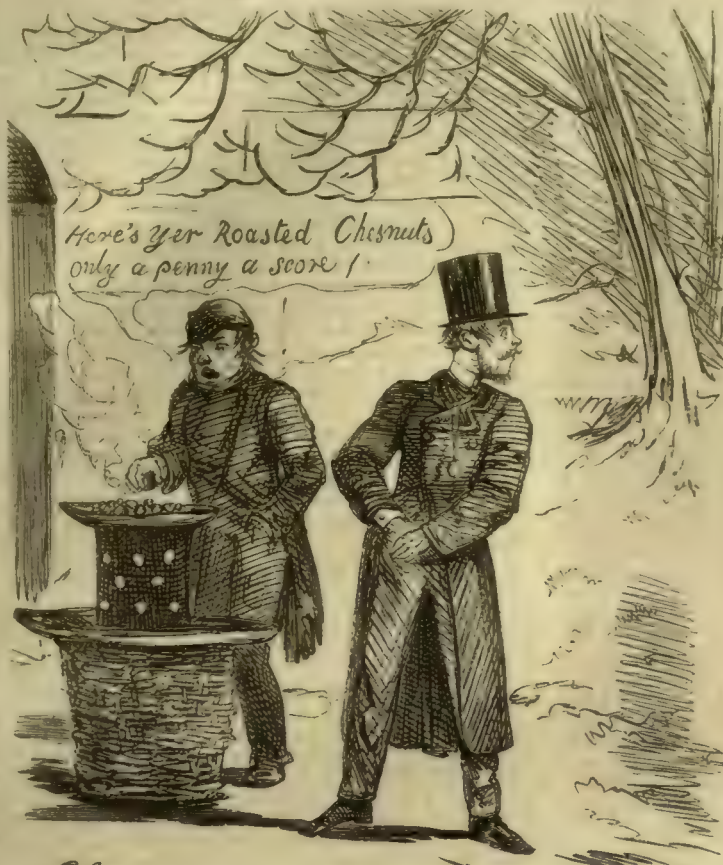
EXTRAORDINARY FLIGHT OF GESE.

DURING the frost there have as usual been great numbers of geese seen flying about the ice in the various parks, and their boldness in doing so, in the face of the dangers to which they were exposed, may well be called extraordinary. However thin it may be frozen, the Serpentine is sure to act as a decoy to these green geese, who in their regardlessness of self-preservation, show an instinct not superior to those still greener birds, the boobies and the noddies. In proof of our assertion—should any one be weak enough to doubt a word in *Punch*—from the *Times* of Monday week we quote the following:—

"Large printed bills were stuck up in the various parks yesterday, announcing that the ice was in a very dangerous state, but many thousand persons would insist upon venturing upon it, and a great many accidents took place."

In Hyde Park, we are told, these geese got ducked a dozen at a time and not being divers, it was not without some difficulty that they could be restored to what it were a compliment to call their senses.

For occasions such as this, we think that the Humane Society would be doing not unwisely to enlist into their service a few of the assistants from the Idiots' Asylum, whose experience would fit them for the cases they would have to deal with. It is obviously needed that, so long as fools rush in where icemen fear to tread, there should be more stringent measures taken to ensure their effectual restraint; and we would therefore suggest that to restore them to their senses, the apparatus now in use at the tents of the Society should in future be inclusive of a number of strait-waistcoats.



Mr. Hobble-de-Hoye. "I'M VERY FOND OF 'EM.—THERE'S NO ONE LOOKING!—
DON'T SEE WHY I SHOULDN'T—I WILL!—YES—I'LL HAVE A PENN'ORTH!"

THE GOBEMOUCHE.

THE Gobemouche (or *Musca Disraelii*) is extremely common in soft climates, such as Italy, the opposition benches, and the Carlton Club, though it has been known to go to the greatest latitudes. It has enormous wings, with which it allows itself to be quietly carried away. It flies instinctively at anything green. Its eyes, too, are enormous, and in political quarters it will see secret things which no one else can see. But its great distinguishing characteristic is its mouth. The aperture of this feature is so accommodatingly large that you can stuff almost anything into it. No matter how preposterous in size or absurdity the thing to be swallowed may be, it gulps it down with the greatest ease and avidity. Its appetite is on a similar scale of capaciousness, and a list of the articles found in the stomach of a Gobemouche would make the abdomen of a shark look very small indeed.

The Gobemouche abounds in clubs, coffee-houses, Chapel Courts, BELLAMY'S, and all old women's tea-parties. A very fine specimen of it is to be met with in the office of the *Morning Herald*. In fact, a wonderful dressing-gown is shown to the curious, which was woven out of the different yarns which the Gobemouches have at different times spun in that establishment. The Editor, it is affirmed, puts on this dressing-gown when he writes his leading articles, and is inspired accordingly.

The food of the Gobemouche consists generally of playbills, pamphlets, programmes, prospectuses, and bright gossamer promises of all kinds; an English Reform Bill, a Spanish constitution, an Austrian liberty of the press, a Russian liberation of the serfs, an American abolition of slavery—nothing is too gross, or too far out of the way for its consumption! It is dearly fond, also, of anything quackish. Thus, the Gobemouche falls an easy prey to the ointment-spreader, and other dealers in soft-soap, such as your cheap-jack philanthropist, your flowery preacher, and mouthing politician. During the elections, the Gobemouche may be caught in thousands and thousands. The pledges they take in then, without the smallest examination, would ruin the richest pawnbroker in no time.

On the Stock Exchange, the poor Gobemouche falls a ready victim to the innumerable Kites that fly about the City.

"NE SUTOR."

(Respectfully Dedicated to the LORD CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND.)

SHOEMAKER CRAN is a well-meaning man,
And a well-meaning man is he,
He's awake to each flaw in the shoes of the Law,
That makes Justice go lame as a tree.

He will humour each corn, soft or hardened to horn,
Each kibe and each bunion admits—
But in spite of his cobbling, still Justice goes hobbling
For CRAN'S jobs all turn out misfits.

And great the disgust is of poor MADAME JUSTICE,
And no wonder she's taking to scold,
When, with all CRAN'S endeavour, she's lamer than ever,
And the new shoes finds worse than the old.

There was Chancery pinched, till she'd sooner be lynched,
Than set foot inside tight Lincoln's Inn;
Doctors' Commons old Law her blisters did draw,
And wore her poor soles to the skin.

And so to mend matters, COBBLER CRAN from the latter's
Upper-leathers a cantle must pare,
And, skilful reformer, to the legs of the former
Sews 'em on, and calls that a new pair!

He pares, welts and lops, rotten old feet and tops,
Bought at booths in the Law's statute-fair,
And puffs that to the nation as Consolidation—
Trash that won't last out one day's rough wear.

He claps old stuff on new; to mend one hole makes two;
In short, turns such botch'd work out of hand,
That poor Justice 'gins swear she would sooner go bare,
Than longer CRAN'S tinkering stand!

Then Shoemaker CRAN, though a well-meaning man,
In law-mending find a new tutor;
Or you'll find, some fine morning, by way of a warning,
O'er your court writ in large hand, "NE SUTOR."

THE ROAD TO RUIN.—Follow the RED-PATH.

When Parliament closes, the Gobemouche wings its flight into the country, where it can be easily traced from one provincial newspaper to another, changing its food at every place. At one time you may hear of its swallowing an enormous Gooseberry, with no more difficulty than a boa-constrictor bolts a rabbit; at another, you read that it is feasting to its heart's content off a Wonderful Shower of Frogs. Sometimes its powers of digestion are severely tried—as, for instance, after it had been dazzled and made giddy with the report that MR. SPURGEON was about to marry LOLA MONTES, it could not be induced to take the smallest bit of political, or green-room gossip; though again when it really is hungry, it will attack anything, and has been known to seize on a tremendous *canard* of the very wildest nature, and, in less time than you can listen to one of MR. GLADSTONE'S speeches, make very small bones of it, indeed!

"BREAD UPON THE WATERS."

WE have rarely met with a more pious, a more touching revelation of inward thankfulness than is shown through the subjoined advertisement, and issued by the Misses S—, of Liverpool:—

THE MISSES S—, on retiring from their sphere of labour in Liverpool, desire to record the mercy of God in having permitted them so long to enjoy the sympathy and kindness of their various friends, and trust that the bread cast upon the waters by their instrumentality, may be found and enjoyed by their pupils after many days. The Misses S. will be happy to receive any of their day-pupils as boarders after the Christmas recess, at ———

Thus, it is evident that the Misses S—, having, as day-teachers, thrown their diurnal bread upon the waters, feel justified in the Christian hope that the bread may be returned to them as boarding-school mistresses, very thickly buttered.

THE FOG-SIGNALS.—The new system of Fog-Signals is to be tried in the House of Commons on the night of the first heavy debate. Each speaker is to be provided with a Fog-Signal, in order that Members may see in what particular course he is steering. MR. SPOONER is to have two.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



FEBRUARY 9TH. *Monday.* The next "difference" which is likely to arise between the English and French Governments will be upon the question, whether the Danubian Principalities shall be soldered together, or kept apart. England is for separation, France for solder. Considering that we went to war for the integrity of the Turkish Empire, and considering that the joining these two provinces would speedily throw them into the grip of Russia, we are rather more consistent than our Allies. Meantime, it was agreed that neither power was to say anything on the subject until the views of the parties specially interested, namely, Turkey and the Principalities themselves, had been obtained, and the *Moniteur* has been breaking compact, and LORD CLARENDON expressed his "surprise," which is diplomatic for disgust.

In the Commons, MR. LOWE said that there was no reason for legislative provision against railway accidents,

for that out of 195 millions of HER MAJESTY'S subjects who travelled by rail in 1856, only 8 were killed and 282 injured. As the total population of the three kingdoms, including Eelpie Island, was, at the last census, only 25,435,325, we presume that MR. LOWE counted the tickets, not the individuals. SIR B. HALL explained that nothing was to be done with Westminster Bridge at present, as he was waiting for lots of architects' plans for the Downing Street and Westminster Improvements. These designs are to be stuck up after Easter in Westminster Hall, which has been selected, in conformity with the usual policy of Government, because it has the worst possible light for such a purpose. SIR GEORGE GREY then introduced his Transportation Bill. He proposes to lengthen sentences of penal servitude, and give more discretionary power to the Judges, and to enable them to transport criminals to any colony that will take them. Western Australia wants convict labour at present, but is rather fastidious, and will accept none but healthy and handsome convicts (whether their noses are to be Grecian or Roman the colony has not given us orders), and will have no women at all. On the first point SIR GEORGE will be as obedient as he can, but as it is absolutely necessary to send women out, he proposes to remit Irish women, who are supposed to be less objectionable than their Scotch and English sisters in crime. A Reformatory School bill, useful, but limited, was also introduced.

Tuesday. LORD CHANCELLOR CRANWORTH brought in three Bills, and remarkably queer articles they are. First, a Bill for reforming the system of proving Wills, by establishing a considerably worse system. Secondly, a Bill for reforming the Law of Divorce, by a set of alterations that are not improvements. Thirdly, a Bill for trying naughty parsons by means of a tribunal that cannot possibly work. As the other law lords will take these measures in hand (CRANNY caught it all round for his feebleness and timidity) it is probable that they may be improved, and MR. PUNCH will refrain from taking them to pieces until he sees in what form it is proposed finally to submit them for his consideration.

In the Commons, LORD PALMERSTON (on compulsion) paid a high compliment to the Crimean Commissioners, but added that nothing more would be paid them. The "Secret Treaty" squabble, raised by MR. DISRAELI, was then renewed, and again on the Thursday. It may as well be disposed of at once. There was no Treaty, but there was a Convention, dated in December, 1854, and this was signed, though PAM at first said it had not been. The purport of this Convention was, that if Austria would help the Allies, France would help to keep Austrian Italy in order. Austria never did help the Allies, but on the contrary helped Russia most materially by taking away an army, and so the Convention came to nothing. If PAM had been a little more frank and a little less rude in his first answer, Dizzy's overthrow would have been complete. As it is, he has a sort of verbal victory, just such an one as would delight a smart attorney's clerk. MR. HARDY, Conservative Member for Leominster, brought in a Bill for giving the magistrates at sessions more power over beer-houses. Some of the tea-total Members took the opportunity of protesting against anybody's drinking under any circumstances.

Wednesday. Nothing particular, except discussion on a Bill for reforming the Liverpool Dock Trust, which was of course resisted, and finally sent to a Select Committee.

Thursday. LORD CLARENDON stated that the "protectors" of Greece, namely, England, France, and Russia, were going to overhaul its accounts, and see

whether its affairs could not be so managed that something might be available for its creditors.

The Crimean Commander-in-Chief and the Governor of the Bank of England, having been respectively victorious at Greenwich and Southampton, swore, and seated themselves. SIR B. HALL explained that the NELSON column could not be finished for want of money (about £5000), for which he did not mean to ask Parliament. PUNCH sees no hope for the memorial to our greatest Admiral, unless some "influential person" will propose that its completion shall be entrusted (with £20,000 as guerdon) to some BARON MARROWFATTI, or other fortunate foreign pet. SIR ROBERT PEEL was then called to account for his lecture on foreign notorieties. He stated that he had really had no idea of annoying anybody. He had been talking in a "familiar" way. MR. PUNCH accepts the apology with perfect frankness, not having the least respect for any of the persons quizzed by SIR ROBERT, but would recall to that baronet *Polonius's* advice to his son: "Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar." A good debate arose as to whether there should not be a Minister of Public Justice, with a separate department, and a motion by MR. NAFFIER for an address requesting the QUEEN to take the subject into consideration, was agreed to. LORD PALMERSTON promised real assistance in promoting the scheme, and brought out one of the quaint quotations of which he is fond:—

"What to avoid requires no great heed,
But what to follow is the task indeed."

This is true. It requires no great heed to avoid the Disraelite party, but it is a task indeed, at times, to follow LORD PALMERSTON. SIR WILLIAM CLAY brought in his Bill for the abolition of Church-rates, on which our friend SPOONER promised to have a round or two with SIR W.

Friday. LORD BROUGHAM came down to the Lords with his carpet-bag, as he was going to France; but, before he went, he desired to move three resolutions touching the rights of married women to property. First, that their present rights were all wrongs. Secondly, that a woman was entitled to her own property; and thirdly, that if our ridiculous theory of marriage prevented a woman from having this justice, at all events a profligate husband should be restrained from wasting her possessions. LORD CAMPBELL, of course, thought differently from LORD BROUGHAM on the most important point, and the debate was adjourned until the latter's return.

In the Commons, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER produced the Budget. What he took two hours and three-quarters to say, MR. PUNCH proposes to put into three lines and a quarter. The Income-Tax is to be reduced from Sixteen-pence to Seven-pence on incomes over £150, and to Five-pence on incomes between £150 and £100; and in three years expires altogether.

You may give three cheers, BULL, for no doubt it is something to keep the Nimble Ninepence that used to jump so nimbly from your pocket into the tax-collector's. Cheer away, old boy. Now, if your mind is relieved, sit down and wipe your old face, as we have something to say to MRS. BULL. O, yes, you may hear. MRS. BULL, M'm, you are aware that the duty on Tea is now one and nine? Yes, M'm, but according to the present law it would be reduced, by yearly degrees, to one and three, and one shilling. Yes, M'm, but SIR G. C. L. proposes to make a much longer business of the reduction, and to make it drop to one and seven, to one and five, to one and three, and finally to one bob. He intends to play a similar trick, M'm, with Sugar; and therefore, as MR. GLADSTONE gently specified to him, the question is now whether the Tax on Tea and Sugar shall be increased. What do you think of that, old girl?

A NOTE FROM NELSON.

"LORD NELSON presents his compliments to SIR BENJAMIN HALL, and having learned that there has been some talk in Parliament about his unfinished column in Trafalgar Square, desires to state that he in no way wishes to precipitate the Government to the expense of £4000 or £5000 for the completion of the same. Having stood in a state of destitution for so many years, his Lordship has become quite accustomed to his position, and would become rather embarrassed by the novelty of any attention. LORD NELSON'S concluding compliments, and does not expect the Government to do its duty."

THE PANTOMIME AND THE WORKHOUSE.



MR. MURCH, with a worldly-mindedness much to be lamented for pomps and vanities, said—"Heaven knew that these children had little enough to gratify them, and indeed little society of any kind." (Why should pauper children be gratified? Poverty, in fact, has no childhood.)

MR. BARNES spoke for the children and the Pantomime. MR. W. LEWIS liked to be a child once a-year. A pantomime was a childish amusement, and when people were there, people were all childish together. (The Rev. MR. NEWNHAM silently wondered where MR. W. LEWIS thought to go to?)

Finally, it was agreed that the workhouse children should not be permitted to see *Jack and the Bean-Stalk*! But children, on wicked pleasures bent, are quick in their doings. The little things of the Bath Union, fluttering with sinful emotions, had dressed themselves, and under due guidance (authority having been given by weak MR. BUSH) had departed for that Temple of Sin, the theatre. The "poor children," says the *Bath Journal* (but how spiritually rich with such workhouse pastors!) "had reached the very door of the theatre before the counter-order denying them the anticipated pleasure came to their conductors."

Of course, the children, in the ignorance of their disappointment, returned to their prison-house to moan, and sob, and cry. They could not be expected to feel properly grateful to the REV. MR. NEWNHAM, whose Christian tenderness must have been sweetly rewarded by the bitter distress of the little ones. It is said, however, that the Rev. Gentleman took an early opportunity of "improving" the matter for the benefit of his flock of lambs.

Among other things, it is said he bade the infant paupers to rejoice in the misery and helplessness that had brought them under the guidance and ministration of the Guardians of Bath. Had it been their trying lot to be born princes and princesses of the House of Hanover, great would have been their temptations; and, doubtless, great their backslidings; since—it was upon record—the QUEEN herself had more than once taken her little ones, beginning with the PRINCESS ROYAL and ending with PRINCE ARTHUR, to see the abomination of a pantomime played in the morning at a Temple of Disorder called the Adelphi. Now they—the chosen children of the Bath Union—had been stopped at the very doors.

Well, it will go luckily with some sour-faced Christians if, with the fullest belief in their own right of entry of Paradise, they are not "stopped at the very doors."

Here follows a Pathetic Ballad, to be Said or Sung by all good Christians in the United Kingdom:—

Now all fond parents who delight
Young people's joy to see,
Come listen to a tale of spite,
Or brutal bigotry.
How hypocrites, to be amused,
Declaring 'tis a crime,
Poor little folks the treat refused
To see a Pantomime.

There is a playhouse in Bath town,
As may be known to you,
A theatre of some renown;
There is a workhouse, too.
JACK should be no dull boy at Bath,
With truth if one might say,
That if he work in workhouse hath,
In playhouse he hath play.

Thus, on this wise thinking, lo!
The theatre's lessee
Bade all the workhouse schools to go
Unto his playhouse free.
By day to see the Pantomime,
And so their minds recruit
With pleasure for a little time:
Good luck to MR. CHUTE!

He to the Chairman of the Board,
His invitation sent,
The Chairman sent the Master word,
Then to his colleagues went,
Whom he informed of what he'd done,
And that, with joy elate,
The children, waiting for the fun,
For their consent did wait.

A Parson, one of the "elect"
No doubt, in self-conceit,
Did, in a strain of cant, object
Unto the children's treat.
The playhouse is a sinful place,
Howled this fanatic mean,
Would he, or any of his race,
Howl thus before the QUEEN?

A'lay snob, who, upon the stage,
Had seen himself portrayed
In a sham saint, with wrath and rage
Never, since then, allayed,
With REVEREND MR. MAWORM did
In sentiments agree:
In short, the children were forbid
The Pantomime to see.

Meanwhile the children, dreaming not
Of disappointment sore,
Had been sent on, and now had got
Unto the playhouse door,
When lo! the counter-order came,
And back they had to trudge.
Shame on you, Puritans! oh, shame,
Their harmless mirth to grudge.

Their little faces beamed with joy,
Two miles upon their way,
As they supposed, each girl and boy,
About to see the play.
Their little cheeks with tears were wet,
As back again they went,
Balked by a sanctimonious set
Led by a Reverend Gent.

And if such Reverend Gents as he
Could get the upper hand,
Ah, what a hateful tyranny
Would override the land!
That we may never see that time,
Down with the canting crew
That would, out of their Pantomime,
Poor little children do!

A WONDERFUL WEAPON.

A GALLANT Officer, in writing to a contemporary, describes himself by the following signature:—"A LIEUTENANT - COLONEL WHOSE SWORD IS HIS BREAD, BUT WOULD NOT NEGLECT HIS MOTHER'S GREY HAIRS FOR A MARSHAL'S BATON."

We should like to have a look at the extraordinary sword possessed by the Lieutenant-Colonel. What a wonderful weapon! It is nutritious, voluntary, and dutiful. Its master eats it without consuming it; but notwithstanding that, it would not neglect the grey hairs of his mother. What peculiar attention it is in the habit of showing to them we can only guess; perhaps the kind of service that is rendered to grey hair by a lead comb. This sword would also appear to be capable of wielding a marshal's baton; a feat only comparable with that of the celebrated dish which is related to have run away with a spoon.

Knowledge of Uncommon Things.

THE French satirist, inveighing against the extravagance of the day, says, "*Le superflu est maintenant le nécessaire.*" This may be said to be literally the case with our young Lords, when a gold latch-key is pronounced in a Court of Law to be a necessary for an Infant.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

SIR BENJAMIN HALL, losing all patience one deputation-day with the Board of Works, exclaimed quite petulantly, "I tell you what, Gentlemen, I would take the Babes in the Wood, and swear I would make with them a better Board than you are!"



DWEADFUL ACCIDENT IN HIGH LIFE.

THE HONOURABLE SPENCER DAWDLE (WHOSE TOTAL ABSENCE OF MIND IS SO WELL KNOWN) HAVING MADE A MORNING CALL IN BELGRAVIA, WALKS OFF WITH A HAT AND STICK WHICH DO NOT BELONG TO HIM!

PITY THE GREAT UNEMPLOYED.

Good people here thus to appear exposed to public view,
Ashamed, indeed, we feel; but need compels us so to do.
Sad is our case, we're out of place, of salary devoid,
Commiserate our painful state, and pity the Unemployed.!

We hope and pray you never may know what it is to go
Without a berth in times of dearth, whereby we are brought low.
Work could we find we should not mind; we should be overjoyed.
We would turn to, we promise you; then pity the Unemployed.

'Tis near five years since we poor Peers, and Commoners distressed,
Have touched red tape in any shape, of office dispossessed;
'Tis long to wait in such a state, with hope almost destroyed.
Which way to turn we can't discern, so pity the Unemployed.

We gladly would take what we could, although the smallest job;
The truth we speak, we do not seek the public purse to rob.
There is a lot by that garotte that people have annoyed;
But don't suppose we're such as those; and pity the Unemployed.

Of elbows out we go about and toes come through our boots:
We only ask to have a task, according as it suits,
Dishonesty is that which we are anxious to avoid.
Then labour give that we may live, and pity the Unemployed.

A Premier good there's one you could, to your advantage make;
Another for the Chancellor of your Exchequer take.
Affairs to mend we do intend, and by the hope we're buoyed,
That you will try us by and by, and pity the Unemployed.

CONSCIENCE MONEY.—MR. JOHN BULL begs to acknowledge the sum of Ninepence in the Pound of exceeded Income-Tax remitted by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

SIR ROBERT PEEL EXPLAINS.

AN "explanation" is an "arrangement." (*Hear!*)
A speech on Russia is the natural result, like "he's a jolly good fellow" of a "jollification." (*Hear, Hear!*)
A man who is a good fellow himself, would not give "unnecessary pain to any one." (*Cheers.*)

As regards the COUNT DE MORNAY, it was said of him that "he was the greatest speculator in Europe." Well, what of it? Are there not picture-dealers in Wardour Street, and elsewhere; and are they not all speculators? (*Laughter.*)

A "frank and open-hearted sailor" is, I conceive,—as in the case of the GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE—"a man of great powers, great grasp of mind." (*Cheers in which SIR CHARLES NAPIER joins.*)

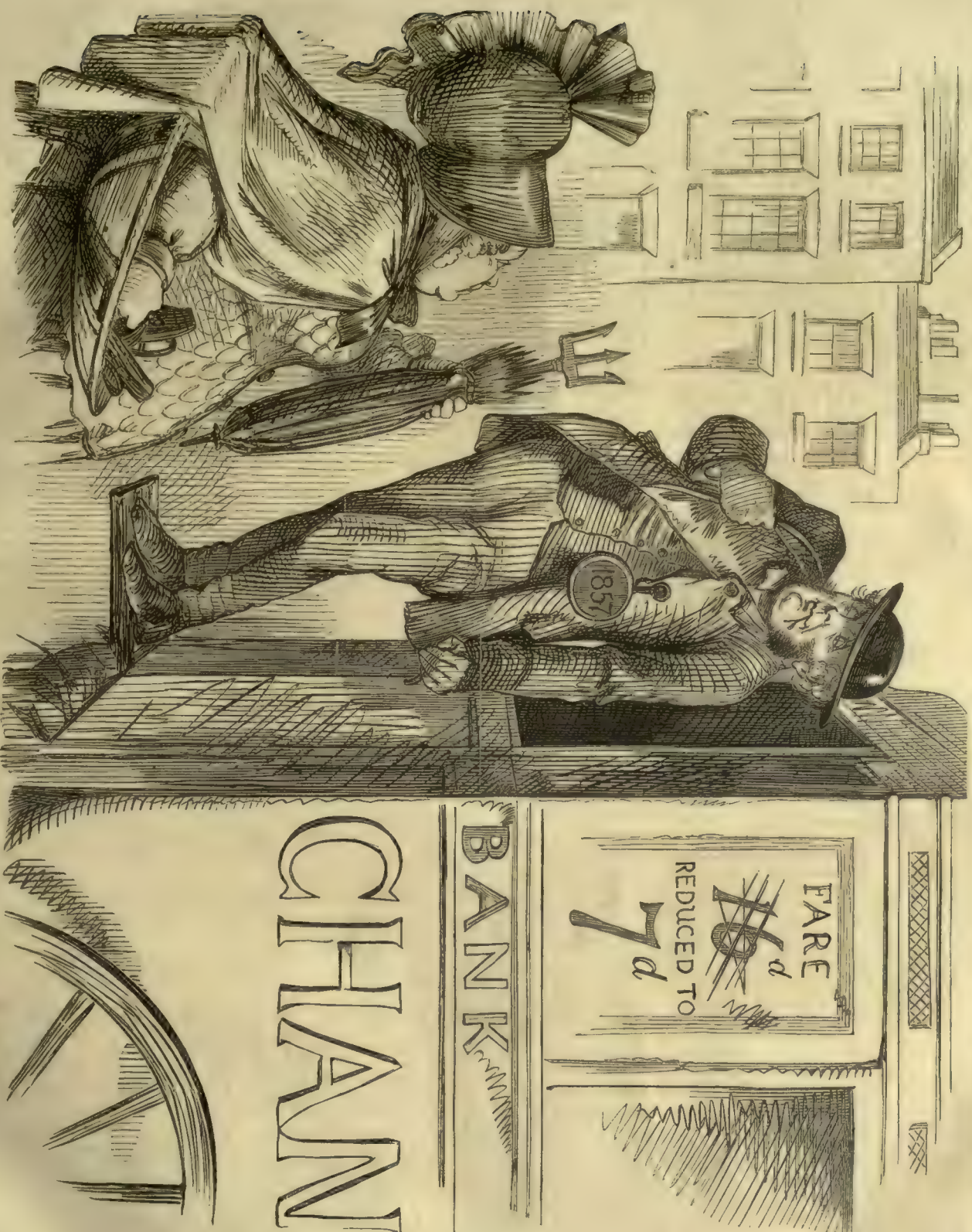
The PRINCE OF LIGNE, in a familiar way, was said to be a muff—no, not a muff, but a ruff, but a QUEEN ELIZABETH's ruff; stiff and starched; a thing of lace, but lace without point. (*Roars of Laughter.*)

To paint a few light and airy sketches, why what is it, but as WILLIAM POPE, the Swan of Avon, observed, "to hold the mirror up to nature," or in the phrase of ALEXANDER SHAKSPEARE, the bard of Twickenham, to "catch the manners living as they rise?" (*Reiterated Cheers.*)

If the manners were bad, was that his fault? (*Hear, hear!*) No. Let them mend their manners, and as a natural consequence, he would catch them all the better! (*Reiterated cheering, and congratulations from all sides of the House.*)

A Happy Couple.

AN American paper—it must be American—tells a story of a wedded couple who, with one table and one bed, have not spoken to one another for eight years. They are on the best of terms, and no doubt for that reason. The Yankee, however, tells us that "each is too proud to speak first." If such are the fruits of pride, how foolish it is to attempt to teach women humility!



SEVEN PENCE TO THE BANK.

Mrs. BRITANNIA. "HOW MUCH NOW TO THE BANK?"

PALMERSTON. "WE'RE DOWN AGAIN, M'AN. ONLY SEVEN PENCE!"



SOME MORE CHAPTERS FROM THE HISTORY OF JOHN BULL.

How JOHN BULL came to hear of what was going on. How he flew into a rage when he discovered the truth; and the steps he took to bring the blame home to the right people.

WHILE all this was going on, and the poor lads were dying by dozens, JOHN BULL continued to receive very comfortable letters from the old head-keeper, enclosing flaming reports from the under-keepers, how all was going on as well as could be expected, and how NICK's rascals were being thrashed every time JOHN's watchers came within arm's length of them. The latter part of this news was quite true, for never did poor fellows fight more lustily than JOHN's watchers, in spite of empty bellies, rags, aches, pains, frost-bites, and fevers. But they could scarce have held their ground for all their pluck, but for a large party of LEWIS BONEY's servants hard by that helped JOHN's to deal with NICK. This BONEY had lately come into old LEWIS BABOON's property, some folks said not quite fairly. But, be that as it may, he was in possession of the BABOON estates, and, being a long-headed fellow, had made up to JOHN BULL, instead of going to law or loggerheads with him, as BABOON had been used to do. BONEY had sworn to stand by JOHN BULL in this affair with NICK, and, sure enough, he had kept his word so far like a man; so that the two, between them, were more than a match for NICK, for all he stood six feet four in his shoes, and had as many rag-a-muffins at his orders as MR. BULL and LEWIS BONEY could muster honest good fellows, between 'em.

All this while, you may suppose, JOHN's poor starving lads were grumbling, and sulky at the usage they got; but not a man left his post so long as he could handle a cudgel; and, of course, the keepers took care none of their complaints should reach JOHN BULL. Not but what some of these keepers were good men and true, and did their best to make the watchers under their orders comfortable, and took their own chances alongside of their lads, rough or smooth. But what could *they* do? The knot of lazy incompetent rogues round the old head-keeper had his ear, of course, and fobbed off on him what tales they would, and very little truth reached JOHN BULL's ears, I can promise you.

Nevertheless, the truth did ooze out at last, for all their manœuvring to keep it close. For there happened to come that way a sharp-witted lad, a pen-hawker, who was used to visit outlying farms, to look after the geese, in the way of his business; and, going about everywhere, he used his eyes and his ears, and sent home accounts to his employers of what was going on, mighty different from those JOHN BULL was in the habit of receiving, and which he would read aloud to all his friends and acquaintances, bragging at the same time what servants he had, and how famously matters were going on up at the moor-farm, and so forth.

Now when JOHN BULL saw the accounts sent home by the pen-hawker, he was a good deal staggered at first, and handed them over to his Steward—an old Scotchman, by the name of GORDON—who only pooh-poohed them for traveller's tales, and swore the pen-hawker was a lying vagabond, who deserved to be set in the stocks for a scandal-monger, and a makebate. But at length, as some of the friends and relations of the watchers got news, from time to time, of the sad state the lads were in, and how they were dying fast of starvation and neglect, JOHN grew fidgety, and determined to inquire a little more closely into matters. To this he was mainly spirited up by one STAG, a clerk in JOHN's counting-house, and an honest fellow, though with a temper as sharp as verjuice, and a tongue that spared nobody.

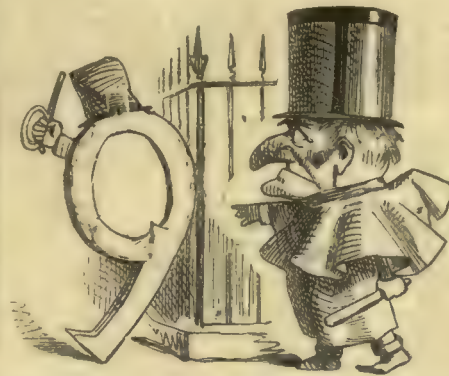
The old Scotch steward set himself against any inquiry, and was so stubborn and pig-headed on the point, that at last, JOHN BULL fairly lost temper with him and turned him out of his place, setting up instead of him one PAM, a sharp, shrewd, plausible fellow, who had held different situations in the family, from steward's room-boy upwards, and had always been liked, as a pleasant companion, and one too, that had more in him than you would guess from his jaunty manner, and his off-hand way of going about his work. PAM tried at first to stave off STAG's interference, declaring he'd do the work better, if left to himself; but finding that this tone set JOHN's back up, he changed his note, swore he was all for inquiry, and protested that STAG was the very man to conduct it—none better. Accordingly STAG had his way; the inquiry was duly set about, and some of the keepers, who had come home (having had enough of the work) were examined, and some of the watchers, who had been sent back to their friends sick, and not a few strangers, besides, who had visited the farm out of curiosity; and a pretty story they made of it among them! JOHN BULL's hair fairly stood on end at the ugly facts that came out, and I promise you, never was a man seen in a greater trouble. Sometimes he would curse, and anon he would whistle, and then stamp, and swear, and wring his hands, and cry like a child. In short he went on in a way that the oldest inhabitant of the place had never seen the plain, hard-headed, sturdy, silent old fellow behave in all his life before. It was as much as a servant's

ears were worth to go near him now. He cuffed here, and he cursed there: was for knocking down everybody at best, and for hanging a good many. He even neglected his business; would take no rest at nights; went without shaving, lost his appetite, and sulked about his premises, as the saying is, like a bear with a sore head.

PAM saw it was no use smoothing matters over, so, in his pliant manner, he fell into his master's angry way, and used the same sort of language about the keepers, swearing that nothing was too bad for them—that they deserved cashiering, every rogue of them, and so forth. But when JOHN talked of sending them about their business at once, neck and crop, PAM hinted that he had better have matters looked into on the spot first, and named a brace of Scotchmen—cool, shrewd, long-headed men both—who, he declared, were the very men to find out the keepers' mis-doings, and lay the blame at the right door. One was looking after the business of some of JOHN's poor relations in Scotland at this time, and the other was an old soldier in JOHN's establishment. But, old as they were, they both consented cheerfully to turn out of their snug berths, and undertake the business PAM wished to charge them with. JOHN BULL was standing by when PAM gave them their orders. "Mind," he said, "we must have neither fear nor favour—no shirking facts, or smoothing over shortcomings. Overhaul everything and everybody, speak truth, and shame the Devil; and, never fear, my friends, but that every one in this house will stand by you." JOHN BULL backed all the steward said, and off the two Scotchmen started, with good will to their work, and much comforted, you may be sure, by PAM's hearty and straightforward way of talking.

(To be continued.)

TAKING OFF THE INCOME-TAX.



HE more serious-minded of our readers may think that in dealing with so grave a subject as the Income-Tax, we should have abstained from the remotest approach to jocularity, and have treated the matter with as much sedateness as though a pun had never issued from our pen. But although we quite acknowledge that a tax so heavy should in no way be made light of, we cannot well admit that

ponderosity of language would have added weight to the arguments against it. We do not think our advocacy for obtaining its reduction would have gained much in force had we only used strong language; and although the Income-Tax may have made us laugh a little on the wrong side of our mouths, we have considered it our duty to grin as well as bear it. A tax of one and fourpence in the pound was a tax upon our temper as well as on our income, and by far too heavy we admit to be treated with an undue levity. But having all its inequalities before our eyes, as we viewed the imposing of it as in fact an imposition, we have thought ourselves justified to hold it up to ridicule, as well as reprobation: and in treating its absurd injustice in the way of caricature, we have felt assured that the Income-Tax was of all things one which no one would object to see taken off.

The Chancellor's Bills.

It is told of a certain Chief Justice, that he never travelled on circuit unless attended by a favourite goose in his carriage. This goose, the learned lord was wont to consult for aid and help in his decisions; and found from its inspirations the best aid in his worst need. It is said, that in imitation of this learned judge, the LORD CHANCELLOR has a pet owl, by whose eyes he draws the bills that he submits to Parliament. This being the case, there can be no wonder, that his measures, being too weak to bear the light, go out, one by one, "like winking."

Diplomas of the Dangerous Classes.

MANY convicts who have obtained tickets-of-Leave appear to be rather proud than otherwise of those distinctions. We expect that philanthropists, who are in the habit of visiting the abodes of this class of persons, will, in many instances, find the Ticket-of-Leave converted to an ornamental purpose, by being framed and glazed, and suspended over the chimney-piece of the crib.

PAM'S VALENTINE TO BRITANNIA.—1857.



Do declare, my dear BRITANNIA,
I love no other sweet-heart than yer;
You is a duck and darling, you is,
Now just see what I've done with LEWIS.
That Sixteen-pence that made you shrewish,
He'd have kept on by dodge so Jewish,
But I have made him cut it down
To Seven, so now you need not frown;
There, ducky, since I've cut off Nine,
Accept me for your Valentine.

Feb. 14th.

MEDDLERS WITH MATRIMONY.

A PIECE of sound philosophy is a rarity in these times. Here, however, is a genuine sample of that scarce commodity, extracted from a leading article in the *Times* paper:—

"It is certainly observable that the subject of marriage is one upon which false religion is remarkably tender."

In illustration of this truth are cited the following instances:—

"The Manicheans would not allow the elect to marry; the Roman church does not allow the priests to marry; the Hindoo religion does not allow widows to marry."

To the above list of examples may be added this one more:—Certain inconsistent and unreasoning Protestants refuse to allow a widower to marry his deceased wife's sister.

The Belles Lettres.

A BOND STREET Milliner, with more truth than elegance, sent home a lady's dress with a letter, which began thus:—"My dear Madam, this comes hoop-ing," &c.

CUPID.

BEGINNING AT THE WRONG END.—Instead of attempting to deodorise the Thames, would it not be as well to begin first by deodorising the Court of Aldermen?

PUNCH'S COMPLETE TRADESMAN.

Being a Series of Dialogues, composed by that gentleman, with the aid of the Ingenious Doctor of Medicine, ARTHUR HILL HASSALL,* and by means of which a young Tradesman may work his way to Respectability and Prosperity in this World.

No. I.

MR. RANCID, the Butterman. PATTS, his Apprentice. SCRAPE, the Boy. The shutters have just been put up.

Mr. Rancid (turning down the gas nearly out). Well, PATTS, thou hast been with us a month. How do'st like the butter-shop, PATTS?

Patts. If, dear Sir, I give you as much satisfaction as you can expect from a beginner, I am perfectly happy.

Scrape (privately to a firkin). Walker!

Mr. Rancid. A becoming answer, PATTS. To the willing and respectful apprentice, it is his master's duty and pleasure to impart all the instruction in his power.

Patts. Dear MR. RANCID, you shall indeed find me grateful for instruction.

Mr. Rancid. I doubt it not, PATTS. Now, PATTS, what is Butter?

Patts. You jest, dear Sir. [Laughs heartily.]

Mr. Rancid (not displeased). I did not mean to jest, my good lad.

Scrape (aside). Don't see no jest. Old bloke! Young humbug!

Patts (rigidly grave). I humbly ask your forgiveness, Sir. Youth is prone to levity. I will amend in future. You were pleased to ask me what Butter is. I suppose it to be made from cream, which is collected, from time to time, in a covered jar, and when it becomes sour, is churned, washed, and kneaded, and, if intended for salt butter, salted.

Mr. Rancid. Good boy, good memory. Thou hast described to me the original article, and that which purchasers believe that they buy from thee across my counter.

Patts. And do they not, dear Sir. Surely we do not defraud them?

Mr. Rancid. Use no untradesmanlike language, my lad. When I tell thee that did I sell that article to my customers, I could keep no gig for thy dear mistress, and that she could have but few new dresses within the year, thou wilt feel, for thou art a kind boy, and lovest the ladies, (nay, blush not, to do so in honesty is good for thee,) that I pursue the right course.

Scrape (savagely, aside). Wish there wasn't no gigs in the world, and then they wouldn't want no cleanin'.

Patts. Can I doubt it, Sir?

Mr. Rancid. Listen then. It is needful to make, out of a pound of the original article, as much more than a pound as we can. There are various ways of doing this. One is to incorporate—dost understand the word?—

Patts. I do, Sir.

Mr. Rancid. Explain it.

Patts. I can't, Sir.

Scrape (scornfully, aside). A pretty specimen of a prize jackass you are!

Mr. Rancid. To mix up with it large quantities of water. This is

done as follows:—The butter is brought to the melting point, and water and salt are then stirred in until the mixture has become cold.

Patts. May I ask what proportion is thus gained, Sir?

Mr. Rancid. I like thy query, it speaks of arithmetic. The original article should contain $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of salt and 10 per cent. of water. The manufactured article, my good lad, and especially that which Guardians of the Poor permit us to supply to the Paupers, oft contains 14 per cent. of salt and 15 per cent. of water.

Scrape (aside). Ah, don't it just, and don't I know it!

Patts. And are there no other ways, dear Sir?

Mr. Rancid. Of a surety there are. At particular times, of which I will hereafter instruct thee, starch, usually potatoe flour, may be added. We can also do somewhat with curds. And sometimes, but less often, animal fats and lard are used by us.

Patts. But, dear Sir, if I might speak?—

Mr. Rancid. Speak, good lad.

Patts. Why not take a simpler way of making more of the pound?

Mr. Rancid. Let us hear thee, boy.

Patts. Why not, dear Sir, privately affix a piece of lead below the scale in which we weigh the butter?

Scrape (aside). So they did at my last place, and didn't I inform, in revenge for kickin'!

Mr. Rancid. Firstly, boy, because the law employs minions to hunt up such contrivances, and punish them, though but slightly; and, secondly, because they are not considered respectable. But thou art right to think, and to ask. Art an early riser?

Patts. Early to bed and early to rise is the way to be—

Mr. Rancid. Good. To-morrow morning thou wilt rise at three.

Patts. At two, Sir, if it will please you.

Mr. Rancid. At three. I will show thee another of the secrets of our business. I have some Epping Butter to get.

Patts. And are we going to Epping, Sir? O, I love the Forest!

Mr. Rancid. Thou shalt go thither, some day. But to-morrow our Epping is in yonder kitchen. I have some Irish salt butter, of a very inferior character, out of which we will wash the salt, and then we will wash our butter frequently with milk, and we will add a little sugar, and the best fresh Epping (which thou wilt be able to say arrived this day), will be ready for our customers to-morrow. I have a reputation for my delicate Epping.

Patts. And a profitable one, dear Sir, doubtless?

Mr. Rancid. Of upwards of one hundred per cent., my good lad. Live, and let live. (Observes SCRAPE, who hastens to swallow something.) Profligate parish brat, whose destiny is the gibbet, thou hast stolen a piece of my cheese.

Scrape (piteously). A werry little bit, Sir, and I had no dinner, Sir.

Mr. Rancid. Because, loitering on an errand, thou didst miss it. Idle, and a thief, how canst thou hope to prosper? To-morrow, I will take order that thou shalt be imprisoned and whipped. To bed, PATTS, my good lad, for thou hast to be astir with the lark.

Scrape (bitterly aside). A jolly lark, I don't think.

[Weeps, but recovering himself, with the elasticity of youth, wipes his eyes and bursts into the now popular street refrain

"Black yer shoes and brush yer clothes
Two black eyes and a—crimson—nose—
I'll WARM yer."

[Goes to bed under the counter.]

* Not to put too fine a point upon it, Mr. Punch may as well state that the Doctor, or rather his extraordinary work, called *Adulterations Detected*, must be made the victim of the mercantile vengeance which these Dialogues will arouse in the British Tradesman.

THE PRESS IN PARIS.



ONSIEUR the Editor of the *Moniteur des Hôpitaux* (according to the *Daily News*) announced its intention to examine the question of the assassin VERGER's insanity, but could not carry that design into effect, having been forbidden to discuss the subject. In what a state of slavery is the Parisian press! Again, in the course of an action against the Lady Superior of the Picpus Convent of the *Sacré Cœur*, the advocate for the plaintiff pitched into the ARCHBISHOP OF CHALCÉDOINE, but what the learned gentleman said of the venerable prelate hath not appeared, because the Government ordered the journals not to report the case. Really they do not manage these matters in France much better than they do here. In England a newspaper is liable to an action for libel and a verdict of heavy damages for reporting proceedings which contain abuse of anybody. In France, things are not quite so bad as this; but the publication of such intelligence is prevented. Thus is the journalist deprived of the liberty of printing, although he may not be punished for its exercise; so that, on the whole, the Press experiences almost as much hardship under a French

despotism as it does at the hands of a British judge and jury.

In connection with the French lawsuit above alluded to a remark may be made, without reference to the subject involved in the foregoing observations, which will, perhaps appear natural to many of our readers. The Picpus Convent of the *Sacré Cœur* was accused of having fraudulently induced a person of weak intellect to make a will in its favour. If this accusation is well founded, the Convent may, with a pardonable licence of speech and pronunciation, be described as being more of the pickpurse than of the other thing.

REFLECTION FOR THE PEW.

THE subjoined statement is made by the correspondent of a Bristol paper:—

"Selecting a book of Common Prayer in a stationer's shop in Bristol a few years ago, I saw some Prayer Books having a looking-glass inserted in the inner side of the cover. I have no doubt that the fair owner might be enabled to arrange her hair, and admire herself during the service."

This device the writer stigmatises as a vanity almost profane, but perhaps the profaneness lies merely at the door of some enterprising bookseller. There is, moreover, something to be said for looking-glasses in ladies' Prayer Books. It is a little better to contemplate the reflection of one's own face at church, than to be looking about at the reality of other faces. Besides, a young lady may sometimes even make a better use of her eyes by employing them in the looking-glass than by keeping them fixed on the parson. The former direction is generally preferable to the latter, when the reverend gentleman is a divine of the class commonly called pet. By the way, we should like to know whether looking-glasses in the inside of the lids of religious manuals is a vanity peculiar to fair devotees. May not the like vanity be, in some instances, indulged in on the other side—on the side of the recipients of certain tributary slippers, and other like offerings of fashionable devotion? If all manuscript—or lithograph—volumes could be overhauled, is it not highly probable that not a few looking-glasses would be found within the covers of pet parsons' sermon-books?

Greenwich Election.

LIEUT.-GENERAL CODRINGTON, with certain Government advantages at his back, has been returned for Greenwich, against "COLONEL" SLEIGH, who demurs to the election, and expresses himself prepared for further measures. It is confidently reported that the Lieut.-General's opponent is quite ready to "file his petition."

LINENDRAPERS' ANATOMY.

A VAGUE and indefinite idea of horrors mingles in the conception, generally entertained, of the unseen economy of a linendraper's establishment. Close, ill-ventilated sleeping-rooms, an atmosphere tainted by the products of the combustion of gas, the reek of goods, and the respiration of a number of people, associated in the public mind with the hidden arrangements of the house, suggest unpleasant suspicions of disease and mortality. How will our many readers, who are haunted by such horrible imaginings respecting linen-draper's shops, shudder in perusing the following advertisement, extracted from the *Manchester Guardian*?

WANTED, in a large Retail Drapery Establishment, a **DISSECTING CLERK**, who thoroughly understands his duties.—Address, stating how long lived in last situation, and salary required, K. 45, at the Printer's.

What?—can it have come to this? Has the unhealthiness of drapery establishments arisen to such a pitch as to give peculiar facilities to the foundation of private schools of anatomy in connection with them? And have their proprietors begun to derive a new emolument from that frightful source? No, no—the thought is too shocking!

We think we may venture to assure any lady, upon whose nervous system the foregoing speculations may possibly have produced a painful effect, that no anatomical proceedings whatever are conducted in the establishment of any draper, except such as may be requisite in regard to the Skeleton Petticoat. It may be added, that the increasing adoption of the Early Closing System will go far to remove any supposition that linendrapers are in the habit of doing anything more dreadful than what is implied in furnishing funerals in the regular way of trade, and that their business is of such a nature as to supply any material for dissection in the St. Bartholomew's sense of the word.

CANZONET ON CRINOLINE.

BY A WRETCH.

WHEN lovely woman, hooped in folly,
Grows more expansive every day,
And makes her husband melancholy
To think what bills he'll have to pay:

When in the width of fashion swelling
With air-balloons her skirts may vie,
The truth—(what hinders *Punch* from telling?)—
Is that she looks a perfect—Guy!

A ROYAL MASON.

KING GEORGE THE FIFTH, of Hanover, (better known in England by his earlier title of PRINCE GEORGE OF CUMBERLAND,) has, we learn, just been made a Freemason. The gallant sovereign is stated to be the first Continental monarch who has braved the unimaginable terrors of the gridiron and red-hot poker; but is not understood to sit less comfortably on his throne for having condescended to join an association of his subjects. "The Craft" has little in common with Kingcraft, and may read salutary lessons to a royal Apprentice. Brother KING GEORGE, Brother PUNCH, G.M., congratulates you.

Another Insult to Scotland.

MR. EWART has already given notice that he intends to assimilate the law affecting capital punishments in Scotland with the law in England! The effect of this insolent measure will be to throw the whole monopoly of hanging into the hands of the Southron CALCRAFT! If this new insult fails to arouse all the might and ire of Scotland, why Scotland must be already dead, and hanging of no further use or interest to her.

TO THE COMMONS OF ENGLAND.

WHEN is an M.P. the worst of M.P.'s?

When he's an M.P.ric.

(Mr. Punch suppresses the name of the Member who instinctively solved the question.)

LIFE IN THE DRAMA!

THERE is yet life, there is yet judgment in play-going people; for only last week, the Haymarket audience "damned" an Irishman!

NOT ONE IN TWENTY THOUSAND!—The man must be poor and friendless indeed, who, at some period of his life, hasn't received a Testimonial of some sort!



HAVING A PAIR ON!

Skater. "Hi!—HOLLO!—WHAT ARE YOU ABOUT?—IT'S GOING INTO MY FOOT!"
Skate Proprietor. "NEVER MIND, SIR!—BETTER 'AV 'EM ON FIRM!"

THE SHOE-BLACK BRIGADE.

"By DAY AND MARTIN, this is wondrous strange!"—SHAKESPEARE (*Princess's Edition*).

THE EARL OF SHAPTESBURY has again taken tea with his young friends, the Shoe-black boys of the red, blue, and yellow. The young gentlemen, who set such a noble example of self-respect to the younger branches of the aristocracy, assembled in St. Martin's Hall; and made a brilliant show. The living DUCHESS OF ARGYLL cast the radiance of her benevolent face upon the assembly, and "much admired," as the late MR. PEPPY, or the present COLONEL PHIPPS would say, to see the boys drink their tea, and eat their bread and butter and plum-cake. An Earl or two was also present; M.P.'s as thick as plums; amongst them, it was whispered, MR. JOHN MACGREGOR, for Glasgow, who had come to be especially polished. It was afterwards discovered that the visitor was the MACGREGOR JAMES, M.P. for Sandwich, upon whose boots there rested no speck of mud. The Church was also excellently represented on the occasion; and the attendance of the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY is hopefully expected at the next gathering. We should have been happy to record the presence of several young gentlemen from the army; and others from Oxford and Cambridge, who haply might have left the meeting wiser and slower men; such was the general impression made by the Shoe-black Brigade on the feelings of respect and esteem of the spectators. The appearance of the boys was very gay. As they clustered in their bright new shirts, a young peeress playfully likened them to beds of human tulips,—these boys and brothers!

But the boys may, in very truth, be called the children of light; for they owe their professional existence to the year of the Great Exhibition, to the invention of the Crystal Palace. If the boys, as the peeress prettily said, are tulips, they were assuredly caused to be reared and cultivated by the gardener PAXTON. And these boys, originally things of London gutter mud, and London alley filth, are now admirable living-proofs of the convertible uses of poor human nature. Even as London sewage may be converted, by the chemistry of nature, into roses and lilies,—so may forlorn ignorance and childish depravity be cultivated into social utility and refined to self-respect. These boys had, in the past year, earned nearly £3,000; averaging 12s. per week for each boy. They are worthy citizens of the pavement. Industrious, energetic little fellows, who, of their own forthright accord, take up the freedom of London and Westminster.

LORD SHAPTESBURY, as is his wont, addressed the boys in words of kindness and affection, exhorting them in plain, impressive speech, to a course of honesty and a due fulfilment of their religious duties. The responses of the boys proved that they fully understood and valued the

THE SURGEON'S WIND.

THE Wind is North-East—so let it be!
 The North-East Wind is the wind for me,
 To me it blows good if to none besides;
 For the boys on the pavement cut out slides,
 And the passenger on the hard flagstones
 Comes down, ha, ha! and breaks his bones.

I have had a *radius* to do,
 And a compound fractured *tibia*, too.
 And that had been scarce ten minutes gone,
 When in came a case of *olecranon*.
 There was next a dislocated hip,
 Resulting also from a slip.

Zymotic diseases lend a charm
 To genial Autumn, moist and warm.
 We have Scarlatina and Typhus then,
 And Cholera good for medical men:
 But practice is best, I always find,
 In the bracing air of the North East Wind.

When the North-Easter whistles shrill,
 It makes me think on the little bill
 To many a patient that I shall send,
 Whom that wind calls me to attend.
 And though its music may seem severe,
 'Tis a strain to gladden a Surgeon's ear.

Shameful Practical Joke.

A TICKET-OF-LEAVE-MAN, seeing a respectable old gentleman looking into a book-shop in Piccadilly, pinned his Ticket-of-Leave on the back of the respectable old gentleman, and sent him walking down the street with that decoration between his shoulders.

truths that were uttered to them. For LORD SHAPTESBURY, as a missionary of highways and bye-ways, fever lodging-houses and typhus alleys, has learned—(a greater achievement than to compass Sanscrit)—to speak plain matter to plain people. His Lordship does not twiddle fine sentences; he does not stoop to patronise; but just talks God's simple truths, spontaneously and freely, as God's air comes and goes.

His Lordship, however, ventured to touch the string of human ambition that, no doubt, is somewhere in every heart, however small the object of its vibrations. WORDSWORTH's shepherd had but one wish:—

"The bound of all his vanity to deck
 With one bright bell a faw'rite heifer's neck."

Whereas LORD SHAPTESBURY awakened bolder thoughts in the bosoms of the Blacking Brigade. His Lordship said: "They might be Lord Chancellor; Prime Minister; for in this free country the noblest positions were thrown open to all. He wished them to be something even higher, to be chairman of even a ragged school meeting." Now, we could wish that his Lordship had omitted, at the present time especially, all notice of the dignity of Chancellor; for, as the boys will be, if not already, studious readers of the newspapers, we do not think their ambition very likely to be quickened by the example of LORD CRANWORTH. Considering how long his Lordship has been occupied in attempting to brush away defiling dirt and to substitute a fine reflective polish, we fear that any ordinary blacking-boy will deem his Lordship by no means the man to emulate. Now, it is otherwise with the example of the present Prime Minister before the children of original Crystal. LORD PALMERSTON should be considered as the *beau idéal* of the whole purpose and object of the Blacking Brigade. For, let his Lordship tumble into Fleet Ditch, and ere a blacking-boy with brush in hand could say "bristles" his Lordship would somehow reappear as neatly elegant as though dressed for a wedding-breakfast, with a whiff of *eau de millefleurs* from his linen and a moss-rose in his button-hole. But this is the wonderful art of PALMERSTON alone. He has beautifully said, that all dirt was only matter in a wrong place. Thus, what would be very noisome and filthy on a hearth-rug would be ministering to perfume and beauty about the bulbs of lilies. Hence, from this time forward, PALMERSTON must be the great model for the Blacking Brigade. Even as the inspired youth, giving utterance to a great emotion, cried—"And I, too, am a painter!"—so may the earnest indomitable blacking-boy, blacking the highlows of some young Hebrew destined some day to become Chancellor of the Exchequer, exclaim, looking upward in his Caucasian countenance—"And I, too, am a judicious bottle-holder!"

A BACHELOR-TAX.

"MR. PUNCH,

"I VERY seldom read the papers except the Marriages and the Murders, the Births and the Accidents: but in this dreadful time of dear tea, and understanding that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has his finger in everybody's caddy, I was induced to read something about what is called a Deputation,—thinking it might affect the black and green. Well, the tea-pot was not at all touched upon; and not a word about the massacre that is going on in Canton, which, sending up tea as it does, brings home the horrors of war to everybody's fireside. But there was a subject upon which, as an unmarried woman, I feel very strongly—I allude to Bachelors. For myself, I feel if I was a man I should be ashamed of myself to be a Bachelor. It's mean and cowardly, and altogether sneaking away from that position to which, there can be no doubt of it, Providence from the first intended to call you.

"Therefore, what I read at the Deputation pleased me mightily: everything that goes with my notions in print always does. Speaking of the Income-Tax, one of the Deputies told the CHANCELLOR that he knew hundreds of bachelors living at Clubs (that ought every one of them to be pulled down, and salt and mustard sown on the foundations) that never paid the Income-Tax at all, and therefore ought to pay a Bachelor-Tax; and if I had only the laying of it on, I can tell you it should be a pretty smart one.

"Heaven knows! poor spinsters are taxed—which is a subject I will not go into at present, but am quite ready to do if provoked—and why not Bachelors? Besides, if spinsters *are* spinsters, is it altogether their own fault? I will answer for myself—certainly not. It's given to a man to be allowed to ask where he likes; yes, man may open his mouth to all the world; whilst a poor woman is expected to sit, with her lips as close as an oyster, and, whatever may be her feelings, to say nothing. Young men may never think of the compliment that's frequently paid them; but how often are they quietly, silently chosen for husbands, whilst—gay and heartless—all the while they know nothing of the matter?

"Now, Mr. Punch, a man having all these advantages over a woman,—ought he not to be brought down a peg or two by the tax-gatherer? And then their impertinence is, at times, enough to make one's blood run cold. You will see a young gentleman look at the wonders of the creation before him (need I say I allude to my own sex?) just as if he was looking into a basket of peaches, and didn't know which to pick; or, what is worse, didn't know or care whether he wanted a peach at all, but still just looked at the fruit for the curiosity of the thing. Well, nine times out of ten, he may—if so properly minded—choose his peach; and, oh dear! the lovely peaches I have seen plain young gentlemen take to themselves, as if they were only brought into the world for them and nobody else! Well, I don't so much complain of that. No; but this. Of course the gentleman may choose his peach, but whoever heard of the peach choosing the gentleman? No: Sir, the peach may be a lovely peach, with such a velvet cheek, and such a tint and colour on it,—but there it must lie, Sir; lie as cool as it can in its leaves, with its heart melting, but with never a tongue to say as much. Mr. Punch, —I am now—no, it matters not, and why should I tell it—still I am now so many years old; and I myself was once a peach! I have been gazed at; I have seen others selected; I have not been removed from my basket, and the leaves have shrivelled and gone yellow—not positively yellow, but just a little turned,—but at the present writing, and I can lay my hand upon my heart, and say with no fault of mine—I am a *spinster peach*!

"Which brings me back to a Bachelor-Tax. And I will say this: if a man will not pay his money in the way of wedding-rings, he ought to pay it in another. I look upon a wilful bachelor as a man who defrauds the commerce of his country, and robs the Government of soldiers and sailors. Such a man is a lawful subject for what I believe is called an impost. At such a man I would have every tax-gatherer point the finger of scorn,—with a pen in it!

"Believing as I do that every *sane* man who is single (if there is such a thing) is, at the age of five-and-twenty, a proper subject for the marriage ceremony, I would have a graduated tax, beginning at that time, and ending at sixty—at sixty to be legally and morally exempt. I haven't yet settled in my mind the amount of tax to be paid by the bachelor, but I would have it made as crushing as possible, to bring it as near as it might be to the expenses of the holy state.

"Trusting, Mr. Punch, that you will give the subject your best consideration, that heartless bachelors may be punished, and spinsters with only too much heart avenged, I remain, your constant admiring reader,

"INVITA MINERVA."

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"WE'VE been very much pleased with a notion that we've read in the paper about taxing bachelors; which we think *delicious*; and—the wretches!—hope it will be done. But there is a sort of bachelor who ought to be taxed until he cried for mercy, and couldn't

any longer bear it; and that is, the *bachelor flirt*, that goes about society like a bee about a garden, and settles for good and all *no where*.

"Nothing so teasing, Mr. Punch, to a serious mind, as to seem to play with what we've heard called (my aunt used to name 'em so) the responsibilities of life, which the bachelor flirt continually does, always outraging—as one of our parlour-boarders says—the *purest and the holiest expectations*!

"Now, Mr. Punch, you're always so good, and therefore do fix a proper rate of taxes on the *bachelor flirt*. For instance:

"How many bouquets ought to signify something like a declaration? "How many squeezes of the wedding-ring finger ought to go for honourable intentions?

"How many times going on one knee, and presenting therefrom a plate of cakes, ought to be taken as "your slave for ever?"

"And none of these intentions properly carried out, do name what ought to be the rate of tax on the bachelor flirt.

"We remain, dear Mr. Punch, your affectionate readers,

"MARY, JANE, AUGUSTA, MATILDA, ANNE."

Mr. Punch prints the above two letters from a large number received on a question of evidently increasing interest—a Bachelor-Tax. He may possibly feel it his duty to print two or three other epistles on the same important subject.



THE SWELL'S DICTIONARY OF SNEERING.

BORE, *s.* (commonly pronounced BAW). Anything or anybody claiming attention which a Swell is disinclined to vouchsafe: whosoever or whatsoever compels him to think.

DEMONSTRATIVE, *a.* Expressive, by outward manifestation, of any emotion whatever except scorn and malice.

DIDACTIC, *a.* Instructive in any particular wherein a Swell does not want, or does not wish, to be instructed. Assertive of anything which he dislikes to have asserted.

INDIGNATION, *s.* A real emotion of anger, mingled with contempt and disgust, excited by injustice or insult inflicted on oneself.

VIRTUE, *s.* Bosh. Vulgar sentiment cherished by the middle classes.

VIRTUOUS, *a.* Unreal, fictitious, vulgarly sentimental, snobbish.

VIRTUOUS INDIGNATION, *a. and s.* An unreal and inconceivable emotion of anger with which some people pretend that they are affected by injustice or insult inflicted on others. See VIRTUE and VIRTUOUS.

The Silent Shell.

A PUFF in the corner of a Newspaper, pretending to be a critical paragraph, commences with the statement following:—

"The narrative of ADMIRAL NAPIER's Baltic Campaign has burst upon the political and naval world like a bombshell."

Yes; very much like one of those bombshells which the gallant Admiral poured into Cronstadt. The explosion has made a wonderfully small noise.

VERMIN IN PRINT.



E have for some time been pretty free from the vermin of the press; the *Wakeful Weasels* and the *Penny Pole-cats* sent forth to use their wicked teeth, and exhale their filthy odour to the hurt and discomfort of timid, decent people. However, we have now a thing—let us call it the *Carriion Fly*—published by WILLIAM MANGE, JUN., who has been duly consigned to gaol, with the notorious BUGDALE, for the dirtiness of publication. MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE required bail in the sum of £100; but somehow, sureties for the precious MANGE were not forthcoming at so costly a risk. Hence, MANGE is under a lock.

PRINCE ALBERT, in an after-dinner speech, once declared constitutional institutions to be upon their

trial. Well, for our own part—though we have an inborn reverence for the British Constitution, the Bill of Rights, *habeas corpus*, and all the liberties indigenous to the British soil—we are now and then apt to yearn for the exercise of a little judicious despotism; to be especially administered in the attempted reformation of satyrs like BUGDALE, of mandrils like MANGE. The publisher of the *Carriion Fly* will, doubtless, in due season be remitted to the care of the Governor of Coldbath Fields. He will there be inducted into the process of oakum-teazing. Very good. But not even the sanative tar can cleanse the dirty fingers of the dirty publisher who seeks his daily bread in daily filth, in daily slander.

Now, by means of a little gentle despotism, we would have MANGE, in a manner made to live upon his publication even in gaol. As thus: To his morning gruel should be added one or two copies at least of the *Carriion Fly* reduced to pulp, which MANGE should be compelled to swallow, on pain of no gruel whatever. Granting that the pulp may be a little insipid, or, from the taint of the bad printer's ink, a little acrid,—we would allow it to be further seasoned with a judicious mixture of hyssop-juice and vinegar. As black-beetles are killed with poisoned wafers, so would we physic the vermin of the press with the poison of their own prints.

NELSON AND THE NATION.

It was stated in the House the other night, that the completion of the NELSON Column (which was entrusted to the Government in 1844), had been delayed solely by the want of money; and that although the sum which was required would not exceed £5000, "it was not thought desirable" just now to apply for it. In other words, the nation, as the world well knows, is thoroughly hard up, and cannot yet afford to pay its debt of honour, although it has already taken rather more than half a century's credit. No wonder that the *Constitutionnel* should talk of English pauperism! Nor that other amiable dovesquills on the Continent should speak of our "declining power," when to raise £5000 is thought by Government to be beyond it!

All things considered, it is fortunate for our credit that the wish of the more thoughtless of us was not realised in the late war, and that the navy-list failed to produce a "Second NELSON." We should otherwise have been plunged still more inextricably into debt; for, of course, a century or so hence we should have voted him a column: and equally of course, having only just completed the present one, the nation being then as now upon the very brink of bankruptcy, would have been told by its advisers that it "was not desirable" to pay its debts at present.

"As You Were" in France.

IN a speech otherwise intelligible enough, the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH is reported to have informed the Chambers that—

"The rivers of France, like the revolution, return to their bed that they may never more issue from it."

This simile appears to signify that revolution in France, like the inundations, is ultimately to subside into the old state of things. This declaration on the part of NAPOLEON THE THIRD must be rather good news to the COUNT DE CHAMBOARD.

LORD BROUGHAM AT CANNES.

THE papers tell us that LORD BROUGHAM has left London for Cannes. And for this good reason. His lordship would avoid the cold winds of the next two months; and so return to the Lords, again to ply that well-worn historic broom among the cobwebs of law, fighting as, for almost fifty years he has fought, the spiders of abuse. There was a time when HARRY BROUGHAM would have set his teeth against a tornado, giving it something stronger than it brought; but even giants feel the touch of time, and disdainfully think, but still must think, of flannel and the east wind. And so BROUGHAM hies from smoky Westminster and the muddy Thames to sapphire-bright Cannes, and the deep-blue Mediterranean. And there—it is the hope of *Punch*—of *Punch*, who in his day has had his joke with the giant, but still a joke with no abatement of reverence—there may the great law-reformer, the great national schoolmaster, amid orange groves, and beneath an unclouded heaven, find health and strength visit him with their best influences. There may his blood run clearly and sparkingly; and there, whilst March winds bite sharp British attorneys to the bones, there may gentle gales impart another freshness, a newer vigour to the brain of the great man who, for two-score years and more, has wrestled with ignorance and wrong, and again and again trod them howling in the dust! The labours of BROUGHAM have made him in his old age almost a sacred man among men. It is well that we should look reverently, tenderly towards the light that still remains to the world; a light that may burn the longer that it burns sometime in a gentle air; a light, too precious to be carelessly visited by an east wind, even though blowing in hallowed Westminster.

THE CIRCLE OF FASHION.

A COMMISSION is to be shortly appointed by Government to take the exact measurement of the Circle of Fashion. A prize of a very large amount will be awarded to the clever mathematician who succeeds in ascertaining the right dimensions. Several old Calculating Boys, who have grown grey in endeavouring to measure the Quadrature of the Circle, are hard at work upon the problem; but very little hopes are entertained of their succeeding, as the present *Modes de Paris* have, in width and extravagance, completely outgrown the recollection of the oldest JENKINS on the fashionable press, and are diametrically opposed to anything that has hitherto appeared in any one of the numerous Circles of Fashion.

THE MISERIES OF A WHITE NECK-CLOTH.

Good-Looking Swell. I declare I never will wear a white neckcloth again!

His Facetious Friend. Ha! I suppose, my dear fellow, if the truth were known, that some one has been mistaking you for the waiter?

Good-Looking Swell. No, Sir, it was a thousand times worse than that, for an ugly old maid began making sentimental love to me under the delusion, I really believe, that I was a pet parson! I suspected every minute that she would be asking me to send her my measurement for a pair of embroidered braces!

"Give your Orders! The Waiter's in the Room."

FROM the *Times'* account of the recent *Ordens-Fest* at Berlin it appears that KING CLICQUOT manages to keep some 550,000 courtiers, soldiers, and employes happy on very poor pay, at the cost of £3848 per annum in stars, crosses, medals, and bits of ribbon. We often hear of people being held by the button; official Prussia appears to be held by the button-hole.

TRANSLATION OF A PROVERB BY A GENTLEMAN WHOSE CLASSICAL EDUCATION MUST SURELY HAVE BEEN MUCH NEGLECTED.

"Sic transit gloria mundi!"

Thank goodness, washing day is over!

A Fruity Anecdote.

JUSTICE MELLOW dearly loved his glass of port. When a more than usually good bottle was brought up, he would smack his lips, and exclaim, with the greatest gusto, "Come, my boys, this is none sawdusty!"—*The Old Gentleman's Magazine.*

A HOME TRUTH FOR THE HOME OFFICE.—Our legislators cannot well express themselves surprised at the failure of the Ticket-of-Leave system. Any man of business would have told them that "early returns" are commonly attended with "small profits."

REMARKABLE FUSION.—DISRAELI and GLADSTONE, in their present state of alliance, are not to be thought small beer of. At least, they have entered into a combination which may be entitled Double Ex.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

FEBRUARY 16TH. Monday. In the Lords, "honourable mention" was made of Mr. SHEEPSHANKS, who has presented his magnificent collection of pictures to the nation, on the simple condition that a building shall be erected at Kensington to hold them. He modestly adds a "wish" that the Exhibition should be open to the working classes on Sunday evenings. As the Government have violated the only condition imposed by Mr. TURNER in bequeathing his works to the country, it is not probable that they will be more conscientious with regard to Mr. SHEEPSHANKS. We have got his deed of gift, and he can't help himself, hooray!

The Commons kicked Mr. JAMES SADLER (member for Tipperary county) out of the House, for fraudulent practices. There was no division, and therefore the public, and more especially Glasgow, had no opportunity of seeing Mr. JOHN MACGREGOR, late governor of the British Bank, record his vote in testimony of his high-minded and ready-tongued indignation against such persons as SADLER. The House soon rose, but a false alarm that the opposition intended to storm the Treasury benches cost Mr. HAYTER some violent whipping, and ministerial members some violent language against the faithful official who had needlessly summoned them from pleasure to duty.

Tuesday. LORD GRANVILLE did not believe that ADMIRAL SEYMOUR had been proceeding to conciliate the Canton people with red hot shot. The LORD CHANCELLOR announced seven bills for consolidating the criminal law. LORD BROUGHAM said, sensibly enough, that to pass a digest of law through Parliament was absurd. Let them employ first-class lawyers and adopt their work. CRANWORTH, by the way, promised his seven bills "perhaps at the end of the week." It is needless to say that nothing more had been heard of them when the Lords rose on Friday.

SIR CHARLES WOOD said that the Government had not decided whether they would send a new expedition to the Arctic regions, and that the *Resolute* had not been pulled to pieces. LORD PALMERSTON refused to give Mr. COCHRANE any information as to Naples, unless BAILLIE would say that he represented BOMBRA. There was talk this evening and on Friday about the *Megeira* frigate, supposed to have been sent out leaky, but the only good that was got by the debate was the First Lord of the Admiralty gaining, at length, a definite conviction that there was a difference between a ship's bows and her bottom. SIR C.'s enlightenment was effected by SIR JOHN PAKINGTON, who has of late given much attention to the best means of imparting instruction to helpless persons. LORD PALMERSTON obtained a select committee on Election Bribery, HENRY BERKELEY deriding, and MR. HORSMAN brought in a Bill for the abolition of the oppressive custom of taking tolls at turnpikes in Ireland. Again the House was up before dinner-time.

Wednesday. SIR JOHN PAKINGTON introduced an Education Bill. He described it as neither compulsory nor general, and nothing worse can be said against such a measure. But there is no immediate hope of the sort of legislation required, for two hostile parties unite to hinder it. The Church party, English and Scotch, will permit no education unless the priest prescribe it, and the Liberals insist upon being so liberal as to leave it to a parent to say whether his children shall be taught or not. The Bill is meritorious in intention, but will be of little avail. The wisdom of the Legislature prefers building goals to building schools.

Thursday. LORD DERBY gave notice of his intention to throw squibs into the Cabinet, *apropos* of the bombardment of Canton; and LORD CLANRICARDE proposed a resolution condemnatory of our system of Government in India. The DUKE OF ARGYLL replied that things had been bad there, but were mended, and that general abuse was unpractical. What particular business CLANRICARDE has with India one hardly knows, except that his father-in-law, GEORGE CANNING, was going but did not go out as Governor-General, and that his son, ULICK CANNING, singularly miscondacted himself there, a point to which Mr. Punch specially alludes for the sake of also expressing his satisfaction at reading that this young fellow (best known as LORD DUNKELLIN), performed an act of real because rational gallantry in the Persian expedition.

In the Commons, SIR GEORGE GREY promised a Bill for reforming the Corporation of London; but assigned as a reason for delay, the fact that the LORD MAYOR and Common Council had been passing resolutions on the subject. This kind of excuse is very characteristic of SIR GEORGE. MR. LOCKE KING moved for leave to bring in a small Reform Bill, which was to make the franchise for counties the same as in boroughs. LORD PALMERSTON opposed it—as opposed to our theory of representation—LORD JOHN RUSSELL supported it, stating that the country did not require any large measure of reform just now. SIR JAMES GRAHAM, Peelite, supported it, and MR. SIDNEY HERBERT, Peelite, opposed it; and on the division the Government was placed in the peculiarly enviable position that it would have been beaten by its own men, had not the Conservatives come to the rescue, and saved it by 192 against 179.

Mr. Punch presents his compliments to the public, and begs to tender his sincere congratulations upon the fact that Mr. SPOONER'S motion against Maynooth was promptly got rid of this Thursday evening. After a few volleys of mud from the ultras on both sides, and a little easy-going sophistry from men who felt that the topic should be dropped, MR. SPOONER was defeated by 167 to 159.

LORD PALMERSTON gave some technical reasons why COLONEL TULLOCH had not been promoted for his Crimean services. These reasons of course were the most everlasting humbug; but it would not do for him to say that the Horse Guards insisted on snubbing the man who had done so much to expose the blockheads who destroyed an army.

Friday. That furious ultra-radical, the EARL OF STANHOPE, made a proposal (and actually carried it) for giving more publicity to the proceedings of the Lords, especially by printing the names and numbers on divisions. Several of the inferior officers of the House fainted away at this abnegation of dignity, and were so weak throughout the remainder of the brief sitting, as to be reduced to make tolerably civil answers to strangers. One of these officials actually used the word "Sir" in replying to a gentleman, a phenomenon not within the memory of the oldest *habitué* of the chamber.

In the Commons the Battle of the Budget began. MR. DISRAELI and MR. GLADSTONE, two gentlemen who conceive themselves miserably misplaced—the one on the wrong side of the Speaker, and the other on the second row below the gangway—delivered themselves of attacks upon the Government scheme of finance. MR. DISRAELI thought that the whole Income-Tax ought to be now taken off, because taking off the Ninepence would leave a deficiency, which would render it impossible to remove the rest of the tax in 1860; and MR. GLADSTONE, who possesses a good deal more capability of argument, urged "economy," which is doubtless a good thing, but which, recommended by one of the statesmen who starved the war with Russia, has a meaning rather distasteful to the public, who had to pay awfully for ABERDEEN stinginess. Mr. Punch always desires to do justice, and will therefore add, that MR. DISRAELI omitted all pyrotechnics in dealing with a grave subject, and that MR. GLADSTONE'S oratorical power has seldom been more vigorously put forth than in the vindication of his own financial system. SIR GEORGE LEWIS and MR. WILSON made the formal defences, but bigger guns were reserved for the final struggle. The debate was adjourned by MR. JAMES MACGREGOR of Sandwich. (N.B. Copy this address, to prevent painful mistake.)

THE LATE PRESTON BROOKES.

THE man who struck down SOMNERS is himself levelled. Almost as suddenly has death assailed and beaten the champion of the slave-whip and the slave-coffe. The members of Congress wear black about their arms for three months in memory of the departed BROOKES. MR. SOMNERS, in memory of BROOKES, has worn black a little longer. But the man is gone to his account, where we hear of no distinction of skin, and where even PRESTON BROOKES may be on a level with a Papuan nigger. Very brief has been the triumph of BROOKES. A short while ago, and grateful slave-owners were in many ways recording their gratitude to their champion. A short while since, and how many were the gold-headed canes sent to BROOKES? Canes of testimony. And now has BROOKES himself gone to Styx!

DISAPPOINTMENT!

"HERE, ALPHONSE, take away this canvas."

So spoke AGNES, of Spanish Chesnut Place, Manchester Square. I leaned anxiously forward. I thought the lovely creature had been dipping her pretty shell-pink fingers into the *Canal of Venice*, or had been giving the last stroke of execution to some ferocious *Bandits at Bay*, or wasting her precious moments in the vain pursuit of *Finding the Body of Harold*,—but no—instead of some fascinating copy from the teeming portfolio of Nature, or some poetic transcript from the many-tinted easel of Fancy, my astonished eyes rested on a vulgar poodle-dog, with a long knitting-needle stuck through its curly tail, that was resting on a cushion in the middle of a large Berlin Wool frame!

MR. SPOONER'S ANNUAL DEBATE.

MAYNOOTH comes but once a year,
But when it comes it is severe.

Livery Looking Up.

By accounts received from Athens we learn that, for one of the Financial Commissioners who are to be established in that City, "France has named M. DE PLUCH, who is represented as being a very able person." One would have thought that M. DE PLUCH was less adapted for a public office than for a domestic situation.



THE BEST RUN OF THE SEASON.

Master (with pumped-out horse). "CONFOUND THAT RASCALLY BOY! WHERE CAN HE HAVE GOT TO WITH MY SECOND HORSE?"



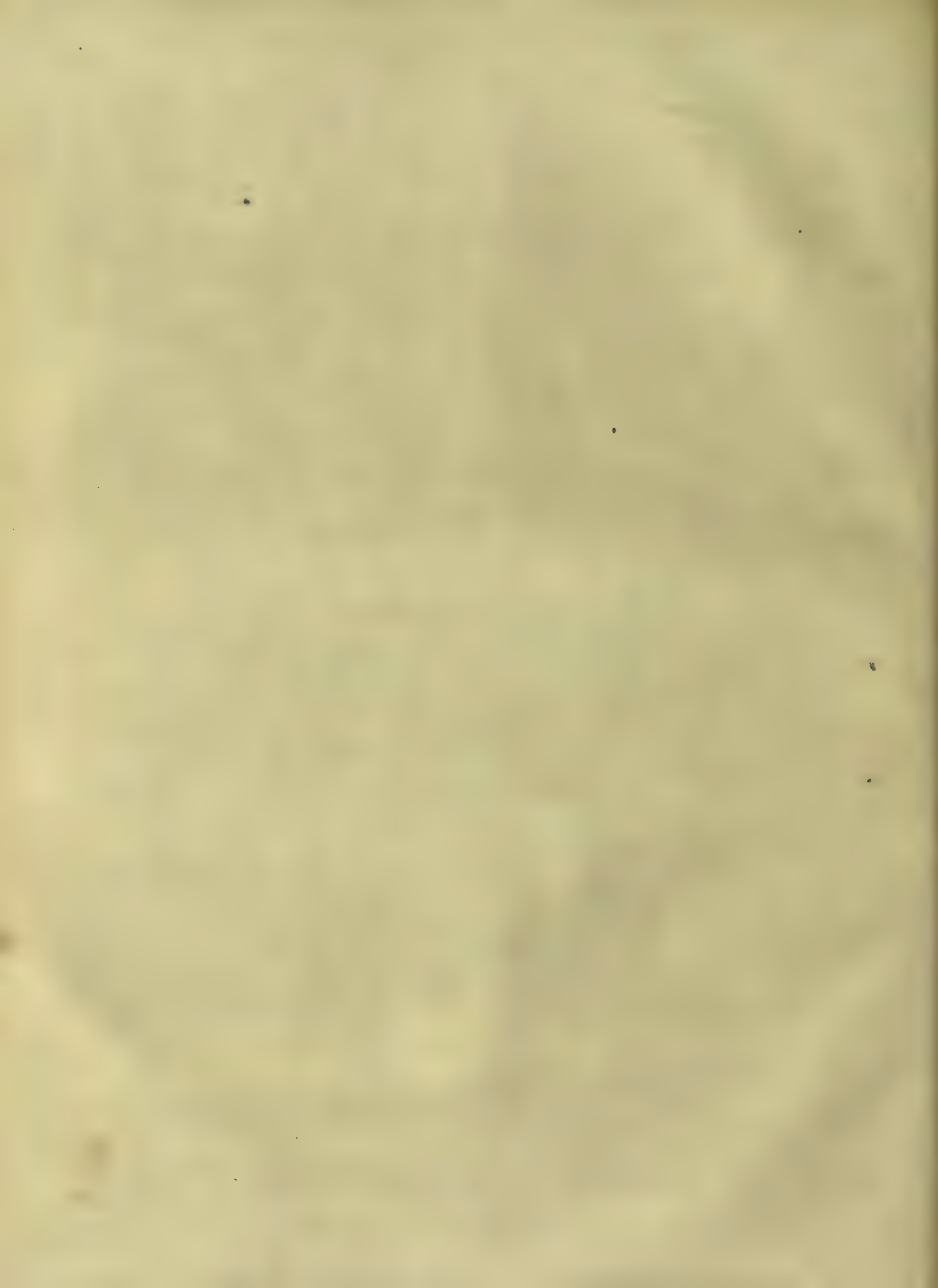
Rascally Boy (with delightfully fresh animal). "OH DEAR! WHAT A BEAUTIFUL THING! I WONDER WHERE MASTER CAN BE?"



Dis—ELI.

G—DS—E.

THE BALANCING BROTHERS OF WESTMINSTER.



THE ANTI-CRINOLINE ASSOCIATION (LIMITED).



Is with no less pride than pleasure we announce the fact that, fired with philanthropy and watered with the tears of joy and gratitude of gentlemen in general, and their own husbands in particular, a number of noble-minded and self-sacrificing ladies have associated for procuring the collapse of Crinoline, and imposing some restraint upon feminine extravagance. We understand that for this purpose it is proposed forthwith to send a deputation to the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH, to whom, as Queen of the Fashions, it is believed we mainly owe the wide dresses which are now in vogue, and the long bills which as husbands we are forced to pay for them. By pointing out the sufferings both in purse and person which have been caused by Crinoline, it is hoped her

Majesty may be induced to break off her adhesion to it, and conduct her fashionable government upon principles more moderate. If this be granted, we may look upon the air-expanded petticoat as being quite exploded, for the game of follow-my-leader is nowhere played more regularly than in the highest, or we now should say the broadest, fashionable circles.

In case, however, of the failure of the deputation, it is proposed to set on foot a Female Temperance Society, in which ladies of confirmed intemperance in dress may enrol themselves as members, and take the pledge against extravagance. Lecturers will be despatched throughout the kingdom to advocate the cause of soberness in feminine attire, and will each be attended by a travelling assistant, who will exhibit herself nightly as a "frightful example" of the now besetting vice of over-dressing. Statistics will be furnished of the fortunes which are lost in following the fashion, and of the families who have been reduced because the petticoats have not been: and whose present narrowness of means has mainly been induced by the wideness of their dresses. And, moreover, illustrations will be brought in the pictures of our ancestresses, whose costumes we were used to think the breadth of absurdity, and only fit to figure in the broadest of broad farces; but which it will be shown by comparative anatomy were structures far less monstrous than those which have been raised by their criminal descendants.

MARY ANN'S NOTIONS.

"Now, if you please, my dear *Mr. Punch*, I think I have got something to say to which you will hardly dare to fasten any of those ridiculous little notes of yours, which I know are meant good-naturedly enough, but which I do not think it is quite fair to add to what one of your contributors sends you. Let the readers find out what is wrong in what I say (if there is anything, which of course I deny), and do not you be so inconsistent as to print a thing in your columns, and then try to show that it ought not to be there at all.

"I have been to Parliament. Papa took LIZZY HAMERTON (who is staying with us) and me last night. It was a dreadfully stupid subject, and I told Papa so, and suggested his taking us another evening, but he declared that we should see Parliament to great advantage, as it was what he called a field-night. We girls were put behind a grating, for fear we should fascinate the members and make them forget their precious country, and Papa went to the other end of the place, and we could see him in a sort of pew over a clock, sitting near LORD OVERSTONE, who I believe is a remarkable man, though I never knew anything remarkable about him, except that when he was MR. LLOYD he spelt his name with only one 'L.' There was an old gentleman in the right hand gallery who came up, and deliberately laid himself down at full length, and, because the light troubled his eyes, he opened a great Parliamentary paper, and wrapped up his old bald head in it, entirely hiding himself, like a ridiculous ostrich, and, I suppose, fancying nobody could see him. LORD STANLEY I saw, too, in the opposite gallery, writing notes of the speeches, and working as hard as the men who sat below us, scribbling those columns upon columns which spoil the newspapers. And dear SIR BULWER LYTTON, I saw him, sitting next to the other novel-writer, MR. DISRAELI, and LORD

JOHN RUSSELL, who I don't believe can be a clever man at all,—why, there looks to be nothing of him—and I could just see my dear LORD PALMERSTON for a moment as he came up the place to his seat; but of all the insulting holes to thrust ladies into, where they can scarcely see or be seen, and hear very badly, that grated hutch is the worst I ever saw. I would not keep rabbits there.

"The talking was all about the Budget, and it might all have been said in half-an-hour, though when we came away they had been at it for hours. How MR. GLADSTONE can go on for such a time, never stopping, and never seeming at a loss for a word, I cannot imagine. He talked for two hours and a half, and I thoroughly agree in all that he said; and if you come to consider, it is a shame to have any taxes upon the poor old people's tea and sugar. Why not take it off such things as those, and lay it on double and treble, and twice that, if you like, upon men's cigars and racehorses, and especially upon liquors of all kinds, which it would be a very good thing to discourage the drinking, for you can never take up a newspaper without finding that some very shocking thing has been done by persons under the influence of drink; and if you made it so dear that they could not buy it, there would be nothing tyrannical in that, and half the crimes would not be committed, especially those against poor women and children. MR. GLADSTONE perfectly convinced me that he was quite right, and though I could not see LORD PALMERSTON, I am certain that he must have been convinced also, and that he made up his mind to vote against that stupid CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, who is always doing stupid things, and I read of him only the other morning that he had brought in three bills into the House of Lords, about divorce and other matters, and proved that he did not understand them the least bit in the world. A person who would impose taxes upon a poor old creature's tea and sugar, when you know that these are almost the only comforts they have, and I wonder how you would like to be obliged to give up your pale ale, and your claret, and your iced punch, and your gin slings, and have no comfort but tea, and that to be taxed, I say that I quite agree with the *Times*, that such a man is quite unfit to be LORD CHANCELLOR. As for his speech last night, it had nothing whatever to do with the question, and I did not listen to a single word of it. I was very sorry that SIR BULWER LYTTON did not speak, but I suppose that his mind is far too great to descend to such rubbish as they were talking. Fancy a man who could write *Zanoni* condescending to debate whether tea shall be one and three-pence or one and sixpence! There ought to be clerks and such kind of people kept to settle such trash, and the clever men ought only to discuss noble subjects like wars, and alliances, and the marriages of kings and queens.

"But the more I see the more I am convinced that men are—I wish I might use the word—it begins with H. I am certain of it. Talk, talk, talk, I, I, I, gabble, gabble, gabble round and round subjects, which they could settle at once if they were not thinking of something and somebody else, beside the matters they pretend to be minding. Humbugs!—there—it's out, and now scold away at

"Your affectionate

"MARY ANNE."

¹ We append one note only to this intolerable epistle, and that is to say, that any other letter resembling it will most assuredly be the last of the series.

SANCTITY UNDER FALSE PRETENCES.

A PROCLAMATION, published by the Inquisition, has been posted up at Rome, declaring one CATHERINE FANELLI, who has been passing herself off as a saint, to be an impostor, and to have been sentenced by the Holy Office to twelve years' imprisonment. Her impostures it describes as having consisted simply in certain supernatural pretensions, for which an imprisonment of twelve years appears rather severe. One month at the House of Correction would probably be considered to meet the corresponding case in this country; and we are almost tempted to regret that we have no Inquisition, to commit, as rogues and vagabonds, our Sabbatarian humbugs and antidramatic *Mawworms*, who endeavour to pass themselves off for saints.

Curious Calculation.

THE united ages of the several jokes that met together in a Burlesque on a recent festive occasion, amounted to not less than 1573 years. This gives an average of 85 years to each joke. Several of the old veterans showed no visible signs of decay, but on the contrary from their vigorous condition gave every promise of delighting the public for many a long year to come.

SINGULAR DELUSION.—MR. SPOONER has got into his head the curious notion, and nothing apparently will ever get it out again, that he is an APOSTLE SPOONER!

THE LORD CHANCELLOR IN THE DARK.



N the House of Lords the other evening, LORD BROUGHAM began to brush up the LORD CHANCELLOR a bit as to how the Statutes were progressing towards that consolidation so devoutly to be wished; and in reply, LORD CRANWORTH stated, that during the recess certain bills had been prepared, which would consolidate the Statute Law affecting criminals, and that—

"It was his wish to proceed with them at an early period of the session, but he would not go further until he saw his way clearly."

Giving the LORD CHANCELLOR all honour for his wish, we fear there is small likelihood that we shall see it realised, so long as he imposes the condition which his last words seem his ableness to "see his way clearly." We say this without it can be no news to

to indicate. If his progress with the bills be made dependent on his way clearly," we think the "early period" will prove a mere period of speech, and the words "at the Greek Calends" would come nearer to the truth. meaning to depreciate too much his lordship's powers of vision, but

any one to hear that they have somewhat suffered from advancement, both of time and place. The fogs of Chancery, we know, are such as must impair the strongest mental eyesight; and are a sufficient cause why those who grope their way in their proceedings through the Courts should make such tardy progress. At the same time, when we find so bright a luminary of the law as the LORD CHANCELLOR, who ought by rights to shine the foremost light of the profession, acknowledging thus candidly that he is in the dark, we can but think that to prevent his getting in bad odour, it would be but right to give him an extinguisher.

SINGULAR PHENOMENON.

SIR CHRISTOPHER TAWNY (a great favourite in the North) has some wonderful old Port Wine, which he says he laid down at the time of the birth of his eldest daughter. The wine is, undoubtedly remarkably fine, but the most wonderful thing about it is that, whereas the wine is thirty-two years old, the young lady, who is still unmarried, is only just entering her three-and-twentieth year! SIR CHRISTOPHER says that his daughters so far differ in body and temper from his wine, that the longer he keeps them the younger he finds they grow!

Orators Dumfounded.

THE move of the Government in bringing in the Budget so early in the Session has had all the effect of an Early Closing Movement on the mouths in opposition, and has even shut up MR. DISRAELI himself, by forestalling all the questions he had prepared himself to ask.

SOME MORE CHAPTERS IN THE HISTORY OF JOHN BULL.

How JOHN BULL was humbugged after all.

WELL, my brace of Scotchmen went up to the farm, and like shrewd hard-working men of business, as they were, at once set about the inquiry PAM had charged them with. At first the keepers tried their grand airs on the pair—were snappish, and saucy, and humorous, and mighty short in their answers, with "marry, come ups," and "you ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no lies," and "don't you wish you may get it," and so forth. And, truly, if the two old fellows had not been as tough as nails, and as patient as a brace of Jobs, they might have lost temper a thousand times, and most likely flung up their task in disgust.

Then the rogues, finding their sauciness without avail, tried flattery, and mighty civil they were, I promise you, with their tongues in their cheeks all the while. But this plan succeeded no better than the other. The two old fellows stuck to their work, regardless alike of big words and bluster, or soft sawder and flummery. They were up and about early and late. They saw and questioned everybody; looked into everything; had up the poor old fiddler under examination for days; overhauled all the contents of the store-rooms, where they found a precious mess, I can assure you; took an account of all that JOHN had sent up for the use of the watchers; in short, made a thorough good job of what they were sent to do, as PAM had bade them, "without fear or favour." And having completed their task, they set off home, to report to their employer.

Meanwhile, during the time spent on their inquiry and report, the affairs of NICK had fallen into a very bad way. The old rogue's rag-a-muffins—stout fellows as they were—were thrashed again and again, till at last they were beaten out of the old stone house they lived in, and the roof was fairly burnt over their heads. Old NICK had died some time before this happened of sheer heart-break, it was thought, for a terrible drubbing JOHN BULL's watchers had given his blackguards against odds of six to one, and his son, ALICK, a decent lad enough (considering who was his father), had come into what the old man had left behind. The lad was ready enough to renounce his father's tricks, and to promise anything for a quiet life. So on condition of his marching his blackguards off the ground, and keeping out of arm's-length of the Turkey-pen, and giving sureties for good behaviour, JOHN agreed to let him go scot-free, to break up his own establishment of watchers and keepers, and to allow bye-gones to be bye-gones.

Many of his friends thought JOHN was a little too easy with his enemy. But that was always his way, as all readers of his history know. He never won a law-suit, but he gave away half the damages he received, and in most cases, to the man he had been at law with. Mighty glad, I promise you, were all the family at the manor-house to see the poor fellows from the moor-farm safe home again. JOHN BULL ordered half-a-dozen oxen to be roasted whole, to feast 'em:—a row of butts of October were set abroach on the lawn: there was jumping in sacks and grinning through horse-collars, fireworks at night, and a dance and a supper in the servants' hall—and who but the watchers and keepers!

Some of the latter, indeed, who had come home before this, had given themselves mighty great airs among the servants, on the strength of their doughty deeds against NICK and his blackguards. As usual 'twas the emptiest puppies that talked loudest and made the bravest figure. The best men held their tongues. But when it came to finding places for the lads that had come home, I am afraid it must be owned JOHN's upper servants did not act fairly by their master. At least, it happened somehow or other that if ever there was a good berth to be filled in the stables or in the saddle-room, harness-room, or gun-room, it was sure to be given away to one of those very lounging, swaggering, dandified JEMMY JESSAMIES, or LAZY LAWRENCES who had so neglected their business up at the moor-farm, and thereby been the death of so many a lusty honest poor fellow of the watchers.

These bouncing, big-mouthed gentry told their own tales, of course; and PAM, the steward, and FOXY,—a whiskey-drinking, good dinner-loving, unscrupulous old reprobate, who had charge of the gun-room,—either believed, or pretended to believe, every cock and bull story they told. Anyone who ventured to hint at what STAG's inquiry had brought to light about these very fellows, or to suggest that 'twould be well to wait for the Scotchmen's report before giving places to these men, was pooh-poohed, and put down, as a factious, discontented, mischief-making spirit.

But when at last the two old Scotchmen brought out their report, I promise you there was a fine commotion in the stables and gun-room. Here were the very men whom the Scotchmen exposed as the authors of all the sufferings of JOHN's lads, now pocketing his best wages, and wearing his smartest liveries, and eating and drinking of the best in his servant's hall!

Now, some simple folks might have expected—considering how savage JOHN had been only a year before with the conduct of these very fellows,—that he needed but have been told how they had been smuggled into berths on the manor, to have at once made examples of the

scheming, saucy, shameless rascals, and turned every one of them out of his service, with a good rap over the knuckles to PAM and FOXY, for daring to recommend such puppies for employment. But he who argues in this fashion knows but little of JOHN BULL. That gentleman's way has always been,—after flying into one of his tremendous fits of passion,—at the earliest opportunity to mop his forehead, re-settle his wig, put down his cudgel quietly in the corner, call for a pipe, a tankard of home-brewed and the paper, and smoke and soak, and talk and read himself back into good humour as fast as possible.

So it was now. Instead of kicking out the JEMMY JESSAMIES and LAZY LAWRENCES, from stables and gun-room, and thanking the two Scotchmen for opening his eyes, JOHN BULL allowed the JEMMY JESSAMIES and LAZY LAWRENCES to stay where they were, and even to go about complaining they were ill-used and calumniated men, and that the Scotchmen were a pair of impertinent old meddlers, who had vamped up a story for the purpose of ruining them.

Nay, finding that JOHN allowed this sort of talk to go unpunished, they went so far as to propose putting the Scotchmen upon trial, in *their* turn; charging them with back-biting, false witness, defamation of character, subornation, and other crimes too numerous to mention. To this proposition PAM and FOXY were foolish, or knavish enough to give way, and one morning the two Scotchmen—who were just then expecting a handsome testimonial for their services—found themselves, somewhat to their astonishment, called on for their defence against a charge of slanderously stabbing the reputations of better men than themselves!

COMICALITIES OF THE SECTARIAN PRESS.



ANYBODY who reads the Papers with a view to mere amusement, would do well frequently to take up the so-called religious journals. He will find more absurdities in them than he will find in this periodical, or any other—whether he chooses a Popish or a Protestant paper, it will not much signify. Here follow a few extracts from one of these publications, which may be perused with as much gratification as is capable of being afforded by folly. The paper in question is a Roman Catholic one—apparently not venomous: the *Weekly Register*. It contains, firstly, a decree of the "Holy Inquisition" against the abuses of "Magnetism," by which term animal magnetism seems to be particularly intended; but this is not quite clear. The abuses indicated are the alleged

phenomena of somnambulism and clairvoyance: and in all these matters a heretical deception is declared to be practised when physical means are employed in order to produce effects not natural—"Cum ordinantur media physica ad effectus non naturales." As if natural means could produce any other than natural effects. When HERR FORMES in the opera, toasts a skull in red fire on the point of a pincushion, and summons *Zamiel*, who presently appears in thunder-and-lightning, it is not the physical means employed, but the invitation, which is supposed to cause the apparition of the demon. If a man makes magnetic passes, inwardly invoking the devil all the while, if the devil should come, or any other non-natural effect follow, the physical means would have nothing to do with the result; the metaphysical volition everything. Besides, what are non-natural effects? There was a time when the Inquisition would have deemed the agency of the electric telegraph preternatural; would perhaps have roasted MR. WHEATSTONE alive, and probably dug up and calcined the bones of OERSTED.

Next, in noticing a book bearing on Natural History, the reviewer, in connection with the subject of cruelty to animals, demands, "Where does this curiously morbid feeling of Protestants about animals come from? Have they forgot that all inferior creatures were placed under man's dominion by their Creator?" As if that circumstance rendered Protestant sympathy for the sufferings of brutes morbid. A new version of a popular Protestant canticle may be recommended to this writer, for the purpose of being sung through the nose to a new and doleful tune:—

"If I had a donkey wot wouldn't go-o-o-o,
Tell me not to wollop him! Wouldn't I though-o-o-o-oh!"

A little further on, there is an account of the funeral of an excellent Roman Catholic lady, with a heading of "PROTESTANT BIGOTRY AT HER GRAVE." The bigotry was exhibited by a Church parson, and is thus described:—

"Notwithstanding the just remonstrances of Mr. SUTTON, the parson insisted on reciting over the remains of this Catholic lady, an alien service, equally offensive to the living, and useless to the dead."

Would a Roman Catholic priest, in a Roman Catholic country, have served a Protestant corpse so? Not he, truly. He would have taken good care that it should not come into the churchyard at all. Which does the *Weekly Register* consider the more violent bigotry: to insist on reading prayers over a body, or to refuse it interment in consecrated ground?

BLUE RUIN.

FROM a statement in the *United Service Gazette*, it appears that some little difficulty is experienced in getting young officers for the Royal Horse Guards Blue. A commission in that distinguished corps is rather expensive, not only to procure, but also to retain. The costume and equipments are so costly as to render this regiment the heaviest of the heavies, and the mess expenses are such that the young gentleman involved in them very soon finds himself in a mess indeed. Horses, inclusive of hunters, which animals of the chase are necessary to these British *chasseurs*, run away with a deal of money, and an additional sum is carted off in a dog-cart, which is a vehicle necessary to the young officer, rendered so perhaps by the puppies with whom he is brought in contact. He is obliged to keep an opera-box, for which he has to pay to a pretty tune, and the only particular wherein he is not obliged to live high is that of lodgings; for he must not reside in a two-pair back, but is compelled to establish himself in handsome chambers.

In addition to all these expenses, he is called upon to meet the calls of Society, which are as onerous as those of the Royal British Bank: and thus, in one way with another, the Cornet in the Blues is forced to spend from £500 to £1000 a-year, besides his pay and allowances. Such involuntary expenditure as this is taxation worse than the Income-Tax, and is calculated to make any thinking Blue, if there is one, look blue indeed, and his respected governor, if the latter has to provide the needful, look still bluer. Colonels of the Blues, who are accustomed to say "It is useless for a young fellow to come to us unless he can spend his £500 a-year," will probably soon be reduced to the necessity of advertising for officers as recruiting sergeants advertise for private soldiers. The advertisements will perhaps have to run in some such terms as these:—

WANTED A FEW FINE YOUNG GENTLEMEN of £500 to £1000
a-year and upwards, willing to serve the QUEEN as Cornets in HER MAJESTY'S Regiment of Horse Guards Blue. Apply to LIEUT.-COL. DE BLAISE, at the Spendthrift's Arms.

LITTLE TYRANTS AT HARROW.

WE understand that the fagging system has attained to a high state of development at Harrow School. A correspondent informs us that the juveniles of the sixth form have lately improved very greatly upon the petty tyranny which they were content to practise heretofore. Formerly these young gentlemen were satisfied with indulging their imperiousness by summoning a fag to hand them a book from a shelf within two yards of their august hands. They now, however, go the length of calling the fag to desire another boy, in the same room with themselves, to speak with them. The head-master of Harrow, perhaps, does not know that certain other faculties of the human mind than the moral and intellectual are in course of cultivation at the school over which he presides. The passions and propensities are also receiving an education on the principle of mutual instruction, and the scholars are schooling one another in pride, insolence, cruelty, and servility. We would suggest that these evils constitute just that exceptional case wherein the rod might be advantageously flourished as a corrective, and we should see a little despot whipped not only without pity, but with extreme pleasure; with the same delight as that with which we should behold a great one—say KING BOMBA—under the infliction of a good hiding. We hope these few and mild observations may cause the life of a junior boy at Harrow School no longer to resemble that of a toad under the agricultural implement of the same name.

A Board that will not Give Way.

THERE have been published lately some wonderful experiments in bending timber. Encouraged by this success, SIR CHARLES NAPIER attended with a long catalogue of grievances upon the Admiralty Board, but though he had a lengthened interview with the First Lord, and pressed his very hardest, still he could not in the least succeed in bending WOOD.



THE MERRY SWISS BOY.

THE SWISS BOY.

Am—"Come arouse thee, arouse thee."

Come, disband thee, disband thee, my brave Swiss boy,
Drop thy sword, and from Naples away!
Come, disband thee, disband thee, my brave Swiss boy,
Drop thy sword, and from Naples away!
From gaoler's lash, and victim's scream,
To the Alpine crag, and the mountain stream—
Come, disband thee, disband thee, my brave Swiss boy,
Drop thy sword, and from Naples away!

Am not I, am not I, say, a very Swiss boy,
When I hire me to whoso will pay?
Am not I, am not I, say, a very Swiss boy,
When I hire me to whoso will pay?
TELL smiles on BOMBA's carbineer,
And PIO NONO's halberdier—
Am not I, am not I, say, a very Swiss boy,
When I hire me to whoso will pay?

For the right—for the right—oh, my brave Swiss boy,
Fling away tyrants' liv'ry—away!
For the right—for the right—oh, my brave Swiss boy,
Fling away tyrants' liv'ry—away!
And let the Switzer sword at last,
In the scale of right, not wrong, be cast;
For the right—for the right—oh, my brave Swiss boy,
Fling away tyrants' liv'ry—away!

Latest from Berlin.

OUR own Correspondent informs us that the British Ambassador had yesterday the honour of dining with KING CLICQUOT, when, or rather after which, his Majesty addressed to his Excellency the following speech, in justification of his threatened invasion of Neuchâtel:—"I shaynow—you Brish! Lookwhat you Brishabeendo in china! You've been pish'ninto your Canton. Why shou'n't I pishinto mine?"

THE ADMIRALTY.—A Bank for Land-Swells.

THE SORROWS OF GENTILITY.

THERE is a Novel written by a clever lady under the above title. We do not know what the particular Sorrows may be that Gentility uses its cambric handkerchief over in that sorrowful book, but we fancy that the following are such as have cost the fine old lady in her lifetime many a scalding tear:—

It is a Sorrow of Gentility, when a rich uncle, or a fine pompous relation, from whom one has expectations, drops in at the last moment to dinner, and there happens to be nothing but mutton chops, or mince veal, or cold meat in the house.

It is a Sorrow of Gentility, when a lady is looking over the clean linen to see whether it wants mending, or counting it to learn that it is all right, for a stupid servant to show a visitor into the very room, where the sheets are basking before the fire, and the shirts, &c., are lying *perdu* over the different chairs and sofas.

It is a Sorrow of Gentility to be caught doing any needlework, excepting one's fingers are employed on a Berlin Wool hippopotamus, or are morally engaged in embroidering a butterfly or a snail on a beautiful pair of mediæval braces for a Puseyite pet parson.

It is a most mortifying Sorrow of Gentility to be caught in the act of crying over a book, or weeping during a tragedy, or in fact giving way to any foolish emotion that common people are subject to.

It is an overpowering Sorrow of Gentility to have plain-looking or vulgar people, with cottage-bonnets and big umbrellas, shown into one's pew on a Sunday, simply because there happens to be plenty of room in it.

It is an acute Sorrow of Gentility to be seen on a Botanic or Horticultural Fête Day, in one's fine clothes, getting out of an omnibus a short distance from the entrance-gate.

It is a humiliating Sorrow of Gentility when a number of very genteel persons are waiting, or supposed to be waiting, for their carriages, for a big calf of a man-servant to dart prominently forward, and announce, in a tone loud enough for the shadow of BEAU BRUMMELL to hear, "Your cab, Mum's, at the door!"

It is a Sorrow of Gentility, quite sufficient to make one faint, to be seen in London, or anywhere near London, when everybody else is hundreds of miles out of town.

It is an aggravating Sorrow of Gentility when it becomes reported

that all your jellies and blanc-manges and creams and "sweets" are made at home.

It is a perplexing Sorrow of Gentility when the youngest daughters get married first, and the eldest, in spite of balls, fine dresses, jewellery, portraits, puffs, and paragraphs in the *Morning Post*, &c., &c., still remain heavily on hand.

It is a most distressing Sorrow of Gentility to be caught by some carriage visitors at an early dinner, and, after explaining to them most elaborately that it is only your luncheon, for some ungovernable unbirched brat of an *Enfant Terrible* to let the vulgar secret out.

It is an exquisite Sorrow of Gentility to have, on a Drawing-Room Day, the effect of your beautiful dress completely spoilt by some fat, unwieldy, stupid, clumsy City Alderman treading upon it just as you are being ushered into the presence of Royalty.

It is an agonising, and uncurable, and inconsolable Sorrow of Gentility to move all the stars and garters of the aristocracy and fashion in order to get into Almaek's, and, after many rubs and snubs, to fail in one's endeavours.

SOMETHING LIKE A MIRACLE.

THE Vienna Correspondent of the *Times* states that—

"The statue of the Virgin, which is to be erected at Rome in commemoration of the promulgation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception is finished. While the statue was being cast, the Priests chanted the Litany to the Holy Virgin, and the workmen gave the responses. 'Thanks to these excellent arrangements,' says the *Ultramontane Volksfreund*, 'the cast was perfect.'"

We shudder in imagining the scene described in the above paragraph. Nobody can very well, in the natural course of business, do two things at once; and if there are any two things that we should be disinclined to attempt simultaneously, those two things are singing responses and casting a statue. We should tremble very much to see a lot of Irish bricklayers at work on a scaffold, or climbing ladders and carrying hods, whilst they were also engaged in chanting litanies with their priests; but the idea of workmen's attention divided between a chant and the management of melted metal overwhelms us with fright. That no horrible accident attended such a process, conducted in such a manner, is indeed wonderful; and we have not for some time met with anything that looks so much like a miracle, as the successful casting, under the circumstances, of this molten image.



THE GREAT TOBACCO CONTROVERSY.

Clara (emphatically). "I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU SAY, FRANK—I SHALL ALWAYS THINK IT A NASTY, ODISIOUS, DIRTY, FILTHY, DISGUSTING, AND MOST OBJECTIONABLE HABIT!"

Frank. "HAW!—NOW I'M REALLY SURPRISED, CLARA, TO HEAR SUCH A CLEVER GIRL AS YOU ARE RUNNING DOWN SMOKING IN SUCH STRONG LANGUAGE—FOR IT'S ADMITTED BY ALL SENSIBLE PEOPLE, YOU KNOW, THAT IT'S THE ABUSE OF TOBACCO THAT'S WRONG!"

[Which little bit of sophistry completely vanquishes CLARA.]

A NUISANCE CORRECTED BY ITSELF.

To show to what an abominable extent the nuisance of Encores has grown in Italy, we may as well mention that at the Scala, the other evening, the audience was so taken with the *Piscatore dell' Onda*, which is the last new production of VERDI's, that they encored the entire opera. Such an ovation was never known before, and probably never will be again! Musicians fainted over their violoncellos, and the prompter fell asleep in his cabriolet-hood box. However, the mischief did not stop there, for at two o'clock in the morning it was discovered by a watchman accidentally dropping in, that the singers could no longer sing, and the audience could no longer hear. The former, by dint of screaming, had lost their voices, and the latter, from listening to so much noise, had lost their hearing. How long the singers had been singing without making any sound, and how long the audience had been listening without hearing anything, it is impossible to conjecture; but it is very clear that it only requires a few more salutary examples like the above, and the annoying system of Encores must be effectually abolished.

A Profitable Tax.

It is proposed, in the event of there being any deficiency in the Revenue next year, that MR. GLADSTONE, every time he taxes the patience of the House, should pay an *ad valorem* tax, of not less than sixpence for the first hour, a shilling for the second, and so to go on increasing every succeeding hour. The intrinsic value, it is true, will not be much, but it will be amply made up during the session by the tremendous quantity.

DOCTORS DIFFERING.—One Doctor says that Puseyism is to Popery as Cow-pox is to Small-pox. Another, on the contrary, says that it is as Typhus Mitior to Typhus Gravior.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

FEBRUARY 23RD. Monday. As LORD CRANWORTH'S Wills Bill goes to a Select Committee, no more need be said about poor CRANNY'S initiatory mull beyond mentioning that to-night, on the second reading, the real lawyers spoke of it with the most aggravating contempt.

It is no longer necessary to attend to the delicate precaution which *Mr. Punch* suggested last week in reference to the name of the Member for Sandwich. There is but one MR. MACGREGOR in the House of Commons. JOHN of Glasgow has accepted—and any acceptance of his is a thing worth noting—an office under the Crown, and vacates his seat. He did not ask for any Hundreds—this time—but took the Stewardship of the Manor of Northstead. It has an almost inappreciable, though disqualifying salary; but small as it is, MR. JOHN MACGREGOR will no doubt place it at the disposal of the assignees of the institution that did him—not to say gave him—so much credit.

The Battle of the Budget was renewed. LORD JOHN RUSSELL volunteered his aid to the Government, and in fact it is supposed that there is no amount of assistance which he would withhold from almost any Government *de facto*, even to the discharging a portion of their duties. MR. WHITESIDE explained, still more distinctly, that he and his Conservative friends wanted office, and SIR F. BARING said that he knew that very well, and should do all he could to keep them out. MR. WALPOLE, of course, was ready to vote anything that should enable him to change places with SIR GEORGE GREY. MR. CARDWELL deserted his friend, MR. GLADSTONE, and joined the Government voters. He could not be Chancellor of the Exchequer in a Ministry of which MR. GLADSTONE was a member. MR. MILNER GIBSON had listened to everybody else's speeches with an attention not altogether reciprocated by the House, and expressed his wish that the Budget should be amended. SIR CHARLES WOOD, of course, contended that it was so good as to be incapable of being amended; and the House, after rejecting MR. GEORGE BENTINCK'S proposal for adjournment of the Budget until the Estimates were disposed of (really so sensible a course that there is no wonder only 25 supported it against 477) divided upon the Main Question, which was whether the Balancing Brothers of Westminster should take office *vice* the Bottleholder, and decided that they should not, by 286 to 206.

Tuesday. LORD DERBY fulfilled his promise of bombarding Government in retaliation for the bombardment of Canton. Everybody who wished to injure the Government was conscientiously convinced that the assault was unjust, unnecessary, and cruel, while all the Ministerialists were as clear in their conscience that nothing could be more righteous and expedient, or more humanely effected. The important question, whether English subjects residing abroad were never to have any redress or protection until their case had been sent home and instructions obtained from Government, was at issue in the case, and the Lords' decision, luckily, is that a *Cicis Romanus* is not to be left in that highly comfortable situation, but that his QUEEN'S flag is to be flapped *instantly* into his enemy's eyes. The sentimental part of the case was worked as gravely as if noble lords who talked of the innocent, polite, and friendly Chinese, had never heard that in Canton itself MR. COMMISSIONER YEH had tied up thousands of men and women at his place of execution, and had them flayed alive, and cut into slices, and that only a little time back the amiable Cantonese tortured a French missionary for three days, and then burned him. To these people it was urged that we were to serve out "justice in its most winning guise, and lofty truth and forbearance." The Lords, after a debate to-night and on Thursday, voted that bombshells were more to the purpose, by 146 to 110.

The remarkable WALMSLEY achieved another of those remarkable failures for which he is chiefly renowned. SIR JOSHUA persists in believing that it is he who is specially called to reform the representative system, and though everybody assures him that he is under a mistake, and snuffs him out, counts him out, and serves him out in every practicable way, he will never comprehend his true position. This evening he wanted to refer the British Constitution to a Select Committee, and it took some time before he could be abated. SIR CHAS. WOOD said that the Government had decided not to send a new expedition in search of SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, believing that it would be useless. That it would discover the Arctic hero it is almost impossible to believe; that it would ascertain where he and his brave companions had died, it is almost as impossible to disbelieve, the only unexplored region being attainable with slight peril and complete precision. It would put new heart into our sailors on a thousand coasts, to learn that their England is as true to them as they are to her. But the Admiralty thinks this "useless."

Wednesday. The Irish Fish that invariably make their appearance early in the session, were seen this day, but speedily dived and disappeared. In other words, a plan of Mr. MAHON's, which he says is intended to give Irishmen the right to catch their own fishes, and which the Irish Attorney-General, who has caught his (and some loaves with them), disapproves, as leaving all the fish in Ireland unprotected, was rejected by 185 to 10. An astrologer would remark that Mr. MAHON is a good lawyer, that his fish bills are unacceptable, and though Libra, which means justice, is typified by scales, he had better leave the scaly tribe to those born under Pisces. He will find the legal flesh-pot answer better than the illegal fish-pot.

Thursday. Before going to China, LORD CAMPBELL obtained a Select Committee to consider whether the law ought not to protect a newspaper from actions for truthful reports of public meetings. JOHN thinks that speeches in Parliament, Convocation, and County and Borough Meetings, ought to be published without danger; but not so in regard to some other assemblies, without limitation, and he believes that if perfect impunity be given, men will always be getting up public meetings, in order to spout calumny for the press to report. There is a singular, not to say insolent idea entertained by some lords and others that the press has no discretion, and unless kept under the eye of the police, will always be trying to injure some worthy man or other. In the case of this proposed legislation, the journals have the remedy in their own hand—short-hand. If Parliament refuses them immunity for publishing its debates, let them cease to publish them. A week of "no gallery" would send any reasonable measure very rapidly through both Houses.

MR. EWART's annual motion against Death Punishments is to be limited this year to the abolition of the last penalty "except for treason and murder." The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER said that a report of the Commission on Decimal Coinage was in preparation; and that every attempt had been made to understand the subject. Several members of the Commission were already aware that *decem* means ten, and that it is easier to multiply by ten than by four, twelve, or twenty. It is suggested that some decimal nursery rhymes would materially aid the Commission in saturating the minds of the English people with the new system, as in about the time that darlings now baa-ing to black sheep, thanking pretty cow that gave, and riding to Banbury cross, are bothering for latch-keys, or angling for husbands, the decimal plan will be ready.

MR. CORDEN brought up the China business. He moved a resolution condemnatory of the bombardment, and for a reference of the whole subject to a Committee. MR. LABOUCHERE's answer was of the windiest. SIR BULWER LYTTON thought that we ought to treat the Chinese much more gently, and SIR JOHN RAMSAY thought that we had been treating them much too gently for fourteen years. SIR ERSKINE PERRY would have voted against the motion, if it was intended to turn out Ministers, but would support it because it was just, a neat distinction. LORD JOHN RUSSELL went his hardest against Government, and the debate was adjourned until

Friday, when (the Lords doing nothing) eleven more speeches were delivered on the subject. Of the five by lawyers we need say nothing, and of the others little more except that SIR CHARLES NAPIER defended ADMIRAL SEYMOUR for having displayed spirit and resolution, articles of which SIR C. is a judge, that ADMIRAL BERKELEY, with that sentiment of true piety for which the BERKELEYS are notorious, took credit to SEYMOUR for not having begun to fire until Sunday was over, and that SIR JAMES GRAHAM, seeing a good chance of doing mischief, went in for it with his wonted *gout*.

This evening people lounged about the clubs declaring that the Government was going to be beaten that night, that MR. HAYTER had whipped five new lashes off in flogging up his men, and that Dissolution was to be proclaimed forthwith. MR. PUNCH therefore went down to the House, and found SIR RICHARD BETHELL gracefully waving a very nice pair of dark kid gloves (with his hands inside them) in the face of the Commons, at midnight, MR. GLADSTONE taking acres of notes, and LORD PALMERSTON hushed in a grim repose, which indicated that he did not expect his evening prey that evening. The debate was adjourned. Before the world is gladdened with this number of *Punch*, Britannia may be trimming her bonnet with China crape, as mourning for a defunct Cabinet.

Dizzy and Misty.

MR. GLADSTONE is so generally considered to be misty, that no great liberty can be taken in calling him so, and suggesting that SIR GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS is much more likely to see his way than either, or both together, of two ex-Chancellors of the Exchequer, one of whom is MISTY and the other DIZZY.

THE MAN FOR THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

If ever the Manchester party should get into power, MR. CORDEN, of course, will be the Minister for Foreign Affairs. Of all foreign Secretaries that old England has ever seen, the honourable Member for the West Riding would be the most thoroughly foreign.

"IS SMOKING INJURIOUS?"

(The Answers of a few Ladies to the above Question.)

MRS. BROWN (of Bloomsbury Square). "Most decidedly! Doesn't it injure the curtains?"

MRS. JONES (Sea-Shell Cottage, Brighton). "There can't be a question about it, and I am only surprised how persons can be so foolish as to put one! Doesn't it stick in the gentlemen's hair? and get embedded in their whiskers? and hang about their clothes for hours and hours, and sometimes days afterwards? So much so, that any one can tell a mile off whether the nasty things have been smoking or not. I'm sure it is downright terrible to be shut up in a railway carriage with a party of confirmed smokers—for though they may not be smoking at the time, still the unpleasant smell of their garments is such as to make one regret that LORD PALMERSTON will not bring in an Act of Parliament to make every filthy smoker consume his own smoke."

MRS. ROBINSON (1002, Old Gower Street). "It not only injures the complexions, but the carpets also. Why, you have only to look at the carpet of a room, in which the gentlemen have been smoking overnight, and your own eyes will tell you whether it is injurious or not? I have seen carpets (beautiful carpets, that must have cost 5s. 2d. a yard, if they cost a penny,) in such a disgraceful state that a blackbeetle, I'm sure, would eat himself rather than walk over them!"

MRS. BLUE STOCKEN (Minerva Hall, Bath). "If it is not injurious, perhaps you would have the kindness to inform me the reason why we ladies are not allowed to smoke?"

MISS TWENTYMAN (Willow Lodge, Briston). "It's all fuss and nonsense, and I quite lose my temper when persons question me about the injuriousness of tobacco. Of course, it is injurious! Doesn't it kill spiders? Doesn't it stifle gnats, and flies, and even earwigs? Isn't it used in noblemen's and gentlemen's gardens to fumigate the plants? Are not our hothouses and summerhouses smoked, when we want to get rid of the vermin? and really I half wish sometimes that it would have the same effect on the gentlemen, when they will persist in injuring themselves (and annoying us) by smoking hours after hours to the abominable extent they do! If I was called upon to say what a man was, I should answer it by giving this definition: 'Man is the only animal that smokes.'"

MRS. BLOOMER (Lecturer on the Rights of Women, &c.). "It is indisputably of injurious effect, for that which has the unnatural power of separating for so many consecutive hours the husband from the partner of his joys, cannot well be beneficial in its results, any more than it is humanising in its relations. It is my firm conviction that it brutalises all those who partake of it, for it has been a source of sorrow to me to notice that a husband, when he has been smoking to a late hour at his club, invariably returns to his home in a much worse temper than when he left it in the morning. He leaves happy and smiling—he returns spiritless and discontented!"

[More answers, as they are dropped into our Tobacco-box.]

"GIN A BODY MEET A BODY."

THE following appeared in the *Liverpool Daily Post* last week:—

A Gentleman accustomed to sit with a recently deceased relative, who was many years an invalid, is desirous of a similar Occupation. References most unexceptionable.—Address, &c.

The sitting with a relative, recently deceased, is, of course, one of those acts of attention which, though they may be founded on a somewhat lowly psychology, are not to be derided. But why this gentleman should advertise that he wishes to sit with another defunct relative, demands explanation. Is he at enmity with his family? Are his relations rich? The advertisement is suggestive; so much so, indeed, that we have cut off the address, and shall take counsel's opinion as to sending it to the Liverpool police.

LEAVE OF ABSENCE.

MR. PUNCH has great pleasure in granting the following Leaves:—

To MR. GLADSTONE, 14 days, to recover from his mortifying defeat on the Budget.

To THE RIGHT HON. B. DISRAELI, 5 weeks, to prepare his next onslaught on the Ministry.

To SIR ROBERT PEEL, a fortnight at Easter, to enable him to lecture in the provinces.

To MR. HUMPHREY BROWN, until such time as the liabilities of the British Bank are paid in full.

To MR. SPOONER, till the Greek Kalends, or as soon as he attains his majority on the Maynooth question.

To SIR JOSHUA WALMSLEY, up to the end of the session, for his general powers of boredom.

A QUESTION TO MR. LINKLATER.—MR. JOHN MACGREGOR, late Member for Glasgow, having very handsomely accepted the Chiltern Hundreds, are they in any way available with the gentleman's after assets as a dividend in the matter of the British Bank?

THE CHINESE BOY.

THE Chinese Boy to the war is gone,
In the House of Lords to floor 'em,
His friend YEN's sword he has girded on,
And his potlid set before him.
"Land of Tea," said the Noble Lord,
"For sauce though Justice pays thee,
One Peer at least, without reward,
Shall back, defend, and praise thee."

The Champion failed—his attempt was vain,
But ambition won't knock under;
He'll up and at 'em yet again,
With a roar of empty thunder.
And say, "No stain shall sully me,
No dodge of factious knavery,
I fight, the chief of the pure and free,
With disinterested bravery."



FELINE INTELLIGENCE.

AMONG the enigmas of the second column of the *Times* we have been lately not a little puzzled by the following:—

LOST, on Monday evening, the 18th inst., near Fitzroy Square, a large TABBY CAT, with white throat and feet, aged 10 years. Whoever will take it to MR. _____ shall receive ONE POUND REWARD. No further reward will be offered.

Considering the visits and the shillings we have paid to the Regent's Park Gardens and to WOMBWELL'S Menagerie, our acquaintance with zoology can be scarce below the average. But we must confess to utter ignorance of the fact, that the age of cats may be discerned like that of horses, and that each year of their lives is distinguishably marked in them. We cannot help inferring this to be the case when we find the years of a lost cat precisely stated, as being one of the clues by which the finder may identify it: only we cannot help thinking that for the guidance of people as ignorant as ourselves, the advertiser should have added some instruction as to how the age of the animal is to be discovered. We might recognise a rabbit by its length of ears, but the years of a cat are not so plainly visible; and were we to catch a stray one in our present want of knowledge, we could no more ascertain if it were then in its tenth year, than we could undertake to say in which of its nine lives it was existing when we caught it.

A Card.—For Naples.

MR. MIVART presents his Compliments to his Catholic Majesty, FERDINAND, King of the Two Sicilies, and begs to be allowed to state that, at the present critical juncture, he can accommodate at his well-known Hotel, any Unowned Head seeking temporary retirement, with a most commodious suite of Apartments, admirably appointed and fitted up with the most delicate regard to Royalty in distress. N.B. A Porter sits up all night. Italian spoken on the Premises.

DUST FROM A BATH BRICK.

NINE hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand of *Mr. Punch's* correspondents are compelled to be content with the certainty, that for a fraction of one of his golden minutes they have engaged his intensest attention—and that justice will be done. The thousandth sometimes obtains public answer. MR. HENRY DALLAWAY, of Bath, is one in a thousand. He, of all the personages referred to by *Mr. Punch* in his remarks upon the mode in which the poor little children at Bath were baulked of their pantomime, has addressed *Mr. Punch* with a protest.

MR. DALLAWAY states that he "has sustained an unblemished character for twenty-five years." Upon this fact *Mr. Punch* begs to congratulate MR. DALLAWAY, even while temporarily unable to discover its exact bearing upon the subject. Next he states, that on MR. CHUTE's offering the Guardians of the Bath Union a free admission for 300 children, he, MR. DALLAWAY, objected to the acceptance of such offer, on the ground that "it was calculated to do persons of that class more harm than good." *Mr. Punch* has not, and never expressed, the least doubt that such was MR. DALLAWAY's opinion, and it is upon the sentiment that would deprive "that class" of amusements which are thought to be salutary to HER MAJESTY's children, and *Mr. Punch's* children, and the children of rate-payers, that *Mr. Punch* makes, and, D.V., intends to make, incessant war. Thirdly, MR. DALLAWAY states, that the offer having been courteously refused, "here the matter would and ought to have rested, but MR. CHUTE and some of the pot-house Newspapers took up the subject very angrily, and have been stirring up Earth and Hell in throwing abuse on the unfortunate Guardians." That MR. DALLAWAY's character is unblemished, *Mr. Punch* is perfectly ready to believe upon the *ipse dixit* of a gentleman of whom *Mr. P.* never heard in his life until he read of MR. DALLAWAY's ridiculous conduct in the Pantomime and Pauper case; but MR. DALLAWAY's language, as above given, rather befits some savage porter, of the class posted at the gate of certain London work-house doors to bully away the poor, than the calm, just, but kindly Guardian, who, from within, directs rational relief. We must leave the epithetical D. to settle with the journals what is to be understood by pot-house Newspapers; but if the term imply that the humbler class, during the hours of refreshment, seek instruction from such publications, *Mr. Punch* is happy to state that His journal, studied at Windsor Castle, is also bethumbed in the pot-house. The other figure of speech indicates an amount of topographical theology creditable to the supporter of the REVEREND MR. NEWNHAM, the anti-pantomime clergyman of Bath; but the metaphor is slightly confused, and all that *Mr. Punch* can make out of it is, that MR. DALLAWAY is in a vulgar passion and uses coarse language.

MR. DALLAWAY next enters into details as to the comforts of the Bath Union, and his statements are so gratifying that their entire irrelevance may be overlooked. He then draws a contrast between the happy Bath pauper and the unhappy Bath rate-payer, in numerous cases a lodging-house keeper who has but a few months for extortionate charges, and during the rest of the year lives upon his plunder and his basement floor. The contrast is afflicting, but fails to establish, irrefragably, that the poor little children ought to have been prevented from seeing *Jack and the Beanstalk*. Feeling this, MR. DALLAWAY, on his sixth page, finishes off *Mr. Punch* with some logic. His objection was, that the taking the children to the theatre would have been "the placing them in an unnatural position," (does MR. D. think that the spectators stand on their hands, like the clown?) "raising their tastes and ideas to a false standard" (poor brats—up to the top of the *Beanstalk* at least), "and perhaps implanting a propensity for sight-seeing which they might rob their employers to gratify."

This last is a home-thrust, and must be applauded by every Bath lodging-house keeper, as she looks out the "other" key to her lodger's tea-caddy. A far-sighted friend is MR. DALLAWAY—a real Guardian of the Poor. From what may not those 300 children have been saved by that act which dashed their merriment, and blighted their hopes? The *Beanstalk* might, who knows? have eventually turned to Hemp; *Jack* might have prefigured another inevitable Jack, fatally known at Newgate; every trap that opened might have hinted at the drop, and *Harlequin's* black cap have symbolised that of the judge who ten years hence shall go the Western Circuit. MR. DALLAWAY has floored us, and needed not instantly proceed to weaken his case by a reference to "late hours" which has really little to do with a morning performance, or by the discomfiting sneer which, as an *arrière pensée* he has written on his envelope, "Represent the Union children going in state to the theatre, and the rate-payers sweeping the streets for them." No, MR. DALLAWAY, and do not you be petulant, even on the strength of twenty-five years of a good Bath character. Your logic has prostrated *Mr. Punch*, and that gentleman has barely strength to hint, in getting away from so formidable an antagonist, that all *Mr. P.* ventured to say against MR. D. was to reprint his own declaration that he had seen the *Serious Family*. He will hardly see one in Bath when this epistolary feat of his is the subject of family discussion.

THE EXPECTED COMET.

(To DR. CUMMING.)

AIR—"Draw the Sword, Scotland."

HEY! a Comet's coming, CUMMING, CUMMING,
 Ho! a Comet's coming, expected very soon;
 Unless folks are humming, humming, humming,
 The Comet will be here on the Thirteenth day of June.
 Prognostication
 Spreads consternation,
 And with prostration,
 Old women swoon,
 Thinking of the Comet, coming, CUMMING,
 The Comet that is due on the Thirteenth day of June:

Because the Comet coming, CUMMING, CUMMING,
 Because the Comet coming, astrologers declare,—
 Silly people humming, humming, humming,
 Silly people humming,—will blow us into air,
 Fouling this planet:
 Goodness!—how can it,
 If we but scan it,
 The spheres so untune,
 By the Comet coming, CUMMING, CUMMING,
 By the Comet coming and due this blessed June?

We know better, CUMMING, don't we, CUMMING?
 We are sure that any astrologer's a loon,
 Or else a knave and humbug, humming, humming,
 Who says the world is coming to its end so very soon,
 Three years, if not more,
 Lease it has got more,
 May be a lot more,
 Along with the moon,
 Though a Comet's coming, CUMMING, CUMMING,
 Though a Comet's coming—possibly in June.

If the Comet's coming, CUMMING, CUMMING,
 If the Comet's coming, ice will be a boon,
 When the flies are humming, humming, humming,
 When the flies are humming on a sultry afternoon.
 Hotter weather may prevail,
 If it switch us with its tail,
 How very like a whale,
 Stung by a harpoon!
 Let us hope the Comet, CUMMING, CUMMING,
 Won't come it quite so very strong as that in June.



N. B.

THESE YOUNG GENTLEMEN ARE NOT INDULGING IN THE FILTHY HABIT OF SMOKING.—THEY ARE ONLY CHEWING TOOTHPICKS, THE COMFORTING AND ELEGANT PRACTICE NOW SO MUCH IN VOGUE.

[Vide Public Streets, particularly St. James's Street, Regent Street, Bond Street, and Her Majesty's Park of Hyde.

THE NEW BEER BILL.

Who would expect to find a coffee-mill or a tea-pot in a beer-barrel? Nevertheless, here is a new "Sale of Beer Bill" introduced into Parliament, a Bill, in fact, not so much dealing with the sale of beer, as with the sale of tea and coffee. The thing is a publican's measure. We hear the voice of BONIFACE speaking from the bung-hole. Coffee-shops are to be especially subjected to the official eye of the police, and the evil eye of the informer, for the larger licence of the Bunch of Grapes and the Horse-and-Anchor. For instance, every keeper of a coffee-shop is to be licensed at petty sessions by two justices of the peace! Why? As well should MRS. PARTINGTON be licensed ere she be permitted to fill her tea-kettle. Next: the price of the licence is to be £2. Why not £5? If cost is to convey a sense of importance, why not the larger instead of the lesser sum? But will the cost of the licence, whatever it may be, fall upon the coffee-house keeper? Certainly not. It must be defrayed by his customers; by that abandoned class of society that is found throughout the Metropolis by hundreds with their elbows on coffee-house tables—coffee, and haply the further dissipation of a muffin beside them—and spread before their meditative eyes the pages of *Punch*, or some such revolutionary print, whose sole purpose it is to turn the throne into a three-legged stool, and the monarchy into a republic.

Again, these pestiferous coffee-shops, under the new Bill, are to be closed at nine o'clock at night; that conspiracies may no longer be hatched over the thin-veiled pretence of bohea and mocha. What then? If the "Talfourd coffee-house," in Farringdon Street be shut at nine—and the shade of the gracious judge must be pleased and mollified that under his name flourishes the tea-shrub and the coffee-plant—if "Talfourd" be closed at nine, is not the neighbouring Red Lion open until twelve? Away, then, with thin libations, and welcome the frothing "heavy!" Shove aside the effeminacy of cups and saucers, and give us the manly pewter!

We trust that this new "Sale of Beer Bill," which is, in fact, a "Bill to discourage Coffee-shops," will be narrowly watched. Politicians owe it to their own poetic character to guard the interests of the Mocha's sober juice:—

"Coffee that makes the politician wise,
 To see thro' all things with his half-shut eyes."

Coffee must not be put upon by the beer-cask; and the Bill before us is evidently a Publican's Bill; a Bill, in fact, made and provided for those who are given to their cups, but rarely to their saucers.

Latest Intelligence from China.

(By Ethereal and Mesmeric Telegraph.)

Canton, 12.30 p.m. Feb. 26.

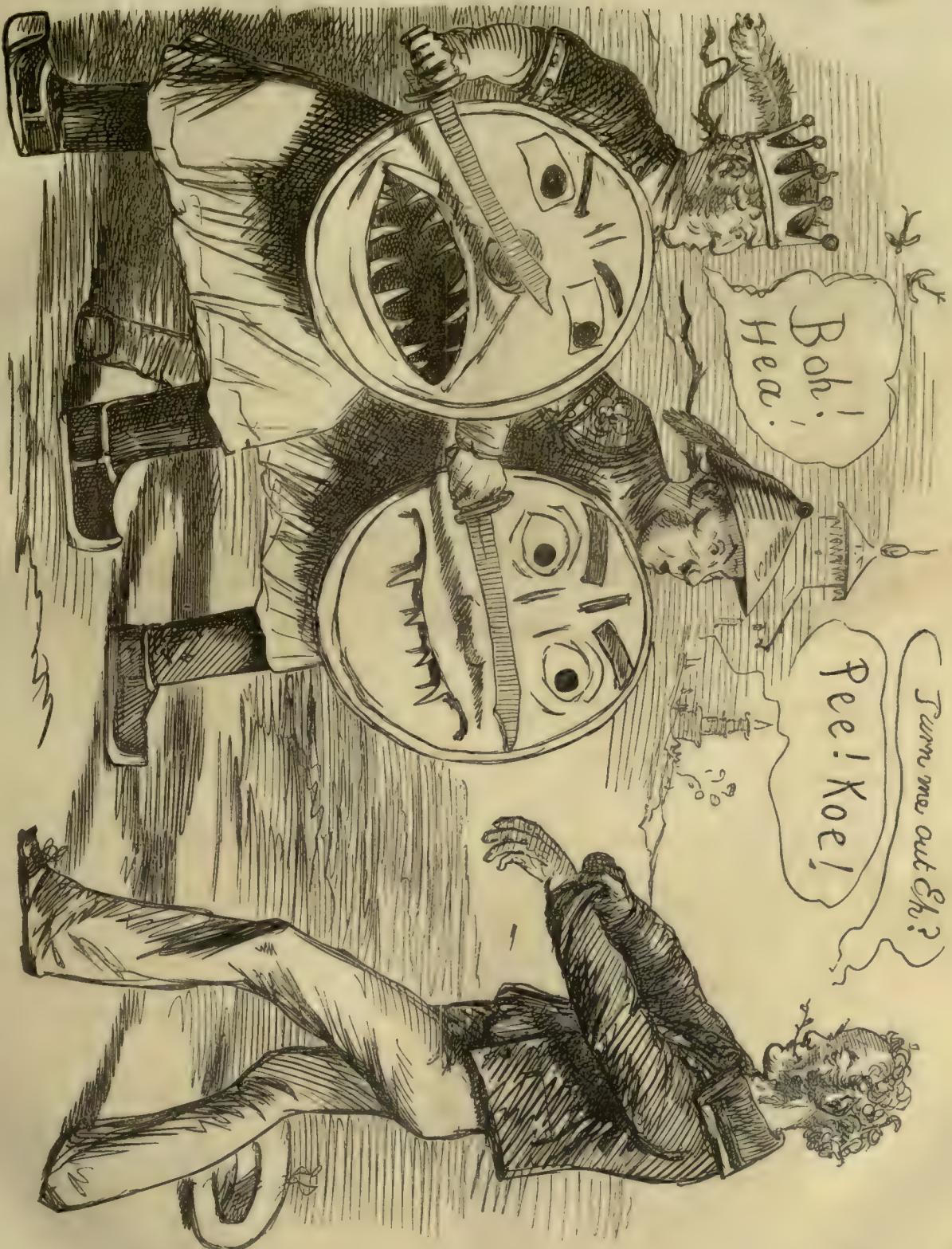
SIR JOHN BOWRING complains of a violent burning of the ears. He says that he knows people are talking about him.

ADMIRAL SIR M. SEYMOUR has experienced the same sensation in a milder degree, and expresses a similar opinion.

Lord Derby's Chinese Motion.

BROWN observed that "he thought LORD DERBY's motion on the part of the suffering Chinese, proved him a man of the widest geography of heart." JONES—the bitter JONES—demurred to the benevolence of the opinion: saying that "he saw in the motion nothing more than a shabby attempt at tea and turn out."

A CHINA BASIN FOR SIR JAMES GRAHAM.—The pathetic SIR JAMES—weeping over the amiable and innocent YEH—proposes "to wash his hands." How very dirty the water will be!



THE GREAT CHINESE WARRIORS DAH-BEE AND COB-DEN.

EART OF D—RB—Y.

C—BD—N.

P—LN—RST—N.



PUNCH'S COMPLETE TRADESMAN.

No. II.

MR. GRIG, of the Italian Warehouse, is at breakfast with MRS. GRIG, several little GRIGS, and the Shopman.



MRS. GRIG. Don't gobble up your breakfast as if the house was on fire, MR. GRIG. Remember that it is Sunday morning, and you have nothing to do except to take us out.

MR. GRIG. So it is, JEMIMA, but habit's habit. JACK, I'll smack your head if you pull SALLY's hair again. JIM, sit further from MARY, you do nothing but squabble. If you don't live together in love like Christian children, I'm blessed if I don't whip you all round.

MRS. GRIG. Don't be cross with them, MR. GRIG. If you'd talk to them instead of burying your head in that newspaper, they'd be quiet. Will you have an anchovy?

MR. GRIG. No, thank you, I should think not.

MRS. GRIG. Don't be frightened. These are not out of the shop.

MR. GRIG. Are they what your brother brought home? Then hand 'em over. JACK, where do anchovies come from?

JACK. Off the third shelf, right hand side, next the pickles.

MR. GRIG (boxes his ears). Take that, Sir, for your impertinence, and I've a good mind to say you shan't go out to-day.

MARY (intercedingly). He knows quite well, Pa; it's only his fun.

MR. GRIG. When I ask a question, I expect a respectful answer, and I'll have it. Now, Sir, if you do know, say.

JACK (sullenly). Common on the coasts of Portugal Spain and France has also been taken on our own is found all along the Mediterranean the Romans made a liquor called garum from it it is fished for at night and imported in barrels preserved in brine made with rock salt.

MRS. GRIG. I can't think how you can be so harsh with the child. He learns very well.

MR. GRIG. Let him learn his duty to me.

SHOPMAN (in order to make peace). He'll remember another time, Sir. His heart's in the right place.

MRS. GRIG (pleased). Some more tea, COBBOLD? Yours is cold.

SHOPMAN. Thank you, M'm, I don't know but what I will. MR. GRIG don't tell us, M'm, that there's a little more to do to the anchovies before the public gets them.

MR. GRIG (glad of an excuse to be good-natured again). First catch your anchovy, COBBOLD, or rather first don't catch it. Catch your sprat.

MRS. GRIG. Sprats are very good things.

MR. GRIG. No doubt of it, my dear. And if you put them into the brine in which the real anchovy has been, and especially if you colour that brine rather highly with bole Armenian—

JIM. That's a red earth full of iron.

MR. GRIG. Right, JIM, and iron's healthy in some diseases, and so as I said, if you do that, or, if you like, you may make your bole Armenian of chalk and Venetian red—

JIM. Which often contains red lead.

MR. GRIG. Well, I dare say that's good in some diseases too, if we only knew it. That's the way to make anchovies.

MARY. But what's the red mixture for, Pa?

MR. GRIG. Why, my dear, if a customer asked me, I should say, to improve the appearance of the fish, because customers ought not to be too curious. The reason I should give to you is, that the colour hides the dirty state of the brine.

MARY. I wonder people like to buy such things. Why, in that sample Ma opened yesterday, you might take the red earth and mess out of the bottles by tea-spoonfuls.

MRS. GRIG (laughing). Somebody's doing it now, I dare say, for we sold a good many bottles last night.

SHOPMAN. Eleving, M'm.

MR. GRIG. If people don't complain, it's no business of ours. I know this, that out of twenty-eight samples of trade anchovies that were examined by a party I know, not one-third were the real thing.

MRS. GRIG. These here are capital, these of Tom's. Look at the fish, now. How anybody in their senses can take a sprat for an anchovy!

MR. GRIG. You would, only you are told first. The squeezing and mutilation in bottling, and the red stuff, does the trick for almost everybody. By the way, did the potted things come in?

MRS. GRIG. No. What did you go buying more for? We've a precious stock in hand.

MR. GRIG. Because these are more advantageous. There's a good deal more flour put into them.

MRS. GRIG. Plaster of Paris is just as good.

MR. GRIG. Yes, or chalk, like those in the shop. But I had a chance to buy well. I've bought some anchovy paste too, and mind you speak of it, COBBOLD, as first rate. A man I know has made it. He bought a lot of sprats and cheap fish, and bruised them up, well seasoned, and coloured with Venetian red, and I'm blow'd if you'd know 'em from the right thing.

MRS. GRIG. I wonder if that Venetian red is poison. The bloater paste made JIM ill one day.

MR. GRIG. Hang it, JEMIMA, you never let the child have it, did you? Hang it all! Why, it's most deleterious. I wouldn't give it to anybody on any account.

MARY. But you sell it, Papa.

MR. GRIG. That is not giving it, MOLLY. And that's in the way of trade. You don't understand the difference. There are the bells, by George! Be off to church with you, and I'll have my cigar, in the mean time.

THE FEMALES. But you take us out in the afternoon?

MR. GRIG. Well, we'll see. If you young uns give me the text and a good account of the sermon, perhaps I will. (To Shopman, slyly). I think the profit on the new anchovies will pay for a chaise to Hampton Court.

ANALYSIS OF OUR COLLECTIVE WISDOM.

A CAREFUL analysis of the Parliament of 1852, as it is at present oddly constituted in this its moribund year, gives the following results:—

Members, who drop their H's, and are periodically the victims of misplaced aspirations	49
Members, who wear white hats	7
Ditto, who part their hair down the middle	3
Fanatics, who cheer SPOOKS	111
Enthusiasts, who believe in LORD JOHN	5
Ditto, who place confidence in DISRAELI	2
Lawyers, who have gone into Parliament in the hopes of political preferment	103
Commercial and Railway men, whose object is to puff their own schemes and support their own Companies	109
Red Tapis, and Members holding office, or connected with persons holding office under Government	100
Sanguine, speculative, or seedy Members, with the hope or promise of holding office under Government	79
Army and Navy Members, who have an interest in backing up, or currying favour with, the Admiralty or Horse Guards	32
Members under the influence of petticoat government, and voting precisely as their wives, or mothers-in-law, or any congenial-minded old women bid them	21
Men of letters, science, and proved ability	20
Vacant seats, and by no means the worst filled	7
High-minded patriots—(say, so as to be on the safe side)	3
Total	654 seats.

We only hope that the next general election will have the effect of presenting the nation with a more favourable analysis. If not, we shall move that an Analytical Commission, under the presidency of DR. HASSALL, be formed to inquire into the corruptions and adulterations of Government.

EPISCOPAL.

LAST week it was maliciously reported in the lobby of the House of Lords, that the BISHOP OF OXFORD—much moved by the powerful speech of LORD DERBY on the Chinese broil—had offered himself as ready to proceed to Canton as a bearer of a flag of truce; and further, to present a letter of invitation from his Lordship to GOVERNOR YEH to pass a few weeks with the PREMIER expectant at St. James's Square and Knowsley. We may, however, state that on the part of one reverend member of the Bench such an offer has really been made, but the name of the enthusiast has not yet transpired. Indeed, perhaps it may never be disclosed.

Very Ironical.

LORD ELLENBOROUGH thought he applied a terrible cautery to SIR J. BOWRING, when sinking his knighthood, the noble lord resolutely called him "Doctor." Very stinging this. But his lordship should take heed. Is he not open to reprisals? What, for instance, if GOVERNOR BOWRING, in his future despatches, studiously forgetful of the fullness of his Lordship's dignity, should determine upon calling him nothing but "ELLEN?"

A CHALLENGE.

WE wager six haunches of Southdown mutton against twelve bufalo's humps, that an English postman will go through more rapping on St. Valentine's Day than an American spiritualist on all the other days of the year put together; and moreover, that a medium (either in the shape of a cook, or a housemaid, or a young, or elderly, lady) shall answer in every case, and answer, too, at the very first rap, without keeping the spirit-rapper waiting longer than is just necessary for him to spell his letters. If our Yankee spiritualists decline this challenge, we shall infer that there is no longer any spirit left in them.



GESLER'S HAT.

ONCE upon a time, the spirit of Switzerland, working in the unbanned WILLIAM TELL, looked defiance at GESLER'S Hat, stuck upon a pole, to test the manhood of a free people. And now Switzerland sends her children—or permits them to depart and take livery in the odious service—to mount guard about the pole, and to compel men, women, and children, to do servile obedience to the POPE'S triple crown, to the double diadem of the Two Sicilies. Pity is it, that Switzerland, who knows so well how to be free at home, has become a bye-word and a proverb as the nursing mother of a family of flunkies, with plush in their souls, with their very minds in livery, devoted to take wages from the blood-dropping hands of a FERDINAND, to eat the dirty bread of a PIUS THE NINTH.

Oh, Helvetian lion, and must it be ever thus? It was bad enough when you were turned into a poodle for the Kings of France; and when, watching faithfully, and biting bravely, you were knocked on the head by republican clubs one very noisy day in Paris. Poodle as you were—the leonine majesty clipped closely as any *caniche* on the Pont Neuf—you died game; and THORWALDSEN has carved you, restoring the leonine form, in everlasting rock, great lion of Lucerne. The mighty Dane has cast the sentiment of fidelity about your dying moments; the arrow has sped to the vital place; the thick blood oozes round the shaft; and the leonine paws, the claws tangled in its folds, grasp with the grip of death the lily flag of France. Down went the Bastille! And Helvetia's lion—in that bloody time of Paris—what was it more than a butchered calf? Indeed, of not so much serviceable account as so much dead veal in which were the probabilities of many a *fricandeau*!

And now, transformed to a shepherd's dog, the Helvetian Lion is the hired property of the Pastor of the Seven Hills; and worries the sheep—for the Shepherd thinks it good that his flock should know the teeth of the dog—and, all for their health's sake, even bites the little lambs.

In Naples, the lion of Helvetia, turned to a blood-hound, has lost its

roar, and hunts silently as coming death. Ill-favoured, sinister beast! It carries a golden collar charged with the arms of the Two Sicilies; and licks its jaws red with man-hunting. And was this beast bred in the mountain-home of Switzerland? Was this badged brute of slaughter a thing of the land of TELL? A thing to be patted by the hand of BOMBA, and fed upon his scraps?

Will Switzerland remain silent? Will she not, with the voice of an indignant mother, call back her children, or denounce them as hirelings for blood—as turnkeys and torturers for daily wages? Will she consent to share in the shame of tyranny by licensing its instruments? Let us see to what iniquities Switzerland, in the person of her soldiers—her despot's guards upon blood-wages—lends herself and ministers. How fare the Neapolitan state prisoners in the castle of Monte Sarchio where BOMBA keeps his victims, as the ogre POLYPHEMUS kept *his* supplies, to be devoured in due season? How goes it with POERIO? With the undaunted man, stubborn to the death in his championship of truth and right? Well, POERIO—with manacled body—has lost one eye; total blindness is fast coming on, speeded by racking rheumatism, and a cough so deep, so wearing, that it might almost move the bowels of the king gaoler, FERDINAND himself. Nevertheless, Switzerland continues at once the guard and turnkey of well-nigh extinguished POERIO. Switzerland with her eagle glance of freedom, can accustom her eyes to the charnel darkness of a dungeon; and still have vision sufficient to see that her wages are no counterfeits, but of the right metal. Switzerland, with her ear attuned to foaming cataracts and bounding streams, can critically listen, when she rings her homicidal wages, to know if the coin be of the right and true musical vibration.

Besides POERIO there is SCHIAVONI, also blind of one eye; and threatened with blindness total as the stone-blindness of FERDINAND'S heart. One STENO—by last accounts sent to the minister of merry England—has no stomach for prison fare, all food being rejected. VINCENZO DONO has been on the rack of rheumatism for five months; NISCO is tortured by incessant pains of the stomach; and ALPHONSO ZEULI, aged twenty-four, died of consumption; and died in chains. In chains, Switzerland! But still he rebelliously died; there being no possible gag or barring-iron to keep in the rebel soul that, haply, flew accusingly to God, accusingly of the monster who holds bloody carnival with his own thoughts at Caserta. Near ZEULI, lay PIRROTI, a judge in chains, and almost motionless as a corpse. Justice in manacles; and Switzerland, in the persons of her children, keeping hireling guard of the victim of the blasphemers!

We will not pause to look into the Roman dungeons, with locks turned by the keys of St. PETER-PIUS. We will not count the harried, bitten, half-flayed sheep—the ruddled property, for is not the cross upon their backs?—of the pastoral Pope. Enough that he has hireling dogs from the mountains and valleys of Switzerland, the vaunted home of freedom, albeit the breeding-places of the liveried lackeys, and the ready-money slaves of tyrants.

Can Switzerland, in the face of this reproach—a reproach, eating canker-like into her fair name—can Switzerland pause ere she calls back her Swiss from Rome, her Swiss from Naples; and being called, and coming not—ere she fails to cast them off and for ever to denounce them—no children of hers but bought and sold soulless carcasses, the working-tools of tyrants?

If Switzerland will not do this, let us hear no more of the Helvetian Lion. For with Swiss guards at Rome, with Swiss guards at Naples, truly for the Helvetian Lion we must have the Helvetian Hyena.

The Advantage of Earnestness.

It would perhaps be going too far to say, that nothing could have exceeded the eloquence of the EARL OF DERBY'S appeal to the House of Lords in general, and the Bishops in particular, on behalf of the peaceable, much-enduring, honest, straightforward, mild, gentle, forbearing, barbarously outraged Chinese. The noble Earl would have made a much more spirited and energetic speech, if the rupture at Canton had occurred under an Administration of his own, and if, therefore, he had been obliged to speak on the other side of the question.

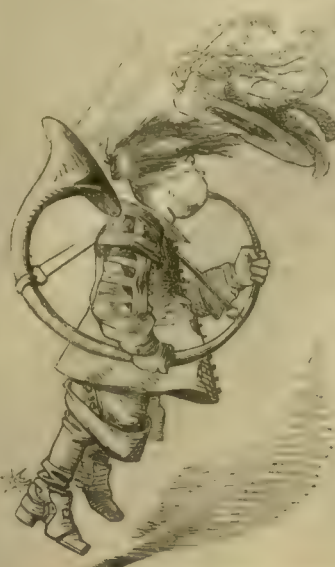
Mr. Gladstone's Game.

MR. GLADSTONE has been playing a deep game of chess. Under cover of attacking the PREMIER'S Castle or Tower of Strength, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, the honourable Puseyite is supposed to have been really manœuvring with a view to check LORD PALMERSTON'S (Low Church) Bishops.

LOST.—A few nights ago, somewhere in the House of Commons, the self-command of a late RIGHT HON. CHANCELLOR OF THE EX-CHEQUER. The Right Hon. Gentleman is well-assured that he carried the article about him until a late hour of the evening; when it must have accidentally fallen from him in the heat of debate. A handsome reward will be given to whosoever shall restore the article in question, as it is more than probable that its late owner will, in the course of the next few months, have the most pressing need of it.

REFORM YOUR SOLDIER'S BILLS.

(OR "A ROW IN WAR OFFICE BUILDINGS.")



Oh dear, what can the matter be!
Oh dear, what shall we do!
Here's JOHN BULL in a passion
With us and our Estimates
too!

Here's GLADSTONE by anticipa-
tion
Our budget proceeds up to
blow:
Here's D'IZZY in dang'rous
flirtation,
With GLADSTONE and GRA-
HAM and Co.

Here's the country, against the
War-Ninepence
Protesting with stamp and
with iron:
Here's PAM swears JOHN BULL
must be humoured,
And Estimates *must* be cut
down.

Here's PANMURE, premature in
disclosure,
To his friends at Arbroath has
declared,

He hasn't a doubt twenty millions
From last year's accounts may be spared.

Though such after-dinner reduction
The morning's reflection won't bear,
The mischief is done, and the point is
As we *must* cut down costs, to find *where*.

Of course, with the Staff we can't tamper,
Of course, we can't touch the Horse-Guards;
We must stand by our friends and relations,
And not meddle with well-earned rewards.

With two Colonels for every regiment
We can't think of doing away:
One is wanted to look to the duty,
The other to pocket the pay.

Private secs, A. D. C.'s are appointments
To be kept up in spite of the snobs:
To the service they're most ornamental,
And we all must "take care" of our "Dowbs."

In the higher-class posts of the service
We don't see room for sparing a man:
And to live on the salaries now paid them
Is as much as such officers can.

But we've reason, by all we can gather
From Heads of Departments' remarks,
To believe, that each branch of the office
May dispense with a batch of its clerks.

Then, for those paid too little already
For their work (as they saucily say),
It can't matter much, from that little,
If a trifle be cheese-pared away.

There are works, too, that may be suspended,
Which won't involve much turning out,
Save of lab'rers, and that sort of persons,
Whose int'rests we can't think about.

Such suspension, 'tis true, will make useless
Cost, to which we already have run:
Will cripple much-needed improvements,
And arrest useful plans just begun.

Clothes, harness, and stores may lie rotting,
Or be sold out of hand, for a song:
Guns and mortars may lack shells and shooting,
And rifles and rockets go wrong.

Land-transport and hospital service,
As in the late war, may break down:
Commissariat duty, befuddled,
With starvation our blunders may crown.

But JOHN BULL is determined on saving;
And, of course, to his bidding we bow.
Hit or miss, we'll slash down the sum-totals,
To what his close-list will allow.

But as for "selection of items,"
"Remod'ling the service," and all,—
We'll cut where we least feel the knife, Sir,
On JOHN BULL let the consequence fall.

WHY LADIES CANNOT SIT IN PARLIAMENT.

ONE of the pet grievances of those strong-minded women, who lose their time and temper in talking of their "Rights," is that by the law as it at present stands, ladies are not suffered to have seats in Parliament. Now, without being ungallant enough to show the absurdity of making a complaint of what they ought to feel rejoiced at, we will be content with simply proving that to comply with their demand would be at present quite impossible. Granting that a Female Parliament, or House of Ladies, were to meet, we need scarcely dwell upon the difficulty that there would be in stopping them from speaking all together: nor how impossible the Speakeress would find it to proceed with public business, without enforcing some such order as that not more than six (say) should be on their legs at once. But it seems to us that were the memberesses properly returned, it would still be quite preposterous for more than one in twenty of them to expect to have a seat, for the simple reason that, unless their numbers were extremely limited, it would be impossible to find a room to hold them. In their present state of Crinoline, ladies on an average require at least a dozen yards of sitting room a-piece; and were they to return as many members as the gentlemen, it has been estimated that the space which would be covered by above six hundred petticoats would considerably exceed a couple of acres. Such a room as this of course would have to be constructed specially; and until the present Houses are completed, it would be preposterous to vote supplies for new ones. It is probable, however, that by the time of the completion of the now erecting structures—that is to say, by the end of the next century—the fashion will have changed, and the present blown-up petticoats have become exploded; in which case the erection of a Female House of Parliament would then be no more necessary than, we are so ungallant to think, it would be at this present.

A HOUSE OF MENTAL CORRECTION.

THERE is much need of an institution intermediate between a House of Correction and a Lunatic Asylum, to which magistrates might have the power of committing a certain kind of persons, evidently half-knaves, half-fools, who are continually presenting themselves at the police-courts, and accusing themselves of having committed murder. Here is a case in point, of recent occurrence:—

"CONFESSION OF A MURDER AT HALIFAX.—On Saturday afternoon, a middle-aged man, named James Smith, by trade a blacksmith, made the following confession of murder at the Halifax Borough Police Office:—I have come to give myself up. Another man and myself killed the Governor of Carlisle Gaol about fourteen years ago by throwing him over the banisters. I have been uneasy in my conscience many years, and now I am determined to get rid of it."

Of course this story, when investigated, turned out to be all fudge. The fellow was discharged, having been ordered to pay the expenses which he had occasioned. But, in addition to having been lightened of a certain sum of money, it might have been advisable that he should have been subjected to a certain amount of bodily depletion. Here is a partially crazy, partially vicious creature, going about with ideas of murder in his head, and surely it would be desirable that a head with such notions seething in it should be shaved. A few doses of blue pill, followed by the customary draught, might be further beneficial in such a case, in conjunction with the regimen commonly known as low diet. This antiplogistic treatment would be calculated to reduce that inflammation of the love of notoriety which is the exciting cause of these sham confessions; and might perhaps prevent that disorder from breaking out in some form seriously mischievous. Such cases are, to use a Baconian phrase, frontier instances between lunacy and crime; and to meet the latter element in their character, a brief course of good hard labour might also be imposed on the patient-rogue: the moral hybrid or mule, combining some of the vagabond with a very large proportion of the jackass.

BROTHER JONATHAN.—The next time you send us over any canvas-back ducks, please have the kindness to send an American cook over with them, because our stupid English cooks are not as yet sufficiently advanced in culinary civilisation as to know how to dress them, and the consequence is that those far-famed delicacies are invariably spoiled, much to the loss of the appetites and tempers of the guests assembled.—FUSCII.



THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

Alphonso. "YOU FIND YOUR MOOSTARCHERS A GREAT COMFORT, DON'T YOU, TOM?"
Tom. "WELL!—YES!—BUT I'M AFRAID I MUST CUT 'EM, FOR ONE'S OBLIGED TO DRESS SO DOOSD EXPENSIVE TO MAKE EVERYTHING ACCORD!"

COMPLETION OF THE NELSON COLUMN.

(A Paragraph extracted by Clairvoyance from the Times, March 2, 1901.)

OUR readers will be gratified to learn that the work of completing this monument will shortly be resumed, and indeed we think we may with confidence predict that within another year or so we may expect to find such progress made as may induce a hope that we shall live to see it actually finished. Those who are old enough perhaps may recollect that the erection of the Column was entrusted to the Government in 1844, when the work was commenced in the most energetic manner; two men and a boy being at once employed upon it. This activity, however, proved so exhaustive of the funds which had been voted, that within a very few months there was a stoppage of the works; and the question being put to Government in 1857, it was stated that "it was not thought desirable" just then to grant the needful. The matter then rested till the spring of 1889, when in consequence of their resuscitation of the Income-Tax it was discovered that the Government had in hand sufficient money to resume the works, and an order was thereupon given for the purpose: but as this had to pass through the formalities of several departments, we considered at the time that there was little chance that we should find it acted on within the current century. It will be owned that our prediction has been fully verified, and if the Column be completed within ten years' hence, the country will have every reason to be satisfied.

It may perhaps be urged by captious oppositionists, that had the building been entrusted to any other hands than those of the Government, it would probably have been finished in less time than half a century. To say nothing, however, of the great saving to the nation in the interest of the money which will now be spent upon the works (it being indeed calculated by an eminent economist, that had the whole amount been advanced in 1844, the Column would by this time have cost the country nearly double), the Government have ample precedent for this delay in the course which has been taken in cases not dissimilar. So long a time elapsed before the Peninsula medal was awarded, that by the time they received their decoration, the veteran survivors only numbered a few dozen; and although a century has almost passed since NELSON died for us, our non-completion of his Column has at any rate served to keep him in our remembrance. And it affords, we think, a striking proof of how much confidence is felt in the solvency of England, that in paying these her debts of honour, she is still allowed so long a credit.

A ROMANCE OF HIGH AND LOW LIFE.

TUNE—"Lord Lovel."

LORD PERKINS he wooed LADY MARY BRANDE,
 JOHN THOMAS her maid, MARY ANN,
 LORD PERKINS he was the master, and
 JOHN THOMAS he was the man.

"Now tell me, JOHN THOMAS," LORD PERKINS, he said,

"Now tell me, JOHN THOMAS," said he;
 "Dost thou think thou would'st marry my lady's maid,
 An thou could'st have my ladye?"

"Now marry, good master," JOHN THOMAS replied,
 "Now marry, good master," he said;
 "I would rather the lady were my bride,
 Than marry the lady's maid."

"And what is thy reason," LORD PERKINS, he said,
 "And what is thy reason," said he;
 "My lady is fair; but my lady's maid
 Is fairer than my ladye?"

"But she hasn't the grace," said JOHN THOMAS, "poor wench,
 And she hasn't got the manner;
 And her ladyship speaks Italian and French,
 And plays on the grand pehanner."

"What good, JOHN THOMAS," LORD PERKINS, he said,
 "Will French and Italian do man?
 If a wife has got one tongue in her head,
 'Tis enough for any woman."

"And singing and playing are pretty things,
 But who, except a gaby,
 But knows that no wife ever plays or sings
 After bringing her lord one baby?"

"Now tell me, JOHN THOMAS, now tell me, I pray,
 Can MARY ANNE sew and cook?
 For those things, I own, are more in my way,
 When I for a wife would look."

"My Lord, she can cook; my Lord, she can sew;
 My Lord, she can stitch and hem;
 But I own that, for my part, I doesn't go
 Into marriage for things like them."

"Enough, JOHN THOMAS," LORD PERKINS, he said,
 "Enough, JOHN THOMAS," said he;
 "I will go and marry my lady's maid,
 And you may have my ladye."

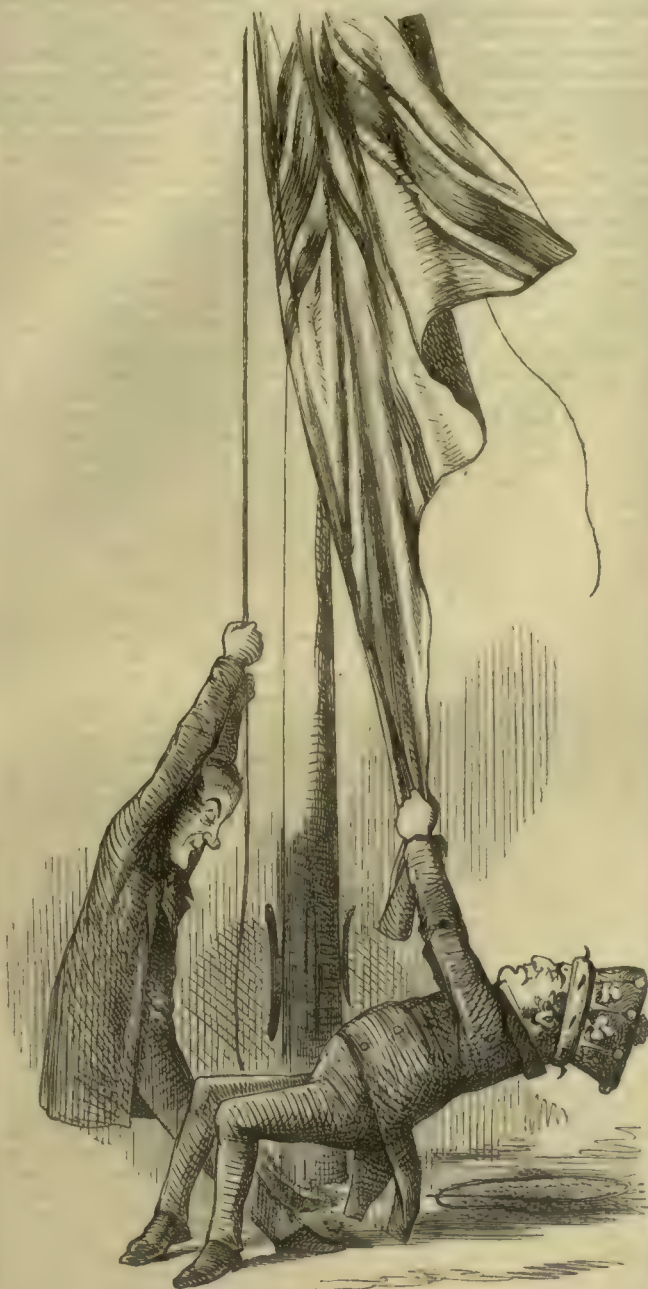
At St. George's Church, in Hanover Square,
 They were married all in one day:
 LORD PERKINS he wedded the maiden fair,
 And JOHN THOMAS the lady gay.

The marriage service a Bishop read,
 In a most impressive manner;
 LORD PERKINS went home to his quiet homestead,
 JOHN THOMAS to his pehanner.

And so they were suited and so content,
 And rejoiced in both their wives,
 And, which I wish to every gent,
 Lived happy the rest of their lives.

LARGE FIGURES OF SPEECH.

MR. COBDEN fixes the population of China at 300,000,000. The DUKE OF ARGYLL said on the same evening, that it was 200,000,000. Here is the difference of only 100,000,000! A hundred million souls (if the Chinese are allowed to have souls) are certainly not much in taking the census of a country! Now we propose that the two gentlemen be sent out on a mission to ascertain what the precise population of China is, and not be allowed to return home until they have satisfactorily settled the difference between them. In the meantime, MR. ROWLAND HILL can occupy the DUKE OF ARGYLL's place, and as for MR. COBDEN, it will be no great loss to the nation, if his place is not filled up just at present.



COBDEN'S CAPABILITY.

TUNE—"British Sailors have a Knack."

RICHARD COBDEN has a knack,
Talk away, YEH-O, boys!
Of hauling down the Union Jack,
Assailed by any foe, boys.
Come POPE, come CZAR, come Savage—why
I know not, still his best he'll try
To make old England's colours lie
In degradation low, boys.

RICHARD COBDEN is at sea,
Talk away, YEH-O, boys!
Upon foreign policy,
A thing he doesn't know, boys.
When he thus has got afloat,
An old simile to quote,
He's like a bear on board a boat;
What you call no go, boys.

RICHARD COBDEN runs ashore,
Talk away, YEH-O, boys!

RICHARD then becomes a bore,
Troublesome and slow, boys.
RICHARD COBDEN, be content
In your proper element,
That of a commercial gent,
To DEVILSDUST and Co., boys.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

March 2nd, Monday. "Pheasants crow," says the almanack composer to *Household Words*, speaking of this week. Well they may, this March, if they read the papers, and are weak enough to imagine that if a senator is obliged to waste April and May, he will sit through September—and October—to make up. But we fear the pheasants are crowing under an erroneous impression of the patriotism of the British sportsman, and that when the autumnal crocuses are in blossom, the poor birds will find out their mistake.

For—to pack the matter as with a hydraulic press of extra condensing power—Parliament has been and done it. The House of Commons which assembled on the 4th of November, 1852, has but a few days to live. It has deliberately destroyed itself, and CORONER PUNCH, sitting upon the moribund body, appeals, by anticipation, to the country for the verdict once returned by a rustic inquest, "Justifiable suicide and recommends to mercy, and we want our money."

The tale is brief and instructive. On the second night of the Chinese debate, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL finished the discussion for that week. He politely intimated that he should not bother himself with answering arguments used in the House in which he spoke, but should confute the Opposition in the Lords, and then he was pretty sure to have smashed anything that had been advanced by the Commons. And SIR RICHARD, haughtily measuring himself against foemen worthy of his steel, did certainly make out a complete legal case for the Government. On the Monday, the battle was renewed, DR. PHILLIMORE abused the Bishops for supporting the Ministry, SIR GEORGE GREY called his conduct indecent. MR. ROBERTSON (formerly a Canton merchant), told stories illustrating the cruelty and treachery of the Chinese. SIR JOHN PAKINGTON felt so ashamed of the bombardment that he could not be silent, but said nothing of which he should not have felt more ashamed, MR. COLLIER was for going on as we had begun, and SIR FREDERIC THESIGER told a marvellous tale of a "voice" which after NELSON's bombardment of Copenhagen "came out of the ruins, and inquired of Britain whether it was really She who had been doing that work." He did not mention whether the "voice" spoke Danish or English, or LORD NELSON's reply. SIR W. WILLIAMS of Kars conceived that the Chinese insult to the British flag had been premeditated, and SIDNEY HERBERT, attacking the Government, protested against acting with party spirit. SERJEANT SHEE thought the insulted vessel was an English one, and supported Government. Then came

Tuesday. A memorable date. The adjourned debate was opened by MR. ROBERT PALMER, who spoke as a Derbyite, as did a Shropshire Conservative colonel, HERBERT, to whom a Cornish Conservative captain, KENDALL, replied that he preferred PALMERSTON and Evangelical Bishops to LORD DERBY and High Church. After some peacemongering from MR. MILNER GIBSON, a squib or two from MR. BERNAL OSBORNE, a grumble from MR. HENLEY, some mock pathos from the other PHILLIMORE (member for CORNELIUS NEPOS and other elementary authors who supply quotations), MR. CHAMBERS pitched point blank into MR. COBDEN for his peace nonsense, and then MR. ROEBUCK and MR. GLADSTONE both attacked Government. ROEBUCK particularly grieved that our conduct was un-Christian, and GLADSTONE that it was not straightforward. The BOTTLEHOLDER at last rose to reply, and in a very plain-spoken speech exposed the cant about the Chinese, expressed his perfect understanding that it only meant that the Government bench was wanted by his opponents, and cautioned the House not to sacrifice the honour of their country and the safety of Englishmen abroad to the greed of a hungry faction. MR. DISRAELI, feeling the truth of all this, could only answer the charge of coalition by a vulgar *tu quoque*, and MR. COBDEN finished the debate with a flippant answer. The division took place about half-past two in the morning, and the numbers were:—

For Hauling down the British Flag, apologising to the Chinese, and putting DERBY, DIZZY, and GLADSTONE in office	263
For maintaining the honour of England, and keeping PAM in place	247

Chinese majority 16

Wednesday. A Bill for Promoting Industrial Schools came before the Commons at their morning sitting. It was read a second time. MR. EDWARD BALL had the effrontery to say, that if gentlemen spent less upon dogs and horses, and more upon reformatories, we should have fewer criminals, an offensive remark for which he would certainly have been expelled, but for the political crisis then impending.

Thursday. LORD PALMERSTON came down to the House, and with the blandest courtesy apprised the Chinese members, that in consequence of their vote on Tuesday, he might have turned out, if he liked, only he didn't like, and should turn them out instead. It would be, he gently hinted, ridiculous to ask the factions to make a Government, because they could not do it; and therefore he had arranged with the QUEEN that as soon as some necessary votes for money and soldiers had been taken, Parliament should be DISSOLVED.

(Mr. Punch's cheering might have been heard at Canton itself, and will be when the next mail arrives there.)

MR. DISRAELI, with a face about twice as long as was consistent with beauty, intimated that he would not prevent the dissolution, but Mr. CORDEN was not so gracious, and demanded that somebody should chivy the Indian mail, now on its way, and give the postman a note to ADMIRAL SEYMOUR, desiring him to make peace and apologies. SIR CHARLES WOOD laughed good-naturedly, as he always does, and said that long before the debate, he had sent off plenty of frigates and gunboats to China, that they had arrived by this time, and that Government would take care to do what was desirable. This put the Chinese members in a dreadful rage, but though they got some more "explanations," they got no better terms, and LORD JOHN RUSSELL was quite affecting about the "penal dissolution" inflicted on the House for having voted according to its conscience. At this word, in such context, PAM fairly exploded, but when he had done laughing, he hoped that nobody would call the dissolution penal, as surely, if members felt themselves in the right, it must be the greatest happiness to them to meet their constituents. This was a

cruel poke at the Chinese, who took to flight, and the House was actually counted out at 8 o'clock.

This seems to afford a good opportunity for mentioning that in the Lords, on Monday, LORD DERBY complained that the *Press*, (usually understood to be MR. DISRAELI's organ) had given an inaccurate report of a meeting of his Lordship's supporters. The journal replies that its report was substantially correct. The Earl was represented as having blown up certain dissentient Conservatives with some vigour. Next night LORD CRANWORTH's Divorce Bill came on, and was read a second time; but the dissolution will enable C. C. to make a more decent affair of it. LORD DERBY abused the Bishops for not attending on such a question—twenty-three, he said, could come to the Chinese debate, and only two to that on Divorce. On Thursday LORD GRANVILLE announced the dissolution, complimenting the Lords upon their having shown more sense than the Commons on the Canton affair; and on Friday LORD SHAPTESBURY gave notice of his intention to administer a very mild opiate to their lordships on the following Monday.

On Friday the Commons made a sort of Tea Party, excessively dull as tea-parties usually are, and which ended in the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER's defeating MR. GLADSTONE, and fixing the duty on tea, for a year from April next, at one and fippen, as it would be called by the poor old women whose beverage is being perpetually stirred by great financiers. To-night there was a perfect storm in a tea-cup, but the Government majority was 187 to 125, namely 62. The reduced Income-Tax Bill was read a first time, LORD PALMERSTON, like a careful man, putting everything in its place before going to the Country.

SOMETHING NEW ON HEADS.



I thought what it would come to. We long ago predicted (to ourselves, that is; for we never tell our prophecies until they are fulfilled ones) that in reviving the hoop petticoat, the ladies would revert to other fashions of their ancestresses, including perhaps that of wearing their hair powdered. And our prediction has been verified (or we should not have called attention to it); only to keep pace with the march, or rather gallop, of extravagance, the operation it seems now-a-days is performed with gold dust. This we learn less from our own personal observation (for we are somewhat short-sighted, and are afraid to look too closely for fear of getting some of the gold dust in our

eyes) than from a writer on the fashions in a fashionable contemporary—by JENKINS! what an intellect must be demanded for the post!—who enlightens and astonishes our weak mind as follows:—

"The custom of sprinkling gold dust on the hair is becoming, we perceive, more and more in vogue. It produces generally the most captivating of effects, and especially enhances the charms of the *coiffure*, where the hair is light brown or of an asburn tint; to which it imparts that shining golden hue, which to the poetical observer, appears as though a sunbeam had been broken into bits, and scattered among the tresses."

This is very fine, really: and will probably produce quite a run upon the diggings. Nevertheless, we have some doubts of the value of gold dust as a hair powder, and confess that we are tempted to inquire with vulgar people, Will it wash? It seems to us, being purely practical observers, that any "fair one with the golden locks" which nature has bestowed on her, would soon take the shine out of artificial sunbeams, and make their wearers cry out with vexation to their lady's-maids on getting home, "Here, bring me my gold-dust pan, and sweep away my sunshine!"

But there is really no accounting for fashionable taste: and as we have even seen artificial flowers worn in preference to real ones, it would not at all surprise us to find that the false sunbeams still should keep in fashion, notwithstanding even our attempts to put them out. We suspect indeed that there are many ladies who would be among the last to allow of any silver being seen in their hair, and yet would be among the first to show a little gold in it. We ourselves, however, incline to think that there is "metal more attractive" in beauty unadorned, than when it is got up at that regardlessness of cost which the use of gold dust

as a beautifier seems to us to indicate. We shall therefore be prepared, ourselves, at half a moment's notice, to assume the part of the "stern parent," and resist all entreaties on our *Judy's* part that we come down with the gold dust for our dearest *Punchelina*. We do not think that any application of the dredging-box, whether aureous or not, would at all add to her capillary attractions; and we confess that we have little wish to hear our daughters spoken of, like walking-canes, as being gold-headed.

A CASE OF TENDER CONSCIENCE.

AS MOLIÈRE asked of Virtue, we may ask of Conscience—Where may she not be found? She is now to be taken out of a gutter, and now pulled out of a cellar. Now she squats upon the form of a ragged school, and now she—picks a pocket! This last truth has, of late, been curiously illustrated in a Paris Court of Justice. A gang of boy-thieves, from eight years old to fourteen, have been tried and severally sentenced. The gang, like all things French, had a military constitution. There was a chief, sub-chief, and lieutenants. There was a wide range of plunder from sausages to hundreds of francs. Now, we are told that a number of Jewish boys who belonged to the gang, insisted upon being organised apart, so as not, as they expressed it, to "work" with Catholics. Now this is a case of conscience that must delight MR. SPOONER. With all his sincere abhorrence of Maynooth, we feel assured it would be a great consolation to the hon. gentleman, were his pocket to be picked, to know that he had been robbed by a conscientious Hebrew thief, who scorned association in common with a Catholic felon. It is said that the distinction insisted upon by the little Jews originated in a quarrel that arose in the gang, touching a booty of sausages.

A New Tea Service.

WE recommend MESSRS. MINTON, WEDGWOOD, &c., to get a new "Tea Service ready immediately, with portraits of DISRAELI, GLADSTONE, ROEBUCK, and RUSSELL, done as "CHINA Mugs." Let the portraits be life-like, and the Mugs will be just the things to hold milk-and-water for the use of juvenile M.P.'s, and little Lords who have not yet learnt their political A B C.

COBDENISMS ON CHINA.



THE Chinese are the most humane of all the peoples in the world. All their punishments are of the mildest nature possible. In cases of theft, or any other offence short of murder—a crime very seldom indeed committed, the punishment for the first offence is a gentle reprimand. A second conviction subjects the delinquent to a good scolding, and a third renders him liable to bodily chastisement, which consists in a slight caning, administered with a small bamboo cane. Incurable offenders, however, are sometimes punished with flagellation nearly as severe as that inflicted at Eton or Harrow. In addition, the malefactor is confined for some hours, or has an imposition set him in *Confucius*, being kept in, and obliged to learn and repeat a certain number of lines of that author before he can be let out. But even these punishments are very rare in China, for the simple reason that the laws are

very rarely broken. Robbery, swindling, and depredations on property in general, are nearly as uncommon as crimes of violence; which last are scarcely ever heard of. The earliest lesson inculcated on the mind of children is, exactly as in the Manchester school, the necessity of strict veracity; and the truthfulness of the Chinese can perhaps only be matched by that of their Parliamentary advocates. Hence the word of a Chinaman is quite as good as his bond; and the sincerity of the Chinese is as remarkable in their acts as in their words; for they are most particular as to the justness of their weights and measures, and the purity and freedom from adulteration of all their articles of commerce; so that impurities in tea, as it leaves their hands, are as seldom to be found as shoddy and devil's dust in certain British manufactures. Fraudulent practices in trade are visited with the punishment of the collar, which is simply a stiff leather stock that holds the head upright, and, being worn for some hours, serves to admonish the guilty party, by analogy, of the duty of rectitude. The horror of the Chinese for bloodshed is such that most of them faint at the sight of anybody's nose bleeding; hence they labour under a peculiar disadvantage in warfare, their soldiers being disabled by beholding the effect of their own arms on the enemy. This feeling, in connection with a singularly sensitive benevolence, is strikingly evinced in the method of their capital executions, of which spectacles an instance occurs about once in a hundred years. The science, too, whereof they were in possession long before Europe had acquired any idea of chemistry, is humanely applied in mitigation of death-punishment. The criminal is privately—to avoid brutalising the populace by a revolting exhibition—suffocated with the fumes of charcoal or carbonic acid, having been previously deprived of sensation by means of chloroform.

GOG AND MAGOG TO PAM.

"DEAR LORD PALMERSTON,

"You are about to break up your establishment in Westminster for a time; do come into the City. Depend upon it, we will give you a hearty welcome here, and a triumphant return to your old house at home. Don't use any delicacy towards little LORD JOHN, because, as he has so lately shown, he is above any such sort of nonsense as regards yourself. You fought his battle when he couldn't fight it himself at Vienna; and now he joins COBDEN and DIZZY, and throws a tea-pot at your chivalrous head. Well, strange accidents do happen. Who knows but, unawares, he may yet sit upon the pieces."

"But again we say, come to the City. Any way, we will not again have LORD JOHN. To return him would be to endorse his opposition to the valiant Minister who took the forlorn hope of the war, and muzzled the Bear. Come, dear PAM, to Guildhall. MAGOG and myself will give you plumpers. Come, come! We say we will return you for the City; crown you with Chinese roses, and chair you in a tea-chest."

"Faithfully yours, dear LORD PALMERSTON,

"GOG AND MAGOG."

"P.S. We propose to give you, as a testimonial, a very handsome tea-service, with, in commemoration of the number that voted against you, no less than two hundred and sixty-three spoons."

LINES TO THE COALITION.

LORD DERBY, I rather would hold your position,
Than any one else's in your Coalition,
Because, as a Peer, you've a safe situation;
You've nothing to fear beyond mere execration.

Far worse are your Commons accomplices' cases,
I shouldn't at all like to be in their places;
For out of those places, no more to be trusted,
They're like to be turned by a nation disgusted.

Betrayers of old England's honour and glory,
Will they be supported by any true Tory?
Regarded with COBDEN and you in conjunction,
They'll have to resign their political function.

The yeomen of Bucks will no longer stand DIZZY.
They'll send him his brain with romances to busy;
Unless such poor hawbucks of Bucks are those yeomen,
That they'll choose a member who backs Britain's foemen.

Will merry Carlisle, do you think, rest contented,
By PEEL's dirty boy to be still represented?
More dirty than ever now, since his last traction
Through foulest of mud by the Manchester faction.

For GLADSTONE at Oxford there's some chance of keeping;
Because, into office in case of his creeping,
Tractarian prospects he'll render much brighter,
And give, if he can, DR. PUSEY a mitre.

With poor LORD JOHN RUSSELL 'twill go hard in London,
Where his reputation is thoroughly undone;
And if disappointment he meet in the City,
GREYS only, and ELLIOTS, his downfall will pity.

And, COBDEN, if you dare contest the West Riding,
Oh won't you just get, as the boys say, a hiding!
Unless that same Riding, whose saddle you sit in,
Indeed, is a province of Russia, not Britain.

Confederate crew, your appeal to the nation,
Your failures and blunders your recommendation,
Will teach you that England of honour so jealous,
Loves not coalitions composed of such fellows.

IMPORTANT!—WE STOP THE PRESS.

As no doubt the subjoined *Errata*—which we hasten to copy from the *Morning Herald*—very deeply affect the peace of many distinguished Hebrew families, we give the correction the benefit of our circulation, not forgetting, by the way, our best wishes to the bride and bridegroom of the House of ROTHSCHILD:—

"ERRATA.—In the notice of the marriage festivities at Gunnersbury, in our impression of yesterday, in the description of the head-dress of the bridesmaids, it should have been stated that it was 'tines of the natley,' instead of 'orange blossoms,' that composed part of the wreath; and that it was light blue 'velvet,' instead of 'viol-t,' by which the wreath was confused. It should have been Baron 'Lionel,' instead of 'James,' as the second supporter of the bridegroom on the occasion."

We have no doubt that the bridesmaids will forgive the anticipations of the careless reporter, who ought to have known that bridesmaids are always lilies, as brides are inevitably oranges. That the wreath was confined of velvet, instead of violet must allay a great cause of consternation in the fashionable world. As for BARON LIONEL, it is said, that having read himself reported as "JEAMES," he took to his bed, and fairly dreamt himself into plumb. To leave, however, these little mistakes, we cannot but acknowledge, with suitable awe, the bridal glories of Gunnersbury. Had QUEEN SHEBA married SOLOMONS, the pomp and magnificence could not have outblazoned the nuptials of Wednesday. For our part, we take it as a great mark of humility on the part of the ROTHSCHILDS, that they condescend to lend money to the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, when it is plain enough, if they so elected, they might buy his throne with no more ado than LAZARUS, of Brokers' Row, bids for a sofa or puts in for an easy chair. By the way, the *Herald* has forgotten to correct among other *errata* the rumour that LORD DERBY was of the party. For LORD DERBY, read LORD RUSSELL.

Divided Allegiance.

THE influence exercised by the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH on the fashions of Englishwomen generally, says very little for their loyalty towards their own quiet-dressing, domestic little QUEEN. For though very probably QUEEN VICTORIA reigns in their hearts, it is but too plain that the EMPRESS EUGÉNIE may do whatever she pleases with their heads.



OUT FOR THE DAY.

Dizzy (to Cobden). "HE'D BETTER LOOK AFTER HIS "RIDING," A LITTLE—HE HAS A VERY UNCERTAIN SEAT!"

AN INVITATION.

By Mr. Punch's Poet Laureate—not to be confounded with the author of "Come into the garden, Maud."

COME unto the country, PAM,
Now their triple shaft has flown—
Come unto the country, PAM;
You're the man, and you alone—
So honest men think at home and abroad,
And the Coalition's blown!

For a breeze in Yorkshire moves,
And the West-Riding dander is high,
Beginning to look for a Member she loves,
And on whom she can rely,
Beginning to look for a man that she loves,
To look for a man, and a cry.

Four nights have the Commons heard,
Like flute, violin, bassoon,
COBDEN, DIZZY, and GLADSTONE, savagely gird
At BOWRING, all in a tune,
In the hope that JOHN BULL'S bile might be stirred,
For the Brother of Sun and Moon.

I said to the Tory "As things have gone,
I can't see you've the right to be gay,
If your mountebank leader be left alone,
Betwixt two stools—as they say.
When half to the GLADSTONE account are gone,
And half on the COBDEN lay,
Built on the sand, and not on the stone,
Your hopes will crumble away."

I said unto those, who upon the rows
Below the gangway pine—

"Oh, young place-hunter, what sighs are those
For that which will never be thine?"
"But mine—but mine!"—so each may suppose—
DIZZY, COBDEN, and GLADSTONE—"mine!"

But the country is scarcely prepared to take
A Manchester ministrie,
Nor is GLADSTONE likely his way to make
To the Bench of the Treasure.
And DIZZY may quake outright for your sake,
Knowing the thing that's to be,
That counties and boroughs are all awake
To strengthen not him, but thee.

The Coalition its banner unfurls.
Come hither: the talking is done.
Not by gloss of DIZZY and GLADSTONE'S pearls
Of speech will the battle be won.
Come out, old rough-rider, defying purls,
And astonish them every one!

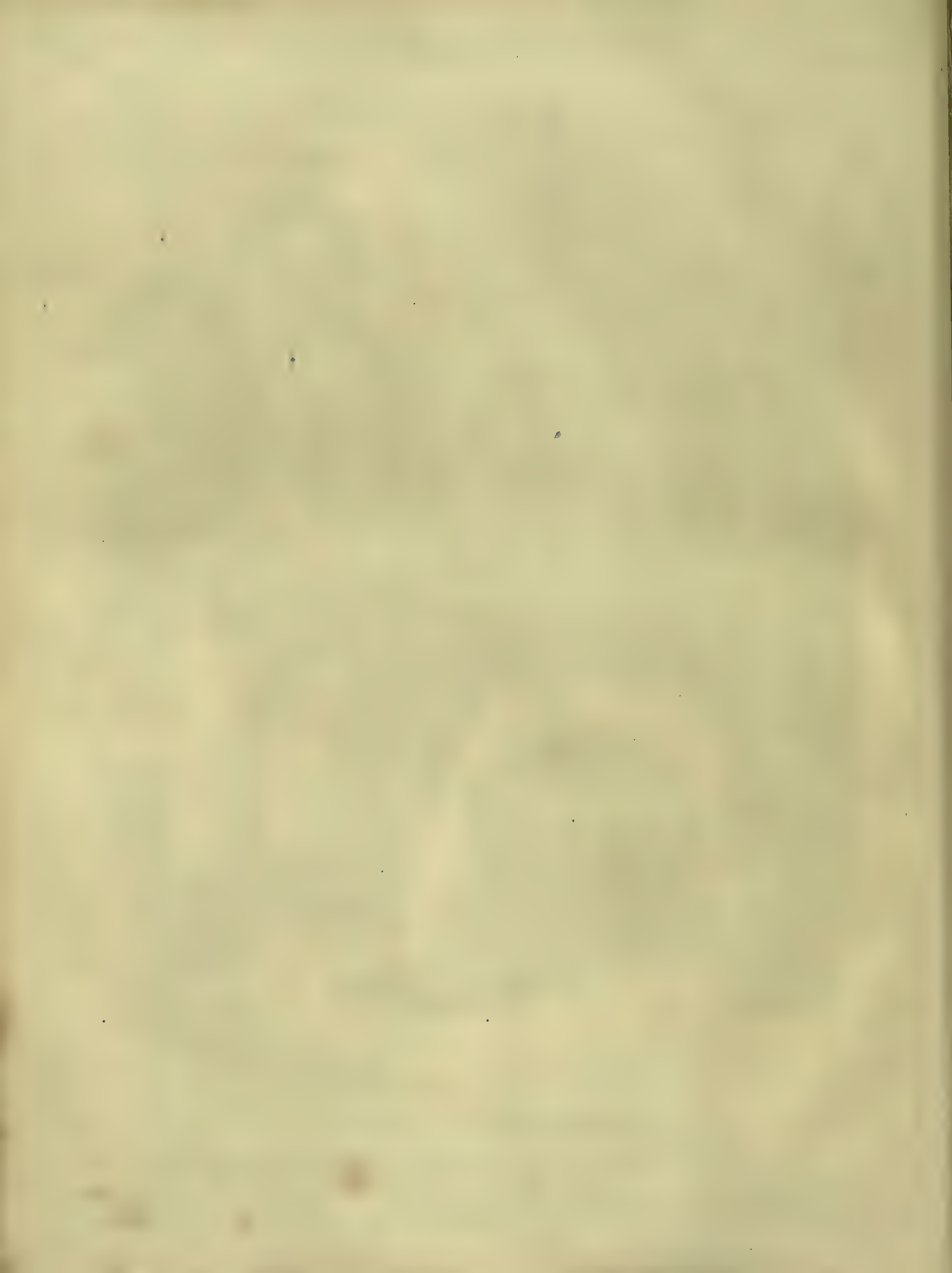
In the yellow leaf and sere,
Droop the passion-flowers of debate—
It is coming, the day of fear:
It is coming, the day of fate!
The Counties cry, "It is near, it is near,"
The Boroughs growl "it is late,"
The City listens—"I hear, I hear,"
And the West Riding whispers "I wait."

It is coming, and many a seat
Is a quake with anxious dread!
Old PAM they intended to beat,
But he'll lick them instead.
Old PAM they intended to beat;
But England indignant will tread
COBDEN, DIZZY, and GLADSTONE under her feet,
And set PAM at the Ministry's head!



AN INVITATION.

MR. BULL. "HAH! YOU'VE BEEN SITTING UP TOO LATE O' NIGHT WITH THOSE COBDEN FELLOWS, BUT YOU COME TO THE COUNTRY FOR A FEW DAYS, AND WE'LL SOON PUT YOU ON YOUR LEGS AGAIN."



PHYSIC AND ITS FACES.



AMONG the novelties of literature we see a pamphlet advertised called *Physic and its Phases*. Now although it may appear presumption to pronounce a judgment on a book from only looking at the title, still we question much in this case if the author, had he taken our advice beforehand, would not have entirely changed his mode of treatment of the subject. Instead of *Physic and its Phases*, we should have suggested for a title page *Physic and its Faces*, and

should have recommended him to comment on the facial distortions with which the swallowing of medicine is usually attended. Only conceive what a field of observation would have thus been opened to him! and how, after dealing with the subject generally, he might have well descended to particularities, and have feelingly descanted on the different sorts of faces which the different sorts of physic are accustomed to induce. For our own part we are conscious that our countenance is never so distorted from its natural "line of beauty," as when we are engaged in drinking a black draught; and for that reason we have long thought it a duty to perform that act in solitude, for fear our hideousness might terrify our wife and family. Indeed, as we are rather a believer in Lavaterism, and have some degree of faith in physiognomy, we think that doctors might learn something from the faces which their patients make when swallowing their medicines, and which might not improbably be proved to indicate in some degree their nervous temperament.

Some judgment might perhaps be formed of the comparative effect of drugs upon a given person, from inspection of his looks when in the act of tasting them; and tables of most interesting statistics might be furnished of the various wry faces which have been ascertained to be producible by physic. Indeed, by the assistance of photography, these facial distortions might be accurately copied, and appended in the way of plates or illustrations to the work: and a complete series of patients' pictures might be thus arranged, comprising all the ill looks that are usual, from those which are produced by bolting a blue pill, to those which may be consequent on gulping down "two table-spoonsful" of a rhubarb draught, or still more nauseous assafetida cum aloes mixture.

As we always are in readiness to make any sacrifice in the cause of science, we should not object ourselves to have our own ill features photographed, as we are convinced that they would never be identified by those accustomed only to our natural good looks. And perhaps the contemplation of our frightful faces might lead us by degrees to take physic without making them, which we at present find to be a physical impossibility: for, childish though it seem to stronger minded people, we yet confess we can no more avoid it than, with all our philosophy, we can help squealing out, whenever we are forced to screw our courage to the kicking place, and have that "aching void" a hollow tooth extracted.

The Chinese Giant.

It is now quite clear that the author of *Jack the Giant Killer* was either the prophet MERLIN, or some other one of the ancient British brotherhood of seers. The couplet put into the mouth of BLUNDERBORE:

"Foh—fi—fi—Foh—Fum!
I smell the blood of an Englishman!"

has evidently a prophetic reference to COMMISSIONER YEH as a murderous miscreant, a disciple of Foh, and an adept in the mystery of Fum.

A PROPHECY.

Is LORD PALMERSTON wrong in supporting his subordinates at Canton?

CODDEN says "YEH." The Country will say "Nay."

"TURNER'S COLLECTION."—The division on the China debate might be characterised as "Turner's collection," considering the number of gentlemen who turned their coats on that occasion.

THE CHINESE DONKEY.

ABBÉ HUC, in the excellent work that chronicles his experiences in China, introduces a donkey that, in the present state of political affairs, affords an instructive moral. Oddly as it may sound, the Coalition and the donkey, philosophically considered, have a relation with each other.

Well, the adventurous Abbé narrates that, journeying with other missionary companions in the interior of China, there was—it will happen in the very best society—a monstrous donkey in the company. Notwithstanding the downward influence of philosophers before the time of MR. COBDEN's favourite ARISTOTLE, China, it seems, is rather famous for its monstrous donkeys.

The travellers sought what shelter they could every night, and every night addressed themselves to sleep. But sleep was not permitted to descend upon them. The donkey would not allow the travellers the luxury of half-an-hour's repose. All the live-long night did this monster bray and bray, revealing to his hearers—as will happen with certain speakers—what a remarkably great ass he was. The poor Abbé and his brother missionaries never closed their eye-lids. Still the jackass awoke the echoes, and still their very brains were jagged by

"The long, dry see-saw of his horrible bray."

Christian flesh and blood of the very meekest could not endure the torment, and at length the Abbé commanded one of the Chinese, who travelled with the pilgrims to enforce the donkey to silence. Any way, and at any cost, that jackass must be dumfounded. The Chinaman, in his manner, promised after his fashion, to bind the donkey over to keep the peace; and—delicious was the surprise, abounding the comfort—the Abbé and his companions slept soundly as babes.

In the morning, the Abbé, with a glow of gratitude in his breast, demanded of the Chinaman the means by which he had silenced the ass. By what power was the donkey dumfounded?

"Come here," said JOHN CHINAMAN, and he led the way to an adjoining shed, where stood the ass. But how stood he? The very type of beaten pride—of enforced humility. His long ears hung loppingly down; his eyes were filmed, and his nose drawn to a point. And more, and worse. Tied by a cord to the donkey's tail was a heavy stone; which, do what he might, by no manner of muscular effort could he lift from the ground. The Abbé gazed a little tenderly at the humiliated jackass, but still awaited an explanation of the cause of the ass's nocturnal silence. How was it?

"Look here," said the Chinaman, and he pointed to the heavy stone tethered to the brute's tail, and lying on the ground. "Look here; when donkey can no lift him tale, donkey can no bray."

Now, we confidently ask it, even of DERBY, DISRAELI, GLADSTONE, AND CO.; if, in this Chinese matter, the Coalition had been tethered to the responsibility of place,—would it, could it, have lifted its tail and brayed, and brayed, and brayed as it has done?

THE SWEET USES OF ADVERSITY.

(By the Hermit of the Haymarket.)

You wear out your old clothes.

You are not troubled with many visitors.

You are exonerated from making calls.

Crossing sweepers do not molest you.

Boreds do not bore you.

Sponges do not haunt your table.

Tax-gatherers hurry past your door.

Itinerant bands do not play opposite your window.

You avoid the nuisance of serving on juries.

You are not persecuted to stand godfather.

No one thinks of presenting you with a Testimonial.

No tradesman irritates you, by asking, "Is there any other little article to-day, Sir?"

Begging letter-writers leave you alone.

Impostors know it is useless to bleed you.

You practise temperance.

You swallow infinitely less poison than others.

Flatterers do not shoot their rubbish into your ear.

You are saved many a debt, many a deception, many a headache.

And, lastly, if you have a true friend in the world, you are sure, in a very short space of time, to learn it!

Dangerous!

OUR gallantry forbids our calling ladies by hard names, but without meaning in the slightest to impugn the orthodoxy of their sentiments, we must say, that so long as they allow themselves such latitude in the article of Crinoline, they run an imminent risk, of being spoken of as latitudinarians.

THE CRY OF THE CHINESE PARTY.

ACCORDING to the member for Rome, Russia, China, the Cannibal Islands, and the West Riding, LORD PALMERSTON is to go to the country with the cry of "War with China and No Reform!" But by the time of the approaching election YEH's business will perhaps have been settled, and we shall be at peace with China; and since the Hon. Member predicts that we shall not, we have every reason, judging from experience of his prophecies, to hope that we shall. The cry of No Reform had better be kept by MR. COBDEN to himself and his party, including LORD DERBY's and MR. GLADSTONE's. A Joint Stock Banks Bill was wanted immediately; a Matrimonial Causes Act was in progress; but MR. COBDEN's Chinese motion will have had the effect of postponing, and perhaps preventing, these and other reforms. Let the Cobdenites and Derbyites and Peelites, then, cry "No Reform!" for which the electors will understand that they are indebted to them; and if peace with China is not concluded, they will also have to cry "War with China!" unless they prefer the cry of "Submission to China!"—and much good may that do them.

Corporation Reform.

THERE is a demand for a Bill providing uniformity in weights and measures. If that object could be accomplished it would be very satisfactory to many a stout middle-aged gentleman.

A TIRESOME DEBATE.—The Chinese controversy has been altogether a Bo(w)ring discussion.



Elderly Gentleman thinks that Garotting's come to a pretty pass when it's openly practised in broad daylight. Where are the Police?

BY NO MEANS A BRITON.

MR. COBDEN avows that *Civis Romanus sum* is by no means a conciliating motto for a trader in a foreign land to place over his counting-house. MR. COBDEN is, doubtless, quite right. Money is your true cosmopolitan; and the breeches-pocket bolts patriotism and all such palaver. When you are in Japan, let yourself, all in the way of trade, be lacquered like a tea-board. The Dutch were a wise people; and to show their religion in thrift, and their inconvertible faith in money, trod upon the emblem of the Cross, that they might be allowed to make their penn'orth in the spice-market. Should MR. COBDEN be returned for any place—and there are floating doubts upon the matter—it is said that he proposes to bring in a Bill to denaturalise himself as a British-born subject. He is quite right, for with his commercial mind, he is a Citizen Bagman of the World. He is above all British prejudices, and believes in nothing national save the National Debt. He has long since thought the battle of Trafalgar a myth, and Waterloo nothing more than an organised hypocrisy. BRITANNIA, instead of ruling the waves, ought to work at the washing-tub, whilst the intrinsic worth of her trident is outvalued by any Birmingham toasting-fork. We repeat it, MR. COBDEN spurns at the narrowness of mere country; an oyster may be a native, but not MR. COBDEN. His inward anatomy has been so formed and moulded by the working vigour of his opinions that, whereas the human heart is of an oblong shape, the heart of the cosmopolitan COBDEN is said to have become a complete sphere. In shape and outward marking like one of MR. WYLD's four-inch globes; a globe, when necessary to be put in your pocket, and nobody the wiser for its whereabouts.

A Chinese Puzzle.

MR. COBDEN and MR. R. PHILLIMORE complain of our Plenipotentiary for not proceeding with COMMISSIONER YEH according to the recognised rules of international diplomacy. We should like to know under what heads in VATTTEL, GROTIUS, or PUFFENDORF we are to look for the scale of prices to be put on the heads of our enemies, and what WHEATON has to say on the poisoning of flour?

ENGLISH HEADS AT A CHINESE PRICE.—YEH offers £5 for the head of an Englishman. Had he listened to some of his supporters in Parliament, he would surely have reduced the market price of the article.

UN-ENGLISH HISTORY.



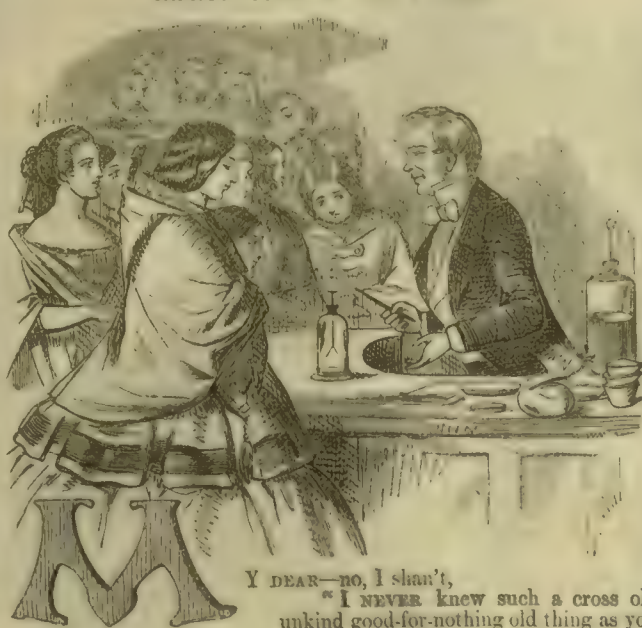
ERRY SIR CHARLES NAPIER has been adding to his Russian reputation by supplying the "materials" for the *History of the Baltic Campaign of 1854*, which, although we do not generally review works of fiction, tempts us to enrich our columns with some extracts. To the lovers of the marvellous nearly every one of the six hundred pages

of the work will prove abounding in attraction, although having but so lately buried the hatchet, we can hardly think SIR CHARLES is justified in so soon throwing it. As a proof of his proficiency in verbal archery, we find among his shots with the long bow a statement that in Russia

"A whole nation is placed in a degree of comfort quite equal to our own."

—a fact which other travellers have not as yet revealed to us, and which almost makes us wonder that SIR CHARLES hasn't long since turned his back upon ungrateful England, and become a resident in Russia Felix. That he would be appreciated there he does not leave one room to doubt, for he expressly introduces a "distinguished Russian officer," whom he quotes in all the glory of italics as remarking that "*the Admiral's fame with us stands higher than ever.*" SIR CHARLES having, with KING CLICQUOT, been among the non-combatants, has of course a claim for *kvuds* from the Russians; and perhaps the reason why his fame should rank more highly with them now than ever is that, although the war is ended, he has not yet ceased in his attacks upon his country, and is still attempting the destruction of our national prestige. Having stormed at the Admiralty instead of storming Sweaborg, and done his best to lower the standard of our Navy after not pulling down the flag hoisted at Cronstadt, SIR CHARLES NAPIER's history, to have commanded any sale, should by rights have been written in the Russian language, for we are convinced that few Englishmen will read it.

MARY ANN'S NOTIONS.



Y DEAR—no, I shan't,

"I NEVER knew such a cross old unkind good-for-nothing old thing as you are in all my life. I was beginning to

be quite friendly with you, and to write to you with confidence, and then you suddenly turn snappish and sulky, and put such a note as that to my letter as you did last time. I know very well what it was about. I made a little mistake, and mixed up the LORD CHANCELLOR LEWIS with LORD CRANWORTH, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Why could not you have set me right, and what is the use of printers and all those sort of people? if they cannot correct little inadvertencies like that? And then for you to put a cross note, and threaten to end our correspondence, I thought you were so old as to be past silly petulance."

"I have a very good mind not to write to you any more, and I will not, either, unless you behave better to me. I suppose the changeable weather has put you out of sorts, and at your time of life it is trying, but you should not let it make you rude to people. Now, I have forgiven you this time, and you shall be my dear old Mr. Punch again.

"Do you know DR. FARADAY? I suppose so, as you know all the clever people in the world. Isn't he a dear? We went, that is LIZZY HAMERTON and her brother CHARLES, and AUGUSTUS and me, to the Royal Institution the other night, and DR. FARADAY gave a lecture. PRINCE ALBERT was there with his star on, looking so grave and elegant; and by the way, I do wish that you would not have ridiculous pictures made of him, for he is excessively good-looking still, and I dare say much handsomer than any of you folks that caricature him. He listened with the utmost steadiness, and I do not believe he moved half a quarter of an inch all the time. They set him in a great chair, you know, exactly in front of the lecturer. We had pretty good seats, considering that AUGUSTUS kept us waiting a quarter of an hour while he smoked his cigar (CHARLES HAMERTON don't smoke), but it is extremely absurd to see rows of old gentlemen, mostly with bald heads, in the front of the audience, and of course in the best places, while ladies are poked up in back rows. When AUGUSTUS came from school, he used to say something in Latin—ingenious diddy something—meaning that studying the arts and sciences hindered men from being Bears! I am sure it does not in Albemarle Street, or a couple of the old creatures would have given up their places to me and LIZZY.

"But the lecture was lovely. It was quite a treat to look at dear DR. FARADAY's earnest face and silvery hair, not that he is an old man, far from it, and he is far more light and active than many a smoky stupid all-round collar-man that I know, and I believe that it is the cigar-smoke that makes you all so sluggish, and the doctors are quite right. CHARLES HAMERTON says that tobacco drives almost everybody mad, besides bringing on asthma, and blindness, and paralysis, and corns. I hope you don't smoke, my dear Mr. Punch, it would make me very miserable if I thought you did. But I was going to tell you about the lecture. Do you know what Gravitation is? Of course you will say you do. Well, it is all wrong, and so poor children are not to be bothered by Governesses with that rubbish any more. It is all—let me have the words right—it is all Conservation of Forces. This seemed quite clear to me at the time, especially with the beautiful experiments which he does so carefully and yet so easily. I am not certain that I can explain it quite so well now, but if you hit a piece of lead very hard, it sets fire to phosphorus; and if you stick up two

pieces of iron, and sprinkle nails over them, they make a perfect rustic bridge. That is, you know, you must put them near an electrifying machine, and when you take away the wires, down comes the bridge, or the Tour de Nesle, as CHARLES HAMERTON cleverly said. Then if you take a long platinum wire, and electrify it, it becomes red hot in a single second, and you can make amethyst sparks fly out of it. This proves the Conservation of Forces, and it only shows what idiots men are to go on repeating gravitation, gravitation, like cuckoos, just because SIR ISAAC NEWTON saw an apple fall out of a tree (and I dare say he eat it, like a pig, as all men are) and now comes a really clever philosopher, and explains it all away. I could not tell you of half the experiments dear DR. FARADAY did, but there was one, when he rubbed a bit of sealing-wax in some flannel, and made some gold leaves dance in a jar, which proved quite clearly to me that there must be some force to do it, somewhere, because they never danced of themselves. It was a most beautiful lecture, and if anything could excel it, it was the kindness of DR. FARADAY afterwards, when ladies came and asked him questions, and he did not look supercilious, or what is worse, look condescending, but he entered with evident pleasure into explanations, and did several little experiments for us, electrifying some things like large metal buttons, and turning wet white paper brown with them; and if we did not understand it, it was our own faults, not his, or rather it was the fault of the system of education you men give us, which makes us either quote like parrots, or stare like owls, when philosophy comes up."

"Another thing struck me, and I must say it. Here was DR. FARADAY, a really great man, diving into the wonderful secrets of nature, and explaining them in the ablest manner. Where were all the great men and the statesmen, and the M.P.'s, and all those who pretend to lead the world? Listening to him, as he unfolded these mighty things? Not they. That very night it seems, there was a fierce squabble going on in Parliament, nominally about the savages in China, but really to settle whether one set of H.'s (you know) or the other should have situations of Government, and take our money. And such is the nature of men that for one person in London who was thinking that night about DR. FARADAY and his splendid discoveries, a hundred were arguing and betting whether Ministers would be beaten or not. As CHARLEY HAMERTON (he told me this) said, very wittily, "I wonder whether LORD PALMERSTON will be as successful in his Conservation of his Forces." Dear LORD PALMERSTON, I consider the way he is persecuted as perfectly WICKED, and you may print that I say so."

"Yours, affectionately,

"MARY ANN."

"Monday."

¹ We despair of amending your discursive style, or of inspiring you with proper sentiments of respect, but we will not have such grammar as this. Those sort, you charity girl!

² These allusions are most offensive. A gentleman's age is not measured by his years, but by his appearance and capabilities, and it would be a very good thing if this fact were universally recognised. We have thought so for some time past.

³ We have the honour and happiness of knowing DR. FARADAY, and should certainly not allow a silly little girl to take any liberties with his name or his teaching, did we not know that DR. FARADAY, like ourself, always looks at everything from the right—that is, the kindly point of view.

⁴ He is undoubtedly a prettier and more euphonious pronoun than I, and we wink at its being occasionally used incorrectly, but under protest, as now.

⁵ One of the greatest mistakes you ever made in all your life. Call on MR. MAYALL, and own it.

⁶ The only excuse for these gentlemen is, that the place is their own, and established for their own specific purposes.

⁷ "Ingenius diluente fideliu arte," etc., we presume. Why not have asked him to write you out the quotation? Could you not take that slight trouble.

⁸ Dear sympathising child—but don't we?

⁹ We shall not offer one single comment upon this resumé of the lecture, beyond saying, that you evidently did not lay hold of one single link in DR. FARADAY'S argument.

¹⁰ All this, we are certain, is true, and your instincts are better than your information.

¹¹ Not bad.

¹² All nonsense.

¹³ We beg to remark, with a view to future observations, if needful, that this young gentleman's name has been mentioned no fewer than five times in this letter.

¹⁴ We do, as it may be a comfort to his Lordship just now.

Keep for Common People.

MR. JONES, the Chartist, proposes to abolish pauperism by dividing the 30,000,000 acres of land now lying waste in this country among the unemployed poor, in order that they may cultivate, without capital, land of which the cultivation will not, at present, pay capitalists. This gentleman may call himself ERNEST, but we should say that MR. JONES is joking. He cannot seriously suppose his own species capable of grazing on commons, or munching furze and thistles.

AN IRRESISTIBLE CONCLUSION.

JUDGING by LORD DERBY'S angry contradiction of the authoritative report in DISRAELI'S organ, of the Opposition meeting held lately at his Lordship's house, his Lordship is a decided enemy to the Freedom of the Press.



VOCAL QUARTETT ENDS (LAMELY).

Juvenile 1st Treble (in great wrath). "Out of Tune! and no wonder at it. I'll defy you to sing in tune with the Guv'nor snoring away on that confounded B₃ of his all the time."

POISONED TEA.

BRITISH public, look to your tea-pots! Great would be our remorse to give needless alarm to the meanest individual, if, in his own opinion, there exists such a person. Nevertheless, we iterate our warning, and cry to the British world, look to your tea-pots! The Chinese, with their almond eyes, are a far-seeing people. By many centuries, according to MR. COBDEN, they anticipated ARISTOTLE; and had nameless BACONS, plentiful as Chinese hogs, ages before the time of the *Novum Organon*. Long before his time, they had driven herds and herds of philosophic pigs to market, weaning rising generations upon the succulent fatness of moral rashers. Well, these gifted Chinese foresaw the coming atrocities to be inflicted upon them by the barbarian English, and were predetermined. With the inborn power of looking into the very centre of a mill-stone, they had had a prospective view of the core of SIR JOHN BOWRING's heart, and steadfastly resolved upon retribution. To this end, some time ago—we reserve to ourselves the privilege of withholding the precise date—the Chinese poisoned a few thousand chests of tea shipped for the English market. At this very hour, we believe that that deadly tea is mortally operating. LORD DERBY's profound, philosophic people, who knead death in bread, and craftily qualify the public springs with poison, are, as we verily believe, triumphing at this hour in very many houses, besides the House of Commons. We are quite open to correction if we are in error; but we are rather confident that the subjoined alarming intelligence may be relied upon.

At breakfast, following the division on MR. COBDEN's motion, MR. W. J. FOX felt very curious qualms upon swallowing his first cup of tea.

LORD GODERICH, revolving the result of the motion, thought the tea tasted very oddly. The question darted through the liberal brain—Had he been hounded?

MR. ROEBUCK, before he had swallowed a mouthful of the cup that was wont to cheer, detected as he believed, a flavour of sugar of lead. He felt a strange sensation, but at the time could not determine whether caused by remorse or the colic.

MR. LAYARD found his morning! Pekoe very bitter in the mouth. As

a traveller, he had always much delighted in tea. But—perhaps it was the thought of what they would say at Aylesbury—the tea of the fourth inst. went shockingly against his stomach.

LORD J. RUSSELL's tea was by no means to his liking. He nevertheless believed it would do him good; and purely out of respect to a much-loved constitution, gulped it.

MR. TITE's tea, although as weak as water, and milked with ass's milk, appeared to him, even as a liberal architect, to be a tea of the strangest composition.

MR. COBDEN paused a moment, upon swallowing half a cupfull. However, remembering the Chinese precursor of ARISTOTLE, the Hon. Member for the West Riding, confidently stirred his Bohea, and calmly took it down, calmly as SOCRATES swallowed his poison.

MR. W. WILLIAMS, the liberal Member for Lambeth, gulped his tea scalding hot; having but little sense of palate, and no bowels.

These are a few of the cases. We could add to the number. But at this alarming time, it is our duty again solemnly to repeat to the British people—Look to your tea-pots!

In Re Parte Disraeli, Ex Parte Gladstone and others.

DISRAELI whines over the death of Party. However, he can congratulate himself upon one party being still in existence. For, since RUSSELL, ROEBUCK, and GLADSTONE have joined him on the China question, he may indeed be proud of being at the head of a SMALL TEA PARTY!

THE COALITION FLAG.

We understand that a splendid banner is being worked at Manchester, by order of the Peace Society, that MR. COBDEN and his party may go to the country under it. Its material is superior calico, printed with the device of a willow pattern and the motto of "Cant On."

NICKNAME FOR GLADSTONE'S COALITION.—"The Oxford Sausage."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



to give him a peerage, to which the Commons promised to add a pension. and on Friday the complimentary intention of the House was carried out. MR. LEFEBRE IS THE ONLY MEMBER OF ANY HOUSE OF COMMONS WITHIN MR. PUNCH'S RECOLLECTION, WITH WHOM THAT GENTLEMAN HAS NEVER FOUND A SINGLE FAULT. Without undervaluing a peerage or a pension of £4,000 a-year, Mr. Punch feels that in placing the above fact upon record, in small capitals, he has done far more than even his Sovereign or Parliament, towards rewarding his Lordship for eighteen years of valuable service.

On the second reading of the bill for reducing the Income-Tax, MR. DISRAELI had a few flings at the PREMIER, and sneered at "turbulent and aggressive diplomacy;" and LORD PALMERSTON, in return, recapitulated a few of his own merits, and scoffed at the phrase manufactured by DIZZY for an election cry. MR. GLADSTONE cavilled at everything that Government had done, and LORD JOHN RUSSELL also grumbled a good deal, but in a more practical tone. He also strongly protested against the American proposition touching England's surrender of her maritime rights, and Mr. Punch, for auld lang syne, is glad to set down any commendable word or deed on the part of an old friend who is his own worst enemy. SIR CHARLES WOOD then asked for and received 53,700 men for the navy, to be at his service till the 3rd of July. A million and a half of money, or so, was, of course, handed to him for expenses.

Tuesday. The Lords did nothing, beyond agreeing to a new plan for taking their divisions without turning out strangers—assimilating their system to that in the Commons, *sauf* the important exception of the Proxy.

In the Commons MR. SPOONER promised—everybody knows what—for the next session. The hunting season is nearly over, but if that daring and good-natured fox-hunter, the Horsetaming NEWDEGATE, in return for many kindnesses from Mr. Punch, would oblige him by trying to ride over his intolerable colleague in the course of the next fortnight, Nimrod N. shall have a session's immunity for his ultra-Protestantism. Is it a bargain?

WILLIAM WILLIAMS and APSLEY PELLATT, being the only two Metropolitan Members who voted for dishonouring the national flag, and maltreating the country's servants, thought it necessary to try a bit of clap-trap for their Lambeth and Southwark constituents, so brought in a motion which they knew could not be carried, for abolishing the Income-Tax on incomes under £150. Only five other humbugs voted with them, and though constituencies that return such persons are shown, *ipso facto*, to be very foolish, such a transparent trick as this can hardly be serviceable. An abstract proposition of MR. GLADSTONE'S, about revision of taxation, was advanced by him for the sake of talking, and negatived when there had been talking enough, or a trifle later.

Wednesday. The Imaum of Muscat has ceded to England the Kooria Moorla islands, wherein is much guano. It may not be generally known that this oriental Party claims sovereignty over immense territory, and lots of islands, Asiatic and African; has a large naval force, and seems to be a very just and liberal despot. We do not believe that anybody in the House of Commons, (except, perhaps, some young lady in the gallery,) when SIR JAMES DUKE asked for some correspondence on the subject, could have given, off-hand, the above information. Twenty-one millions were voted to meet Exchequer bills for this year, and three millions for civil services (including education, some members patriotically

objecting to pay for this) and revenue expenses—not a bad half-hour's work.

Thursday. LORD DERRY threatened the Peers with a speech on the subject of the coming Dissolution, with which he is naturally as much dissatisfied as most men are with the distressing results of a blunder which they intended for a masterpiece of cleverness. He rammed a blunderbuss chock full of faction, and gave it to three mischievous fellows to fire off. They pulled the trigger, and the recoil has knocked them all backwards, and he will have a good deal to pay before he hears the last of the affair.

LORD ELLENBOROUGH, under cover of some remarks in favour of our keeping scrupulous faith with the Chinese, gave some capital practical advice as to the best mode of making war upon them. LORD PANMURE promised to maintain the honour of the Flag, and said that Government were going to send out an officer to negotiate for what was just and reasonable, and if he could not get that, he would fall on China with all his might, LORD PANMURE trusting in Providence for a successful result. The envoy is LORD ELGIN. The same day came the mail, with news that ADMIRAL SEYMOUR had given the Chinese a further hint that we were in earnest, by burning down the western suburbs of Canton.

The Commons did an excellent thing—their approaching end evidently impresses them with virtuous sentiments. MR. PALK, a Conservative country member, moved a resolution for the recognition, by the House, of the services of SIR JOHN McNEILL and COLONEL TULLOCH, the Crimean Commissioners. He ably recapitulated their labours, and though the Government did not like a vote which deliberately recorded the conviction of the House that the Board at Chelsea was a sham, got up to scour the dirty reputations of persons with aristocratic connections, the proximity of the Hustings forbade fight for the Horse-Guards, and an address to the Crown (SIDNEY HERBERT supporting it), was voted, praying a signal acknowledgment of the merits of the Commissioners. The frightful profanity which this decision has caused at the military clubs, can only be estimated by those who have seen an ignorant, gallant, bullying, gouty old officer, in a purple rage.

FRED. PEEL then asked for and received 126,796 men for the army, to be at his service for four months. A couple of millions, or so, was of course handed to him for expenses.

Friday. LORD CAMPBELL seems determined to be a Real Blessing to the Press. He hoped that in next Session the grievances to which journalists are exposed by the law of libel would be redressed, and he specially adverted to the abominable costs which a newspaper incurs in defending itself against the attack of a worthless plaintiff and a greedy attorney, even when the brace of rascals are kicked out of court by a jury. The L. C. J. thought that some measure might be devised for making the costs in such a case fall upon the party who brought the action. This would certainly be an improvement, to which might be added

a clause for rendering the attorney liable, where the case was evidently bad, and for providing that if the attorney were one of the hungry-looking, grubby-nailed, seedy harpies who are usually at the bottom of such actions, and who had no means of paying for the mischief he perpetrated, he should be transferred from the Rolls to the Crank.

"If he have nœ gold to fine,
He has shins to pine."

as the humane Scotch Noyes hath it.

LORD CLARENDON stated the contents of the treaty with Persia. The SHAH gives up Herat, and, in case of any future squabble with Afghanistan, is to apply to England. We are to have Consuls where we please, and our insulted and polyglottical MURRAY is to be received back with glory, but we are not to "protect" any native not in the actual service of the embassy. Of course we withdraw our army. LORD ELLENBOROUGH had entirely approved the war, which he regarded as waged with Russia, and looked at the peace as a sort of victory over her.

Government is trying to save Smithfield from the civic Vandals, and to keep it for some public purpose, but the corporation is eager to grab a rental, and resists. FRED. PEEL said that a commission was to be issued for inquiry into the subject of Army Medical Reform, on which MR. STAFFORD professed a conviction, shared by *Mr. Punch*, that the authorities will do as little as they possibly can. Miss NIGHTINGALE's approbation of the condition of the hospital at Woolwich was mentioned to the House with natural satisfaction by the Hero of Kars.

The Mutiny Acts have been brought in, and to-night SIR G. LEWIS had but to ask for Thirteen Millions of money for Ways and Means to have it. A brief Saturday sitting helped on matters of form. We shall soon be off. The country must be looking pleasant; daffodils and celandine are flowering, the rooks are repairing their old nests, and the trout begin to rise.

In the course of the debate on the Navy Estimates it was stated, that "on board HER MAJESTY's ships there were always a number of Novices." The idea struck *Mr. Punch* as so charming a one, that he could not refrain from making his pictorial record of it. A British Sailor's life must indeed be pleasant under such circumstances. How delightful to keep the watch with a party of Novices!



NEXT PRESENTATIONS AT COURT.

We observe that, at the late *levée*, various persons were presented on their promotion in the Army or Navy, their return from foreign service, their accession to title, their marriage, their appointment to public situations, their investment with the Order of the Bath and the Legion of Honour, and on divers other accounts and occasions. We missed the name of JOHN MARKHAM, presented on his liberation from prison by a free pardon for an offence which he never committed. Such a presentation, by the Secretary of State for the Home Department, would be an appropriate amend—*plus* a sum of money—to a sufferer who had been injured by a "legal accident."

KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.—When we leave school our Education begins.

CHINESE CHRONOLOGY.

(*Cording to COCKER and COBDEN.*)

Daily Paper issued at Pekin	5035 B.C.
Vaccination rigorously enforced	4999 "
Welsh rabbits a common article of food	3895 "
Chloroform first tried on a criminal. Grand surprise of the latter, on recovering his senses, to find that his head had been cut off	2736 "
The Globe drawn and quartered by a Chinese mappist	2539 "
Beefsteaks made of gutta-percha at the cheap eating-houses	2112 "
Perambulators and the Minié Rifle perfected	2009 "
Gunpowder invented. Canton grocers put it into their "lie-tea" to make it go off	1847 "
Quadrature of the Circle satisfactorily proved	1658 "
The Willow Pattern Plate starts on a tour round the world	1657 "
The "Pons Asinorum" first crossed	1429 "
Great Wall of China built. ME-KI sticks bills upon it, in defiance of the police injunctions, pasted up everywhere, BI-LIS-STI-CHE-RSB-EWA-RE	1385 "
Cheap Excursions with the First Balloon	1379 "
Trigonometrical survey of the Mountains of the Moon	1366 "
The Seeds of Anarchy sown in China by the Tartars	1324 "
First trial of Blacking made upon an Elephant	1290 "
The Circulation of the Blood and Penny Newspapers discovered	1287 "
Crinoline sweeps China in all its length and breadth	1277 "
The Isle of Dogs discovered, and used for hundreds of years as a canine preserve for the Emperor of China	1265 "
The first stone of Manchester laid by a Chinese conjuror	1259 "
Penny Post in full operation throughout China	1248 "
Infallible cure for hydrophobia discovered	1225 "
The Face of Nature photographed in all its features by Chinese artists	1202 "
The "Standard of Sherry" planted by the English on the walls of Hong-Kong	379 A.D.
First appearance of a China Orange in Lombard Street	411 "
Defeat of the PALMERSTON Ministry by YEH	1857 "

The above are a few extracts from a *History of China*, to which MR. COBDEN intends devoting all his energies as soon as he loses his election. It will be seen that some of our greatest discoveries and inventions were known amongst the Chinese long before Europe had emerged from the swaddling-clothes of her first childhood. It would seem, also, so far removed are they in civilisation from us, that several of their discoveries have not had time yet to reach us! We look forward with the greatest interest to MR. COBDEN's new work. In the meantime, as a proof how entirely he is giving his head to this beloved project, we may mention that a most promising pig-tail is beginning to sprout behind his back. It would not surprise us any day to hear that his head had been shaved!

A PRETTY KIND OF CARPENTERS.

By advices from Paris we learn that—

"The EMPEROR, the day before yesterday, received a deputation of 30 carpenters from the Halles, headed by their master, who presented to His Majesty a basket of flowers, on the occasion of the completion of the works of the pavilion of the Central Halle."

It does not appear whether the flowers alluded to were natural or artificial, but, presented by carpenters, they may be reasonably supposed to have been of the latter kind, and specimens of carving in the substance in which those artificers work. Probably those flowers consisted, in part, of wood violets, wood anemones, and woodbine made out of real wood. But, if they were actual odoriferous flowers of spring, a question arises about the donors. The carpenters are stated to have been headed by their master. Is not this a mistake? In France there is a much greater scope afforded to female industry than there is here, and, considering the prettiness and delicacy of the present, should you not think that the correct statement would have been that the carpentresses were headed by their mistress?

A Home Question Settled at Last.

THE birthplace of St. MÉDARD, who is the French St. SWITHIN, has long been a puzzle to French archaeologists. However, the *bibliophile* JACOB says that there is every ground for supposing it was somewhere near Tours, for undoubtedly St. MÉDARD's Province in France was To-Rain (*Touraine*).

THE STAGES OF A TRIPLE ALLIANCE.

Coalition hot;
Coalition cold;
Coalition gone to pot,
Ere a month is told.

THE GENIUS OF TOM THUMB.—Did you ever see the like of BARNUM? Yes: you have seen a locomotive. It runs to and fro, puffing.

A BLESSED PROSPECT.



THE NEWSPAPERS ominously declare that if the contemplated Bill for the Registration of Titles becomes law, two-thirds of the country solicitors who now live by "conveyancing"—

("Convey" the wise it call!")

—may as well shut up shop at once. What an enormous recommendation of the Bill! Properly stated in Parliament, this fact alone ought to ensure its passing. Let a hustings' pledge be at once exacted of every candidate at the General Election, to vote for the Registration of Titles Bill, in consideration not more of its intrinsic merits than of this, its most desirable consequence.

PLAYHOUSE PAROXYSMS.

THE retained critic of the *Morning Herald* had a most lovely essay on the production of the last miracle at the Princess's Theatre—*Richard II.* Among other encouraging intelligence, he assures a thoughtful public that the spectators (we were about to write audience) were "in a frenzy of delight." Is not this a case for the Commissioners of Lunacy? It is said that private boxes and stalls will henceforth be let with strait-waistcoats. There can be no doubt that the pageant is very fine, and the scenery beautiful, exceedingly. Since the meeting of the Chartists there has not been displayed such a gathering of an English mob. We have little doubt that, in memory of his own special constableness, LOUIS NAPOLEON will forward to the manager the Cross of the Legion of Honour. A knighthood has hitherto been spoken of as the final reward of MR. KEAN's scenic and decorative spirit; but after *Richard II.* it is not reasonably supposed that he will escape with less than a baronetcy. Nay, in further consideration of the admirable manner in which a portion of MR. BATTY's stud has been trained, it would not at all surprise us if the manager were also made perpetual Master of the Horse.

Geography for Ever.

WE perceive that MR. JAMES WYLD, of Charing Cross, has issued an address to the electors of Bodmin. Should he be returned, there will be, in the next House of Commons, at least one Chartist.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

(With verbal Illustrations.)

City of London.—Should LORD JOHN RUSSELL be snubbed by London, he will pop into the Bedford borough of Tavistock.

"A mouse, with but one hole at need,"
Is sure a foolish mouse indeed.

BARON ROTHSCHILD will, as usual, be supported for the Christian city.

"And why? I am a Jew!"

Tiverton.—Gracefully refusing a hundred places, PALMERSTON remains true to Tiverton.

"And 'master' of himself, though China fall."

Oxford University.—MR. GLADSTONE will, if necessary, split votes into any number of any tenuity.

"So fine, there's nought 'twixt him and nothing."

Bucks.—MR. DISRAELI will very confidently face his old constituents.

"An oiled and curled Assyrian bull."

Southampton.—The Bank-Governor, MR. WEGUELIN, has the very best reasons for assured success.

"I promise to pay—."

Manchester.—Though lost to sight, to memory dear. JOHN BRIGHT stands for Cottonopolis.

"Some CROMWELL guiltless of his country's blood."

Lambeth.—MR. W. WILLIAMS is by no means sure of his seat: his Chinese vote is all against him.

"Some men cannot abide a gaping pig."

MR. ALDERMAN WIRE offers his legal knowledge to the borough.

"He was—could he help it—a special attorney."

Twickenham.—Positively MR. HUMPHREY BROWN will again go for re-election.

"A man he was to all the country dear."

Bodmin.—It is certain that MR. WYLD is about to prepare himself for the hustings.

"Put money in thy purse."

Frome.—MR. DONALD NICOL, of the cosmopolitan palette, again contests Frome.

"Not men, but measures."

Sheffield.—Altogether careless of the result, MR. ROEBUCK will just stand for Sheffield.

"This is some fellow,
Who having been praised for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness."

Greenwich.—LIEUT.-GEN. CODRINGTON again solicits the purity of the borough.

"You cannot touch pitch, and not be defiled."

West Riding.—MR. COBDEN gracefully and considerably retires.

"No man was ever written down but by himself."

Southwark.—SIR CHARLES NAPIER has determined again to face the constituency.

"Cease, rude Boreas."

Finsbury.—MR. SERJEANT PARBY graces the hustings, and hopefully addresses the electors.

"Then he will talk; ye Gods! how he will talk."

Marylebone.—SIR BENJAMIN HALL and LORD EBRINGTON are to remain undisturbed.

"Silence that dreadful BELL."

Westminster.—Churchwarden WESTERTON, of Knightsbridge threatens DE LACY and SIR T. V. SHELLEY.

"Night's candles are burnt out."

Tamworth.—SIR ROBERT PEEL, as a matter of course, will be sent back to the House of Commons.

"Babylon was built of bricks."

West Surrey.—MR. H. DRUMMOND is, doubtless, certain of re-election.

"I understand a fury in thy words, but not thy words."

Carlisle.—There is an unanimous feeling against SIR JAMES GRAHAM

"For any change must better our condition."

North Warwickshire.—The present members, SPOONER and NEWDEGATE, are said to be safe for re-election.

"Troubles never come single."

Sunderland.—It is said that MR. GEORGE HUDSON will absolutely stand again.

"And when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps."

Midhurst.—MR. SAMUEL WARREN has been cordially received, and will be duly returned.

"Where the Bee sucks, there lurk I—"
"To paint the Lily—"

Birmingham.—MR. MUNTZ is very confident, despite of China, of re-election.

"A rugged man, o'ergrown with hair."

Maldon.—MR. MECI, not wishing to divide the liberal interest, has retired.

"A razor warranted not to cut."

Nineveh at Aylesbury.

MR. LAYARD has met with no encouragement to stand again for Aylesbury. His vote on the Chinese question has proved that he made a much greater bull than he ever discovered. We drop a tear over the mischance.



TOUCHING.

Friend. "— AND WHAT BECOME OF HER?"

Bus Driver (with emotion). "WELL!—SHE WAS TOOK AWAY FROM ME—AND GOT INTO BAD HANDS, YER SEE—AND SOON WENT ALL TO PIECES.—DEAR! DEAR!—SHE WAS WERRY BEAUTIFUL!—SUCH A SHAPE! AND SUCH A LOVELY COLOUR! (Sighing.) HAH! I SHALL NEVER, NEVER, SEE—SUCH—ANOTHER—BUSS AGIN!"

THE FROZEN-OUT TEA GARDENERS.

We've got no work to do, we are in great distress,
We don't appeal to you from sloth and idleness;
Our ground has got too hard; the case we state is true,
From house and home we're barred—we've got no work to do.

We've got no work to do; however we must live,
We gladly would turn to, employ if you would give,
It is our chief desire our calling to pursue,
And nothing we require except some work to do.

We've got no work to do, we do not wish to rob,
And all we have in view is to procure a job,
For labour 'tis we ask, we don't care what; or who
Appoints us to the task, and gives us work to do.

We've got no work to do, we are not begging here,
Though we are going through necessity severe;
Misfortune 'tis alone this state has brought us to,
'Tis no fault of our own we've got no work to do.

THE POLITE LETTER-WRITER.

"**LORD PANMURE** requests the attendance of **SIR JOHN M'NEILL** and **COL. TULLOCH** at the War Office to partake of a cold shoulder of mutton.

"P.S. If **SIR J. M'N.** and **COL. T.** find £1000 note under each of their plates, **LORD PANMURE** hopes they will pocket it without any nonsense."

Answer. "SIR J. M'NEILL and COL. TULLOCH respectfully beg to decline **LORD PANMURE**'s polite invitation. They dislike cold shoulder, and don't want £1000."

SIR CHARLES NAPIER FOR SOUTHWARK.

"GENTLEMEN,

"THE Parliamentary ship being about to go to pieces, we reckon to be all adrift upon spars and henceops about the 25th instant. You'll throw old **CHARLEY** a rope again, won't you? If you do, I can tell you that this bout, you're not likely to be again deprived of your Member. He won't again be sent to another Black Sea with no gunboats and fewer able seamen; which, as everything depended upon correct firing, was not the likely way to storm Cronstadt sword-in-hand.

"Be certain, Gentlemen, that I shall do the best to support the trade of Southwark in its exports to Russia, being assured by the **GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE**, who is every inch, and a little more a sailor, that he has the liveliest affection for the people of Southwark, and a particular admiration for one of your Members.

"I regret that the sudden dissolution of Parliament should not have allowed me to overhaul young **SIR ROBERT PEEL** as I intended; but just only return me, and see if I don't yet polish him off as clean as any scupper-nail.

"As for the Lords of the Admiralty, a sense of private duty compels me to say that I despise the whole boiling of 'em.

"On the day of nomination, I hope to be proposed by the Russian ambassador, whilst his lady has handsomely promised to work me a flashy pair of colours. Pressing business will detain my affectionate friend **DUKE CONSTANTINE** in St. Petersburg, otherwise he would have done himself the pleasure of accompanying me on my canvas; especially as he saw it from so great a distance off Cronstadt.

"England expects every Southwark man to vote for old **CHARLEY**.

"Yours, true as pitch,

"**CHARLES NAPIER.**"

"*Bear and Ragged Staff Committee Rooms.*"

Abolition of Greenwich Fair.

A **GREENWICH** paper "stops the press" to announce, on the most reliable authority, the abolition of the time-honoured fair. It is even so. Greenwich Fair has given up **RICHARDSON**'s ghost.

THE ANTI-MAYNOOTH GRANT.—The Editor of the *Morning Advertiser*.

AUSTRIA TO IRELAND.

An impulsive gratitude is one of the noble characteristics of Irishmen; hence, the Irish papers have for some time rung with the praises of the **ARCH-DUCHESS SOPHIA** of Austria, mother of the present Emperor, for having bestowed upon one **MR. WILLIAM BERNARD M'CABE**, a Dublin author, a breast-pin, for his work called *Adelaide, Queen of Italy*. The pin is a very fine affair, indeed. "It is," writes *Saunders's* enthusiast:—

"It is a shamrock, of which the stem and leaves are composed of brilliants of the finest water, and the dazzling richness of which is set off by a thin rim of jet black enamel, in imitation of the Irish oak. A more appropriate or more beautiful present for an Irishman to receive could not possibly be devised; and, so truly gorgeous is this dazzling cluster of no less than twenty-eight diamonds, that it may be well said it is one such as alone the mother of an Emperor could bestow."

Somehow the character of the giver will hang about the gift. Now, the **ARCH-DUCHESS SOPHIA** has a peculiar mode of showing her taste in jewellery. For instance, history tells us that on the first anniversary of the day of Arad, of that day on which the martyrs of Hungary bled upon the scaffold, this woman **SOPHIA** came to court with a bracelet of rubies set in so many roses as were the number of heads of the brave Hungarians who fell there. A knowledge of this fact does, somehow, throw a blight upon the shamrock vouchsafed to **MR. M'CABE**—does make the "dazzling cluster" of diamonds scarcely more lustrous than so many coffin-nails.

"Pour Encourager les Autres."

"A GOVERNMENT," says **LORD PALMERSTON**, when pressed on the subject of **SIR JOHN BOWRING**, "must support its subordinates." Admitted. How does **LORD PALMERSTON** reconcile this doctrine of his with the way in which **SIR JOHN M'NEILL** and **COLONEL TULLOCH** have been treated?



FROZEN-OUT TEA-GARDENERS,

As Seen at the Present Time about Westminster.

PUNCH'S COMPLETE TRADESMAN.

No. III.

MR. BITTERS, Publican, is seated in his little parlour behind the bar, with MR. CRADLE, who is going to Australia.



Mr. Bitters (raising his glass). Well, Sir, here's luck to you, and may your voyage be the making of you.

Mr. Cradle. Thanks, mine host, and in the mean time may you prosper, as you deserve to do. What capital porter this is. I shall not taste anything like it in the Antipodes.

Mr. Bitters. This is the stuff, just as it comes out of MALTHOUSE, HOPPER, & Co.'s brewery. I always keep a small cask for friends.

Mr. Cradle. Is it not the same that you draw for those people at your bar?

Mr. Bitters. I should rather say that it was not exactly the same. This, which you are drinking, is made of malt and hops, and nothing else. One wouldn't be so stingy as not to give a discerning public more variety.

Mr. Cradle. Dear me, you surprise me.

Mr. Bitters. You're right to go to Australia, friend CRADLE, for you are too innocent for our part of the world.

Mr. Cradle. Perhaps so, perhaps so. By the way, what on earth is that cart at your door?

Mr. Bitters. A thing that goes on wheels.

Mr. Cradle. Very funny, very funny. But seriously. I read upon it, "HOCUS, Brewer's Druggist."

Mr. Bitters. And why shouldn't a man put his name on his cart, and his trade too. Let's ask the man himself. Here he is, coming up from the cellar.

Enter MR. HOCUS.

Mr. Bitters. Well, friend HOCUS. Sit down, and do as we do. Another tankard, ISABELLA. Here, Sir, it's stuff that you've had nothing to do with.

Mr. HOCUS. Quite sure of that? Then, service, gents. (Drinks.) Ah! That's the stuff to stick to your ribs.

Mr. Bitters. And the stuff your ribs stick to—you should see MRS. BITTERS at it.

Mr. HOCUS. How's the new baby?

Mr. Bitters. Yes, that's where it is. Always some good reason. But CRADLE's a bachelor, and don't understand these things. He wants to know why we don't draw this stuff at the bar.

Mr. HOCUS. You'd soon be drawing your schedule if you did.

Mr. Cradle. Is it possible? Well, now, I am going to Australia, and you may speak before me without hesitation.

Mr. Bitters. Give him a wrinkle or two, HOCUS. He may find it useful with the kangarooses.

Mr. HOCUS. All tiled? Well then, Sir, you must know that this porter, here, is what comes from the brewers, to whom our friend's house belongs, and who put him in here. They charge him so much, of course, and a tidy price, too, for his porter, and besides that he owes them a heavy debt, and they could sell him up in a jiffy, if he wasn't ready with his money when their collector came. I'm speaking by the card, friend BITTERS, I think?

Mr. Bitters. Which it are, Sir, and purceed.

Mr. HOCUS. So, MR. CRADLE—

Mr. Cradle (smiling). CRADLE.

Mr. HOCUS. Come, pretty near relations. Well, Sir, it's clear therefore that MR. BITTERS must make a profit, or be sold up. Preferring to make a profit, we take our porter, and we put a precious lot of water into it.

Mr. Cradle. But that must destroy the colour.

Mr. HOCUS. Right, Sir, and we restore that colour with treacle.

Mr. Cradle. But that must destroy the taste.

Mr. HOCUS. Right again, Sir, and we restore that with sugar and salt.

Mr. Cradle. Dear me, how ingenious!

Mr. HOCUS. We have other dodges, Sir, equally so. Now, sulphate of iron, in the case of stout, is added, to give it a head. We have other things for improving the taste, that is to say for destroying the taste of the water and the sugar and the treacle. Gentian is a fine bitter, Sir. Capsicum is hot, Sir. Alum and sulphuric acid we also use, Sir, and while upon the subject I may add, that further to disguise the character of our broth, we add liquorice, salts of tartar, and tobacco. Opium is also occasionally used.

Mr. Cradle. Dear me! May I ask in what proportion the water is used?

Mr. HOCUS. Eight gallons to a barrel is about your mark, BITTERS?

Mr. Bitters. Say Eight, and don't forget a pound or so of gelatine.

Mr. HOCUS. There is another article that strengthens beer very much, MR. CRADLE. The regular chemists call it by the foolish name of Cocculus Indicus, and regard it as a downright poison, for which reason we avoid ugly words, and call it "multum."

Mr. Cradle. With all this assistance, I should think that you might sell your beer at wholesale price.

Mr. Bitters. I sell at the same price as the brewers sell to me. Can I say fairer than that? I get all my profit out of the dodges friend HOCUS has described.

Mr. Cradle. Ah! Then if I was to buy at the brewery door instead of over your bar, I should get wholesome stuff at the same price that I should pay here for your adulterated liquor?

Mr. Bitters. Yes, Sir. But if MALTHOUSE, HOPPER, & Co. were fools enough to let you do that, instead of filtering their beer through a thousand public houses, MR. MALTHOUSE wouldn't keep thirty racers, MR. HOPPER wouldn't be in Parliament, and MR. Co. wouldn't have houses in Belgrave Square. You are only looking at the porter cask, Sir. There's wheels within wheels. Have another tankard, and, BILL (calls) I say BILL, just shove that woman into the street, she has spent all her money, and she is disgracing the place by her noise. Out with her.

Mr. Cradle. Poor thing, perhaps multum don't agree with her.

Mr. HOCUS. Perhaps not, so she'll try parum to-morrow. Ha! ha!

Mr. Cradle. Adieu, Gentlemen. I have to go to the Docks. I thank you for your information, and should I ever return to England, I shall hope to see a system established which permits the Brewer to prosper, without making the Publican a rascal, and the Public a victim.

ADVICE TO OLD WOMEN.

(OF BOTH SEXES.)

YOUR money will never be safe, *Punch* declares, While you keep with it parting for rotten Bank shares: It more safe in old stockings or tea-pots had lain, Or in some carpet-bag or box marked with your name. Not a bubble now bursts, not a bank falls to ground, But shows how directors keep robbing around: How the company's funds to their own use they take, Then suspend their cash payments, and scarce themselves make.

Recent cases in point clear as noonday disclose, How accounts may be overdrawn under the rose: While the manager acts as a sort of head cook, And keeps the thing dark in his own "little book." Now as long as subscribers are found for the soap, That the blowing of bubbles will cease there's no hope: So, old ladies, be warned, such investments forsake, And in safety your cash to Threadneedle Street take.

Estimates that very much Require Reduction.

MR. W. WILLIAMS's Estimate of his own arithmetic.
MR. GLADSTONE's Estimate of the Budget of 1853.
MR. HUMPHREY BROWN's Estimate of the force of impudence.
MR. NEWDEGATE's Estimate of the patience of Parliament.
SIR JAMES GRAHAM's Estimate of his powers of Humbug.
And, MR. DISRAELI's Estimate of himself, and his political prospects.

"EUNDO, MORANDO ET REDEUNDO."

THE Ex-Railway King declares his intention of again standing for Sunderland. He still trusts to Protection—of Members from arrest.

A FAST-DAY AT THE MANSION HOUSE.



H! MR. GLADSTONE. What do you think of LORD PALMERSTON and HER MAJESTY'S Ministers now? Read this:—

"LORD PALMERSTON and HER MAJESTY'S Ministers yesterday intimated their acceptance of an invitation from the RIGHT HON. THE LORD MAYOR, to partake of a banquet at the Mansion House on Friday, the 20th instant. Cards have been issued to Members of both Houses of Parliament and other distinguished guests."

There, Sir; that is the announcement which appeared the other day in the *Times*. LORD PALMERSTON and his colleagues go to a LORD MAYOR'S feast on a Friday,

and not only on a Friday, but a Friday in Lent! There is every reason to fear that they will not stop at the turtle—which, in theology, perhaps, comes under the name of Fish, though zoology calls it Reptile. No doubt they will proceed to indulge in all the delicacies of the heretic LORD MAYOR'S table, and the Protestant season. What will DR. PUSEY say? MRS. GRUNDY may not, perhaps, have any very particular remark to make on a subject with regard to which doctors and old women differ. This step of ostentatiously going to dine at the Mansion-house on a Lenten Friday is evidently a demonstration on the PREMIER'S part quite of a piece with his appointment of Low Church bishops, which rendered the Budget so objectionable—didn't it?—and put the Government so terribly in the wrong on the Chinese question. But all the better for you: Catholic Oxford will now be more unanimous than ever in the determination to support GLADSTONE and Romanesque red herring against PALMERSTON and English roast beef.

THE SHOCKING LANGUAGE OF THE TURF.

A SPORTING journalist who writes under the name of "ARGUS," made, the other day, this startling statement respecting the Liverpool steeplechase:—

"The casualties reported were, two killed and four slightly wounded; and so ended 'The Great Liverpool,' which has created more interest than that of many years past, although the class of horses and riders were not so well known to fame as when the race was first established."

Whether the killed and wounded were horses or riders, "ARGUS" omits to give the slightest hint, but as the bipeds engaged in steeplechases do occasionally break their necks, some intimation as to which he meant, would not, perhaps, have been altogether unnecessary. Some readers too might also like to know if the killed and wounded in the Liverpool steeplechase were horses or asses.

FAREWELL TO THE FAIR!

"ABOLITION OF GREENWICH FAIR.—We stop the press to announce, on the most reliable authority, that the battle is now won, and Greenwich Fair is abolished."—*Greenwich Free Press*.

Richardson's Ghost, loquitur. "O now for ever Farewell the organ grind! farewell the tent Of Crown and Anchor! and those horrid bores To nervous folk, the scratchbacks! O farewell, Farewell the dinning gongs, and the big drums, The speaking-trumpets, and th' earpiercing shrieks Of kissers in the ring! farewell all fun, Lark, row, and spreishness of glorious Greenwich! And O you banjoed Ingins, whose hoarse throats The railway rattle rudely counterfeit, Farewell! That fellow's occupation's gone At Greenwich Fair who used to come out strong."

A Contradiction in Terms.

Who is to be the new Plenipotentiary to China? Odd as it may seem, while admitting the post to be one in which the utmost decision will be necessary, we should prefer for this duty the most "YEH-nay" style of man that can be found.

MORE CHEMICAL THAN COMICAL.

LORD DERBY is anxious to resemble the fiery RUPERT in more ways than one. Judging by the rapid fall of his party since his late manœuvres, he seems determined to invent his own "RUPERT'S drop."

FASHION AND ITS VICTIMS.

WE understand that the upholsterers, especially at the West End, are suffering severely from the Crinoline contagion. They complain that, in consequence of the increasing width of ladies' dresses, drawing-rooms have now to be only half furnished; the space that used to be available for loo tables and cabinets being now required for whalebone ribs and air-tubes. They anticipate, indeed, if the contagion spread more widely, that furniture will have to be dispensed with altogether, simply from the reason that there will be no room for it; and some of the alarmists of the trade are so assured that Crinoline will soon be fatal to their business interests, that they are wearing mourning in expectancy for their commercial demise.

We cannot wonder at the panic which the petticoats are causing, for at every successive evening party we attend we find our chances of a seat more and more diminishing, the chairs being gradually displaced by the flounces. We calculated that at the last *soirée* we did duty at there was supplied an average of an inch and three-sixteenths of sitting space apiece; and even standing room became so scarce that, had we been late comers, we should have been reduced to echo the request of ARCHIMEDES, and perplex the footman by demanding Δός μοι πού στῶ. It was quite needless for the lady of the house to hope that would-be early-goers would not think of moving, for all were so completely in a fix that it was impossible for any laws of motion to be acted on. Everybody was so jammed up by the air-jupons and wedged in with the widths of the dresses which surrounded them, that all the travelled stars of the evening became fixed ones, and even the most roving of Englishmen found himself for once deprived of locomotion; for such was the sea of Crinoline about him, that he could not stir a step without putting his foot in it.



LATEST FROM AMERICA.

THE understanding American politics is of course out of the question, and we should despise the braggart who affected to comprehend them. But a fact is a fact, and we therefore extract from a leading article in the *New York Herald* its very latest Summary of domestic affairs in the States.

"THE PRINCIPLE OF REGULAR NOMENCLATURE HAS RECEIVED A BLACK EYE FROM THE BOGUS DEMOCRACY OF THE OYSTER CELLARS."

Without pretending to the faintest comprehension of the meaning of this statement, we publish it as the last news from America. What is the reason why, with this kind of slang accepted in society as an exposition of the politics of the States, our American relatives keep up the nonsense of alleging that the two countries speak one language?

ABSTRACT OF THE CHINA DIVISION.—Canton v. Canton'.

THE MEMBERS' EARLY CLOSING ASSOCIATION.



We are delighted to learn, and every reader of the newspaper will feel a corresponding thrill of joy to hear from us, that the Early Closing Movement is fast gaining ground in Parliament, and before long will receive full legislative confirmation. Of this we are assured by a clairvoyant gobemouche, who professes to have seen the rough draft of a bill, which he assumes will be brought forward under Government auspices as soon as ever LORD PALMERSTON has been returned for England, and will be entitled "An Act for the Shortening of Speeches in Parliament, and for the Early Closing of the Mouths of the longer winded Members." Of this important measure, which as "time is money" will effect so immense a saving to the nation, that all true economists must certainly support it, we believe that we shall break no confidence by giving a *précis* :—

PREAMBLE.—Whereas it is expedient that means should be adopted for the earlier shutting-up of certain long-lunged orators, and for affording relief to the reporters and readers of debates, and facilitating the progressive course of useful legislation :

ENACTMENT.—Be it therefore Enacted, that within five minutes from the passing of this Act, and thenceforth throughout this and every succeeding session, it shall not be lawful for any Member, either of the House of Lords or Commons, to get up to speak when he has nothing to say, and according to precedent, would occupy an hour or two or three in saying it. Nor shall it be lawful for any rising barrister to rise more than sixteen times in any sitting, or to speak for the mere sake of hearing himself speak, or to hold a brief from the Government to talk against time, or otherwise to exercise his voice in Parliament for professional or personally advertising purposes. And the Speaker hereby is directed to call to order any Member who may break these rules, and, generally, to cut short any speech in which at least half a grain of sense be not discernible in the hearing, however it be capable of polish in the papers.

PENALTY.—Any Member who may be convicted of any of the above offences shall, on the first, receive formal warning, and on the second be banished to BELLAMY'S for the remainder of the sitting: a ticket-of-leave being granted him to return to vote in the event of a division.

COMPENSATION.—In cases where extenuating circumstances can be reasonably pleaded, as for example, where the offender is a Scottish Grievance champion, or a Maynooth Monomaniac, the House shall be at liberty to sanction that he be allowed the compensation of a private room and a reporter, to whom he may address the remainder of his speech, and, if his family give permission, have it printed *in extenso* (at his own expense, of course). But to prevent the House from getting into public disrepute, two responsible sureties shall in each such case be found, as guarantees that the printing shall be done "for private circulation only," and that no attempt shall afterwards be made to get the speech inserted in any of the newspapers, even by paying for the cost of its advertisement.

THE NEW ORACLE.—That which speaks from the tripod—of which the three legs are DISRAELI, GLADSTONE, and COBDEN.

THE GENERAL ELECTION SONG.

(To the Air of the Bugle-Song in 'The Princess'.)

BILLS great and small, on each dead wall,
With hustings pledges—old in story!
The long purse shakes, the voter wakes,
And the green candidate's in his glory.
Go, members, go—set the loose shiners flying;
Go, members; exit session, dying, dying, dying.

Oh, hark! oh, hear! There's gin and beer,
In boroughs, counties, freely flowing;
Oh, sweet and far, from tap and bar,
Each his own trumpet's blandly blowing.
Go—let us hear the country's voice replying—
Go, members—wind up, session, dying, dying, dying.

Yes, sessions die, nor say "good bye:"
Yet men will still for seats endeavour;
To reach that goal will poll and poll,
And spend for ever and for ever.
Go, members, go—set the loose shiners flying;
And exit, session, exit—dying, dying, dying.

THE TEMPTATION OF A VERY BAD JOKE.

THE Newspapers give a curious account of a miserly old woman, whose tattered dress was fastened up with between 2000 and 3000 pins, and yet under whose pillow forty sovereigns were found at her death. We hope the benevolent reader will excuse us, if for once we cannot resist the temptation of saying a bad thing, with the full knowledge that it is extremely bad. Well, it is more than we can possibly help to avoid remarking that the habits of that eccentric old lady, as above detailed, only give us another melancholy verification of the homely precept, "Take care of the pins, and the pounds will take care of themselves." There, we have said it, and are now duly penitent for the enormity of our offence.

The Premier and the Palate.

THE celebrity of the noble PREMIER has occasioned his name to be taken for the denomination of a new condiment, advertised as the "PALMERSTON SAUCE," suitable "for fish, flesh, fowl, &c. &c." This is a sphere of fitness about as extensive as can well be imagined; for a relish which is good not only for fish, flesh, and fowl, but also for "&c. &c.," must be equal in universality to salt, and superior to pepper. It must be adapted to all manner of things except apples and a few others. MR. COBDEN and MR. DISRAELI should try PALMERSTON'S Sauce, and not have the presumption to offer him any more of their own.

The Nemesis of the Coalition.

RARELY has justice followed so closely on the track of crime. Scarcely is the Ministry turned out than SPOONER rises to announce his intention of bringing forward again this year, if he is re-elected, the Maynooth Grant! There, we think the Tories and the Peelites have caught it nicely with a vengeance! However, they have brought the punishment down upon their own guilty heads, and we do not pity them one fourpenny bit. They must abide now by the frightful consequences, though you may be sure the traitors little expected so severe a retribution. PALMERSTON is avenged!

POLITICAL PERSONALITY.

THE noble Lord, the present Member for London—as MR. DUNCOMBE would say—is understood to be particularly disgusted with the PREMIER for calling MR. COBDEN'S majority against the Government a fortuitous concourse of atoms.

PROTECTION RUN MAD.

THE cry of "Protection to British Industry" being no longer possible, the DERBYITES and DISRAELITES will "go to the country," with the cry of "Protection to Chinese Insolence."

A QUESTION.—On the re-election of any of the Chinese members, will they be required to take the usual form of oath, or like their brethren at Canton, will they merely break a saucer?

IMPORTANT TRUISM.—Depend upon it that every advocate of a Maine Law drinks like a fish.

STRONG CHINESE LANGUAGE.

WHEN peace shall have been re-established with China, it will be worth the while of an enterprising manager to engage a Mandarin or Governor of the flowery land to write burlesques for translation and representation at his theatre. What is there in *Bombastes Furioso* to beat this?

"Let every inhabitant of China who shall meet an Englishman inflict on him the fate he merits. Already do our innumerable fleets and mighty armies, which are dreaded by the whole world, advance to drive them away. Let everybody unite with that army—let every one take part in the war, and teach foreigners to tremble before the will and before the anger of our Sovereign, whose gaze is as burning as the rays of the sun, and whose power is immeasurable."

"He who shall not act in conformity with these orders shall be considered a traitor, and may expect from us a chastisement as prompt as terrible."

"You hear! Obey."

"Done at Whampoa, the 9th day of the 12th Moon."

"THE MANDARIN GOVERNOR TCHYN-TOO."

The Moon, indeed, under whose influence MR. TCHYN-TOO appears to have composed his proclamation, must, one would think, have been exactly at the full just then. The state of the Chinese mind, evinced by such ravings as the above, is further perhaps indicated by the fashion of keeping the head shaved, for which the natives of China are remarkable. However, these outpourings of frenzy would tell admirably in a mock tragedy, or the introduction to a pantomime. A great point might be made of the gaze of the Emperor, asserted by TCHYN-TOO to be burning as the rays of the sun. An Englishman might be represented as lighting his cigar from the Imperial countenance by means of a convex lens, and of course having summarily inflicted upon him the fate he merited by taking that liberty—immediate decapitation.



RAMPANT ANGLO-RUSSIANISM.

AMONG the curiosities of literature which have been added recently to those which the elder D'ISRAELI found and made a note of, we see a work has just been published called *England and Russia Natural Allies*, which, as its title page might lead one to suppose, contains so many statements of a jocular description, that we feel inclined almost to offer to the writer an engagement for some permanence upon our literary staff. As a sample of the way in which he outjokes JOSEPH MILLER, we extract the following:—

"It is a wise policy of the Russian Government not to promote the increase of the middle class beyond certain limits, which would endanger the present happy state of the country, and undermine the basis of her wealth, power and greatness, namely, the servitude of the peasantry."

That one may properly appreciate the exquisite facetiousness of thus speaking of the "present happy state of the country," one need but read the revelations about Russia Felix which are being published now in *Household Words*; the evidence there given as to the felicity enjoyed by Russian subjects, being in corroboration of the many statements to the same effect which other travellers have made us. But sparkling as it is, the joke is quite eclipsed by that with which another of the writer's pages is illuminated, where, to prove the naturalness of an alliance between Englishmen and Russians, he states that Nature has endowed their aristocracy with such marks of resemblance as clearly indicate that she intended them to live as one united happy family.

"In their personal appearance the flower, both of the English and Russian aristocracy, present the virulent sensualism of the ox, beautified by all the graces of humanity."

The humour of this notion is not a little heightened by its metaphorical confusion—the assertion being made that in the "flower" of the nations there may be discerned a purely animal resemblance. There might perhaps be some propriety in finding in JOHN BULL some traces of the ox, but the only way in which we could discover any bovine features in the flower of our aristocracy would be to find that some of them had ox-lips. We do not think however that the tracing of a likeness between them and the Russians can be accepted as a

compliment to the lords of our creation, even though, to mollify the statement, it be said that they alike are "beautified by all the graces of humanity." Indeed we are quite of opinion that JOHN BULL would trample most indignantly on any flowers of speech by which his name might stand in danger of being altered to JOHN BULLOVITCH.

A PASSING TOLL.

TOLL for the grave!

M.P.'s that are no more!

All sunk, the "tips" they gave,

Wiped out, each ale-house score!

Six hundred looking grave,

And sixty-four beside,

Who for the Public weal,

May never more divide.

JOHN BOWRING raised the cloud,

And PAM was overset,

Down went the Commons House,

Each to contest his seat!

Toll for the brave!

Brave SHAW LEFEVRE's gone;

His last night's work is wrought,

His last division done,

Throughout six sessions' battles,

Serene he eyed the clock;

He played no factious trick;

Ran on no party rock.

All join to weave his wreath,

All join his praise to pen,

Now SHAW LEFEVRE's gone,

May we find his like again!

The election-writs fill up,

PAM to the country goes!

Let's pledge him in the cup

Of tea brewed by his foes.

His credit yet is sound,

And he will rule again,

Though angry GLADSTONE thunder,

And DIZZY sneer and strain;

But SHAW LEFEVRE's gone,

His speakership is o'er;

And he, and this six hundred

And fifty, sit no more!

NUTS AND WINE.

An advertisement offers the British Public

UNADULTERATED WINES.—The "Nuttty" Sherry, 36s. Cash.

The nutty sherry may be a very pleasant beverage; but what is a nutty sherry? Can any sort of sherry be prepared from Spanish nuts? For our own drinking we should prefer a wine of the same nature as that which *Iago* represents *Desdemona* as accustomed to imbibe. That worthy, in reference to the young lady in question, reminds his friend *Roderigo* that "the wine she drinks is made of grapes." We would rather drink a grape wine than a nutty wine. Nevertheless, we have no objection to nuts in combination with wine, upon the understanding that we are to eat the former, and drink the latter.

Coffee-House Characteristics.

LET an Englishman and a Frenchman enter a coffee-house at the same time; the former will walk up to the fire-place, and the latter will stop at the first mirror. The Englishman lifts up his coat-tails, and warms his huge body, whilst the Frenchman, with equal warmth, suns himself in the looking-glass.

THE CHINESE DIVISION.—We would sooner have been with PALMERSTON on the Canton Minority than have been, like GLADSTONE, one of the Canton Majority!



OFFENDED DIGNITY.

Small Boy (to Ex-Cook, who has come about a place). "IS THERE A FOOTMAN KEP? WHY O' COURSE THERE IS—I'M THE FOOTMAN!"

A LAWYER OUT OF HIS DEPTH.

BLUEBOOKS about education are occasionally published, containing some curious answers to questions concerning biblical matters, on the part of parochial children. The catechumens return BARABBAS as an Apostle, for instance, or confound ADAM with ALEXANDER THE COPPERSMITH. An example of erudition on this class of subjects, closely parallel to those afforded by the juveniles in question, was exhibited the other day in the Appeal Court of Chancery. In the course of the case, STOURTON *v.* STOURTON, according to the *Times* report—

"MR. BAGSHAW, SEN., in reply, denied that the Roman Catholic Church did not permit the unrestricted use of the Word of God in its authorised version; for, on the contrary, it permitted the reading of such parts of the Old Testament as it considered fit for perusal, that Church, however, holding that there were parts of the Old Testament, and therein agreeing with St. PAUL, which were hard to be understood."

If the learned gentleman had known what he was talking about, he would, in the foregoing statement, have been chargeable with robbing PETER, to give to PAUL, and not only that, but with charging other parties on behalf of PAUL, with what PETER had put down to PAUL's account. But he must be acquitted of any wilful partiality to PAUL or injustice to PETER, since it is quite clear that his acquaintance with them, and with that branch of knowledge which includes such acquaintance, is in inverse ratio to his professional learning. On such a subject a lawyer may well get out of his depth—perhaps he is out of his element.

Distinction without a Difference.

BROWN says he doesn't like too many barristers in Parliament. JONES avers that he objects to a superabundance of solicitors. And ROBINSON philosophically asks, what is the difference between barrister and solicitor? Merely the difference between a crocodile and an alligator.

DERBY'S THREE SERVING MEN.

("When Arthur first in Court began.")

WHEN DERBY last on place began
To cast a longing eye,
He entertained three serving men
And all of them were—sly.

The first he was a Jesuit,
The second a Charlatan,
The third he was a Peacemonger,
And all for the DERBY ran.

The Jesuit he loved splitting hairs,
The Charlatan an apt rap;
But the Peacemonger loved downright cant,
Adroitly mixed with clap-trap.

The Jesuit's splitting his hairs in vain,
In vain does the Charlatan rail,
And the Peacemonger hates to be joked on the point,
But—his cant's uncommonly stale.

SCOTCH LAW AND SUNDAY.

It is not true that every one of the minor Scotch judges is a Sabbatarian hypocrite. MR. JOHN MACLAURIN, the Sheriff Substitute of Argyllshire, has shown himself capable, in a Sunday case, of pronouncing a judgment unbiassed by fanaticism. This learned gentleman, according to the *Daily Scotsman*, has delivered "an interlocutor and note" in actions of damages, brought by two Glasgow spirit dealers, travellers by the *Emperor* steamer on a Sunday, against two hotel-keepers in Dumoon, for refusing them admittance to their hotels on that day, "in consequence, as the innkeepers stated, of their being ordered by the local justices to refuse admittance to all travellers by the *Emperor* steamer on Sunday, under pain of losing their licence." MR. MACLAURIN's sentence awarded the plaintiffs £1 damages and expenses. It now remains for the defendants to bring their action against the local justices in consequence of whose tyrannical menaces they have been subjected to pecuniary loss, for which, MR. MACLAURIN will no doubt decide, they ought to be indemnified by those stupid and sanctimonious fellows.

A TROUBLESOME MAJORITY.

WITH all their protestations about having been compelled to vote according to their consciences, we doubt much if the members of the Coalition—we beg pardon, we should say Fortuitous Concurrence—would not have somehow smothered those their "still small voices," had they known what a trouble their majority would be to them. Never was a victory more dearly purchased; in fact, to many of the conquering heroes, it will prove considerably more harassing than a defeat. This is clear from the apologising tone of their Election Addresses, and the nervous way in which they seem endeavouring to frame excuses for their conduct. The oldest and the boldest of them hardly dare as yet to glory in their triumph: and instead of being proud of it, the most of them would fain shirk the subject altogether, and there is scarcely one in twenty who does not seem to be ashamed of it.

In fact, the Tea-Party just now are in somewhat the position of the man who held the bottle imp; and, having their majority, they don't know what on earth to do with it. Like *Frankenstein*, they find that they have made a *Monster*, which they don't know how to manage; and the chances are, we think, that as far as their electioneering prospects are concerned, it will most likely be the death of them.

How Extremes Meet.

THERE is a great difference in the way (we mean, the street) that different countrymen, when they do differ, fight. If it is an Englishman, before beginning, he will tuck up his sleeves; but if it is a Frenchman—mind you notice him well, the next time—he *turns up his trousers!* As Paddy would say, the arms of a Frenchman are in his feet.

THE POLITICAL TOXOPHILITE.—MR. COBDEN cannot, perhaps, be accused of shooting with the long bow; but he has certainly taken a shot (though he has missed his mark) at the Government with an *Arrow*.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ARCH 16. *Monday.* The young Eels now begin to ascend the rivers, and the old eels—the Parliamentary congers—are busily wriggling towards the hustings. Fructification of Beardless Moss takes place, by a curious coincidence with the date at which, by order from the Palace, Crimean beards fall from the faces of officers coming to *levées*. The Elm also is about to flower, a happy omen for the pilot at the 'elm of state. The Leaves of the Elder should now open, and if those of the younger should now shut, they might hold better books when Blink Bonny comes round Tattenham Corner. Such are the signs of the times. Another sign was a diverting address, delivered this evening by the EARL OF DERBY (in performance of his threat) upon the subject of the Dissolution. It was

really a very amusing speech, and the goodnatured abuse of LORD PALMERSTON, which was incessantly thrown in to please LORD DERBY's adherents, could not have annoyed the Bottleholder in the least. The Earl had got over all his anger and wrath, and only wanted to finish the session with a Shine. His tone was like that of a consoling mother who beats the wicked floor for hurting the stupid child that fell down. The only point he made was the fixing the title of "appendages" upon the colleagues of LORD PALMERSTON; and, by implication, upon MR. DISRAELI and the rest of the DERBY tail. LORD GRANVILLE answered him so smartly, that poor silly MALMESBURY got into a rage, and talked about the dignity of debate, which was pretty good, considering that his leader had been telling all sorts of anecdotes, good and bad, and comparing LORD PALMERSTON to the little old woman whose petticoats were cut off at her knee by the wandering pedlar. LORD HARDWICKE also spoke rather unwisely, as usual, and was incensed that after LORD DERBY had declared that there was no Coalition between himself and the other China men, anybody should dare to think that the atoms had not come together in the lobby quite fortuitously. On the whole, the grand Derbyite demonstration helped the evening through pleasantly, and there were several ladies present.

A good many of the Commons went to the Lords to have a laugh. The others did next to nothing beyond advancing the Mutiny bills, and went away very early.

Tuesday. Some of the Lords pelted each other with interpellations about the Chinese affair, rather, apparently, for the sake of saying something, and keeping the House together for an hour or so, than because anybody wanted to know anything. Aimless questions received pointless answers, some bills were advanced, and then came a little more Chinese snarling, especially by Mandarin GREY, and then an adjournment, at half-past six.

The Commons had risen an hour earlier, having had from SIR G. C. LEWIS an explanation of the treaties with Denmark as to the Sound dues, the point of which, so far as English people are concerned, is, that the Sound is to be opened on the first of April, and compensation is to be paid to Denmark in three months from the passing an act for the purpose. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL expressed his regret that the dissolution would prevent his introducing a bill for punishing the delinquents in the case of the British Bank, a regret which MR. HUMPHREY BROWN, MR. JOHN MACGREGOR, and some other gentlemen must equally share. MR. DISRAELI inquired whether LORD PALMERSTON, at the time the demonstration against Naples had been made, had offered to France that England should suppress any republican movement in Italy. Of course LORD PALMERSTON was enabled, by the virtue of words, to answer in the negative; but some people say that the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH made it a stipulation that the kicking BOMBA should not involve the kicking over the sulphurous throne.

Wednesday. The Lords sat on a day they seldom honour so far. They rattled through fourteen bills in half-an-hour, but only one of them will, in all probability ever be heard of by the world at large, and that only by its results, the Enfranchisement of Ninepence Act, which was passed.

In the Commons, MR. SHAW LEFEVRE expressed his thanks for his pension, to which MR. PUNCH is most happy to assure him that he is

most heartily welcome. The Government proposes to abolish the Irish tax called Minister's Money (a sort of church rate), and to pay the amount out of the Ecclesiastical Commission Fund, a highly objectionable course, inasmuch as it withdraws another grievance from the repertoire of Hibernian patriots. SIR B. HALL demands a little more time for finishing the Pimlico Improvements, and as this Chief Commissioner of Works and Buildings is attending to all his business in a practical, non-redtapey, English gentlemanly manner, he may most properly be left to manage it his own way. SIR BENJAMIN should have included, in his new bill, a clause enabling him to put down the street Yelling in Pimlico, as until this is done, no person with ordinary nerves will remain there longer than he is compelled by the lease he took when unaware of that hideous nuisance.

Thursday. The Lords' sitting was devoted to a pleasant discussion upon Art and Nature, the former as illustrated in the paintings of TURNER, and the latter in the conduct of the Chancery lawyers, who have at once insulted the painter and defrauded the public. LORD ST. LEONARDS raised the question, and talked about aerial effects and purity of colour, in a way people would hardly have expected from the author of *SUGDEN On Powers*. He also showed up the whole technical history of the cases, and being about the first Chancery lawyer in the kingdom, his statement carried a weight which would not attach to the pleading of any of the place-hunting barristers who get up grievances in the Commons in order to make speeches. There is this to be said, however, namely, that TURNER's natural repugnance to an attorney carried him too far. He should have let a lawyer prepare his will. It is necessary to employ this kind of instrument sometimes. A corkscrew is an ugly and a sneaking instrument, but a sensible practical man will use it to draw a cork, and—but the application of the illustration is evident. LORD LANSDOWNE pointed this out, and added that he thought the best had been done, under the circumstances, and that Government intended to carry out TURNER's wishes as far as possible. The Commons abstained from meeting to-day and on Friday, and most of them remained at home, cooking up election speeches.

Friday. LORD CRANWORTH availed himself of one more opportunity of showing his helplessness, by a speech to prove that there was no means of preventing the indiscriminate sale of poisons. LORD ELLENBOROUGH delivered a long attack upon the Government, which LORD PALMERSTON answered, a little later, at the LORD MAYOR's dinner-table. As this post-prandial address was part of the political business of the session, MR. PUNCH will mention that PALMERSTON spoke out manfully, vindicated those who have stood by the British Flag in China, declared that the country was with him, that he was for peace, in combination with honour, but that if peace was wanted by means of humiliation and degradation, the country must look for other men than himself to govern it. MR. PUNCH was in such an ecstasy of admiration at this speech that he could not help emptying the Loving Cup all over the Prussian Ambassador, who sat next him, and to whom he hereby apologises. In the Lords, EARL GRANVILLE answered the Elephant, and then came to the dinner, and made another smart speech. The only noticeable thing ELLENBOROUGH uttered was his quotation of a quotation by LORD WELLESLEY, touching a radical, who, he said, in *Tartara tendit*, language which one might expect from a drunken coal-heaver, but in which a statesman should scarcely indicate the *post-mortem* lot of a political antagonist.

Saturday. The Houses met for the last time. The Lords were perfectly calm, inasmuch as our inestimable constitution renders a Lord independent of Queens, or hustings, or any other expulsive power, save that of the Grim Serjeant who arrested the Prince of Denmark. Many of the Commons, however, entertained, or were entertained by feelings of a very different description, and the clash of the Gates of the Happy Valley behind Prince Rasselas was a cheerful sound compared to that which many of our representatives must have heard in the sentences read by LORD CRANWORTH. He had not much to say, beyond stating that the dissolution was to be immediate, that the QUEEN was much obliged for the money that had been voted, and was glad to have reduced the Income-Tax. In HER MAJESTY'S prayer that the constituencies may choose Wise Patriots for the new Parliament everybody must join; but it will be a considerable step in advance if the electors will only get rid of a number of Foolish Factionists, a result which MR. PUNCH has done his best to promote. LORD EVERSLEY of Heckfield, previously known as MR. SHAW LEFEVRE, took leave of the Commons, and, while MR. PUNCH writes,—

ENGLAND IS WITHOUT A PARLIAMENT.

TAR AND FEATHERS.

THERE was, according to the fable, a certain Jackdaw, who once upon a time decorated himself with peacock's feathers. The EMPEROR OF CHINA will perhaps confer the same decoration—the Chinese badge of merit—on certain talkative members of the Houses of Parliament. If his Imperial Majesty will supply the feathers, the British public will find the necessary tar.

THE PRINCESS'S SPECTACLE.



THE following paragraphs, accidentally omitted at the end of the notices of *Richard II.*, which were supplied to some of our contemporaries, have been sent to us for insertion:—

"And as completeness in every department is an essential, in Mr. KEAN's opinion, to all success, he has paid the utmost attention to the mode in which the bills of the theatre are printed. The paper is, we believe, entirely fly-leaves from old folio editions of the *History of England*, and the ink is from a receipt discovered in a 'chapel' (whence the printing-office is so called) in Westminster Abbey. There is not a misprint throughout, the small capitals are most judiciously inserted, while the infusion of italics leaves nothing to be desired. An ordinary printer's lad was

not employed to carry the proof bills to and from the theatre, but a blue-coat boy, in his picturesque mediæval costume, was retained for that purpose, with the kind permission of the Governor of Christ's Hospital. We must also add that the boxkeepers have been carefully drilled, and that they open and close the doors with the most preternatural quietness, which adds to the imposingly historical effect of the performance. The character of the refreshments provided for consumption during the *entr'acte*, has also been studiously attended to, and the bottles of imperial pop, elegantly labelled "hippoerass," in old English letters, form quite a feature in the entertainment. The cloak-room has been furnished with new pegs from MESSRS. JACKSON and GRAHAM'S, and the slip of matting down the principal staircase has been supplied from another celebrated establishment. Let us add that in MR. KEAN's sedulous care for the comfort of his auditory, all the policemen selected for duty are members of the Church of England, while the estimable and accomplished linkman is a distinguished Anabaptist. In short, nothing has been omitted which it is possible to mention towards promoting the exulting enthusiasm of a frantic audience."

[Any further puff can be admitted only as an advertisement, or as a Letter from a "Lover of Art."]'

CHINESE ELECTION SONG.

AIR—"Come let us all a Maying go."

COME let us all a YEH-ing go,
And vote for COBDEN, DIS, and Co.
High and low,
Let us go!
Come, let us all a YEH-ing go,
And so procure PAM's overthrow.

Then SIR JOHN BOWRING

Shall peccavi sing:

And SEYMOUR be

Recalled from sea:

Our fleet retreat; though PUNCH say Nay,
JOHN BULL shall do koutou to YEH!

A Losing Article.

PATERFAMILIAS calculates that, during the course of his long existence, he must have lent, or missed, or lost, or had borrowed or stolen, not less than 500 umbrellas! Experience has taught him now, having charged rather dearly for her 500 lessons, never to buy, as long as he lives, another umbrella! He classifies umbrellas under the head of those articles of which no one ever knows the profit, much less the return!

WATCHES THAT WANT REPAIRING.—SIR ROBERT PEEL should not be so hard on SIR CHARLES NAPIER—as a Peeler, it is his duty to protect an Old Charley, who is compelled to give way to him.

DESTRUCTION OF LIFE IN CHINA.

A CHINESE baker, prophetically named ALLUM, poisoned the bread served out to the foreigners at Hong-Kong. Ratsbane was kneaded in the morning roll, and the cruel GOVERNOR BOWRING, very much to his own astonishment, discovered that he really had bowels. However, though there was great consternation, much suffering, death did not ensue. All who had eaten of the bread, though much enfeebled, recovered. We have said that—no death ensued.

And now mark the ruthless spirit of revenge operating in the councils of a British Government! Of a Christian people! ALLUM, the baker, with three accomplices, were seized, and though it is very probable that each of the poor men had a wife, or wives; a family, or families—for every Chinaman has—nevertheless the four men were condemned to death and shot! The poor creatures, altogether ignorant of our laws, irresponsible, as we contend by their very ingenuousness, to a British tribunal, are taken out and shot: we will not at present use stronger language, but will simply say—shot!

Can we expect that, as a people, any future blessings will fall upon the Royal Marines; a respectable force enough in their way, but when converted into agents of death, and their victims, the simple Chinese—the descendants of generations who used gunpowder when our Druidical forefathers could only obtain light by the attrition of dried sticks—when perverted, we will say, into ministers of vengeance,—made a blot, and not a credit to us as a nation?

However, it is very refreshing to learn, that there are some compassionate spirits who lament the fate of the fallen. A subscription has, therefore, been entered into to erect a fitting monument at Hong-Kong to the unfortunate ALLUM and his hapless companions. A suitable inscription has been promised by a distinguished bishop in the very oiliest English.

It is expected that the Chinese Members of both Houses of Parliament will appear in short mourning. We know it may be cavilled, that ALLUM and his companions intended to commit wholesale murder. But to this we make answer, ought not all men to be judged according to their lights? Was it given to these poor men to separate the subtleties of a GLADSTONE, or to read the leaders of the *Morning Herald*?

THE ALDERMAN'S OWN BOOK.

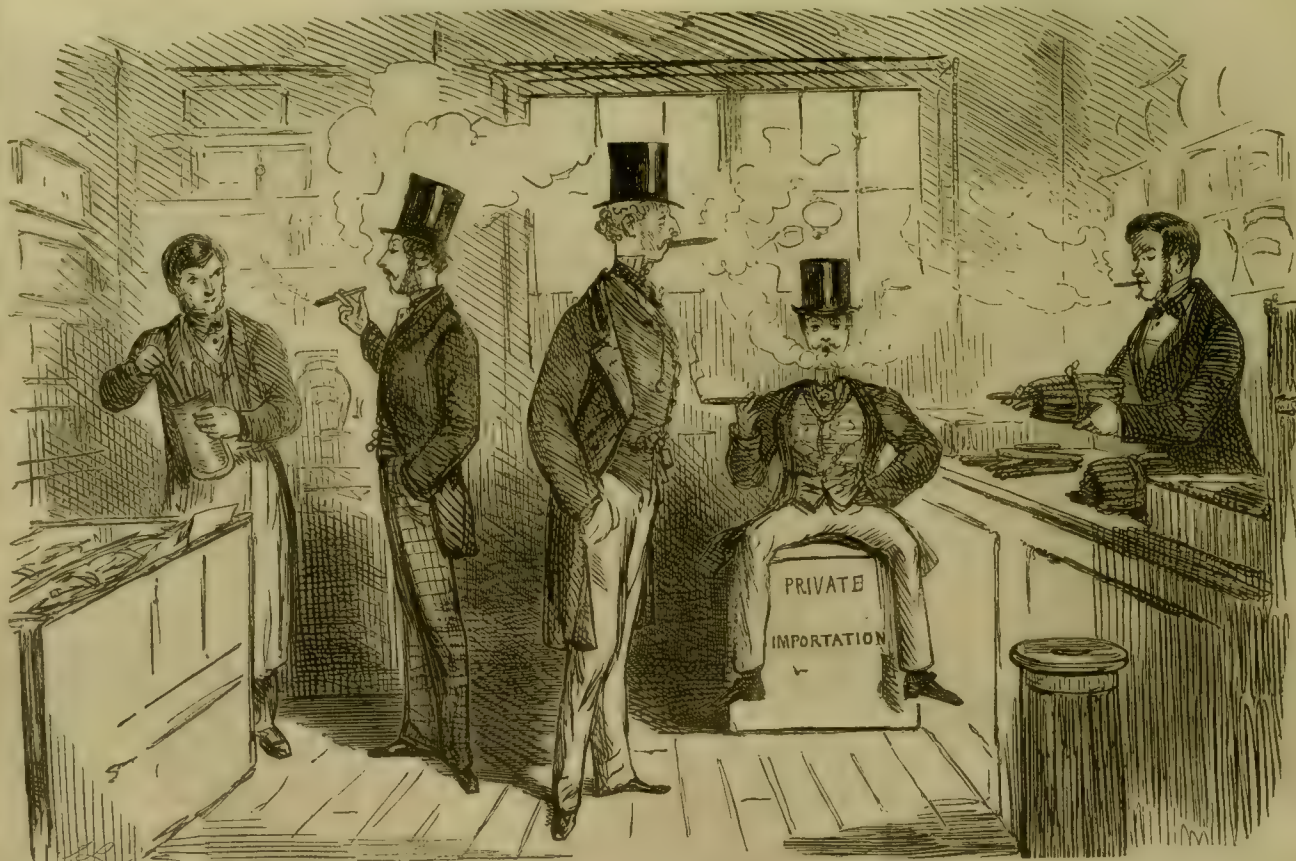
A Book has been largely advertised of late, under the interesting title of *Corpulency*, professing to give directions for the self-cure of that deformity, by means of a peculiar system of diet. We presume that the peculiarity of this dietetic system consists in affording satisfaction to the cravings, and at the same time effecting a diminution of the protuberance, of the stomach. The method of reducing corpulence by eating and drinking very much less than the appetite desires, has long been known to almost everybody, but, on account of its unpleasantness is practised by hardly anybody. That proposed in the book in question must have the recommendation of rendering self-cure practicable without self-denial. Probably the volume sells largely; but not much over the counter. Its sale, doubtless, takes place chiefly by post, the price being transmitted and received in postage stamps. What fat man—not to say what stout lady—would like to walk into a bookseller's shop, and ask for a treatise on corpulency? The object of the inquiry would be obvious! The shopman would be so sure to swallow a laugh, if not to smother it by clapping his hand on his mouth! The only manner of purchasing the book, in person, with any degree of face, would be for the customer fairly to disarm ridicule by tapping his stomach and simply saying, "MOORE's book;" since the author is a MR. A. W. MOORE, and the gesture would be sufficient to indicate which MR. MOORE was meant, and what work by a MR. MOORE was wanted. It would quite preclude any such mistake as that of handing *Lalla Rookh* to the plethoric party, or presenting him with the *Irish Melodies*. To pretend to make that mistake, however, could the pretence be supported with sufficient gravity, would be a very politic artifice on the part of the bibliopole who might be desirous of seeing his flattered customer again.

The Cabinet and the Caddy.

It has been said that LORD PALMERSTON wanted to pick a quarrel with China. But if, as must be admitted, the noble Viscount knows better than to quarrel with his bread-and-butter, is it likely that he would be disposed to quarrel with his tea?

PARLIAMENTARY PLANTS.

THE Maynooth Grant is brought forward invariably every twelve-month. We hope, as we love fair play, that MR. HARDY will not be re-elected, or else we shall be having the New Beer Bill exhibited also, regularly once a year, as a "HARDY Annual."



IS SMOKING INJURIOUS?

Youthful Swell. "Haw! Look here! Is that Chest of CIGARS you imported for me RIPE yet?"

Cigar Dealer. "Well, Sir—I fear not—that is, not ripe for your taste, Sir, for at least three weeks; but we can spare you a couple of thousand of these GIANT REGALIAS to go on with, till the weather is milder, when your CIGARS will mellow rapidly!"

[Youth accepts the generous offer, and lounges out with a Giant Regalia as big as his leg in his mouth.]

THE LIKES OF LORD DERBY.

THE Noble Lord the EARL OF DERBY has, like many other personages connected with the turf, more than one name. He is called the "HOTSPUR of Debate," and the "RUFERT of Debate." Neither *alias* is at all suitable to his Lordship. The original HOTSPUR had an impediment in his speech. *Lady Percy*, speaking of her deceased husband, says:

"And speaking thick, which Nature made his blemish,
Became the accents of the valiant."

The HOTSPUR of Debate, therefore, would be an orator who spoke "without proper intervals of articulation," as DR. JOHNSON defines the word "thick" in the passage above quoted from SHAKESPEARE. LORD DERBY is remarkable for fluency, not for stuttering and stammering. There is no more analogy between PRINCE RUPERT the leader of the Cavaliers, and EARL DERBY the leader of the Opposition, than there is between the noble Earl and the TIPTON SLASHER. RUPERT's chivalry was chivalrous in the high sense of the word; DERBY's is simply an etymological chivalry, a chivalry of the mere *cheval*—of the horse horsy, or ossy in the language of the stable-minded. The CHIFFNEY of Debate would be an appropriate denomination for the turfite Peer, were it not that his Lordship is not often the winner of the political sweepstakes; and perhaps, after all, the most correct title that could be added to his hereditary one would be "The JOHN GILPIN of Debate;" for the eloquence of the noble lord is apt to run away with him.

The Triple Alliance.

CONSIDERING the respective principles of DISRAELI, GLADSTONE, and CORBEN, it must be difficult to find a name elastic enough to cover this very expansive party when they go to the country. We beg to offer them one—"The Small Tea Party."

THE PRINCESS ROYAL AT WESTMINSTER.

THIS is too bad. Why mix tender affairs of the heart with the unreasoning brawl of the hustings? We protest against any such amalgamation. Therefore, why, in Westminster, did MR. STUART, an elector, "want to know if GENERAL EVANS would allow £70,000 to be voted on the marriage of the PRINCESS ROYAL?" To this question the gallant General made the following ungallant reply—"he would not lend a hand to anything of the sort." Poor little princess! it is rather too bad that the marriage orange-flowers should be thus mingled with the turnip-tops of Covent-Garden; nevertheless, we cannot but express a fear that the marriage-portion of the PRINCESS ROYAL, unless it be pitched originally very low, will be roughly handled by a new Parliament. We have heard of pigs among the roses; and can only hope that the rough radicals will treat with tenderness the hymeneal wreath of the little PRINCESS ROYAL. It is at present reported in Lambeth that, should MR. W. WILLIAMS be returned, it is his intention to move, as an amendment, an income of £500 a-year to the happy pair, with a bran new tea-service in German silver.

"A Good Cry."

ONE has heard of NIOBE, and one has also heard modern NIOBES (in Crinoline) assert that they "have cried all night," and one has hard-heartedly attached similar credit to the classic and to the modern fiction. But the following extract from a London paper, of last week, proves that crime, at least, is sometimes marvellously penitent. A longer flux of tears than is here recorded has seldom taken place. At the close of a Police case, it is said—

"MR. INGHAM completely exonerated the pawnbroker from blame, and remanded the prisoner, who cried bitterly, for a week."



PAM—WINNER OF THE GREAT NATIONAL STEEPLE-CHASE.

THE BOMBARDIER OF WINDSOR.

FEW of our readers, perhaps, are aware of the warlike character of the Corporation of Windsor. That civic body has quite the military cast of a mediæval municipality. The peaceful gown may constitute the habitual attire of its members, but can, on occasion, be exchanged for the arms and accoutrements of war by these stout burghers. They have in their pay an artillery corps, and, according to a contemporary, last week, on the birthday of HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS LOUISA, after the customary bell-ringing,—

“At noon a royal salute was fired from the corporation ordnance, by the town bombardier, in Rachel’s Acre.”

A fine subject for a picture in the old Flemish style, one fancies, would be afforded by the Town Bombardier of Windsor. To the eye of imagination he presents the idea of a man of gigantic height and frame; an idea suggested by the fact that his sole strength was employed on the management and firing of the corporation ordnance. We are not informed that he was assisted by any subordinate artillerymen; and hence, indeed, we are led to question whether he has any, and whether, being a host in himself, he does not comprehend in his own person, the whole artillery corps of Windsor. The office of the Town Bombardier of Windsor must be, in one sense, a sinecure, for although he is employed in firing birthday salutes pretty frequently, he has nothing to bombard. If the Corporation of Windsor could spare their Town Bombardier for a time, that tremendous artilleryman might be sent out to China, in order that he might astonish the natives of Canton by bombarding that town—if there is any of it remaining to be bombarded.

FASHIONABLE RECEIPTS.



HE vocabulary of Flunkeydom has been lately enriched with a new slang expression. The reporters of high jinks in high life have taken to informing their readers that this or that lady of quality “received” on such and such an evening. Heretofore, it was customary to describe the superior classes as giving evening or other parties; but now they are said to receive in exercising hospitality. In fact, giving a party is giving a receipt. It does not appear that the party given in receiving is a new style of thing, being otherwise called by the old names of assembly, *réunion*, and *soirée*. Whether a dancing-tea is denominated a receiving, or reception we do not know. One would think that an entertainment, whereof the giver receives, would be somewhat in the way of a concert or a dramatic performance, to which visitors got admitted by tickets or money taken at the doors. This last development in the flunkeyistic dialect may appear open to some objection as an ill phrase, for those who continually hear that anybody has been receiving cannot help being reminded of the old saying, that the receiver is as bad as the thief.

A Satirical Senior.

ONE of those old gentlemen whose age is supposed to entitle them to say anything, made the following extremely rude and personal remark to a young officer in a distinguished regiment about to proceed to China. “Well, Sir, well; you’re going to Canton, eh, Sir? well, I can only say, I hope you won’t fall into the hands of the Chinamen, alive or dead; for if you’re alive, they’ll kill you, and if you’re dead, or when you’re dead, they’ll eat you. Sir, I believe it’s an undoubted fact that the Chinese eat puppies.”

SICK COWS OF LONDON.

THE *Lancet* tells us that an epidemic rages among the cows of London. A non-medical opinion inclines to consider the disease the dropsy, contracted by the cows from an immoderate use of the pump.

WE learn, with great gratification, that the EARL OF DERBY, with that earnest feeling for religion and the well-being of the Church of England that has ever characterised him, has refused to allow any of his lordship’s horses to be entered for any Steeple-chase in which the Church, used as a post, is not in the hands of a clergyman of sound principles.—*Standard*.

NEWS OF THE EASELS.

(From the Observer.)

THE approaching Exhibition of the ROYAL ACADEMY promises to be an exceedingly good one. Among other characteristics which it will possess is the general novelty of the subjects treated by the artists. Instead of having recourse, as hitherto, to themes which have been worked threadbare by hundreds of preceding painters, we are delighted to learn that many of the intending exhibitors have looked for themselves into English and other literature, and have selected entirely fresh topics for illustration. MR. STUGGS, we hear, has employed his masterly pencil in delineating a scene from an old but admirable poem of the time of CHARLES THE SECOND, in which the birth and fall of our first parents are graphically described. A graceful little novel, by a friend of the celebrated DR. JOHNSON, comprising the adventures of an amiable country clergyman and his interesting family, supplies to MR. BUMBLEBEE an incident (we think a simple youth’s sisters attiring him for a fair) which will advantageously display his artistic powers, while MR. BLOGBY, constant to the noble traditions of his country, has lighted upon a grand yet touching episode in our early history, when, according to writers of authority, the mortal remains of the Sovereign who died in the fatal combat which gave the throne to the ambitious Norman Conqueror, were discovered upon the battle field, by a female prompted to the search by the gentlest of sentiments. A poem of the last century, detailing the vicissitudes of the seasons, supplies MR. WEEBLE with a charming subject—a young lady, bathing, receives a letter from her lover, stating that he is on the look out to prevent her being disturbed, and she writes in reply, expressing her gratitude; a happy idea, full of delicacy, at least in the estimation of our grandmothers. An original anecdote from early English history has been brought to light by MR. LATHERDABBER, who represents the celebrated monarch by whom we were delivered from Danish sway superintending, or rather neglecting, humble culinary duty in the cottage of an Eatherd (or peasant), whose wife had given him shelter. Nor has foreign literature been a sealed book to the artists, and while the romantic annals of Spain have been ransacked to supply to MR. VOPUS the figures of an enthusiastic and chivalrous knight-errant who mistook a windmill for a giant, and of his LABLACHE-like squire, a quaint and singular compound of knavery and simplicity, the satiric drama of our lively neighbours (the French) has furnished MR. POGRAM with the idea of a ludicrous tradesman, who attempts to acquire accomplishments, and is astonished to find that he has been speaking prose all his life without knowing it. The reproach, unjustly cast upon our artists, that they are unacquainted with the classical writings will this year be triumphantly met, for both HOMER and VIRGIL afford subjects to painters, the Scian bard having suggested to MR. MADGEOWLET the childish fear of the youthful ANTINOUS at the helmet and plumes of his father ACHILLES, when the latter takes leave of his consort HELEN; and the Mantuan swan having afforded to MR. DE STORTER the opportunity of delineating the Carthaginian Queen listening to the recitals of the hero of Troy. We must not omit to add, that the too much neglected drama of our own country has been ransacked, not without success, by MR. BIDDYBOY and MR. BONASSUS, and that the former has made choice of a most interesting, yet withal most difficult, subject from the works of the Swan of Avon, where an aged but petulant monarch is driven out of doors by his ungrateful offspring, while the other has nobly advocated the cause of our oppressed Jewish fellow-subjects by a masterly delineation of an Italian Hebrew, who is giving admirable counsel to an unthrifty daughter. We look forward, therefore, with great interest to the opening of an exhibition where not only the pictorial talent, but the gallant ventures of our artists in fresh fields and pastures new are to be judged, but we have no fear for the result—*Spero meliora*.

Five Heads to One Unmanageable Body.

WE think the principal insurgents who have headed the Chinese Revolution (at home) will not, for any very great length of time, agree amongst themselves. You will see that GLADSTONE, RUSSELL, ROEBUCK, DISRAELI, and COBDEN, will soon be quarrelling as to who shall be “first-chop.”

ORANGEMEN OF THE OPPOSITION.

THERE were always a certain number of Orangemen in LORD DERBY’s party, but they were Irish Orangemen. They are now to be looked upon in the light of China-Orangemen.

YANKEE NOTION OF ALLUM.

IT is the decided opinion of all the American residents at Hong Kong, that MR. ALLUM, the baker, who poisoned the bread, is, or was before he was shot, the greatest loafer in existence.

A PILL FOR THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.



PUNCH.—ANOTHER Medical Bill is about to be brought into the House of Commons by Mr. HEADLAM—having, of course, for its principal objects, the suppression of quackery, and the protection of the public from unqualified practitioners. If it is likely to answer these purposes, I hope you will request LORD PALMERSTON to support it. The consequence will be that the sale of patent medicines will be prohibited, and druggists prevented from practising across the counter.

"Any Medical Bill that does not ensure the prohibition of patent medicine-vending, and the prevention of druggists' counter-practice, will have the effect of protecting, against charlatans and unqualified practitioners, the health and

pockets of the superior and educated classes only—who are able to protect themselves. It will still leave the poor and ignorant to prescribe quack remedies for their own complaints, in equal ignorance of the nature of the former and of the latter, or to get themselves physicked by anybody who may have set up a druggist's shop and may know no more of medicine than his pestle does.

"A secondary object of the Bill, I presume, will be the advantage of the Medical Profession itself. To this end, no doubt, it will contain a registration clause, whereby a fee of a certain amount will be fixed for registration. Now, the amount of this fee must be proportioned to the amount of good which may be expected from registration by the poor doctors on whom it is to be imposed. Appraised by that rule, it would come to about one shilling. If more than that is demanded, I trust that you will use your influence with the PREMIER to get the bill, or at least, the clause of it in question, rejected. In a former Bill it was proposed to fine every existing practitioner ten pounds for registration, otherwise, for permission to pursue the practice of that profession which has already cost all who have entered it so much, and remunerated most of them so little. If we are all to be fined at that rate, or anything like it, I know a professional gentleman who will have to sell his tortoise, his alligator stuffed, and all his other skins, whether of fishes, reptiles, or mammalia; whose beggarly account of empty boxes will then be more beggarly than ever, and who will be placed under circumstances of the strongest temptation to sell strychnine, arsenic, and prussic acid on the sly without asking questions. That professional gentleman, Sir, is

"Your humble Servant,

"GALEN BONES,"

"M.R.C.S. L.A.C."

"P.S. After all, Sir, would it not, perhaps, be as well if the Medical Profession were left to take care of itself, and if, as in most other matters of competition, we were simply to go the whole hog of Free Trade in physic?"

About the Size of It.

DEPRECATING with much vehemence the charge of factious Coalition, MR. COBDEN's Small Tea-Party appear resigned to hear their combination talked of as a "Concourse of Atoms;" and considering the smallness of the good which it has done them, we think that their majority may be fairly viewed as an atomic one.

SOME CONSOLATION AT LEAST.

THE Government, with the high sense of liberality that usually distinguishes its patronage of the Fine Arts, declines to purchase the "SOULAGE Collection." Never mind; let us console ourselves with the "NIGHTINGALE Fund," for, after all, that is the real "Soulage collection."

THE FIELD OF LITERATURE.—Of all fields the Field of Literature is the one that has the greatest number of Styles to it.

A FAIR BUTT FOR RIDICULE.—An old woman in hoops.

MARY ANN'S NOTIONS.

"MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"I SHALL write you an exceedingly short letter to-day, because I know that at this moment there is no getting any of you to attend to anything except your politics, but when you are a little sober after your electioneering excitement, I shall have a good deal to say upon several things.

"But I cannot restrain myself from saying a few words about something which I have read this week, and which is much too sad and grave a thing to be made fun of, and indeed I should not write to you about it at all, only I know that you very often mean seriousness when you talk levity. I mean that poor dear heroic woman who died in the fire on Tuesday. Talk of soldiers, yes, I allow that they do very gallant things, and I have seen men's cheeks flush, and their eyes sparkle, when they have been reading out aloud of some brave charge or rush into a breach. But then consider. They are drilled and trained to the work, they are led on by officers whom they trust, they have music that stirs them up to maddening pitch, and they have honour and glory before them—and above all, they are Men. But here was a poor woman, a young mother with a baby, her husband far away, her house in the middle of the night is wrapped in flames, and that poor thing, springing from her bed, and in all the terror and agony of the hour, does something which to my mind is more heroic than the bravest deed that a soldier ever performed since men began to murder one another. I would rather copy the description out of the paper than trust myself to write it. The poor thing was the second wife of a person named RAYNER, he is a commercial traveller, and she was doing business as a milliner near Camberwell Gate. He had four children by the first wife, the eldest only eleven, and then two more, and then a poor little thing of three, and this wife became the mother to them, (and I am sure a good one) and had also a little baby of her own. Late at night a boy discovers the fire, and now I come to what I have written out from the newspaper:—

"He immediately gave the alarm to the female servants, two in number, as also to his mistress, who, in a frantic state, seized upon her own child, an infant in arms, and called upon the servants to save her child while she ran up-stairs to fetch the other children. The servants in their terror took the infant and escaped, leaving the door open; this caused the fire to spread from the shop to the passage, and to run up the staircase, thus cutting off all retreat."

"I cannot bear to write out the rest, they heard all the five poor creatures crying and screaming, but nobody could help them, and no engines came until all was over. We won't speak of that, but tell me whether the poor Step-mother, just providing for the safety of her own baby, and no more, and then rushing into the flames to rescue her husband's children was not a noble thing.

"If a man had done such a deed we should have had a world of praise of his courage and devotion, and a memorial would have been erected to him, and his children provided for. But this poor brave thing was only a woman, and I suppose only doing her duty, and nobody will even ask what has become of the poor baby who was saved.

"Go on with your elections, and canting, and bribery. Who cares to hear about a martyr woman?"

"MARY ANN."

RELIGION IN A PLAY-BILL.

MR. CHARLES KEAN puts forth a most lovely composition in his *Richard II.* play-bill. Ere the curtain rises, it so fixes the attention of even the pit and gallery, that not a nut is cracked, not an apple bitten. Among other revelations of the bill is the subjoined:—

"JOHN WICKLIFFE, 'the morning star of the Reformation,' made himself heard amidst the angry roar of contending passions: and in the hearts of fiery and seditious men sowed the seed, which, after a growth of one hundred and fifty years, was destined to expand into the STANDARD RELIGION OF OUR COUNTRY."

Even the bench of bishops will be glad to find themselves fortified by the opinion of MR. CHARLES KEAN. Comforting is it to know, on playhouse authority, that the established religion is the "standard" religion, like standard gold, carrying the Divine Hall-mark to be seen through the spectacles of a manager. Nevertheless, this opinion bears a little hard upon certain folks for whom, it might be expected, there would be some professional sympathy. For if the "standard" religionists are the chosen, what—we ask MR. KEAN, as an actor and a man—what is to become of the "ranters?"

The St. Petersburg Party.

It has been said that the want of tools is a great impediment to the accomplishment of Russian works, Russia, however, will be in no want of tools, so long as the EARL OF DERBY, and MESSRS. DISRAELI, GLADSTONE, and COBDEN continue to afford her their instrumentality.

THE REAL POISONER OF THE LOAF.—MR. COBDEN, who seeks to spoil his Free Bread reputation by his Anti-English policy.

RUSKIN AT THE FEET OF SPURGEON.



THE *Morning Advertiser* of late has become greatly addicted to controversial points of religion. Though circulating through the Bunch of Grapes, and all sorts of Lions, Red, White, Black, and Blue, the *Tiser*, though given to the publicans, is always ready to attack the Pharisees. And why not? As BYRON says—

"There's nought, no doubt, so much the spirit calms,
As rum and true religion."

Porter and polemics make very strengthening half-and-half. Therefore, the *Tiser* is the affectionate advocate of MR. SPURGEON, and crowning triumph, faithfully records the visits of Judges and ex-Ministers to the Hall of the Surrey Gardens. LORD JOHN is found among the congregation: and straightway MR. SPURGEON throws him, like a head

of spikenard, a compliment, an acknowledgment. MR. RUSKIN—our authority is still the *Tiser*—"sent a cheque, after hearing him preach, for 100 guineas to MR. SPURGEON, towards the fund for building a new place of worship." If this be true, why does not MR. RUSKIN enhance, beyond all price, his money-gift, by adding thereto a plan for the new edifice? MR. RUSKIN has written in his own eloquent way upon "Sheep-Pens." Why not be the architect of a sheep-cot for the shepherd of our time? To be sure, RUSKIN and CALVIN are a little at odds, but no man like the author of *The Stones of Venice* can draw so much concord out of a paradox. Under the genius of MR. RUSKIN, the square, cold lead-lined tank of CALVIN would become as vast, as multitudinous, and as phosphorescent as a tropic ocean.

GOVERNMENT LAWYERS ON SMUGGLED OPIUM.

"THE President of the Council presents his compliments to Mr. Punch, and requests that gentleman to give as early publication as may suit him to the following Opinions of the Law Officers of the Crown, obtained upon the subject of the Opium Trade, in compliance with the promise of the Government to LORD SHAPTESBURY.

"Bruton Street, March 21."

From the Attorney-General.

"I have perused LORD SHAPTESBURY's speech, and the treaties to which his lordship was pleased to refer. It appears to me, with all deference to the distinguished nobleman in question, that he is utterly unacquainted with the facts of the case, and entirely incapable, had he been reasonably familiar with them, of forming a judgment upon it. I shall not be expected at an electoral crisis like this to sacrifice any appreciable period of time to the enlightenment of his incapacity, but I will simply advance a series of propositions for his information.

1. The acknowledged duty of a Government is to take care that no hindrance is interposed to the people's obtaining the necessities of life.
2. Opium has become a necessary of life to a Chinaman.
3. A Government failing in its duty ceases to be a Government.
4. A Chinese Government enacting laws against Opium is therefore no longer a Government.
5. If there is no Government there can be no Government laws against smuggling Opium.
6. The Indian merchant who supplies the Chinese opium-smoker with his favourite stimulant violates no law.
7. It is to be deplored when intellects of an inferior calibre apply themselves to considerations of a gravity beyond the grasp of their organisation.
8. LORD SHAPTESBURY's intellect is of an inferior calibre.
9. LORD SHAPTESBURY had better shut up shop.

"RICHARD BETHELL,
"Stone Buildings, Lincoln's Inn."

From the Solicitor-General.

"I have looked at the papers, but the idea of LORD SHAPTESBURY bothering about Opium at a time when the elections are coming on is too ridiculous. If I get in again, and am not elected SPEAKER, I will read the documents more attentively. In the mean time it seems to me that laws opposed to our wants and habits are vicious. For example, everybody smokes cigars, and yet, in defiance of this fact, the

fools of railway directors stick up notices that you are not to smoke in their carriages. Who thinks that he does wrong in violating such a ridiculous order? One "smuggles" one's cigar, of course, in stopping at stations, because one would not get an unfortunate guard into a scrape by making it clear that he saw a breach of the foolish rules, but nobody has the least compunction in smoking, or enabling others to smoke. The same with Opium. There is no harm in Opium, in moderation, and the Chinese will have it; and I should think no more of giving a Chinese friend a pound of Opium, behind the backs of the officers, than I should of handing my cigar-case to a friend in a railway-carriage. I am afraid SHAPTESBURY, though a worthy man, is a bit of a fidgety milksop.

"J. A. STUART WORTLEY,
"Treasury Buildings, Temple."

A BAREBONES PARLIAMENT AGAIN.

WHAT a pretty House of Commons we should have if the body of delectors were to take the advice impertinently offered to them in the following advertisement, published by a set of Sabbatarian quacks!

THE APPROACHING ELECTIONS.—The Committee of the Lord's Day Observance Society urge upon Electors to vote only for those candidates who will oppose the opening of the British Museum, National Gallery, the Crystal Palace, and similar institutions, and also the playing of military bands for public amusement, on the Lord's Day, and who will advocate measures for suppressing all decorations of that day, which are an open and manifest violation of the command of God, and involve the employment on the Lord's Day of numbers of our fellow-subjects connected with the Post Office, railway and other travelling, public-houses, trading, &c.

This puritanical appeal to ignorant fanaticism, is signed by one JOHN T. BAYLEE, who calls himself "Clerical Secretary," and who, therefore, apparently, is, or supposes himself to be, a parson of some species. By the company in which he appears, and the cant which he endorses, we should judge him to be a species of parson bearing, in one respect, and in one only, a certain resemblance to a philosopher. DIOGENES vented his cynicism from a tub, and we should think that BAYLEE, if he does not preach from the same kind of pulpit, is more fit to preach from that than any other.

In expressing the opinion that we should have a pretty House of Commons if its members could be returned by the deluded dupes of BAYLEE and the Sabbatarian advertisers, we do not wish to be understood in the literal sense, but in that wherein it is customary to call a mess pretty, or to tell a preposterous humbug that he is a pretty fellow. A very ugly House of Commons, physiognomically, would no doubt be constituted by a paramount Sabbatarian interest. The maudlin professors of that persuasion are apt to term their fellow-ranters "lovely" men, but they are for the most part an extremely ill-looking set of fellows, whose features, naturally unprepossessing, are distorted by the agency of Calvinism. No doubt the representatives whom they would send to Parliament would represent them in nothing more strongly than in their aspect of scowling dulness and drivelling imbecility.

"No rational amusement on the Sunday!" "No British Museum!" "No National Gallery!" "No study of the wonders of Creation!" "No refining influence of Art!" "No soothing sounds of music!" "No Post Office!" "No Railways!" "No Electric Telegraphs!" "No hearing from sick or dying relatives, or going to visit them!" These, and such, are the election cries of the Sabbatarian hypocrites and boobies, and their blessed BAYLEE; these cries and the like: for instance, perhaps, "No Medical Attendance!" "No pulling oxen or asses out of pits on the Sabbath Day!"

We give the advertisement of these bigots the advantage of circulation, in the hope that it may suggest to many sensible persons the necessity of doing precisely the contrary to what it recommends, and, of not forgetting, in their enthusiasm for LORD PALMERSTON personally, to require, from those candidates for whom they vote, a pledge to support the noble Lord in the concessions which he is disposed to make to those claimants of religious liberty who demand emancipation from the restrictions which they labour under in consequence of the compulsory and peculiar observance of Sunday imposed upon them by Puritanism.

Unaccountable Stewardship.

Most members of the House of Commons have been just giving their constituents an account of their Stewardship, as they call it, but no Steward has as yet rendered any account of the Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds.

CHINESE EJECTMENT.

JOHN CHINAMAN, in poisoning bread for the purpose of serving an ejectment on the Europeans, may be regarded by lawyers as having highly entitled himself to be described by the *soubriquet* of JOHN DOUGH.

BRIEF AUTHORITY.—A Barrister's.



A MORAL LESSON FROM THE NURSERY.

Arthur. "DO YOU KNOW, FREDDY, THAT WE ARE ONLY MADE OF DUST!"

Freddy. "ARE WE? THEN I'M SURE WE OUGHT TO BE VERY CAREFUL HOW WE FIT INTO EACH OTHER SO, FOR FEAR WE MIGHT CRUMBLE EACH OTHER ALL TO PIECES!"

AN-ATOMY OF A MAJORITY.

THOSE nice men for a small tea-party, MESSIEURS COBDEN, DISRAELI, GLADSTONE, NEWDEGATE, and Co., can hardly find words strong enough to express the strength of their disgust that the "fortuitous concourse of atoms" to which they owed their Chinese triumph should be called a Coalition. In their election addresses they have most of them been closely plagiarising those *Addresses* which (*abstinent*! may their friends say) are known as the *Rejected* ones. Of course we cannot well expect a man to give his mind calmly to poetic composition when agitated by the thoughts of an electioneering contest, or we might have seen before now some such a paraphrase of a well-known passage as the following:—

Their votes in elemental chaos mixed,
Atoms by chance the fate of Gov'tment fixed.
No factious cause inspired the happy plot
(Although 'twas whispered PAM *might* go to pot,
And then both loaves and fishes *might* be got).
Atoms, attracted by some law occult,
Combined, and Chinese cheers told the result.
Pure child of Chance, which in St. Stephen's Hall
Bids Whig or Tory atoms rise or fall,
By COBDEN launched the bubble motion floats,
Upheld by radicals' and placemen's votes:
So nicely poised, that one score atoms less
Had given PAM a triumph, Dis distress!

The Rights of Woman.

THE following may be adduced as just a few of the privileged Rights of Woman—to wit:—A gentleman's Right arm, the Righthand side of a carriage, and always the Right side of an argument. To the above may be thrown in as peculiar Rights that Woman perhaps understands, and decidedly adorns, a thousand times better than Man, *viz.*, the Rites of Hospitality and the Rites of Hymen. Though, to speak impartially, the Wrongs of Hymen (as witness our police reports) fall to poor Woman's share almost as frequently as the Rites.

SINGULAR OPTICAL DELUSION.

THERE is not a Frenchman, let him be ever so small, and let the work he is engaged upon be as small as himself, but sets about it with the most thorough conviction that the eyes of Europe are upon him!

LORD PALMERSTON AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S.

WE were favoured with an early view of LORD PALMERSTON as he now appears in freshest wax at MADAME TUSSAUD'S. After the Order of the Garter, nothing was wanting to the fullness of the noble Viscount's fame but an elevation to Baker Street; and this enamoured fortune has vouchsafed to him. Of course, opinions will differ as to the merits of the work as a portraiture of the noble lord; for, as regards even the oldest and grandest works of art, the most susceptible and most acute of critics will occasionally disagree. The Apollo Belvidere has had his back-biters, and even Venus de Medicis has been declared not a bit better than she should be. Thus, it is to be expected—especially in these hustings days of party contention—that even the waxen image of the incomparable PREMIER will not pass without partial detraction; however universal opinion may honour and applaud it.

Thus, MR. DISRAELI thinks the statue altogether wants a look of life-like reality. As "a turbulent and aggressive" minister, his arms ought to have been a-kimbo, or at least one arm ought to have been raised, and one fist doubled.

MR. COBDEN, though generally agreeing with MR. DISRAELI upon LORD PALMERSTON'S objectionable attitude, thought it would not be sufficient to the likeness as a striking portrait, if the fist were merely doubled. He would have the hand "incarnadined" like *Macbeth's*, that the British tea-drinking public might, over their cups, think of the dreadful rise in the teapot and the horrible massacre at Canton.

MR. ROEBUCK considered the thing altogether contemptible. He had once or twice agreed with LORD PALMERSTON; and had no unalterable objection to do so once or twice again. But—he must ask it—why should LORD PALMERSTON stand there flaunting in a tawdry court dress smeared all over with gold? Why couldn't he wear a plain blue coat? Must the noble lord—even in wax—always be going to the

QUEEN'S balls? When did the noble lord ever see him—ARTHUR ROEBUCK—in a court dress?

LORD JOHN RUSSELL thought the costume very correct and very befitting. In that costume, he must say, his noble friend looked not like the minister for France—not like the minister for Austria—but like the minister for England. LORD JOHN, however, could not acquit the artist of the grossest flattery. His noble friend was in his seventy-third year; every day of it and all the Parliamentary nights. Well, as his noble friend stood there, he didn't look an hour over fifty. And all LORD JOHN would simply ask was this—Was this constitutional?

MR. LAYARD found no fault with the likeness generally; but thought the position detestable. Why was not his lordship *posed* with his best leg foremost, and that leg taking an eastern direction?

THE EARL OF DERBY, having taken a single glance of his lordship, benevolently hoped that the premises were heavily insured. With such a combustible addition to the show, he would not, for his part, sleep in the neighbourhood, unless all night the hose was laid on. His lordship then, in a laughing manner, and very much enjoying the discovery, called the attention of a friend to the state of the figures of the EMPEROR NICHOLAS and the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA; both in a melting state from their proximity to the firebrand PALMERSTON. Even his Holiness the Pope had begun to perspire.

MR. GLADSTONE thought the whole thing a gross imposture on public belief. He had counted the hairs of the wig of the effigy, and knowing something of the wig of the living PREMIER, he would pledge his reputation as a statesman and his expectations as a minister, if the number of hairs in each wig would be found to tally. Now, he repeated that this was a gross delusion, a gross misrepresentation altogether unworthy of any man pretending to be minister, of this once powerful and once highly-principled country.

"PRO BONO PIMLICO."—The new cab-drive through St. James's Park.



Studious Boy. "JOHNNY!—I ADVISE YOU NOT TO BE A GOOD BOY!"

Johnny. "WHY?"

Studious Boy. "BECAUSE IN BOOKS ALL GOOD BOYS DIE, YOU KNOW!"

"YES, 'TIS THE SPELL!"

WE learn from the Report of the Civil Service Examiners, who have done the State much civil service by their nipping in the bud whole groves of inefficiency, which might have otherwise been added to the Woods and Forests, and have increased the woodiness of the Admiralty and other Governmental boards,—we learn, we say, from a lately published Blue, or we might rather call it Black Book, that one of the chief causes of rejection with the candidates was the badness of their spelling. Of this the instances which are quoted, for our anything but satisfaction, are as singular as they are plural; and we especially are struck with the ingenious varieties which we find have been devised for spelling the same words. It would puzzle a JOHN THOMAS to discover seven ways of writing the word "grievances" without once hitting on the right one: yet this feat of *caeography* has lately been accomplished; and it would seem the "Mediterranean" has proved a Rubicon that very many of the Candidates have been unable to get over, since we see no less than fourteen methods of mis-spelling it.

These results might not unreasonably perhaps have been anticipated in examining the junior classes of a Ragged School; but, we cannot help allowing, that the Commissioners are justified in their expression of astonishment, that grown up Candidates for Civil Service should have shown so little previous acquaintance with their spelling books. Nor can it much increase one's reverence for what is known in common parlance as a "gentlemanly education," when one hears that—

"Out of sixty-six sons of noblemen and gentlemen who were rejected, forty-four per cent. were for incapacity to spell their own language."

The better then the birth, the worse would seem the spelling. But, however much this may have astonished the Commissioners, it is no surprise to us. We think, though, that the system is at fault much more than those who suffer for it. We have no wish to speak lightly of a liberal education, if we say that to our view there is something radically wrong in it. We were at a public school ourselves; and however great our progress may have been with the dead languages,

EXCESS OF APPAREL.

A REMONSTRANCE.

'Tis not that thou art fond of dress,
Dearest, that I at all complain,
I do not wish that fondness less,
I like, I want thee to be vain;
Nay, that thy charms might heightened be
By every means, I would implore,
So that they might enrapture me,
And make me love thee still the more.

'Tis for those very charms of thine,
By Fashion wronged, that I appeal.
Through muslin clouds they cannot shine;
Dress should adorn, and not conceal;
The present mode may suit the Hags,
Or Matrons of the Grampus kind.
Of clothes they all look best as bags,
Puffed out before, at sides, behind.

But what avails it thee to own,
A form of symmetry and grace,
With drapery round thee so outblown
That I can only see thy face?
The angel that thou art, appear,
Nor longer so thy figure hide,
As if thou wert a cherub mere,
That has a face—and nought beside.

Bomba's Revenge.

A CREATURE of BOMBA's, one BAJANO, a policeman, has invented a new torturing apparatus; a machine which gags, by choking the victim. This devil's toy is used to inflict a kind of torture called the *tortura del silenzio*. The miscreant underling may have devised this diabolical contrivance; but the idea of it was no doubt suggested by his absolute master. Enraged because France and England will not speak to him, he thinks to visit their silence on his unhappy prisoners.

"HABITANS IN SICCO."—Thieves have been stripping the roofs of some of the city churches of the lead. Wantonly wicked, when there is so much given in the sermons.

we but little added to our knowledge of the living ones. Our masters stood by far too high as classicists to stoop to teach us common English, and so long as we continued public scholars we had to consult our spelling books in private.

Yet at ten years of age, which were ours when we entered, we could hardly have acquired that perfect mastery of English which it apparently was taken quite for granted we possessed, since no attempt was made to cure our imperfections.

Now without undervaluing our classical attainments, we must say that we still find our English quite as useful to us as our Latin; and we had far less rather lose our knowledge of orthography, than part with our ability to give the paradigm of *τοῦτο*. To write the word "grievances" with a false quantity of letters seems to us a greater heinousness than even making a false quantity in scanning a pentameter: and it is probable that the *employés* of a British Government will more often have the opportunity of showing off the former than the latter feat of scholarship. But so long as English schools teach chiefly Greek and Latin, and a knowledge of orthography is assumed to come by instinct, so long will "finished" scholars be found engulfed and quite at sea in spelling "Mediterranean," and Civil Candidates use words that almost Billingsgate would blush at.

ROTHSCHILD'S TIME BARGAIN.

BARON ROTHSCHILD made a time bargain with the citizens of London. If, again championed by an increased majority in the Commons, he is again rejected by the Lords, the Baron "will not hesitate in immediately placing his seat" at the disposal of the electors. According to the olden Cabalists, everything that is and is to be is written in Hebrew on the face of the Heavens, if a sage can only be found wise enough to read it. Is no such sage among the London remnant of Israel? It cannot be said of "the people," what *Macbeth* avouches of *Banquo*, that "there is no speculation" in their eyes; and such being the case, how easy to read upon the face of the sky whether the Baron's time bargain is for a rise or a fall.

THE BATTLE OF THE CHRISTIAN TEMPLES.

Translated from a fragment of a Latin MS., supposed to be a Roman Law Report, recently discovered in the Vatican.



ABOUT this time (FINNIS EQUA being Consul) the peace of the state was a good deal disturbed by the quarrels of the people called Christians, who being no longer persecuted by the Government, proceeded to persecute one another. Some of these Christians, being wealthy and foolish, desired to adorn their temples after the manner of the temples of the gods, with altars, and carved images, and embroideries of lace, and women gave liberal gifts in order to furnish forth the same. Two of their temples, one at the Pons Equitis, and the other in the Via Pimliconis, were thus costlily set forth, and drew crowds of worshippers, the priests singing and offering incense, and the minstrels playing. Other some were seized with great fury at this display and these rites, which they said were altogether foreign to the traditions of certain ancient Piscatores, whom they claim as the founders of their religion, and the two classes, mingling with the celestial ire in their bosoms certain patrician and plebeian antipathies, did rush to war. Violences were committed, and much scandal wrought, but the senate and people, restraining them, called upon them to settle their questions of strife among themselves. This they essayed to do, and sought the sentence of their chief priests, which was tardily given, and by which the vanquished party would not be bound. At length, their brawls and their pertinacity drove them to a course which they all agreed was wrong, namely, to go to law before a profane tribunal, and not before their own religious teachers. It was fixed that the trial upon the rites of the two Christian temples should be set down among the *Judicia Centumviralia*, and the Praetor, T. PEMBERTONIUS LEIUS, sat to hear the same, with three skilful Consilarii, named PARRIUS, PATTISONIUS, and MAULIUS, to whom it was agreed to add a couple of the Christian flamens as assessors.

The cause of the Christians being heard at very intolerable length, the Praetor said *Mihi non liquet*, and took time for deliberation, and on the day of the great god Saturn now last past, pronounced judgment. He chided both parties for their rancour and their folly, the former being opposed to the laws of the religion by which they pretended to be bound, and the latter being shown by their making so vast a matter of the absence or presence of a few pieces of wood, stone, and silk. The Praetor then decided, that having examined their traditions and their laws, he saw no reason why a wooden cross whereof complaint was made should not remain, the same being regarded as an architect's device. Hereat one part of the Christians broke out into a fierce shout of triumph, but were compelled to silence by the lictors. The Praetor next said that a marble altar, erected in the two temples in imitation of the altars of the gods, must be taken away, with a cross thereupon, and a wooden table substituted. Hereat another part of the Christians broke out into a fierce shout of triumph, but were compelled to silence by the lictors. Next it was held that certain small side tables, called *Credences*, which had given great offence to the iconoclastic party, might be retained, as might the embroidered cloth wherewith the priests had been wont to cover the said altar when not offering sacrifice, and wherewith they might now cover the table, so that no man could know whether it were an altar or not. But the embroidered linen and lace which had been placed upon the said altar was not to be used again. Finally, the Praetor condemned each party to pay his own costs, and dismissed the Christians with counsel to live together in amity, and to remember what one of ourselves had said of them, "See how these Christians love one another." The sentence striking both ways, neither party fixed the garland of Green Palm at his advocate's door, which nevertheless either might well have done, both having enough and to spare of greenness.

THE GREAT INCORRUPTIBLE!

(An Entirely Imaginary Conversation, based on facts of the same character.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HAYTERIO (*A fend in human shape, Patronage Secretary of the Treasury of Barataria*).
GULIELMO (*A Retail Tradesman of limited capacity and lofty principles, Member for a Metropolitan Borough in the Island, commonly called by himself "The Incorruptible"*).
MEMBERS OF THE PARLIAMENT OF BARATARIA (*in various stages of corruption and corruptibility*).

SCENE—*The House of Commons in the Capital of Barataria.*
Members discovered.

Enter HAYTERIO (*with a Budget, sowing corruption broadcast. As he sows he sings*).

Places snug, with famous pay,
Safe and sure each quarter day;
Sinecures and shares in jobs,
Cards for balls and routs of nob's;
Tickets for the Royal hops,
Means to sink all sorts of shops;
Stars to hide the turns of coats;
Ribbons rich for timely votes;
Honours, places, titles, favours,—
Be but on your good behaviours:
Come buy—come buy! and take your choice—
The highest price is but a voice.
Come, buy of me—come buy, come buy!
Buy, husbands, or your wives will cry;
Baronetries I have here;
Dinner-tickets from a Peer;
Bows from Duchesses and Dukes,
Shakes o' the hand and gracious looks;
For him who with us will divide,
Waterships on time and tide;
Loaves from out the public dish,
Slices off the public fish;
Come see—but see—the wares I've brought,
You all must buy—(*aside*) must all be bought!

Members crowd round eagerly.

First Member. Ha! Said'st thou, MASTER HAYTERIO, thou hast there a ticket for the QUEEN'S Hop?

Hayterio. Marry have I, MASTER MUDLARK.

First Member. Out with it, then; my mistress hath longed sore for one of these same tickets, this many a long day.

Hayterio (gives Ticket). And now—(*produces a scroll and iron pen*.) Sign here!

First Member (who has taken the pen, starting back). 'Tis blood!

Hayterio (mockingly). Ha! Ha! Ha! Red ink, man, red ink.

First Member (re-assured). Nay, an it is but red ink. [*Signs.*]

Hayterio (aside, with fiendish exultation). He's ours!

Second Member (musingly). Hast ever a "Sir" or two, in thy budget, Master? Methinks "Sir" would go well with my name—"SIR DRUDGER DITCHWATER"—It sounds bravely.

Hayterio. Thou say'st well, MASTER DITCHWATER. Methinks I hear it rung roundly out by the varlets, round the playhouse door—"SIR DRUDGER and LADY DITCHWATER coming down."

Second Member. LADY DITCHWATER, too!—and but a vote, say'st thou?

Hayterio. Even so—but a poor vote—MASTER DRUDGER.

Second Member. Nay, I was ever of my Lord's mind, and the Government's; but those pestilent rogues o' the hustings did,—as 't were,—I know not how,—take pledges of me, methinks.

Hayterio. A fig for the rascals, and their pledges! (*With cordiality.*) Here, man, clap in here!

[*Offers him a bloody hand.* SECOND MEMBER recoils with horror.

Hayterio. 'Tis but wine, man—the blood of the grape.

Second Member. Is it so? Then have with you—red hand, and all! [*He clenches him with the bloody hand.*

Hayterio (aside, as before).

One more!

That's two to my score!

(*To THIRD MEMBER.*) And you, fair MASTER CINQAPACE—Will you not to Her Grace's Ball to-night? She would fain see you there. She has talked much of your noble air in a coranto, "An he were but of our side," she hath said—and sighed—

Third Member. Nay—as for sides, Sir, I know none in state affairs. "Measures, not men," say I.

Hayterio. 'Tis my own maxim. Then support our measures. Heaven forbid I should ask you to vote with our men. You will come to Her Grace's Ball? See here (*shows invitation*)—for thyself, thy wife, and thy daughter—a fair maiden, MASTER CINQAPACE. Why is she not presented ere this? I know the Duchess would fain take such a phoenix under her wing.

Third Member. Think'st thou so, indeed, MASTER HAYTERIO? Well, I am for your measures. Let who will stick to men,—measures, say I.

Hayterio (gives invitation to Ball). Her Grace claims your hand for the first fandango. Remember! (*Aside to him, with a wink.*) Lothario that thou art! If MISTRESS CINQAPACE but guessed!

[THIRD MEMBER smiles, then blushes; nudges HAYTERIO in the ribs, places his finger by the side of his nose cunningly, and glides away, after exchanging with HAYTERIO a confidential pressure of the hand.

Hayterio (recording the name of THIRD MEMBER on his list). Another gained! So wags this world of ours. Buyers and sellers all! Each has his price. "Nation of Shopkeepers," said the Corsican,—and he spake truth. But we must have more votes.

[Observes GULIELMO, who during the preceding scene has been standing apart, with his arms folded, a scowl of contemptuous indignation on his homely but heroic features.

'Tis GULIELMO—Member for the Marsh—

A great Arithmetician, aye agog

For that Economy, which 'tis our game

To call "cheese-paring"—"thrift of candle-ends;"

Or "Penny-Wisdom-and-Pound-Foolishness."

Would I could win him!—Let me find a chink

In his mailed virtue—twang—I'll loose a shaft,

And lay him at my feet—a noble quarry!

[Approaches familiarly.

Give you good-day, good MASTER GULIELMO.

Gulielmo. Even "good-day," I take not at your hands.

Hayterio. Nay, prithee, snap me not so shortly up—

I would be courteous—

Gulielmo. Keep your courteous breath

For those whose porridge it can cool or warm:

I need it not. [Turns away with lofty independence.

Hayterio (following him). Yet wherefore fly me?

Gulielmo (stopping short and turning).

FLY!

Hear him, Marsh voters! Hear him—he said "FLY."

[With withering scorn.

Know—minion of corruption,—GULIELMO

Flies not from man—least of all men, from you!

Hayterio. "Let that Fly,"—as our Scottish proverb says—

"Stick to the wall," but say why you requite

My courtesy with churlishness. 'Tis well

For those o' the other side the House to sneer,

Howl, make mouths, call us "humbugs," but for you—

A Liberal—so to meet a Liberal's hand—

To be so cross with us—still to let out

Each Liberal cat from the Official bag—

'Tis hard! But say, must it be ever thus?—

Will nothing tempt thee to more pliant mood?

Gulielmo (folding his arms). Nothing that thou canst offer.

Hayterio (pointing to his Budget). I have here

Post-Office places—snug Tide-Waiterships,

Suited for ten pound voters—

Gulielmo. Hold thy hand!

Tides wait for no man,—no man waits for tides,

That votes for GULIELMO. Post Office?

I scorn all men of letters,—and will not

Be accessory to the making more.

Hayterio. But social honours!—They can tempt you, sure.

Say, would you dine with PALMERSTON? Meet

His lady's gracious smile on Saturday's?

Be pointed at, within her marble halls—

"See—GULIELMO—that is he—the great,

The immaculate, GULIELMO?"

Gulielmo. I'd rather meet

Within the sanded tap-rooms of the Marsh

My grimmest, greasiest constituents,

Than sit the guest of princes!

Hayterio (insinuatingly). But thy wife;

Think how she'd grace the Halls of Royalty!

Think of thy wife, in plumes and a court-train!

[GULIELMO is agitated by a severe internal struggle.

Think of that matron's pride!

He shrinks! he yields!

Gulielmo (aside). The husband shakes! the patriot is fixed!

[With an outburst of awful dignity.

Back tempter! Sooner should my wife usurp

The inexpressibles I wear, than mount

Lappets and train to swell the venal crowd

Of courtier-slaves! Take hence thy bribes! Avaunt!

Hayterio. But one word—Knighthood for thyself—

Gulielmo.

Hayterio. A baronetcy—succession to thy son.

Gulielmo. Like me, he lives and dies Plain GULIELMO!

Hayterio. A Baronage—

Gulielmo.

Bother!

Hayterio.

Gulielmo.

Hayterio. A Marquisate—a Dukedom—what thou wilt?

Gulielmo. What I will! (*Witheringly.*) To be left to my great self—

Plain GULIELMO, Member for the Marsh—

The immaculate—the incorruptible—

UNBUYABLE—UNBRIABLE—ALONE!

[HAYTERIO shrinks back baffled! GULIELMO strikes an attitude of mingled triumph and humility. Curtain Falls.

"CLEAN HANDS."



THE late governor of the British Bank, MR. ESDAILE, took touching occasion at the Court of Bankruptcy to thank God with a sigh—

"Some people always sigh in thanking God,"

says the poetess of *Aurora Leigh*,—that, sinking with the British Bank, he had sunk with "clean hands." May not the public be favoured with cheap casts of those monetary hands, painted after the purity of the originals? They would, doubtless, be of great interest even as objects of art—of the very highest and the very deepest art—to depositors and shareholders, hung over their mantel-pieces. As we have known soldiers and sailors who carefully hoarded the bullet that had hit them; so, doubtless, might the sufferers by the British Bank find food for bitter melancholy in contemplating the shape of the palms, the insinuating delicacy of finger of the hands of the governor, under whose manipulation the British Bank, like a soap-bubble, burst into infinite space. We have not the least doubt of the present purity of MR. ESDAILE's hands: but we confess a curiosity to know the sort of wash-

balls he used for ablution, seeing that from his close friendship with MR. CAMERON, the governor must now and then have touched pitch. But purity and refinement seemed to be the besetting qualities of the late governor. CAMERON was a working, vulgar tool: ESDAILE was the tranquil gentleman. In fact, CAMERON, in the words of ESDAILE—"was the supreme executive of the Bank."

"You do not mean to say,"—puts in the merciless MR. LINKLATER—"he was there for use, and you for ornament?"

And MR. ESDAILE makes reply with all the conscious dignity of the passive, yet superior article—"It was very much the case."

A report was issued—it is not stated whether before or after MR. ESDAILE had washed his hands, but we incline to think before—in which the blessings to be derived from the British Bank were thus set forth—

"The contributions of innumerable small rills gradually swelling into a mighty head might be diffused so as to irrigate and fructify the surrounding space, and be a blessing to the givers and receivers."

This is evidently from the useful hand of CAMERON, and not from the hand ornamental of ESDAILE. CAMERON, moreover, was the piety-monger; the bird of *pray*: hence, his note is audible in the subjoined.

"That the benefits of the institution to the community would as much exceed those of even savings-banks as did the gains of the good and faithful servant those of him who kept his pound laid up in a napkin."

It is really too much for CAMERON ISCARIOT, for him who "bore the bag," to calculate the gains of the good and faithful servant. Under the nominal rule of the ornamental governorship, the directors sent out the following courageous falsehood:—

"That the Royal British Bank being incorporated by Royal Charter, it possessed a privilege of doing local business equal to any Bank except the Bank of England. The Lords of HER MAJESTY'S Privy Council of Trade had already approved of the deed of constitution by increasing the capital as the nature of the business might require."

Again we say, we do not for a moment doubt the surpassing cleanliness of MR. ESDAILE's hands; but we must emphatically put to him this question—Where does he buy his soap?



THE SHUTTLE-COCK NUISANCE.

Little Girl. "OH, I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR!—IT WAS THE WIND AS DONE IT!"

A CHILD GOING A-BEGGING.

PHRENOLOGY talks of an organ of "Philoprogenitiveness," or the love of Children. In some heads this is excessively large, in others unnaturally small. Subjoined is an advertisement which appears to be addressed by parents of the latter class to childless people of the former:—

ADOPTED CHILDREN.—A Boy, aged seven years, will be given up entirely to any respectable party wishing to adopt him. The Child's parents are of gentle blood, but their present circumstances do not enable them to educate him. The Child is more than ordinarily intelligent, and very musical. Address, ———, General Advertiser Office.

The gentle blood of which these parents boast does not appear to manifest itself in parental tenderness. Although, however, they seem to have very little "Philoprogenitiveness" themselves, they evidently have an exaggerated idea of the possible strength of the feeling in others. They consider the age of seven years, intelligence more than ordinary, and a very musical turn, to be recommendations, on the part of their little boy, sufficient to be likely to induce some people to take him upon their hands and charge themselves with his education and maintenance. Who, most of our readers will exclaim, would take a child for a pet, when, at a rate so very much cheaper, he could keep a terrier? Some, perhaps, of that class of persons who send conscience-money to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER may take the fancy of adopting a child into their heads with the same view as that which induces others to buy a dog. Religious zealots, too, Papist or Protestant, may look upon an infant, who will be given up entirely to them, as a great catch. They may be ready to jump at the chance of procuring an addition to their respective persuasions; and may rejoice in the purpose of training up their adopted child in the way they think he should go, just as persons of other sentiments please themselves in the design of breaking a setter. The musical quality of the child will perhaps commend it to the devotees of ST. CECILIA. Probably this quality is hereditary. A poem of the nursery declares that—

"The cuckoo is a pretty bird:
He sings as he flies—"

and the parents of this child, in proposing to abandon their offspring

to the care of strangers, exhibit themselves in the character of those peculiarly constituted singing birds called cuckoos. They are also liable to another ornithological comparison, and may be said to resemble ducks, for these fowls also object to rear their young. This consideration may procure a foster-mother for the child, in the person of some benevolent lady who may be desirous of dandling a little duck.

PEACE AND NO PEACE.

It may be observed that, as a rule, the Members of the Peace Society display a most unfitting bellicosity of language. The vehemence with which they have been lately "giving it" to all who dare to differ with them on the merits of the China question, makes us almost tremble for the safety of our ears should the country now decide for carrying on the war with still increasing vigour. Were further outrage to be heaped upon the interesting victims of our barbarous brutalities, we may question if the Peace brawlers would be able to discover words half strong enough, to give a due expression to the strength of their virtuous indignation. At any rate we doubt if any orator among them could so far repress his feelings, as to speak with any calmness of that crash of the Celestials, which might ensue if JOHN BULL were provoked to force his way into the China Shop with a goodwill to the business. We suspect that even MR. COBDEN, with all his mastery of language, would in such case, find it difficult to keep his tongue in due command, and show that, to misquote the poet, he was—

"Master of himself, though China fall."

Court Circular from the Nursery.

"PRINCE LEOPOLD"—writes the Court Newsmen of Thursday—"visited the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park." The Prince, being at the ripe age of almost four, it is especially necessary that a thinking people should know when His Royal Highness condescendingly visits the guinea-pigs, and what time he graciously spends in the monkey-house.



BEHIND THE SCENES.

MANAGER PAM (*looking through the Curtain*). "HOW THEY ARE SQUABBLING FOR SEATS!—REALLY, A CAPITAL HOUSE!"

MR. PUNCH. "WELL, YOU'VE A GOOD CHANCE OF SUCCESS, BUT IT DEPENDS ENTIRELY UPON WHAT YOU PRODUCE!"

THE MYTH OF PAN AND PAM.



LIKE to the mighty voice of yore,
That cried "Great PAN is dead!"
From land to land, from shore to shore,
Throughout all Europe went a roar,
Increasing as it sped,
A bellow of tremendous tone,
Saying "Great PAM is overthrown!"

How every despot did rejoice,
When broke upon his ear
The tidings of that welcome voice,
The Minister of England's choice,
The statesman tyrants fear,
Proclaiming hurled from place and power,
Now, thought they, is our day and hour!

KING BOMBA tossed aloft his crown,
Extravagant in joy,
And, catching it in coming down,
Grinned in the manner of a clown,
And capered like a boy.
His captives' chains more sweetly clanked,
Whilst on his knees his saints he thanked.

The POPE pulled off his triple hat,
And kicked it in his glee.
The Cardinals all danced thereat,
And some intoned *Litificat*,
And others *Jurat me*.
The Jesuits in their several climes,
Sang out in doggerel Latin rhymes.

The Russian CZAR did manifest
The most extreme delight,
Exulting in his inmost breast,
He snapped his fingers at the West,
He also took a sight.
His diadem, with gems enriched, 't
He likewise at the ceiling pitched.

KING CLICQUOT, when he heard the news,
Was overcome thereby;
His self-control it made him lose,
And from his eyes glad tear-drops ooze,
For he began to cry.
And then he laughed, and then he cried
Again, with crown stuck all aside.

Ah, news too happy to be true!
Ah, transports premature!
Bright faces soon were changed to blue
Of despots, and the priestly crew,
Of triumph too secure.
Another voice from England went,
And thundered o'er the Continent.

Unpleasing to a tyrant's ear,
The British Public's shout;
For PALMERSTON, his country's cheer,
Which Europe's tyrants quake to hear;
They find PAM won't go out;
But, to their disappointment sore,
Is stronger than he was before.

AN EXTRAORDINARY SNUFF-BOX.

It is not sufficiently considered that many lunatics may exist besides those who are in confinement, and may be going about unsuspected of insanity. Here is an advertisement, evidently the composition of a disordered mind, put, in a freak of madness, by some unfortunate person, into the *Times*:-

TO CABMEN.—LOST, on Friday, the 6th of March, a GOLD SNUFF-BOX, of an oval shape, while taking a gentleman from the Horse Guards to Connaught Terrace. Whosoever will restore the same to _____, will receive THREE POUNDS REWARD. No further reward will be offered.

How far gone in frenzy a man must be, under what an extraordinary delusion he must labour, to describe a gold snuff-box as taking a person from place to place, and getting lost whilst so doing! There probably existed in the distempered imagination of the advertiser a strange jumble and confusion of snuff-box with pill-box, and the LORD MAYOR'S gilt coach. It is manifest that he must be in a very bad way indeed, because there is not any method, even, in his madness, inasmuch as he offers the ridiculous reward of three pounds for the restoration of a golden vehicle large enough to contain a gentleman, and addresses that offer to cabmen. Had he any logical faculty remaining, he would have offered at least three thousand pounds instead of three.

Public safety demands that a sharp look-out should be kept for madmen roaming at large. Strict directions have been given that any person presenting himself with a frantic advertisement like the above at our publishing office, shall be detained until his friends can be sent for, or else shall be given into custody, in order to be taken proper care of.

To be sure the above advertisement may be a hoax, intended to annoy the individual referred to in it. If that is the case, it may perhaps be considered ascribable rather to silliness than raving delirium.

MYSTERIOUS DONATION.

THE *Newcastle Chronicle* has chronicled a remarkable donation, in stating that

"MR. EDWARD ELLIOTT, of Hareton, Builder, has presented a grindstone to the North of England Temperance Bazaar."

A grindstone in a bazaar seems almost as much out of place as a piano would be in a pigsty; and the relation of temperance to grindstones is not obvious. North of England blades are generally sharp enough; perhaps MR. EDWARD ELLIOTT thinks that those of the Temperance temper are exceptions to the rule, and has sent them a delicate hint to that effect in the shape of a grindstone, avoiding a blunter method of rebuking their want of sharpness. Those who may deem this explanation far-fetched will perhaps be better satisfied with the hypothesis that the gift was intended to suggest to its recipients the necessity of adding industry to temperance, as a symbol exhorting them to put their noses to the grindstone.

TOO HARD ON THE TURF.

YOUR attention is invited to the following sportive observations of a sporting character, who calls himself "ARGUS:"—

"Can *Gemma di Vergy* beat *Fisherman*?' was asked quite as often as the probable result of the elections. The *Isley* division, who put a thousand on the 'Oxford Hero,' replied in the affirmative; but there were not a few who clung to the opinion of 'ARGUS,' that he would have to play second fiddle, and I never recollect 'A Trial' since PALMER's which created more interest."

The hundred eyes of "ARGUS" seem all as one; for he writes like a man who has a single eye to sport. We think he does the turf injustice. A trial of race-horses is not fairly comparable with such a trial as PALMER's. In PALMER's trial murder was in question: a horse-race cannot be worse than an affair of roguery.

"Le Commencement de la Fin."

THERE is an old Screw who makes a practice of staving off every contribution to any charitable cause, by saying, "No, Sir; my creed, Sir, is, 'charity begins at home.'—I have always made a point of that, Sir!"—"Yes," said a Secretary, who was tired of asking him, "and that point is a full stop—for I have noticed that your charity invariably stops at the point where it begins."

WANTED.—An Engagement as Stage Manager, or to be placed in a position where he can be useful in arranging processions, or getting up Concerts, or superintending the lighting of public buildings, or putting himself at the head of a general illumination. Can also sing, chaunt, intone, or join in chorus in a very loud and approved manner. Has no objection to undertake for noblemen or gentlemen the management of any amateur theatricals. Can have a seven years' character from a Puseyite Chapel.—Address to CALIB QUOTEM, Vestry Door, St. Barabbas, Pinchloe.

PUNCH'S COMPLETE TRADESMAN.

No. IV.

LACTEA, the Milkmaid of the Poets, meeteth AQUARIA, the Milkmaid of Society.

Lactea. Whither away, sister. To the fields dost carry thy milking pail on a May-day morning early?

Aquaria. Fields? Not quite so green.

Lactea. Whither then, child?

Aquaria. I seek the cow with the iron tail.

Lactea. I never heard, good lack, of the hideous monster.

Aquaria. None so hideous, neither. There she stands, pretty creature, always ready to fill my pails.

Lactea. Child, that is a Pump.

Aquaria. Nobody's a denying of it, in my hearing.

Lactea. And thou would'st pump water into thy milk? Nay, thou dost but joke.

Aquaria. Come to the pump and see my water-frolic. You are as welcome as the flowers in May.

Lactea. Those last words signify that all innocence and poetry is not gone from thee. And yet thou would'st water thy milk. I have a yearning to talk to thee hereon.

Aquaria. Go ahead. Only it's as cheap sitting as standing, so I will bring myself to an anchor (as my cousin JACK the sailor says) on the top of this pail.

Lactea. Dost thou know what milk is?

Aquaria. Fourpence a quart to them as will pay fourpence, and to them as don't see it in that light, threepence.

Lactea. I did not mean the price, though that astonishes me. In my time it was one penny. But I would ask thee of what milk is compounded?

Aquaria. That's tellings.

Lactea. Nay, I gather thy meaning, and grieve at it. The milk thou sellest is not pure.

Aquaria. Well, on the whole, I should rayther say it was not.

Lactea. Dost know what pure milk contains?

Aquaria. Yea, to be sure. Do you think I'm a Nignoramus? I learned it at school. Milk consists of water, holding in solution casein or cheese, sugar of milk, various salts, and in suspension fatty matter in the form of myriads of semi-opaque globules, to which the colour and opacity of milk are due.

Lactea. Did'st ever learn at school, also, two little lines, as follow?

"Who know what's right; nor only so,
But always practise what they know."

Aquaria (her better nature thus appealed to, awakens, and she bursts into a flood of tears). OW—OW—OW—OW—OW.



Lactea. It is well. Thou art touched! Be comforted! Confess thy mal-practices, and resolve to err no more.

Aquaria (virtuous sentiments gaining sway). Yea, verily, and so I will. And here goes. What shall I begin with?

Lactea. Is there so much to tell, my poor penitent? Well, let me know with what thou dost adulterate thy milk.

Aquaria. Chiefly with water. But also with sugar, including treacle, salt, annatto, turmeric, gum tragacanth, soda, starch, cerebral matter—

Lactea. A shorter word, prithee.

Aquaria. Then brains,—decoction of boiled white carrots, chalk, and starch.

Lactea. My stars! All the stars in the Milky way!

Aquaria. Yes, these things are all used. Why, bless you, dear, figures show that the number of cows supplying London is not more than enough to provide each person with one table-spoonful a-day. It stands to reason, therefore, that the milk must be made of something else.

Lactea. The use of water I comprehend. It is simply cheating. But why the other substances?

Aquaria. Because, if we pour in such a lot of water, as I was just now going to do, but will never do so any more, so help me never so much—

Lactea. Nay, avoid vows, and cultivate resolution. Well, dear?

Aquaria. I was going to say that the water makes Sky-blue, and it takes away all the flavour. So we put treacle to sweeten the milk, salt to bring out the flavour, and annatto to restore the beautiful rich colour.

Lactea. And turmeric?

Aquaria. That is also a colouring matter.

Lactea. And thou then didst mention Draga something?

Aquaria. Tragacanth—it thickens cream, and soda prevents its turning sour. As for the starch and brains, the milk people got contradictions about this stuck into the papers, but you ask PROFESSOR QUECKETT, who has got pictures of what he found in milk.

Lactea. The frankness of thy confession, dear maid, atones for thy share in the guilt. But let me tell thee something. Milk should be the most nutritious of food, and contain all the elements for the growth and sustenance of the human body. Being a poet's creation, I have a right to foretell everything, and I foresee an invention by a Frenchman, MONSIEUR DONNÉ, called a Lactoscope, or Milk-tester, which will lay bare all the frauds of which thou speakest, and will show that this rich liquid is utterly deteriorated for the millions who drink it.

Aquaria. Nay, I can tell you something of that. Out of twenty-six samples of London milk, fourteen were adulterated, chiefly with water, at various rates, from 10 to 50 per cent.

Lactea. Fifty! That is one-half water.

Aquaria. Why, it must be so. The farmer sells his milk to the large dealers at from Fivepence to Sevenpence a gallon, and the small dealers buy it at from Sevenpence to Ninepence a barn-door gallon. A barn-door gallon is—

Lactea. Eight quarts.

Aquaria. Just so, and we sell it to the people at from Threepence to Fourpence a quart. And neat milk at Eightpence a barn-door gallon, becomes milk and water at Fourpence an imperial quart. Therefore, if my ciphering at school does not deceive me, the retailer gets, on every quart, from Tenpence to a Shilling.

Lactea. Alas, alas, and the poor little children are starved with the mess with which their parents think to feed them. O AQUARIA, think of the little children whom you have helped to cheat, think—

[AQUARIA with hysterical outcry kicks over her pails, and in violent pantomime renounces the milk-walk of life for ever.]

SPORTIVE BOYHOOD.

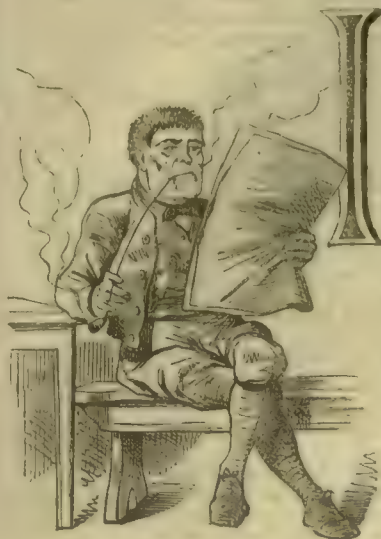
A HEART-BREAKING appeal has been made in the *Times* for the liberation of an interesting little boy consigned to the dreariness of a dungeon, and the persecution of the prison chaplain's advice, for—only throwing stones at a railway. In fact, to throw stones at railways is fast becoming a juvenile mania, and threatens to supersede the execution of *Keemo Kimo* and *Bobbing Around*. An ingenuous youth, aged fourteen, by name CHARLES BRAINWOOD, is brought before MR. YARDLEY, the magistrate. CHARLES has "deliberately hurled a stone" at the North London train. CHARLES was fined 20s., but not having the money about him, was committed to gaol, to be kept at the expense of the county, for fourteen days. We think the sentence very incomplete. We think the bonds might in such cases be judiciously mingled with just a taste, a smack of whipcord. There is no doubt that CHARLES is an impulsive, hot-headed youth. Well, we would prescribe the administration of a little wholesome flogging. After this manner should the hot-headed boy be taught, past all disproof, how very closely extremes could meet.

A Saint at 212°.

SOME time ago we were told that the blood of St. Gennaro would not melt, and we supposed, at the time, that this was owing to the circumstance that it was frozen by KING BOMBA's atrocities. If it has since liquefied, it has probably more than liquefied, and is now, with indignation on account of the abominable cruelties of which its despotic devotee is guilty, absolutely boiling.

SONG BY A CAGED BIRD.

The following lines were found in the cell of a discharged convict, who made his way into a chaplain's heart by piety, and, subsequently, into a jeweller's shop by burglary. The spirit that dictated such an irreverence with DR. WATTS is worthy of the author.



I CANNOT take my walks abroad,
I'm under lock and key,
And much the public I applaud,
For all their care of me.

Not more than Paupers I deserve
In fact, much less than more,
Yet I have food while Paupers starve
And beg from door to door.

The honest Pauper in the street
Half naked you behold,
While I am clothed from head to feet
And covered from the cold.

While honest Paupers scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head,

I have a warm and well-aired cell,
With bath-room, gas, and bed.

While Paupers live on workhouse fare,
A grudging and scanty meal,
My table's spread with bread and beer,
And beef, or pork, or veal.

Then since to honest folks, I say,
They put the Workhouse Test,
Why nix my doll palls, fake away,
You'll like the Jug the best.

The Model Prison.

A ROAR FROM THE HELVETIAN LION.

"MR. PUNCH,

"WERE I a guinea-pig, and not a lion, I know you would listen to my squeak, if uttered in the cause of truth and justice. It is, however, a lion, the Lion of Helvetia, that would, through your pages, make himself heard to the nations.

'That roar, the prowling lion's Here I am!'

as your poet of solitude and the mountains, WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, wrote, shall cause even the maniac of Naples to start in his fastness of Caserna, and make him lift his shaking hand to his head to know if he still wears a crown, and if it be of gold, and not of straw.

"A week or two since, Mr. Punch, you penned an article, calling it GESLER'S HAT. From that article, as from a bow-string, you twanged a shaft at the Helvetian Lion. I will confess it, the shaft hit me. In olden times, as told by early travellers, lions have been found slain outright by the mortal quills of vengeful porcupines. For myself, Mr. Punch, although I bled a little, I am not killed. Nevertheless, I am hurt; hurt, Sir, and must give voice to my sufferings.

"You speak of the Swiss—the sons of the mountain and the cataract—who are made the body-guard of tyranny and wrong at Naples and Rome. Hirelings of homicide—paid panders to the lust of crime. Myrmidons who dip their daily bread in the blood and tears of tortured truth. At the very words, I feel a certain twitching of the tail; but I will not lash myself; no, Mr. Punch, I will be calm—terribly calm.

"For the liveried Swiss in the pay of the Pope and the Ogre of Naples, I denounce them—they are no sons of Switzerland: but thieves, renegades, wretches; abandoned of their country as of their conscience. And the time is come that the world at large, or that England at least, should know the exact condition of these ruffians, who take the pay of CAIN, and mount guard over the rack, and do sentinel's duty while the victim of the 'Cap of Silence' dumbly dies in this world, to mount with an accusing shriek against his murderer in the next.

"Listen, Mr. Punch, to a plain tale. In former days, that is, long before the year 1847, there existed certain capitulations between the Neapolitan Government and some few of the Swiss Catholic Cantons,—where of course the priests, as priests commonly are, were potent—by virtue, or wickedness of which capitulations aforesaid, Naples was permitted to send enrolling agents or travelling man-trappers for the enlistment of young Swiss who might prefer the high pay, and climate, and macaroni of Naples to the noble poverty, the rugged independence of the mountain-home of Switzerland.

"Other Cantons vehemently protested against this man-catching for the purposes of tyranny and bloodshed, but protestation was all they might deal in. The Cantonal Governments, having at the time sovereign rights, used them as was to be expected—right sovereignly; that is, in defiance and contempt of their protesting neighbours. And so Naples continued to send her old recruiting sergeants, HOMICIDE and CRUELTY, to the sovereign Cantons, to enlist the slaves who, for good pay, would draw the sword with ease and despatch for any atrocity.

"Well, after the revision of the federal pact in 1847, and the political regeneration consequent thereupon, it was established by law that henceforth no capitulation or treaty—open or secret—for man-buying for any foreign military service, should be permitted. Switzerland said—this abomination shall no longer remain. If tyranny will hire its sanguinary flunkies, they shall depart from the land that misbegot them, denounced and accursed. The recruiting-sergeant for the guard of honour to the Papal gibbet or Neapolitan rack, if found in Switzerland, should be fined and imprisoned: like punishment was to be visited upon the sanguinary flunkies themselves—and many of these, were, at times, tracked on their road rejoicing at their preferment as hiring goalers and turnkeys, and straightway brought back, and straightway and severely chastised.

"Of course, Mr. Punch, you will ask—With these virtuous restrictions, how comes it that Rome and Naples continue to have their Swiss hirelings? How is it that Bloodshed and Rapine continue to fill their ranks from the children of Helvetia? Why, Sir, after this fashion. In Lombardy and Austria proper—in Bregenz and Feldkirch, for instance—offices are opened for the enlistment of Roman ruffians and Neapolitan cut-throats on hire. These offices are in the immediate neighbourhood of the Swiss frontiers—how easy, then, is it for the drunkard, the brawler, the good-for-nothing, the sheer idler, the ruined gambler, the scamp of all trades, to take enlistment money of the recruiting-sergeants accredited by the Fisherman of Rome, and the Gaoler of Naples?

"Dear Mr. Punch, believe me, that of such, and only of such, are the soul and body guards—(how little their souls shall have been protected will be shown at the terrible season,)—of POPE PIUS and KING FERDINAND. For know we not the butcher by the redness of his hands? At Naples, the Swiss guards have the highest pay, and most indulgent licence in unlimited vice. The more brutalised the agent, the fitter for brute service. The Christians were given to the beasts. Patriots are flung to the Swiss!

"But Switzerland! Does she acknowledge these recreants? No: they are her degraded, disobedient children. She has lost power over them. They are her prodigal sons, never to be softened by remorse. One act, I grant, Switzerland—in consideration of her own wounded honour, smitten by parricidal hands—one act, the country might yet in self-vindication perform. Let her immediately pronounce sentence of civil death upon every Swiss serving at Naples or Rome. Whatever the Swiss guards may be in the eyes of king or POPE, let them be no other than so many living anatomies, civilly dead, in the nostrils of Switzerland.

"I have the honour to remain, Mr. Punch,

"With every consideration,

"Lucerne, March 28."

"THE HELVETIAN LION."

CAVE, CANIS!

A FRIEND at Aldershot apprises us of the gratifying fact that Education must have spread not only among the military, but among another class of faithful defenders of our homes. He states that somewhere near the Camp he has read this notice:—

"LOUNGERS, AND DOGS, ARE HEREBY WARNED OFF THESE PREMISES."

Of course, unless the second named parties could understand this notice, it would be ridiculous to address it to them, and we gladly announce the news that in Surrey the dogs can read.

The Sea Brought to London.

THERE is a magnificent proposition, well-argued, in the *Lancet*, to make the Serpentine a salt-water lake, by moving the monster ocean—as Orpheus moved his monsters—by pipes to London. Should the removal take place, it is understood that all Herne Bay will immediately come to town, and settle by the sad sea waves in Hyde Park.



GENERAL VIEW OF A GENERAL ELECTION.

The Pots accuse the Kettles of Blackness, and the Public goeth at it Hammer and Tongs.

BUCHANAN TO BUNCOMBE.

MR. BUCHANAN's Inaugural Address as President of the United States will be read with much satisfaction, and some amusement. It contains a few funny things: here is one of them, relative to the evils of disunion:—

"These I shall not attempt to portray, because I feel a humble confidence that the kind Providence which inspired our fathers with wisdom to frame the most perfect form of government and union ever devised by man, will not suffer it to perish until it shall have been peacefully instrumental by its example in the extension of civil and religious liberty throughout the world."

Of course MR. BUCHANAN does not mean to say that he expects the American constitution not to perish till civil and religious liberty shall have been universally established, and then to perish. The fun of the above passage lies in the idea of an example of civil liberty set by a constitution which maintains slavery. Certainly there is no inconsistency in this idea of MR. BUCHANAN's, if he considers that Negroes are not human beings, but brute animals. But then, in another part of his address, he calls slavery an institution. Now we do not, neither do Americans, talk of the institution of horse-keeping, and horse-breeding, and horse-driving. Studs and teams are not termed institutions on either side of the Atlantic. Marriage is an institution, if MR. BUCHANAN likes; and slavery may be denominated an institution too, if the subjects of the latter yoke, like those of the former, are to be acknowledged as men and women. But, even by American licence of speech, the word institution is inapplicable to an arrangement relative to mere beasts. If slavery is an institution, slaves are men; and when their masters talk about setting an example of civil liberty they must be understood as addressing all such discourse to BUNCOMBE.

The Bilky Way.

WE have already alluded to the *Lancet's* statement that there is something serious the matter with the Cows of London, and may add that the Government has taken measures to prevent further mischief. It is probable that the taking up so many streets has disturbed the wells, but this is merely a temporary inconvenience, and a commission of respectable ironmongers can speedily repair anything else that is out of order in the quarter affected. There is no reason to suppose that the supply of milk will be diminished.

THE GUILDHALL POEMS;

BEING EPIGRAMS WRITTEN ON HATS

By excited Electors of London, at the close of the Poll on Saturday.

1.
DICTATORIAL MISTER DILLON,
He thought to cast a chill on
The fortunes of our gallant little Lord;
But the plucky little soul
Is third upon the poll,
And DILLON and his clique are floored.

2.
In figure no doubt he is dwarfish,
But still he has beaten the pack,
And the *Duck*,¹ and the *Curry*,² and *Crawfish*,³
Are less to our taste than the Jack.⁴

3.
They've learned this lesson in a hurry,
Bullying electors ain't no use,
We've peppered MR. DILLON's curry,
And likewise cooked MR. DILLON's goose.

4.
Hurrah, hooray,
LORD JOHN will whop,
And the clique may bray,
And shut up shop!

5.
O DILLY, don't, another time,
Be so uncommon rash:
You thought you'd make a CURRIE,
But you only made a hash.

6.
Highly tighty, our man JOHN
Worn't a going to be put upon.
Cast him off or keep him on,
He's a brick is our man JOHN.

7.
In spite of all your blustering placards,
This here "RAIKES' Progress" is all backards.

8.
Hooray, hoo——

[No. Everything has a limit. Mr. Punch fully sympathises with his fellow-citizens in their delight at their old friend's victory over insolent dictation, but must decline publishing any more of the Hymns of Triumph pouring in upon him.]

¹ This means SIR JAMES DUKE.

² This means MR. RAIKES CURRIE.

³ This means MR. CRAWFURD.

⁴ Joke on another dish, the pike or jack.

JESUITS ON THE AUSTRIAN STAGE.

DURING the absence of the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA on his Italian tour, the Jesuits of Vienna resolved to reform the legs of the dancers. As *Lady Lambert* bought a piece of thick muslin, inasmuch as the very sight of *Charlotte's* neck offended *Doctor Cantwell*, so did the Jesuits, out of self-modesty, thickly clothe the legs of the Viennese dancers. Since the return, however, of the EMPEROR, the "leggings" have been discontinued. It is said that, out of pure gratitude to the intervention of the patron saint of the ballet, the young ladies are about to go in solemn procession to offer up the discontinued "continuations" at the shrine of St. Vitus.

A New Work of Art.

ONE of the lineal descendants of MR. CAUDLE (*requiescat in pace!*) has written to MR. PETER CUNNINGHAM to say that he has a wife, who is "a perfect treasure," and that he shall be only too happy to send her to the Collection of Art Treasures at Manchester, upon the condition of the Committee guaranteeing to take every care of her until such period as the Exhibition closes. And, even if the Exhibition should become a permanent one, MR. CAUDLE begs that the Committee will not think of distressing themselves about sending "the Treasure" home again.

THE "RECORD" ON THE TURF.



OW droll it is to meet with a fast man in a suit of black and a white choker! Equally funny was it to us to meet, the other day, with the subjoined passage in the *Record*. The subject referred to is LORD DERBY'S view of matters clerical:—

"To say nothing of the logical soundness or moral dignity of such a scheme, the Noble Earl ought to know that no problem of the Turf—where the books have to be made up among a dozen favourites—is half so complex as his simple plan for securing a safe and sensible style of Churchmanship and Church patronage, by striking an average among all the actual opinions, and thus avoiding the risk of perilous extremes."

In the above passage we think we recognise a literary clergyman who exhibits a familiarity with a sort of book-making very different from the composition of sermon-books and tracts. We hail the appearance of a sporting parson in the *Record*. He will much enliven the columns of our serious contemporary. Who can he be? The REV. MR. ANGUS, or the REV. MR. VATES?—if so, what are his prophetic views of the approaching Epsom? No doubt, he knows as much about the Derby of that ilk, as he does of the noble leader of the Opposition. He can probably give us accurate information respecting *Gemma di Vergy* and *Fisherman*, and is capable of talking by the card of DORLING. At the celebration of the great national horse-race we expect that he will occupy a good place on the betting-stand, or at least will be stationed on the outside of a drag at a distance not remote from Tattenham's Corner. We wonder if he is versed in the canine, fistic, and other departments of sport, or whether the Turf is his speciality?

Most likely, his attention is restricted to one line: the *Record* would hardly stand a contributor whose taste in sport was catholic.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECULATION.

THE prospectus of the *Emporio Italiano*, after asking "What is the world?" and kindly telling us that it is nothing but "a huge market open to speculation," proceeds to say:—

"People speculate on positions as they do on corn. One man speculates on the greenness of his neighbour, another on his ignorance."

The "greenness" of our neighbours is certainly the largest field of speculation we ever heard of. But we fancy there are speculators who work both on the "greenness" and the "ignorance" of their neighbours. If we are not mistaken, we think the Directors of the British Bank speculated largely in both ways. But perhaps by this time MR. APSLEY PELLATT has recovered his recollection, and so we will refer the speculative question to him. As one of the large dealers in the "huge market of speculation," probably he can inform us how many sheep and geese were annually sold, slaughtered, and plucked there? He need only give us an approximate number, for we are well aware that the Directors of the British Bank were not over particular to a hundred or two.

The Grammar of Ornament.

"Do you mean to say, Doctor, that the ladies are more positive than the men?"

"Comparatively speaking they may be, Madam, but then again the ladies are far more superlative than the men."

[The above pretty extract from the "Grammar of Ornament" was overheard at a wedding-breakfast in the City.

OUR CITY ARTICLE.—CURRIE has been done in the City at a very low figure.

HEAVY BODIES.

MONSIEUR BABINET tells us that the earth, after recent determinations of its compactness, is equivalent to a weight of

"6,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 de kilogrammes. Cela fait six mille milliards de milliards de tonnes."

This may be true or not, for it is not in the power of every one to take the world in his hand, and weigh it like an orange, as easily as an astronomer. However, we only record the above weighty conclusion in order to put upon paper our melancholy misgivings that the Parliament about to assemble will be not less heavy than the earth itself, and our misgivings are founded upon the fact of the inordinate number of ciphers it will contain. PALMERSTON, of course, represents, as above indicated, the unit 6, which gives to the long tail of zeros that are running after him the only value that they have; besides, it is no exaggeration to say, that PALMERSTON, as measured by the other members, is well worth any half-dozen of them.

POLITICAL ABSENTEEISM.

By the general choice, or election, of the country, MR. COBDEN'S small tea-party has been made a thorough case of tea and turn-out. Purely through an accident the Yehs "had it" in the House; but upon appeal that judgment is reversed, and the Ex-Member for the Riding, in the losing of his seat, is saddled with the costs. Those who thought that MR. COBDEN was going the whole hog in his censure of JOHN BULL, and his defence of the Chinese, have been verified in finding him an out-and-outer.

But *Punch* is not so gallinaceous as to crow over a defeat like that of RICHARD COBDEN. With all his dislike to the Chinese Protectionist, *Punch* cannot lose remembrance of the English Freetrader. We all have our weak points, and a man of such mettle as RICHARD COBDEN proved himself in 1846, may be excused for showing a few flaws some ten years later. Therefore *Punch* is not so chuckle-headed as to raise a chuckle over COBDEN'S expulsion from the House, however much he may hurrah to find no echo in the country to the voice of the Ex-Member on the China question. Although considering the break-up of the tea-party with unmixed satisfaction, *Punch* can but feel regret at the dismemberment of those who have been turned out

for belonging to it: to whose memory he trusts that the new Parliament will pay a fitting tribute, by a vote of its condolence with the Absent Teas.



Theory and Practice.

MR. LAYARD has been politely shown the door at Aylesbury. Will the honourable discoverer of Assyrian and English bulls be inclined to look upon this as the best illustration of his own injunction to put "the right man in the right place!" The illustration strikes us as being both personal and out-of-the-way, but what says MR. LAYARD?

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—A few Candidates for election may apply. No testimonials wanted, as the qualification now recognised is the member's being known to nobody, and having done nothing. To save trouble, no person who has had the bad taste to obtrude himself upon public attention, as composer or executant, need apply, as rejection will certainly ensue. To quiet members of suburban quartette societies, to teachers of music in ladies' schools, and to organists in retired districts, an opportunity now offers. Late elections afford the best guarantee against members of the Philharmonic Society being insulted or annoyed by the admission of what are termed celebrities. Preliminary applications, to be signed *Nemo, Outis, Hebes*, or some equivalent synonyme, may be delivered at the Society's Rooms, after dark. N.B. A few cracked Fiddles wanted.



Mr. Punch (mysteriously). "NOW WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE? SAY A TITLE—
SAY THE ORDER OF THE THISTLE!"

MARY ANN'S NOTIONS.

"MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"POOR dear Papa has been beaten, and I need hardly say that 'election' is a tabooed word in our house. Dear old thing, he had set his mind upon coming in, but I suppose the bribery money he advanced was not enough, or it was stolen by the attorneys, or bankers, or somebody. It is very ridiculous that, if votes are to be bought, there is not some office or place where the money could be paid in and a candidate be sure it gets to the right hands. However, the thing is done, and Papa has returned to town as savage as possible, and though Mamma and me do our best not to annoy him by the least reference to the subject, AUGUSTUS is not so considerate, and is always talking about this man being floored, and that man having a squeak for it (a rat, I suppose), and the other man pulling up like one o'clock; and Papa winces; and, what is worse, I should not wonder if we had to economise at Hastings, or some such horrible place, this year, instead of going to Vienna. And now I have told you all, I remember that I never told you that Papa was going to offer himself, but you know that he was always Parliamentary in his mind, and the other night he was hurried off by the night train, and in the morning his Address came up to us—such nonsense, but just like the others in the newspapers—pledging himself to do a lot of things without committing himself to a lot of other things. I wish he had kept his money, and taken us to Vienna—as—no, I won't tell you who said, because you made fun one week—but, as Somebody said, the Prater there is a much pleasanter neighbourhood than that of the praters at Westminster."

"Well, your precious General Election is over, and now what next? What is the good of all the hubbub, and extravagance, and bribery, and canting, and rioting, and drinking beer? Will there be any new laws made with any sense in them, or will the new Parliament go on talking rubbish and quarrelling factiously in the way you expose every week—and I only wish, by the way, that you would let me write that *Essence of Parliament*, which you do not make half severe enough, and,—but the fact is that you are afraid to call persons by their right names, and, if you think a Member is a fool or a knave, why don't you tell him so? Men are dreadful cowards, and I always said it."

"I suppose that among the ridiculous laws that will be made, somebody will pass a Bill for putting down witches and fortune-tellers. I see a good deal about it in the papers, and the subject is being 'ventilated,' as Papa says, before it is taken up. What has set your wise-acres upon the matter, is a trial I read, where a wizard got twenty-two pounds for unbewitching a farmhouse; and because this was a cheat,

the police will proclaim war against every poor old creature that tells fortunes. Of course, if a woman offers to intercede, there will be a chorus of indignation, and intellectual young men will sniff out their contempt, declaring that by Jove they believe that the idiots (us) put faith in a dirty old wretch with a dirty pack of cards. I should like to know which is the simplest, us, or gentlemen who believe in secret information about horse-racing that they write for to thieves who advertise 'tips.' Are these people so clever, and do they give such correct information in return for money? Why the old women that tell you that you will marry a fair man, and have children, and go a journey, and receive a letter, and be deceived in a pretended friend, and find a friend in a quarter you had no expectations from, cannot cheat half so much as the wretches that advise you to consult them, as they have a safe thing for the Derby; and we are not half such idiots as you are to believe in the secrets of creatures who lodge over stables and in back-streets in Clerkenwell, and yet can help you to fortunes."

"Besides, if there is no such thing as witchcraft, the pretending to it can do no harm,⁷ and if there is, you may be quite sure that it is not by the wise men of Westminster that it will be put down. I do not pretend to say what I believe,⁸ but all the wisest and best men of past ages were superstitious,⁹ as you call it; and even SIR WALTER SCOTT, whose mind was a good deal stronger, I suppose, than the minds of most of the men of the present day (also NAPOLEON), believed in ghosts and things.¹⁰ And if you go to church, which I hope you do, you must hear constantly that the Jews had witches and wizards, and though that is a long time ago, truth can never die.¹¹ And some people whom I know have had the most extraordinary things told them by fortune-tellers who had not the least knowledge of them beforehand, and I could tell you that to a young lady of my own acquaintance, who was married last year, a woman predicted something that came exactly true; how she would go a journey, and lose something she valued, and have a quarrel about it, which would not be made up until something else which she particularly wished for had happened, and it came true to the letter, for they went to Ramsgate, and she lost one of her bracelets in a bathing-machine, and her husband never ceased to torment her about it until her baby was born, when he gave her a much more beautiful one. Besides, I could tell you of other things, of a more serious kind, that have been revealed in the same way.¹² The only strong argument which any of you men bring forward against the fortune-tellers is, that they are poor and live in penury, but this is a very vulgar objection, and just like Mammon worshippers, who would not believe in a diamond unless it was in a gold setting, and besides, how do you know that they are poor? Perhaps they only pretend to be, and this is the reason they live in such obscure places, and to avoid the persecution of the laws."

"I do not mean, of course, that servant-girls and creatures of that kind ought to be encouraged to go to these women, and get their heads full of nonsensical ideas that they are the children of gentlemen, and are to marry noblemen with coaches-and-six, making them unfit for their stations and duties,¹³ and squandering the money which they had better put in the Savings' Bank, and not waste upon imitations of the dress of their betters, because letting such people go to fortune-tellers does more harm than good; but as to saying that a lady who consults a fortune-teller is on that account a fool, or the poor old woman ought to be sent to prison, that is just one of the pieces of impertinence and oppression on the part of men which make me so angry that I could throw things about the room.¹⁴

"Yours, affectionately,

"Tuesday."

"MARY ANN."

¹ Hastings is by no means a horrible place, if you get on the high part, and away from the abominable and deleterious scents of the beach.

² Just so, and silence about a person is often more suspicious than talking about him.

³ An untravelled young Englishman's joke—the Viennese park is not pronounced prayer—but CHARLEY'S wit may pass.

⁴ Feminine effrontery. The other day you were only too proud if an occasional letter from you were admitted. Know your station, Miss.

⁵ We do, but not in the dialect of the Gate of Billing.

⁶ Without prejudice to the severe remarks which we are about to make, we may observe that this is exceedingly just and true, and CHARLES HAMERTON has evidently helped you to the fact and to the argument.

⁷ All shams do some harm, which is why Punch murders so many that he would otherwise leave to die.

⁸ You don't know what you believe, goosey.

⁹ No such thing.

¹⁰ What do you mean by things? Besides, SIR W. SCOTT believed in nothing of the kind. NAPOLEON was superstitious, as all irreligious men are, the difference between a rational and an irrational faith being thus illustrated.

¹¹ Come, come, nonsense like this is unworthy of you, child.

¹² Wonderful!

¹³ Then truth is kept for ladies, and falsehood for menials. Are you not ashamed of yourself?

¹⁴ MARY ANN, perpend. This is not merely a ridiculous letter, but one which argues a disturbed state of mind. Our conviction is that you, accompanied by some foolish matron of your acquaintance (the sooner you quarrel the better) have been visiting one of the impostors who pretend to tell fortunes. Prompted, secretly, by your friend, the old humbug has hinted HAMERTON, and you are in the Seventh Heaven, and hence this flood of nonsense. Now, as we happen to have discovered the real name of the gentleman you call HAMERTON, and as we know that his father has better views for him, we have written to the old man, and you will see, by the result, whether your witch is to be trusted. It is with pain that we make an example of you, but it is our duty to thousands of other girls. Look out!

THE LITTLE WALL OF CHINA.



THE Great Wall of China having proved insufficient to protect that interesting and inoffensive nation from the inroads and encroachments of the Outside Barbarians, another line of defences has been recently set up in the line of policy pursued by the CORDON and DISRAELITES. The formation of this structure was completed in the lobby of the English House of Commons, about two o'clock, A.M., on Wednesday, the 4th of March: and strange as it may seem, the building is alleged to have been wholly without plan or previous contrivance. As is recounted to have happened with the *Architectural Atoms of the Rejected Addresses*, certain

"Casual bricks, in airy climb,
Encountered casual horsehair,
casual lime; "

and stuck together for the 'time' by a species of cohesion not in any way to be mistaken for the mortar of a coalition, but at any rate partaking somewhat of the nature of a Roman—or at least Tractarian—cement.

The erection of this barrier to the brutalities of the British has not as yet been thought to do much credit to its builders; and it probably will not be able long to stand against the battering ram of popular opinion. In fact, it may be questioned if the "atoms" who concurred in getting up the Little Wall of China, will not find that they have merely made a wall for their own heads to run against.

* Note (not by MR. GLADSTONE, but plagiarily like him). It is hoped the reader will appreciate the subtlety of this quotation, and observe—(1), That the term "bricks" is of course to be ironically construed; (2), That the "airy climb" was to obtain a seat in Ministerial high places; and (3), That the "horsehair" is of legal significance.

PUNCH'S COMPLETE TRADESMAN.

No. V.

MR. CROTON, the Chemist, enters his shop from the street, followed by his Apprentice, MR. POTASH. A new Apprentice, from Wales, MR. DAVID GLYCYRRHIZEN, is behind the counter.

MR. CROTON. Well, that's over, and I think we've got off much better than could have been expected. The magistrate took an emulsive view of the case, and I am sure you will not make such a mistake again, MR. POTASH.

MR. POTASH. No, it was deuced stupid and awkward. I can't account for it, I'm hanged if I can.

MR. CROTON. I have some inkling of the truth. DAVY, let it be a warning to you never to gossip with a pretty customer while you are serving another person, or you may put up arsenic for arrow-root, as POTASH has done, and seat the Coroner upon a whole family.

DAVID (a slightly conventional type). Odds splutter hur nails, hur will heed that hurself.

MR. POTASH. Anything sold during our absence?

DAVID. 'Deed truth, no. Yes, py the soul of CADWALLADER, a woman came for squille.

MR. POTASH. Well, there's plenty of syrup of squills there.

DAVID. The pig pottle? Py Penmannaur hur did not spy it out, so hur gave hur tat.

MR. POTASH. That! Laudanum. By Jove, that's as bad as my mistake; and what a leek-eating son of an everlasting Welsh goat you must be not to know squills from laudanum.

MR. CROTON. Don't be harsh with him, MR. POTASH. He is but a beginner, and our own mistakes should teach us charity for the errors of others. I have reason to think that the consequences in this case may not be precisely fatal.

MR. POTASH. Why, Sir?

MR. CROTON (smiling). What is the laudanum of commerce?

MR. POTASH. To be sure, to be sure.

MR. CROTON. Tell DAVID, however, for his instruction.

MR. POTASH. Laudanum's opium, Welshy, and opium's the milky juice of the capsule, or seed-vessel of a poppy, evaporated and inspissated

by exposure to air and light, which make it dark and gummy. Do you comprehend that, my bounding goat of Snowdon?

DAVID (grinning). Hur's awake.

MR. CROTON. Yes, MR. GLYCYRRHIZEN, but you would not be awake long if you took real opium. I am glad to tell you that the pure juice of the poppy passes through cleverer hands than yours before it is prepared as laudanum to be sold by gentlemen from Wales.

MR. POTASH. Yes, they cook its goose, rather. To increase its weight they put sugar, mud, sand, powdered charcoal, soot, and pounded poppy petals. Flour is also added, and potatoe farina, and all sorts of messes, and common gums.

MR. CROTON. Spanish liquories, too. In fact, out of twenty-three samples examined the other day, nineteen were adulterated.

MR. POTASH. That was the gum opium, Sir; but, my eye, the powdered! Thirty-one samples out of forty were cooked.

MR. CROTON. Don't be so slangy, POTASH. Why not say vitiated? You are going into business for yourself. Do learn dignity.

DAVID. Hur's astonished.

MR. CROTON. Nay, DAVID, as your friend is leaving, let him impart to you a few more of the secrets of the trade he has learned. Let us see. You will hear of Scammony a good deal—there, on the second shelf, fourth jar. That is a costly drug.

MR. POTASH. Yes, and I should like to know how much chalk, and starch, and jalap, and gum tragacanth, and sand, and plaster of Paris there is in that jar.

DAVID. Hur's petrification.

MR. POTASH. Now there's jalap, my goat. An active purgative, on account of its resin. Now there's another kind of jalap that has scarcely any resin at all. They grind them up together, or put the real thing with the cuttings of the tree, in equal quantities, and so we draws our jalap uncommon mild, young FLEETLEN. The drug-grinder is always ordered to make eighty-four pounds into a hundredweight.

DAVID. Hur's bewildered.

MR. POTASH. We'll bewilder hur a little more. Ipecacuanha, now. That's another root they adulterate with wood fibres. In powder, we put in tartar emetic, carbonate of lime, wheat flour, and starch. A doctor prescribes so much ipecacuanha, meaning the original article, but we improve on the doctor, for tartar emetic makes a chap twice as sick—ch, my Welsh rabbit?

MR. CROTON. I admit that this system makes it impossible for a medical man to know what he is giving his patient, but that is a question for the patient and the medical man.

MR. POTASH. I could tell hur some more, but hur seems stupefied. Colocynth, my goat, we cook with wheat flour, or chalk, and the profit is remarkable. Rhubarb we improve with flour and turmeric, and squille, as you call them, when in powder are floured like one o'clock. You are always sucking liquories. Do you know that it is often only a mixture of the worst kind of gum, imported for making blacking, but with a little of the real juice in it. Starch, and metallic copper go into it, also.

DAVID. Machynlleth! Llanymynech! Llanvihangelgawint!

MR. CROTON. I will not allow you, DAVID, to use blasphemous language in my shop.

MR. POTASH. If he swears at that, what will he say when he knows that we put chalk into calomel, starch and sulphate of lime into quinine, lime into magnesia, water into nitre, croton oil into castor oil, and when a doctor orders *conf. arom.* we leave out the expensive things and stick in turmeric for saffron, cassia for cinnamon, and chalk for sugar?

MR. CROTON. And then patients wonder that things don't do 'em good. Ha! ha!

MR. POTASH. And doctors don't believe they have taken the medicines. Ha! ha!

MR. CROTON. Well, we must all live, chemists and druggists and undertakers among the rest.

DAVID (wildly). Hur will go back to hur mountains, to hur translucent lakes of Bala, and of Ellesmere, to hur peaceful vale of Llan-gollen, and to hur foaming flood of Conway. There hur will find no roguery, there hur Welsh harp will soothe hur to repose, there—

Enter an Irish artisan, of the bricklaying persuasion, in fury.

TERENCE M'DERMOTT. One of yees sould this bottle, I'm thinking? (Exhibits an empty phial.) Me blessed family's as sound asleep as the Hill o'Howth, and divil a one of me can make 'em open their eyes. May be I won't open yours.

[FLOORS MESSRS. CROTON AND POTASH (DAVID diving down a trap-door into cellar), sweeps down all the bottles within reach, and performs a triumphant dance upon the counter.

Schooling for Cosmopolites.

THE Manchester School has been converted into the School of Adversity. It is to be hoped that this change will conduce to the improvement of the scholars, who, in consequence of it, will get grounded in a thoroughly English education.



SCENE—A CLUB.

Swell. "Haw! Is there anything weedy for dinner?"

Waiter. "Shoulder of Mutton just ready, Sir!"

Swell. "Haw—Shouldaw of Mutton!—aw—what a vewy odd thing for Dinna!—Thought they only made *GLUE* of Shouldaw of Mutton!"

ARCADES AMBO—BOMBA AND BAIONA.

AMONG the "recent additions" to that Chamber of Horrors, the torture chamber in the Neapolitan State-dungeons, it is reported that there has been lately added an infernal machine, which has been christened the *Cuffia di Silenzio*, or Cap of Silence; an instrument constructed with such devilish capacity to torture, that BOMBA's heart (or what is left of it) appears quite overflowing with the gratitude he feels to the inventor. In proof of this, the Correspondent of the *Times* informs us that—

"The invention is ascribed to the genius of SIGNOR BAIONA, Inspector of Police at Palermo, and it appears to have been so highly approved of by the KING OF NAPLES, that he immediately decorated the philanthropic gentleman with the Order of FRANCIS THE FIRST."

BOMBA's wisdom is indisputable; yet we think this evil "genius" would have much more fitly been distinguished, had the King been pleased to institute an Order for the purpose, say the Order of the Garotte; an honour which should have consisted in a trial if the monster's choking-cap would fit himself. It is clear that those presented with the Order of FRANCIS THE FIRST must feel themselves disgraced by finding such a brute as this BAIONA similarly decorated; and in justice (if the word exist at Naples) this should be prevented for the future, and a new Order founded for the decoration of those wretches whom his clement Majesty delights to honour.

But, after all, it may be questioned if the genius of even a BAIONA would not fail to introduce a more excruciating torture, than that with which his Royal patron is himself now daily visited. In the torment of his thoughts there must be agony by far more exquisite than in any torture which KING BOMBA can devise for his state-prisoners. With his fears of the approaching day of retribution, who can doubt that his Majesty is ever on the rack; and that to him the dreaded cap of liberty is far more terrible to contemplate, than the cap of silence can be to his (at present) subjects?

A COMFORTING CIRCULAR.

[ON THE AFFAIRS OF THE ROYAL BRITISH TANK.]

"SIR,—We find with inexpressible regret that you are a depositor in the late Royal British Tank, a company formed, doubtless, for the most benevolent purpose, of supplying London with live eels already skinned upon truly humane and Christian principles. That truly desirable object, however, was not carried out; though, as the affairs of the Society have already had one turn through Chancery, some notion may be entertained of the contemplated process.

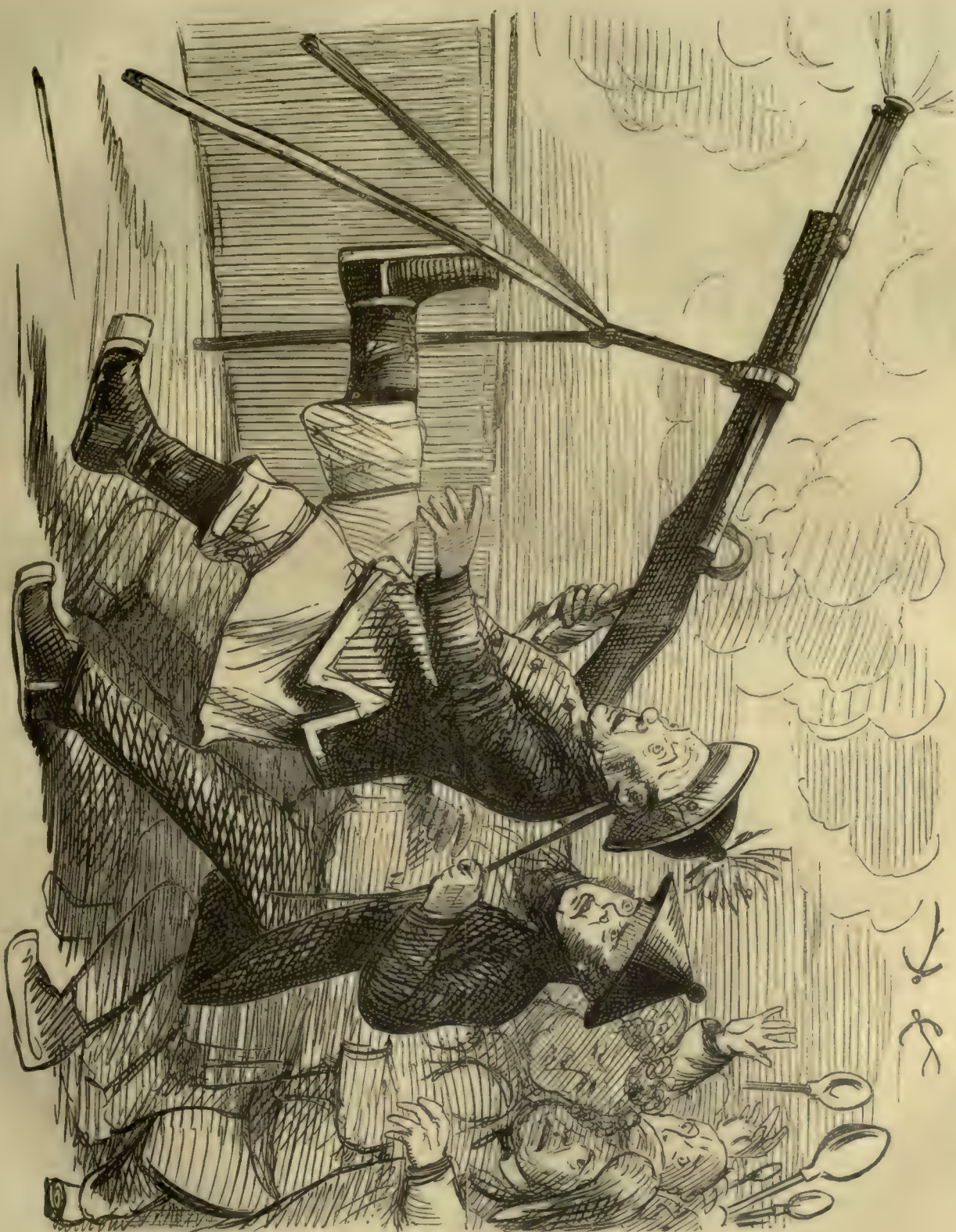
"However, moved by a deep consideration of the condition of the creditors, we are philanthropically inclined to buy up the deposits. Our motive is that of pure benevolence, uninfluenced as we feel, by one degrading particle of selfishness. All our personal interest is merged in the great interest we shall be happy to take on the part of the suffering depositors. With these views, and fully prepared for a sacrifice, we offer a further eightpence in the pound, in addition to the dividend already paid; and, in making such an offer, we beg to assure a credulous public that we make it at the peril of our own pocket.

"We know there is an insane rumour that a further dividend of nine-and-sixpence will be forthcoming. Dear depositors, be not deceived. Innocent dupes, put not your faith in Bankruptcy solicitors. But believe that, in making you the very handsome offer of one-and-ninepence, we are only animated by a wish for your good, altogether regardless of any sacrifice that may result therefrom to

"Your humble and faithful servants,
"CRACKSMAN AND SONS."

"Bastingshall Street, March 1857."

DENTISTRY FOR THE MILLION.—The teeth of advertising Dentists are warranted to bite.



RECOIL OF THE GREAT CHINESE GUN-TRICK.



Cherub Cobden (to Cherub Bright). "THIS IS REALLY A VERY DISAGREEABLE STATE OF THINGS.—WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT?"

CHEAP AND NOT NICE GOVERNESSES.

THE subjoined advertisement cannot be objected to by anybody who understands and acknowledges the principle of Free Trade:—

WANTED, a lady as USEFUL COMPANION and NURSERY GOVERNESS. She will be required to take the entire care of three children, under five years old, and to instruct the two eldest, and must be able to assist in all kinds of needlework. *No salary for the first six months.* She will be received as one of the family. Apply by letter, with every particular, to F. F., post-office, Twickenham Common, Middlesex.

If the state of the female labour-market is such, that a young woman is to be obtained willing to take the whole charge of three infants, teach two of them, besides dressing, washing, and combing all three, and continually assisting the smallest one with a pocket-handkerchief; also to do an indefinite amount and variety of needlework, to perform the part of a companion, and to make herself generally useful for her board and victuals and reception as one of a family, apparently in needy circumstances; if a girl is to be found ready to undertake the place of governess on these terms, there is no reason why anybody who offers them should be particularly abused for so doing. There is nothing more mean in engaging a governess than in hiring an agricultural labourer at the lowest assignable figure. The parties offer the terms at their own risk. They propose a very small remuneration, of course, in the expectation of receiving very indifferent services.

They will not, therefore, if they are reasonable people, be surprised to find—should the situation which they advertise be accepted—that the instruction given to the two elder of their children consists principally of bad English, that the nose of the baby is generally somewhat out of joint, that the bodies of the three are affected by washing only in as far as they are not concealed by clothing, and that their heads are in a state requiring the advice of ERASMUS WILSON. They will also lay their account with getting none of their needlework done, of which the doing can be avoided, and that little which is done executed with the smallest possible neatness and the least care. Moreover, they will calculate upon disrespect and vulgarity upon the part of the young person who, at the price tendered by them for her company, must necessarily prove a low companion.

Finally, they will be quite prepared to lose her valuable services and society, suddenly, some day, and therewith a few, or perhaps many other matters of greater value. Of course they know that in driving a hard bargain, they run a very considerable risk of making a bad one, and of being laughed at by sentimental buffoons for buying in the cheapest labour-market, and getting sold.

THE POLONIUS OF THE PALACE.

THE *Times* says that SIR WILLIAM DON, who is acting at the St. James's Theatre, is seven feet high. COLONEL PHIPPS, on reading that fact, gave a shriek, and exclaimed, "By Jove! He's tall enough to act in two pieces!"

POCKET-BOROUGHES.

MR. C—P—CK, the large Parliamentary Salesman, has in his possession a certain number of pretty little pocket-boroughs, which, for the convenience of his customers, he has arranged systematically according to their price, beginning with the thousands, and winding up with the hundreds. For £3,000, he will guarantee to let you have a good Borough for "Sale, and Return"—but if you cannot afford to lay out more than a beggarly £300, he will undertake to negotiate the sale for you, but cannot possibly guarantee the return. It is a favourite trade-saying of his that, like men, "Every Borough has its price." It all depends upon whether you bid high enough for its purchase.

Of Two Evils we Prefer the Lesser.

THE Tories insist upon calling PALMERSTON the "Tory Chief of a Radical Ministry." Well, even that is better than DISRAELI, who, if he could creep into the same position, would in all probability be nothing better than the "Radical Chief of a Tory Ministry."

A CRYING EVIL.

THERE are not less than 2,500 drummers in Paris—and "yet" (writes a correspondent) "Paris is not by many million shrieks such a noisy capital as London. The fact is, the street-vendors and itinerant musicians in our blessed Metropolis beat the Parisian drummers hollow."

THE COMIC SONGS OF OLD.

WHERE are the songs of our forefathers? the Comic Songs they sang, When their festive halls and their tavern walls at their merry meetings rang,

With a right fol lol, and a tol de rol, and a foodle doodle deo, And a chorus of rumpy iddity, and a burden of tooral loo.

No man dares fol de rido sing; derided he would be If he did so, or sang hey ho, or fiddle diddle dee; And in this age soon from the stage that injudicious clown Would be hooted for such an atrocity as singing derry down.

The day of fol de riddle lol is past, and none would now Adjoin ding dong unto a song, or sing whack row de, do, Or rub a dub at any club, or private friendly board, And no longer is chip chow cherry chow in social assemblies roared.

The leural lal, the leural lal, the leural and li day, Of Villikins applause that wins in the celebrated lay, Is all burlesque, absurd, grotesque, a mock of the ditties old, With the tooral ooral choruses which in other times were trolled.

Those were the times of our forefathers, the funny days of yore, Great thick cravats, Prince Regent hats, and stays when dandies wore, High collars too, and coats sky blue, watch ribbons huge of size, And the tightest of possible pantaloons, and pumps with enormous ties.

What jolly bucks were our forefathers, that gaily used to sing Ri tol de rol de riddle lol, when GEORGE THE THIRD was King, And revelry with song and glee delighted to combine, As they drank their toasts and sentiments in bumpers of strong port wine.

The Half-way House between St. Paul's and St. Peter's.

A PUSEYITE chapel may be compared to an Italian Warehouse of religion, where you can get any little ornamental ecclesiastical nick-nack you want, from an illuminated Roman candle down to a bunch of papistic artificial flowers. St. Barnabas for instance is only a kind of religious FORTNUM and MASON'S. They might with every propriety hang out placards, with the following tempting announcements:—

"PUSEYITE PARTIES ATTENDED, AND RELIGIOUS BANDS PROVIDED." "CROSSES, CANDLESICKS, CANONICALS a la Romane LENT ON HIRE, &c., &c."

Gentlemen of the Jewry.

THE City Jews, like sensible men, saw no harm in voting on their Sabbath. MR. DILLON, indeed, looked to them to extirpate him from the mess into which his dictatorial propensities had got him; but though the Hebrew electors admitted that as a general rule, it was lawful to help a donkey out of a hole on the Sabbath day, they preferred to show themselves Englishmen, and returned LORD JOHN.

M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS ON THE ELECTIONS.

THE *Press* recently apprised its readers that M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS was about to visit England, and would supply a series of contributions upon the British elections. M. DUMAS has arrived, and was upon the hustings at Guildhall, when the Returning Officer announced LORD JOHN RUSSELL's triumph over DILLON & Co., the Shopocrat Dictators. Mr. *Punch* has been favoured with the first novel M. DUMAS has composed on the subject, and has pleasure in promoting the good feeling of two great nations by publishing the subjoined translation:—

GOG. BY M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

CHAP. I.

"What is Gog?"
 "You do not know?"
 "Or should not ask."
 "I pity you."
 "Tell, and make pity needless."
 "*Homo trium literarum*."
 "What? A thief—*fur*?"
 "Not that I ever heard of."
 "At least a man?"
 "Are all men thieves?"
 "But what is this Gog?"
 "You are impatient."
 "You make me so."
 "Gog is a type."

"Of what?"
 "Of the English."
 "And they?"
 "Are types of Gog."
 "I do not understand."
 "I suppose not."
 "Will you explain?"
 "I cannot. But—"
 "But what?"
 "I will tell you a story."
 "And then?"
 "You shall understand Gog."
 "*Gaudeamus!*"

CHAP. II.

When the London Guild'hall was built, I cannot tell. Had it never been built at all, I do not know that the world would have been much the poorer, but there it is, and JOHN BULL thinks it the noblest place in the world, for here he elects and dines. Food and freedom, what more needs JOHN? *Entre nous*, his food is indigestible, his freedom a policeman, but if he thinks otherwise, why disturb his happiness?
 Nevertheless, Guild'hall is a very ugly building.



CHAP. III.

A Scotchman!
 A Lord!

A Jew!
 A China merchant!

Such are the men whom London chooses for her representatives, and such the order in which she selects them. Her reasons are inscrutable, but it was a picturesque sight to see the four, in that ugly Guild'hall, advancing to thank her for her suffrage. The Scot, in his noble costume, kilt, tall black plumes, sword, and bagpipes; the venerable Jew, with his long white beard, flowing to his waist, blue gown, and delicate lean hands loaded with gems; the Lord in feudal armour, leaning on his ponderous two-handed sword; and the Merchant, in the full dress of Beadle, as ordained by SIR THOMAS GRESHAM when he founded the Exchange, all come forward together, and the frantic cries of their supporters ascend in turbid waves of sound. Guild'hall echoes with the shouting.

CHAP. IV.

They are gone, the Scot to the Scotch Stores, the Jew to his cellar of diamonds, the Lord to his House of Lords, the Merchant to his Dullwich or Sydnham. Two figures only linger in the ugly Guild'hall. Her head reposes on his bosom, and for a moment they are as still as the statues around them. The maiden is the first to speak.

"You voted, TOMBOB, and are ruined."
 "I gave a plomp. Let ruin come. I voted beside the father of SARA. We have won—What am I?"

"A traitor," thundered a third voice.
 They could see no one, though the lurid light of an English sun streamed in upon the Guild'hall in all directions.

"Coward! thou that lurkest in darkness, you are a liar," cried TOMBOB, uttering with enthusiasm that taunt of his nation. "Who are you? Will you box?"

"Ah! for Heaven's sake, be calm," said SARA.
 "Should the QUEEN hear you?"

"The QUEEN feasts the citizens at Buckingham." She will not be here to-day, mignonette. And as for that evil scoundrel, whom I think—

"HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE," said a silver voice, yet full of command, and a figure glided from behind the statue of ALDERMAN PICKFORD (who addressed GEORGE THE FOURTH in an unexpected speech worthy DEMOSTHENES), and stood before the lovers.

"HER MAJESTY!" exclaimed both, kneeling.

CHAP. V.

The QUEEN contemplated her young subjects for a moment, and then said,

"So, MR. TOMBOB, you would defy some one? We must see to that—eh? *Nemo me impune lacessit*. But my silly little Maid of Honour spoke of ruin. Let us first see to that. *Dieu et mon Droit*."

"He voted for M. LE BARON DE ROTHSCHILD, your MAJESTY."

"So have many thousands," said HER MAJESTY, smiling.

"But they have not for a father—"

"No POPERY," thundered the unseen.

"I know that voice," said the QUEEN.

Behind the mighty and grotesque image of some savage warrior, bearing a staff to which hangs a ball of spikes, a still more tremendous face looked down.

"MR. SPOONER," said the QUEEN, "I am surprised at you. Come down from Gog, and come here."

CHAP. VI.

Having no sword at hand, the SOVEREIGN gently touched the youth with a pair of embroidery scissors.

"Rise, SIR TOMBOB, and ask your father to forgive the plomp vote which has made you his superior. If he refuse, you shall be sent to Maynoots to finish your education. So he relents. Then ask him to your marriage with SARA, at Windsor Palace, on Thursday. Ah, my dear Prince, you are late with the carriage."

SIR TOMBOB has in every room of his mansion in Piccolodilly, in grateful memory of Guild'hall, a statuette of

G O G.

* Query, Palace?—TRANSL.

An Atomic Theory.

FROM the number of nobodies that are returned to Parliament, we are afraid that the next Session may already be characterised, in the Palmerstonian phrase, as "A fortuitous concurrence of atoms." So small are some of the atoms, that it is our belief the QUEEN will have to open Parliament with a microscope.

THE THREE-LEGGED STOOL.

(A NEW SONG.)



ILL you hear of a nobleman's Three-Legged Stool
By which he intended to climb up to place,
And how in the sequel he looked like a fool,
When this horse-racing nobleman came to disgrace?
Rule, rule, eager for rule,
Let's hear of the nobleman's Three-Legged Stool.

To make it, he first had to find out three Legs,
(To a friend of the Turf no such difficult thing)

And 'twas down to the Commons he went for his pegs,
And none can deny he'd the pick of the ring;
School, school, excellent school,
For props for the nobleman's Three-Legged Stool.

The first that he chose was at one time a Limb
From a tree out of Jewry, or so goes the joke;
But now a mere nondescript, supple and slim,
A graft badly stuck on the old country oak:
Tool, tool, tricketty tool,
And here was one leg for the Three-Legged Stool.

His next bit of wood it was smooth to the view,
It sprang in the soil of a Lancashire park,
Transplanted to Oxford it warped as it grew,
And you knew it at once by its Jesuit bark:
Pule, pule, Puseyite pule,
And here were two legs for the Three-Legged Stool.

The third he selected with Yorkshire claimed kith,
Had been a good bludgeon in time that's gone by,
But maggots from Russia got right to its pith,
And what was elastic grew stubborn and dry;
Mule, mule, maggoty mule,
And here were three legs for the Three-Legged Stool.

Then joining the three by a thing he denies
Should be called Coalition, so let's call it Trick,
On his stool, now complete, my Lord scrambles, and tries
To mount into place, when—by Jove, what a kick!
Cool, cool, pluggily cool,
Old PAM has kicked over the Three-Legged Stool.

And down came the nobleman wop on the floor!
And each of the legs it flew off like a shot,
"If Oxford and Bucks the first two should restore,
Return the third leg," cries old Yorkshire, "I'll not;"
Fool, fool, faction's a fool;
LORD DERBY goes limping, and lame is his Stool.

LONDON IN THE WASH.

It is not often we feel called upon to offer our advice to the Geographical Society, for their proceedings generally are such as meet with our entire satisfaction. We would suggest, however, that at their next meeting, the Civil Service Commissioners should be invited to attend, with a view of giving further details as to the discoveries which have been lately made under their auspices, and brought before their notice. We learn from their report just published, that among the gifted candidates who have been recently examined, there are some who have discovered the Alps to be

"In Hungary, Swansea at Norwich, London in the Wash, Marseilles on the Rhine, and Germany in the Caspian Sea, who find the Thames to rise in the German Ocean, and the River Cary to flow by Taunton into the Mediterranean."

These are all of them most interesting discoveries; but that which, as Cockneys, most excites our wonder, is to hear that London is really

in the Wash. We indeed have long felt that that is where it ought to be, for there is hardly a square yard of housefront throughout the whole Metropolis that does not look as if it sadly wanted scrubbing. If the depicter of the *Purple Tints of Paris* were anxious to paint London in anything like true colours, he would have to use epithets of far deeper dye than purple; for, to say nothing of our private residences, which when two years old appear to be begrimed with the dust of ages, our public buildings also are so dirt encrusted, that scarcely a vestige of their brick or stone creation is discernible, and the statues that adorn them are as black in the face as though they had been garrotted, or were about to appear as petrified *Othellos*.

Indeed, considering the filthy state of the outsides of our structures, the Chinese are quite justified in calling us "Outside Barbarians." London dirt is as tenacious as a Sheriff's officer, and it takes something more than being "washed, just washed in a shower" to at all get rid of it. Although we should as soon expect to see a blackamoor scrubbed white as to see clean walls in London, we should certainly rejoice if means could be devised for sending the Metropolis periodically to the Wash. We fear, however, that were anyone to undertake the contract, he would soon get into hot water if he touched our vested dirt; and considering what heavy water-rates we pay for living in uncleanness, we should continually be finding ourselves badly off for soap, and no doubt should be frequently in great parochial doubt as to "How to settle our accounts with the Landress."

EXAMINATIONS FOR COMMISSIONS IN THE ARMY.

THE following are the chief points of examination, as recommended by the officers themselves, for the admission of youthful candidates into a "crack" regiment:—The candidate must know sufficient of writing to be able to put his name to an I.O.U., and of reading to be able to make out the playbills, and different advertisements of the various amusements of the day; he must know enough of arithmetic to enable him to play at unlimited loo; and proportion, inasmuch as he should know the difference of behaviour required in addressing a gentleman or a blackguard; as well as the use of logarithms, as practically applied to the multiplication of interest generally enforced by bill-discounting Jews; together with the extraction of roots, as displayed in the proper selection of the cigars mostly tendered by those gentlemen in part payment of a bill. He must know something of billiard-playing (all the games—French as well as English); and he should be able to translate into the vulgar tongue certain portions of PAUL DE KOCK's and young ALEXANDRE DUMAS' works (*Monsieur Dupont* and the *Roman d'une Femme*) without the aid of any Holywell Street edition. If ignorant of those pure French classics, he must sing any song that is popular at the time at the Coal Hole or Canterbury Hall; he must possess such an elementary knowledge of slang as most collegians acquire; and, if called upon, he must give a specimen of his skill in slanging a bargee, or squaring with a policeman. In the history of all the scandalous stories, bearing upon public characters, connected either with the legislature, church, or stage, he should be open to such questions as the examiners may think it proper, or improper, to put to him. In geography, he must prove an intimate acquaintance with the locality of all the principal cafés, casinos, theatres, divans, billiard-rooms, tennis-courts, cock-pits, skittle-grounds, shooting-galleries, about town; and he must also be thoroughly *au fait* with the various shops where the best cigars, beer, gloves, clothes, boots, spurs, revolvers, dogs, are to be procured, keeping an eye at the same time to the amount and length of credit given. In fortification, he must be able to storm the bedroom of a brother officer, who has retired to bed, and trace upon paper the Canterbury plan of drawing the bed-clothes from underneath a person who is sleeping without his knowing it. A certificate of good birth, or proofs of having mixed in the most respectable stations of life (police, or otherwise) will be indispensably required. The fact of being the son of a tradesman, or in any way connected with trade, will be considered a decided bar to one's entrance into the regiment. The possession of several blood-horses, which might be advantageously exchanged with the superior officers for horses of a less showy, but more serviceable breed, will materially smooth the path of the young candidate's admission.

Perfect on Both Sides.

"WHAT is on the other side of the Victoria medal?" was asking a young *Lion* at the French Embassy. "I cannot exactly tell," answered PERIGNY, "but it's my impression that the reverse of *Victoria-Cross* must be VICTORIA herself."

WIT AMONGST GOVERNMENT CLERKS.

THE Admiralty is always spoken of by the facetious young gentlemen who do the duty of Government clerks, as "OSBORNE House," in allusion to the apartments that their friend BERNAL occupies there.



WHOLESOME FEAST.

Jessie. "AND SO, WALTER, YOU HAVE LITTLE PARTIES AT YOUR SCHOOL, EH?"

Walter. "AH! DON'T WE, JUST!—LAST HALF THERE WAS CHARLEY BOGLE, AND GEORGE TWISTER, AND ME—WE JOINED, YOU KNOW—AND HAD TWO POUNDS OF SAUSAGES, COLD, AND A PLUM CAKE, AND A BARREL OF OYSTERS. AND TWO BOTTLES OF CURRANT WINE!—OH, MY EYE! WASN'T IT JOLLY, NEITHER!"

DOMESTIC ECONOMY OF TIME.

MANY ladies who studiously practise domestic economy in the kitchen, the parlour, and the drawing-room, are apt to neglect that matter in the boudoir. They altogether lose sight of the value of time whenever they get before the looking-glass, where their vision is engrossed by a more agreeable object, and their minds are absorbed in pleasing reflection. To be sure, this is not always the case; and a bad cold in the head; a toothache accompanied with swelled cheeks; erysipelas of the face; inflamed eyes, and other the like causes, will usually shorten the length of the time consumed under ordinary circumstances in that situation. Commonly, however, a more than sufficient number of precious moments is expended by ladies, otherwise frugal, in front of the mirror, fully to warrant the extraction of the following paragraph from *Notes and Queries* :—

"SPARE MOMENTS: A HINT TO HUSBANDS.—As all bonnets take, it is admitted, five minutes to put on, and as in practice it is found that most of them require considerably more than that time, 'husbands in waiting' will do well to follow the example of the CHANCELLOR D'AGUESSEAU, who, finding that his wife had always kept him waiting a quarter of an hour after the dinner-bell had rung, resolved to devote the time to writing a book on jurisprudence, and putting the project into execution, in course of time produced a work in four quarto volumes."

It is not everybody who can write a book, or, if he could, is capable of composing his thoughts sufficiently for that purpose, under the irritating condition of having to wait during the indefinite period which a lady, when requiring it to put on her bonnet in, calls five minutes. But there is a way wherein most men might employ that tedious interval with pleasure to themselves, and in such a manner as apparently, and in the end, actually, to shorten it. The expedient is that of smoking a cigar, or still better, a pipe. The sedative fumes of the tobacco will beguile the tiresome hour, or space of time that would, but for them, be, or seem to be, an hour; will calm the wearied husband's impatience; and will, in most instances, bring the lady down-stairs as soon as, when employed out-of-doors, for a floricultural purpose, they bring down the lady-birds from under the leaves of the roses.

To Remove Ink-Stains.

THE speediest method is to publish a book at your own expense. You will hate the sight of ink so, that it is extremely doubtful whether you will ever stain your fingers with it again.

A PARLIAMENT AND NO TALK!



THE *New York Tribune* records the following fact:—

"A NOVEL MEETING.—In accordance with a previous arrangement, the employés of the American Telegraph Company's lines between Boston and Calais, Mo., held a meeting by Telegraph on Tuesday evening, the 3rd instant, at eight o'clock, after the business of the line was concluded for the day. Thirty-three offices were represented, running over a circuit of 700 miles. Several speeches were delivered, and resolutions passed. After having been in session for an hour, the meeting adjourned in great harmony and kindly feeling."

Now, why couldn't our Parliamentary proceedings be conducted in an equally silent manner? Do you think COBDEN would unwind his many miles of Manchester yarns without an audience? Do you fancy SPOONER would go on raving for hours, when there was not a soul present to hear him rave? And is it likely that GLADSTONE even, with all his love of talking, would talk incessantly, when all that his

eloquence could possibly bring round was a dial? Now, an Electric Parliament would remedy all the evils that verbiage at present inflicts on the patience of the nation. A Member of Parliament would be able to attend to his 'legislative duties' without stirring from his country seat. The entire business of St. Stephen's might be conducted in a Telegraph Office. The whole Parliamentary staff, with its numerous bundles of Rods and Sticks, might be effectively cut down into a Speaker. That worthy functionary would sit in the middle of his office, like a forewoman in a milliner's work-room, watching the different needles plying assiduously around him. When the work was done, he would collect the stuff, and report the result. The threads of the various arguments would run into his hands, and it would be for him to sort them. His decisions would be final, and justly so, as he would always have 'the debates' at his fingers' ends. The Prime Minister, or PRINCE ALBERT, might look in every quarter of an hour to see that the Speaker had not fallen asleep.

Under our improved plan, one great benefit would unquestionably be gained. There would be no noise! All zoological exhibitions would be effectually closed. Your parliamentary cocks, donkeys, and laughing hyenas would be peremptorily shut up, like their wooden prototypes in a boy's Noah's-Ark. Really we see no obstacle in the way of an Electric Parliament. It would, to a great extent, cure the absurd mania for talking, and moreover, we do not think the speeches then would be half so wire-drawn as they are now. Besides, every little DEMOSTHENES, who at present is not reported, or else snubbed under the obscure cognomen of an "Hon. Member," would have the satisfaction of knowing that his speech had gone to the length at all events of *one* line, and, if he were at some distant post, it might run perhaps to the extent of four or five lines, according to the number of wires on the different telegraphs; whilst your DRUMMONDS and your OSBORNES, as they indulged in their electric *facétie*, might flatter themselves with the belief that they were fairly convulsing the poles with laughter.

TWO LIFE-DRAMAS.

AN advertisement in the *Daily News*, early in this current April, had the good fortune to attract the eye of *Mr. Punch*. The advertiser set forth that parents or guardians, troubled with the care of Unruly Children, could not do better than obtain the advice and assistance of Himself, a married clergyman, possessed of singular fascinating power over young people between the ages of six and twenty.

Mr. Punch has been thinking ever since about the curious interviews which this gentleman, should he be engaged by the parties he addresses, will have with the rising generation. A couple of these ideas have taken the form of *Imaginary Conversations*, and here they are:—

SCENE I.—A Nursery.

The MARRIED CLERGYMAN is hastily inducted by MAMMA, who fears to remain a moment lest her resolution should give way.

Mamma. That's the bad boy, Sir, eight years old on the 11th of July, and—(with marked intention, for her son's benefit) I heartily hope you will bring him to a sense of his conduct. [Exit.]

[MARRIED CLERGYMAN smiles blandly, and locks the door, a proceeding which gives evident dissatisfaction to YOUNG SULKY.]

Married Clergyman (taking a seat). And what is your name, my boy?

Young Sulky (after a pause). JACK.

Married Clergyman. A very pretty name; and JACK, you ought to be very thankful to kind Providence and to your kind friends for giving you such a pretty name, when many little boys run about the street with scarcely a name to their backs. Can you read, JACK?

Young Sulky (curtly). Yes, but shan't.

Married Clergyman. Ah! Come here, JACK.

Young Sulky. Shan't.

Married Clergyman. Ah!

[Smiles kindly, and produces a well-made birch-rod.]

Young Sulky (angrily and frightened). I'll tell my Mar!

[YOUNG SULKY rushes at the door, but the MARRIED CLERGYMAN dexterously intercepts him, and after a few preliminary arrangements, a howling follows, which MAMMA, listening at the door, can scarcely misinterpret.]



Married Clergyman (kindly). JACK, my dear, get that book from the table, and bring it here.

[JACK complies, and at the further demand of his friend, reads a page exceedingly well.]

Married Clergyman. Very well, indeed, JACK. You read excellently, and are a very good boy, very good. I don't think I need come and hear you read again; but at any time that you would like to see me, you have only to be rude, or idle, or vulgar, and I will come with pleasure. Pick up those broken bits of birch, and put them in the fire, and then we will see MAMMA.

[The MARRIED CLERGYMAN pockets the rod, and unlocks the door, having judiciously fumbled with the lock to give MAMMA time to retreat, and to be coming along the passage.]

Married Clergyman. My dear Madam, our young friend, JOHN, quite appreciates our feelings towards him, and has promised me to show himself worthy your affection. He reads exceedingly well, and there is

my address, which you can ask him to read whenever you see fit. No, no refreshment, thank you. Good bye, my dear JOHN, and may you prosper. Look straight before you, but do not forget what is behind—that is true wisdom. [Exit, as JACK is taken to the maternal bosom.]

In singular contrast to the above is—

SCENE II.—A Drawing Room.

The MARRIED CLERGYMAN is introduced by an AUNT to a remarkably pretty girl of nineteen years of age.

Aunt. This is MISS OBSTINATE, Sir, and I only hope that you may be able to break down her wicked and unconverted nature, and show her what a miserable sinner she is. [Exit.]

Married Clergyman (laughing). Now, MARGARET, when are you going to meet him?

Margaret. (colouring up with great speed, and indignantly). Meet who, Sir?



Married Clergyman. Say whom, next time, it is better English, MADGE. When is it?

Margaret. I am sure I don't know what you mean, Sir.

Married Clergyman. Pooh, pooh, MEGGUMS, don't get upon the stilts with me. (Draws back his foot, under which, on taking his seat, he neatly concealed a note that had fallen from MARGARET'S pocket.) Do you think I don't know all about it. (Takes up note and reads.) "—moon shone sweetly down upon your glittering curls, and you looked like a seraph in a fountain"—a profane blockhead!

Margaret. O, Sir, you have got my note. Please give it me.

Married Clergyman. I want to show it to your Aunt, Meg.

Margaret. I'm sure you would not do such an unkind and ungentlemanly thing, Sir. Pray, give it me.

Married Clergyman. If I do, will you listen to what I say, like a sensible girl.

Margaret. Yes, I will.

Married Clergyman. I'll trust you. There's the note. (Gives it.) But don't have anything more to say to the writer. He only wants your money.

Margaret. I am sure he does not. He is a gentleman to the heart.

Married Clergyman. Gentlemen to the heart don't begin effulgence with an i, or leave out one f. He's a snob, I tell you.

Margaret. He's in the Artillery, Sir.

Married Clergyman. All the Artillery spell. He's in the Artillery Company, perhaps, and an aristocratic-looking girl like you should as soon think of a beadle. You remind me, singularly, of my beautiful friend, the MARCHIONESS OF BLAZONBURY, only your hair is darker than hers. She, you know, was the belle of last season, and won the Marquis by her smile, in which you curiously resemble her.

Margaret (looks in the glass). I am too petite.

Married Clergyman. Exactly the height HER MAJESTY likes in her peeresses. She will not stand godmother to the baby of any one of a different height. Do you like balls?

Margaret. What should I answer to a clergyman?

Married Clergyman. The truth, my dear young lady.

Margaret. I adore them.

Married Clergyman. Don't say adore—the word is wrong, whatever the meaning may be—I can get you tickets for the Caledonian Ball

next week—they tell me three or four young lords have wagered that they leave the ball-room engaged men that night—silly fellows—would your Aunt take you?

Margaret. O, she shall.

Married Clergyman. Be dutiful, dear. Well, but conditionally, mind. The tickets are given only to first class people—you mix yourself up with the Artillery Company, people who can't spell—if I promise tickets to the Caledonian, will you drop this person? Consider what an entanglement to be hampered with if, as is most likely, you make a sensation at the ball.

Margaret. There is no entanglement, Sir.

Married Clergyman. Oh, yes—he sees you are an inexperienced girl, or would not have written that note, which, even as a Clergyman, I must call insulting.

Margaret. Do you really think so, Sir?

[The catastrophe is easily imagined, and when AUNT comes back to say lunch, MARGARET kisses her, and the MARRIED CLERGYMAN remarks—]

I trust, dear lady, that with the blessing of Providence, our darling MARGARET will be a blessing to you. *(To MARGARET.)* The tickets shall be safe—give me that note.

[He takes the note, and that night it is returned to the Artillery Companion with an intimation that kicking will follow the sending another. So he does not send another.]

And thus two Unruly Children are quelled by the fascinations of the Married Clergyman.

“FOR THE OAK—THE BRAVE OLD OAK.”



OME ingenious neighbours of *Mr. Punch* have invented a set of printed labels to be stuck upon the doors of offices, or chambers, when the occupant is away. They advertise forty varieties of *affiches*, from the simple “Return at 1 to 2” to the elaborate notification that the inmate is gone to the House of Commons on a Railway Bill, and may be detained all day, but found in Committee-room, No. 156. But even the forty announcements fail to include some that would be useful in the Temple and elsewhere, and it is therefore with the view of giving completeness to a meritorious invention that *Mr. P.* suggests a few additions. *E.g.:*—

“Is having a quiet weed inside with two fellows from the Crimea, and don't mean to be bothered.”

“Saw you coming, as per threat, and having no tin for you, sports oak.”

“Expects his cousin and her pretty nieces to lunch, and don't want the place filled with your cigar-smoke.”

“Has got a new French novel, and has no idea of being bored with your reading the MS. you want him to revise and recommend to *MR. BENTLEY.*”

“Dined at Greenwich yesterday, and is lying on the bed, trying to get rid of the whitebait headache.”

“Did not receive your note, appointing to call to-day at a quarter to three, to renew that bill, and borrow the discount.”

“Is late with an article for *Mr. Punch*, and prefers finishing it to hearing you on the Chinese question and the Derby.”

“Would not mind you, but saw *MOSES ISAACSON* walking about the square, so keeps the door safe.”

“Is dressing to meet some nice girls at the Zoological, and you'll want to go too, in that seedy cut-a-way, and with the eternal button off your boot.”

“Wrote you word that he is out of town, and it is very mean of you to call and try to find out whether it is true.”

“Had your Irish friend's note, but before making your acquaintance wants to hear at the Club whether anybody knows anything against you.”

“Never intended to get the box at the Opera for your Guys of sisters, and don't mean to see you until it is too late to write to *MR. LUMLEY.*”

Mr. Punch had an intention of patenting the above improvements upon the original invention; but, on second thought, his generosity over-rides his worldly wisdom, and he places them at the service of his neighbours at the S.E. corner of Wickedness Lane.

A TERRIBLE REVERSE.—“No children, now a-days, Ma'am! All our children are men—and all our men are childish, Ma'am!”—*MR. FOGGY.*

THEATRE, BANKRUPTCY COURT.

On Wednesday, the 22nd inst., will be repeated the Tragico-Religious-Hypocritical Drama of

THE ROYAL BRITISH BANK,

In which *MR. HUMPHREY BROWN* (late M.P. for Tewkesbury) will make his first appearance.

ALSO *MR. ALDERMAN KENNEDY.*

These representations have been got up regardless of expense, and will be repeated as long as they are found to pay.

A negotiation is pending for the early appearance (D.V.) of that Distinguished Manager,

MR. HUGH INNES CAMERON,

And an anxious public will have due notice of the much-desired event, as soon as may be overcome the natural timidity of a gentleman, evidently

BORN TO BLUSH UNSEEN.

Vivat Lex.

Very little Money returned.

SPARKS FROM FLINT.

IT used to be supposed that between the two eminent CHANCELLORS DISRAELI and GLADSTONE there was about as little sincere affection as between any other couple in the country, which is saying a good deal in these days. On one fearful night, in particular, in the winter of 1852, *Mr. Punch* remembers with a shudder how *MR. DISRAELI*, then (but only a few hours longer) a minister of the Crown, stood on the SPEAKER's right hand, and in *Shylock* attitude and in *Shylock* tones did emit the most bitter mockery of his antagonist; and how *MR. GLADSTONE* then arose, and, late as was the hour, enforced the House's attention while he tore *MR. DISRAELI* limb from limb, and danced over his mangled—budget. All this is now over, righteousness and peace have kissed each other, and while *MR. GLADSTONE* is “to return to his natural place among the Conservatives,” no jealousy “on the part of his brilliant contemporary is to hinder either from rendering the most effectual service.”

But the mantle of *DISRAELI* is not hung upon a peg. It has fallen upon shoulders eminently calculated to wear it. *MR. GLADSTONE*, in his eagerness to damage *LORD PALMERSTON*, has condescended to go down into Flintshire, and deliver speeches to the Flints in favour of his relative, *SIR S. GLYNNE*. The Flints, however, were as firm as their namesakes in the *Quadrupeds*, and would not be moved by the great orator. They would not send *SIR STEPHEN* (*Puseyite* though he is) to his namesake's chapel. But after one of *MR. GLADSTONE*'s elaborate addresses, a manufacturer, *MR. JAMES HALL*, arose, and to the very face of the Oxford *DEMOSTHENES*, delivered a Philippic, for our knowledge of which we are indebted to the *Oswestry Advertiser*. A sample, with the *HALL* mark, will suffice to show what *MR. GLADSTONE* caught in Flintshire.

“Gentlemen,—This is the RIGHT HON. *MR. GLADSTONE*, who sat in the Cabinet, and consented to the policy that led us into the Russian war (*cheers*). You recollect the state of alarm into which the nation was thrown by the graphic and heart-rending details of the suffering, starvation, and death of our brave troops, which proceeded from the immortal *RUSSELL* of the *Times* (*great cheering*, and one cheer more for *WILLIAM RUSSELL* by *Mr. Punch*). You recollect when *MR. ROEBUCK* moved for a committee to inquire why the people's brave army were dying of hunger and cold, while the people's ships were laden with clothes and provisions within seven miles of the scene of their disasters (*cheering*). Now what do you think was the conduct of the RIGHT HON. *W. E. GLADSTONE* and his associates? Under a pretended offence at *LORD PALMERSTON*'s acceding to the appointment of this committee, they left office and fled (*shame*). Yes, Sir (*turning to Mr. G.*), whilst the honour of England, and for aught we know, her liberties, her freedom, and domestic firesides, upon which you have been so eloquently decanting, were trembling in the balance—(*immense cheering*)—in the hour of your country's peril—in the hour of the nation's need—you exemplified a total want of that leading characteristic of a great statesman—true courage (*great cheering*). I tell you, Sir, the nation trusted you, and you have deceived her—(*cheers*)—and I hope and believe the time is far distant when you will have another opportunity (*great cheering*). One grain of true patriotic courage will out-weigh, in the estimation of the people of England, all your commanding talents, plausibility, and powers of persuasion (*loud cheers*). I tell you, Sir, and in doing so, I disclaim all feelings of personal disrespect, that you are a GREAT POLITICAL COWARD (*great cheering*). I should think when you meet a man in a red coat, who has maintained the honour of his country, you will blush in his presence (*cheers*). The humblest soldier who wears a Crimean medal on his manly breast, is a patriot far above your mark (*loud cheers*).”

Now, *MR. DISRAELI*, what do you say to *MR. HALL*? You have considerable courage, but did you ever open upon an enemy in that fashion? There is something to be learned, Sir, even in Wales. Moreover, the oratory was successful, for a motion pledging the meeting against *MR. GLADSTONE*'s candidate was unanimously carried. Had you not better take some lessons of *MR. HALL*?

DE BALLOONATICO.



ONLY those who wish to see their children all confirmed balloonatics, will not agree with us that something must be done to check the mania for toy-balloons, which seems to be almost as catching as the measles. Every nursery we enter (and where is the well-regulated child of three years old that can exist without its weekly look at *Punch*) we find to be half full of those thin gutta percha soap-bubbles, which have been dignified by euphuists with the title of balloons. One can scarcely walk three yards in any public thoroughfare without having half-a-dozen of them flopped into one's face, and one's educated ear being annoyed by the remark that they are "puffically armless, and hon'y tuppence herch." Of their "armlessness," however, we must say we have some doubt, seeing what a strong temptation they present to any scientific infant to try experiments by making them aerial machines. Having the feelings of a paterfamilias, we are not without some nervousness lest

we may hear our nursemaid running down-stairs to her "missus" some fine morning, with the appalling intelligence that "Oh! if you please, Mem, ere's MISS ARRIET ave bin a-blowed hout o' winder, Mem:" and as we have little wish to see our rising generation flying off in this way, we think that while their present

symptoms of ballooney continue, we shall be justified in keeping them in more than usual restraint.

We have a great aversion to appear as an unnaturally "stern parent," and our milk of human kindness fairly curdles at the thought that our offspring may regard us as the BOMBA of their nursery; but we really have some notion of our issuing an edict, forbidding any child of ours to play with a balloon, until we have devised the means to neutralise its elevating tendency.

THE LEGION OF HONESTY.

THE French have been considered to be fertile in inventions, and we have had credit for improving on their ideas. Our brilliant allies have lately been doing something which we might both imitate and improve upon. The Prefect of Police has awarded recompenses to twenty-three Cab-drivers for their honesty in delivering up articles left by passengers in their vehicles. This is an example which SIR RICHARD MAYNE might be advantageously authorised to follow. Certificates of honesty have also been given to forty-one other drivers, and the names of all these exceptional Cabmen have been posted up at all the stations for public carriages. This is an example whereon MR. JOHN BULL might improve. Let certificates of honesty be given to all such Joint Stock Company Directors as shall have been proved to have deserved them, and let the names of all those gentlemen be posted in Capel Court.

Copy-Book Maxims,

For Little Children of a Larger Growth.

Too much vinegar spoils the salad.
Gutta Percha is good for the sole.
Ceremonies, like flags, are best waived.
Prejudices and frogs croak loudest in the dark.
With men, as with monuments, position is everything.
The busy tongue, sooner than not talk, scandalises.
An English wife and a French cook!—if a man's home is not happy with those blessings, it is his own fault!

MINE INTELLIGENCE.

THERE are men, like mines, that do not pay for the working; so, before you select your man, mind he is well worth the plant.—*A Modern Machiavellist.*

LORD PALMERSTON IN THE HANDS OF BOMBA.

LORD PALMERSTON—let Mr. GLADSTONE rejoice—has been sold in Naples. "A splendid engraving of his Lordship," writes the *Times* correspondent, was lately sold, with other effects, the property of the late SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE. The portrait, like the original, was handsomely framed; doubtless, as the poet saith, "framed to make women false." The picture was nominally bought by a Modenese purchaser; but, in reality, as Mr. *Punch* learns from indisputable sources, was bought for the KING OF NAPLES himself, and was straightway conveyed to his Majesty at Caserta.

KING BOMBA jumped from his sofa with a cannibal shout, when the portrait was laid at his feet. He then drew his sword, and for a good five minutes flourished it menacingly about the diplomatic head, the smiling face of the amiable Viscount; that—to the increasing indignation of his sacred Majesty—seemed to smile the more, the closer, the glittering steel flashed and flashed about it.

And then his Majesty roared for aqua-fortis; and at a thought—for such articles are always at hand in the well-furnished retreat of Caserta—the aqua-fortis was produced, and the portrait of PALMERSTON, *la bestia*, laid upon the table.

And then his Majesty, with the pommel of his sword, struck the glass—so struck it that it might be shivered to pieces, and the copper-plate lineaments of *il villano* lie bare and black before him. But the more his sacred Majesty struck, the more hard became the glass; until at length the sword-pommel rebounded from the unflawed crystal as from a diamond. His Majesty was amazed and puzzled. There was no reaching that accursed countenance, that smiled and smiled the more, the more attempted by the sword-pommel of an anointed king.

Whereupon, his Majesty besought advice of MONSIGNORE DOPPIOVOLTO, his episcopal confessor: and, with a thought, the priest turned the portrait on its face; and with a pair of pincers, that he had about him—(now and then the priest had been sent on errands of mercy to the political prisoners)—the pious man withdrew the small nails that

held the board that backed the picture. In a trice, the portrait—a very fine engraving, in the diplomatic line manner—lay, an unprotected piece of paper, on the table.

And then his Majesty, with a yell of satisfaction, as though he was about to put out for ever and for ever the very eyes of liberty, poured aqua-fortis on the engraven orbs of HENRY LORD PALMERSTON; and HENRY—to the further amazement of his anointed Majesty—only winked and winked the more knowingly, the more defyingly.

"*Al fuoco! Al fuoco!*" cried his sacred Majesty; and the logs on the royal hearth were lighted, and the engraving of HENRY LORD PALMERSTON was laid upon the embers, but would not burn. His sacred Majesty poked, his confessor poked, but still—as though printed on incombustible asbestos—the accursed piece of paper would not feed the fire. No; still HENRY LORD PALMERSTON lay upon the logs, and like a virgin martyr, smiled!

"Wood! wood! more wood!" cried his sacred Majesty; and new logs were heaped and heaped, and red-hot pincers were applied to the printed PALMERSTON: the engraved Minister, nevertheless, would not burn—would not even curl with the heat, but still lay at length, and, as it were, defyingly, upon the logs.

So much wood was brought and piled, that at length—the windows being shut—his sacred Majesty cried aloud for air. The old story!—that *maldestto* PALMERSTON always made every amiable foreign court much too hot to hold him.

The windows were opened; and for a minute—free air rushing in—PALMERSTON seemed to burn. The flames caught the picture! the picture seemed, for a moment, a piece of filmy ash. But for a moment. And then, flying from the fire, like an autumn flight of swallows, there passed through the windows, what seemed a thousand thousand copies of HENRY LORD PALMERSTON, Prime Minister of England. Where they alighted, we know not; where they are to be found, we know not. But this we think we know. It only depends upon his Lordship to hang up that picture about the heart of every honest Neapolitan.

After all—and this is a sad thought—very many copies could not be disposed of.



OF A VERY STUDIOUS TURN.

Mamma. "WHO IS THIS HAMPER FOR!—WHY FOR POOR JERRY, WHO IS AT SCHOOL, YOU KNOW."

Darling (reflectively). "OH!—DON'T YOU THINK, MA, I HAD BETTER GO TO SCHOOL?"

THE NEW SALOON OMNIBUS—A GRUMBLE.

THE Omnibus is "fitted up with regard to comfort."—There is, in this vale of tears, too much comfort as it is. Make the world too comfortable, and some people will never leave it.

There is no "knife-board."—Why not? Without a knife-board, how can men show themselves proper "bricks," by getting upon it?

Inside there are two "bell-pulls."—What's the use, then, of carrying sticks? What's a conductor made for, but to poke at him!

There is "an umbrella stand."—What room does an umbrella take? Gammon. What's the use of an umbrella-stand, without pegs for Crinolines?

The floor "is perfectly level."—Of course, and like these revolutionary times. Putting ERNEST JONES on the same footing with PRINCE ALBERT.

"As near privacy as you can be in anything public."—The same may be said of a sentry-box; but only fools enlist for all that.

But the best of all this is, I, *Mr. Punch*, for one, don't believe in omnibus improvements: they've been like the improvements of what, I believe, is called our fellow creatures by MR. OWEN,—they've been so long promised that we shall go on for ever and ever without 'em.

That, *Mr. Punch*, is the opinion of

A BLADE ON THE KNIFE-BOARD.

Chitty's Practice of Boating.

In an account of the recent University Boat-Race, a name of great legal celebrity was somewhat curiously mentioned. Allusion was made to

"MR. CHITTY, whose practice at the oar's end as one of the University of Oxford has gained him great laurels."

Some of our readers, learned in the law, will probably now have heard for the first time of CHITTY'S *Practice at the Oar's End*."

THE REWARD OF GOOD LIVING.

WE invite the Band of Hope—not meaning MR. BERESFORD HOPE and his Puseyite connection, but another small tea-party, so to speak, consisting of equally nice men—to meditate upon the following paragraph, which we are indebted for to the *Hampshire Independent*:—

"DEATH OF THE OLDEST MAN IN LYMINGTON.—On the morning of Tuesday last, March 31st, MR. WILLIAM PITT, the old and much respected parish clerk of Lymington, departed this life, in his 94th year. He was a short strong-built man, fond of good living, and a cheerful glass with a few friends, and throughout life enjoyed the most robust health. Till within the last few months he might be seen walking briskly along our High Street, as upright and unbending in his gait as he was harmless and irreproachable in his conduct. Peace to his memory."

By the example above recorded we are taught that health and longevity are quite compatible with a more agreeable regimen than that of total abstinence from fermented liquors. For MR. PITT was fond of a cheerful glass—the glass which cheers more than a cup of tea, and inebriates not any more, if quaffed discreetly. How many persons there are, who, restricting themselves entirely to slops, are cut off in the prime of life, if such lives as theirs have any prime, or come to an untimely end! whereas, here is a man who indulged in conviviality, and not merely lived to threescore-and-ten, or barely to fourscore, but nearly attained to the age of a hundred, and died a fine old gentleman.

VIVAT REGINA!

THE *Court Circular* the other day, for once in the way, contained an interesting statement; namely, the following:—

"The ancient and Royal Charities of Maunday Thursday were distributed yesterday to 38 Maunday men and 38 Maunday women, with the customary formalities in Whitehall Chapel. The number of each sex corresponds with the age of HER MAJESTY."

The fact mentioned in the last sentence of the above paragraph, would obviously suggest, if any such suggestion were wanted, the exclamation of "LONG LIVE THE QUEEN!" May the numbers of Maunday men and Maunday women, respectively, increase to as much above three-score and ten as the nature of things admits of.

DUI MINOR(1)ES.—MOSES AND SON.

YEH'S HUSBANDRY.

URELY among the many mad acts of COMMISSIONER YEH, that recorded in the following newspaper paragraph, may, for one, be regarded as simply absurd; as ridiculous without being likewise horrible:—

"Accounts from Canton say that, under YEH's direction, the ploughshare had traversed the site of the late factories, which the Commissioner had sown with salt."

What sort of crop MR. YEH expected to raise from his salt it is not easy to imagine, unless he may be supposed to have had an eye to the sort of harvest that old CADMUS got by sowing dragon's teeth. Whilst he was about playing the fool with salt in this manner, he might as well have salted the junk, as the soil of his country. If, in sowing saline matter, he intended to symbolise the



dissension which he has sown, he should have chosen saltpetre in preference to common salt for that purpose; for in saltpetre is condensed the blast of gunpowder, and in sowing the wind as it were, MR. YEH might have intimated the apprehension that he was likely to reap the whirlwind.



AN OLD HAND.

LITTLE JACK RASS-IT. "NOW, THEN, LOOK SHARP, OR ELSE LET ME COME!"
PAX. "DON'T YOU BE IN A HURRY, YOUNG GENTLEMAN—I KNOW THE COUNTRY!"



MRS. JONES'S MODEL OMNIBUS.

"MY DEAR AUNT,

"London, April, 1857.

"You will be glad to hear that London is now in course of being actually supplied with convenient Omnibuses—vehicles which you have often expressed so earnest a longing for, and wherein, as you have always said on those occasions, one can sit without being squeezed and serunged almost to death, and can ride with comfort to one's poor old bones. Six of these conveyances have been already started, and the proprietors—a public company—are having others built as fast as possible; so that, when next you come to Town, you will, no doubt, find plenty of them ready to take you to the Bank and to St. Paul's Churchyard, and may, therefore, expect to have your customary journeys to those places greatly smoothed. These carriages, Aunt, are called 'Saloon Omnibuses'—'Saloon,' observe, if you please; two syllables: not 'Sloon.' They are, of course, much larger than the common omnibuses; so that they afford sufficient space, not only for a lady of ample proportions, but also for her bundle, her handbox, her umbrella, her pattens, and the parcels which she has, perhaps, purchased at the grocer's and the linendraper's. Inside, they are fitted up in the style of a first-class railway carriage, and there is no crowding and crushing—precisely that blessed arrangement that you have ever desired on behalf of them as knows what it is to suffer from their plaguy corns and bunions. So considerably have those excrescences been provided for, that people can walk from one end to the other of the bus without even touching other people, not to say without hitching their feet in your gown, and tearing it, or trampling upon it with their nasty dirty boots. Two bell-pulls enable you to communicate with both the conductor and the driver, instead of employing your voice for that purpose, or using your umbrella. By the way, if that little encumbrance happens to be dripping wet, there is a stand where you can put it, to dribble into that, in place of moistening your right or left hand neighbour. In what they call the *compé*, you can sit apart from the other passengers, if their looks are disagreeable or impudent, or if they make you nervous. You are well ventilated, which will be a great thing for you on a sweltry day, and at night you are lighted well enough to enable you to read your *Punch*. No advertisements are to be allowed in the Saloon Omnibuses; thus a great temptation will be removed out of your way, and the omnibus will take you in only to carry you, and not by deluding you with puffs. The outside arrangements of course do not concern you, and you may not care to be told that there is a comfortable seat overhead; but you will be gratified by the information that the means of getting up there are easy, so that the nuisance of men clambering on the roof is abolished. It may be a satisfaction to you to know that these omnibuses have been approved of by SIR RICHARD MAYNE and the Police authorities; but when I tell you that they have also met with the approbation of the LORD MAYOR and the LADY MAYORESS, you will feel a perfect confidence in them. They came out, as I think you would express it, on the Thursday afore Good Friday as ever was; first they went in procession, loaded inside and out, to Scotland Yard, and then proceeded to the Mansion House, where the LORD MAYOR and his lady, not only, as I said, signified their approbation of them, but were so much pleased with them that they invited the chairman and other members of the company to lunch; naturally looking upon a spacious omnibus as a very great boon to the Aldermen and Corporation at large. I expect, my dear Aunt, that in the construction and appointments of these conveyances you will find little, if anything, to worry you, and to occasion you, on your return from an expedition in one of them, to pronounce the imprecation of 'Drat they omnibuses!' I trust, too, that civility on the part of the driver and conductor will be secured by adequate provisions; so that you will never be unfeelingly invited to 'jump in'—as if jumping were not out of the question for you—by the disrespectful appellation of 'Old 'ooman.' A volume of letters on the subject of behaviour was once composed by a polite nobleman. Perhaps the servants of the company will be required to pass an examination in that work, or else in a more recent publication entitled *Hints on Etiquette*. In conclusion, my dear Aunt, let me express the hope, that the prospect of omnibus accommodation will tempt you to come up shortly to town, and see your expectant Nephew,

"JACOB JONES."

"P.S.—I should not recommend you to keep it in an old stocking. I can find you a better investment than that.—J. J."

Historical Saying.

"Look at those brave English Troops! See how firm they stand! On my word, they are like carpets—not only true to their colours, but, by Jove, they never know when they're beaten!"—NAPOLÉON (the Uncle) at Waterloo.

INSCRIPTION FOR BUBBLE BANKS.—"No money returned."

ELEGY ON GREENWICH FAIR.

YE rogues and thieves, it little grieves
Me, that I've to declare,
A fact your set will much regret
The end of Greenwich Fair.
That monstrous bore exists no more,
This year it up was done,
'Tis gone—'tis fled, for ever dead,
The fair and all its fun.

Of fun what lack!—'twas down the back
To scratch the larking gents,
With toy that made to sportive blade
His coat seem torn in rents.
The showman's clown, used up, cast down,
No mirth within him had;
The harlequin with ghastly grin,
Looked pitifully sad.

The dancing-booths with dreary youths
And wretched women teemed,
Who danced in gloom, and in the fume
Of bad tobacco steamed;
A brutal crew to hear or view,
From whom you, loathing, shrunk;
Of whom to say the best we may,
The whole of them were drunk.

And Greenwich town was upside down,
Turned by a roaring mob;
A crowded mass of human ass,
Trull, ruffian, scoundrel, snob.
Now Greenwich blest will be with rest,
And all good people there,
Rejoiced have been that they have seen,
An end of Greenwich Fair.



The Oldest Error on Record.

THE invention of Gunpowder has generally been attributed to the Chinese. This must be an error—our stupid historians meant surely to say "Gunpowder-Tea?"

EDUCATION.—"Yes, Sir," (said an obtuse Alderman, who had been conversing with a wonderful Professor on the above subject), "it's perfectly true memory may make a Learned Pig; but to my mind, Sir, you can't stuff him better than with onions."

THE PHILOSOPHY OF KANT.—A woman beats the old German, for her philosophy is, mostly, not only KANT, but Won't! *The Hermit of the Haymarket*.

MILITARY PROMOTION.—ALEXANDER, Emperor of all the Russias, is about to gazette himself as his own Army tailor. In these days of peace the eagle is to pair with the goose.



"WHAT NEXT!"

Smart Young Cad. "Now, then! If any Lady wishes to 'Correspond,' I'm quite ready, they've on'y got to say so."

Indignant Old Matron (from the Provinces, and who is not up to the French system). "Goodness Gracious me! If ever I heard such impudence—this comes o' teaching the lower orders to read and write—correspond with him, indeed!"

THE CHAIR OF THE DOUBTER.

A FATAL present, as we must even consider it, has been made to the magistrates of the county of Derby. They are now in possession—the thing is "for their use in the County-Hall"—of LORD ELDON's "judgment-seat;" of the Chair of the Doubter! A brass-plate tells the whole story:—

"This Chair was the judgment-seat of the LORD CHANCELLOR ELDON, in Lincoln's-Inn-Hall, during the many years that he held the Great Seal, and is the one delineated in the portraits of that most eminent Judge," &c. &c.

The brass-plate that, with faithful legal verbosity, tells the history of the "judgment-seat," with its last delivery to the county magistrates of Derby, the brass-plate (the fact is not mentioned) is the converted metal of a coffin-plate of a suitor who died in Chancery; and who, at his death, had just sufficient means to purchase the little metal tablet that told of his deliverance from the anxieties of this world, those of Lincoln's-Inn-Hall included. However, the Chair of JOHN THE DOUBTER, being now in the County Court of Derby, it is needful that, as vigilant watchers of the public welfare, we call the attention of the Derby people especially to the likely influences of the ominous present upon the administration of equity and justice in the county at large.

How does COWLEY apostrophise the chair made out of "the reliques of SIR FRANCIS DRAKE'S Ship" that went round the world! There was vitality, motion, magic in the seat. Once in it, and it was again a ship cutting "the burning line." And so—

"Prythee, good pilot, take heed what you do,
And fail not to touch at Peru;
With gold there the vessel we'll store,
And never, and never be poor,
And never be poor any more."

We say, we much fear the influence of this old arm-chair removed from Lincoln's-Inn-Hall. We much fear that a simple county magistrate, once placed in it, the seat, so to speak, will get into his head. We know not what dubious, twilight thoughts may arise there, as WORDSWORTH says, "by natural ascension." For let us only think of the world as it was—of this England as it winked and maundered—whilst LORD ELDON filled the judgment-seat, whilst LORD ELDON sat upon the neck of Equity like the Old Man of the Sea upon Sinbad. What were the doubts that did and did not possess the judge in that seat in Lincoln's-Inn-Hall? Did he ever doubt the purity, the patriotism of GEORGE THE FOURTH? Did he ever doubt the orthodoxy of the chaste DUKE OF YORK, the apostolical BISHOP OF

OSNABURGH? Did he ever doubt himself in his devotion to the monarch, in his belief in the virtues of the king's brother? Did he ever doubt the righteousness, the justice of dropping the PRINCESS OF WALES in loyal duty to that first gentleman, her husband? We take it no such doubts ever stirred beneath the horse-hair of that conscientious man, fixed in the judgment-seat. Doubts, however, *did* come; who can doubt them? For, at that time, England began to be astir with sedition. Impiety and wickedness were abroad, and when laid by the heels, did nevertheless defy LORD ELLENBOROUGH from the dock. And then, possibly, JOHN LORD ELDON doubted whether *Habeas Corpus* ought not to be for ever suspended; whether HONE ought not to have been hanged, and whether a clamorous Scotchman named BROUGHAM ought not somehow to be for ever and for ever crushed and dumdounded. When the DUKE OF YORK was laid in St. George's Chapel, did not LORD ELDON doubt whether the Sun of Protestant England was not for ever set in the scarlet sea of Rome; though himself resolving to survive, if possible, and watch the horrible consequence; to which end, whilst the Defender of the Protestant faith was lowered into the vault, did not the astute JOHN LORD ELDON, warned by the mortal coldness of the chapel flags, stand upon his hat?

"At sea there's but a plank they say
Twixt sailors and annihilation;
A hat that awful moment lay
Twixt Ireland and Emancipation."

Now, this chair, this seat of a quarter-of-a-century of doubt, this chair of the once Chancellor, JOHN LORD ELDON, placed at the disposal of the county magistrates of Derby, will so oppress, so mystify the judicial head with arising doubts, that we much question whether arbitration will ever succeed to evidence. With ELDON's judgment-seat in the county Court of Derby, we advise all men and women who would litigate, mutually to embrace; for though they may bring a grievance only a week old into court, we fear it will be so long doubted upon, that it will outlive the oldest suit yet known in Lincoln's-Inn-Hall. We so strongly feel the possibility of the evil influences of this Chair, that we are convinced no Derby magistrate will be able to sit in it for a single morning, without for ever after doubting whether he sits upon his head, or quite the contrary.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS ("père, not fils"), continues his contributions from England to the *Presse*, and evinces his perfect comprehension of British politics, by assuring his French readers that the real questions which agitate society here, to its lowest depths, are not, as is ignorantly supposed, LORD PALMERSTON's fitness for office, and the propriety of the Chinese war, but—the admission of Jews to Parliament, and the Sunday question. He begs his countrymen to disbelieve any assertions to the contrary. *Mr. Punch* has only to compliment the brilliant story-teller upon the acuteness of his perceptions, and to assure him that he is perfectly right, that the points he has mentioned are those which have stirred the nation so enormously, and that its palpitation is still caused by the considerations he raises, coupled with the even more absorbing and maddening questions of the Sound Dues, the rumoured resignation of LORD CANNING, and the stoppage of Holborn, owing to the new paving.

CLERGYMEN OF ALL COLOURS.

We do not like blue clergymen; yellow clergymen; pink clergymen. We look upon them as rather monstrous. Nevertheless, such many-coloured pastors have abounded at the late elections; the reverend gentlemen "giving out" candidates from the hustings, as they would give out the morning lessons from the pulpit. If these worthy men feel such unconquerable interest in their party friends, why do they not in the privacy of their homes, offer up a small prayer for them? Why should they come and stick figurative ribbons in their beavers; as though men were to be "shovelled" into Parliament by benefit of clergy? A correspondent in the *Times* gives the names of no fewer than thirteen parsons; and all of them, dropping manna from the hustings; all of them talking honey with, of course, not so much as a single locust, in favour of the tadpole senators they propose for mature frogs. The *Times* writer calls this visitation of election parsons "a wide-spread evil." We rather incline to think it the very worst sort of black fever.

Civil and Religious Bigamy.

MR. JUSTICE WILLES, in sentencing a bigamist the other day, told him that not only had he wronged two women, "but had profaned a religious ceremony," and therefore the Judge gave him two months *per wife*. Bigamists will find it to their advantage to eschew the service that begins with "Dearly beloved," and ends with "Amaze-me," and to marry before the Registrar.

THE REVIVAL OF WITCHCRAFT.

TUNE—"The Good Old Days of Adam and Eve."



O sigh and mourn for good times older,
There's little need for their upholder;

A few folks now are very clever,
But many are just as great fools as ever:
Continue in a gross condition
Of ignorance and superstition.
Even now there are respectable farmers
Believing in wizards, and witches, and charmers.
Oh no! oh no! we need not grieve,
For the good old days of ADAM and EVE.

Against their faith 'tis vain to battle.
They think their wives and children, cattle,
Their cocks and hens, their horses and asses—
For all the enlightenment of the masses—
Bewitched, enchanted, and bed-ridden
By crones who practise arts forbidden:
And when they see them mumble and mutter,
Believe they have cursed their cheese and butter.
No no, my friends, we need not grieve
For the good old days of ADAM and EVE.

When at night they hear the winds loud blowing,
Their heifers, calves, and oxen lowing,
Cackling geese, and horses neighing,
Squeaking pigs and donkeys braying,
Watch-dogs howling, babies squalling,
Toms and tabbies caterwauling,
The din they fancy caused by witches,
Who damage their wealth and destroy their riches.
Oh no, my friends, we cannot grieve
For the good old days of ADAM and EVE.

Tales they tell, which you may swallow,
How a fiery dog did their dog follow,
Who presently stopped and put his tongue out
Of his mouth which half a yard long hung out;
And how they heard all kinds of knocking,
And other noises equally shocking:
Quote KING JAMES their faith's defender,
And cite in proof the Witch of Endor.
No, no, indeed, we should not grieve
For the good old days of ADAM and EVE.

They want to doom old women to slaughter,
Under pretence of Trial by Water,
And in their heads they cherish the maggot
That we ought to return to fire and faggot;
Burn the witches, and hang the wizards,
Who stick so firmly in their gizzards.
Their minds' eye still sees beldams gliding
About by night, on broomsticks riding.
So then, you see, we need not grieve
For the good old days of ADAM and EVE.

Old wives, whom they'd consign to ducking,
Have warts and moles by imps for sucking,
According to their estimation,
Of which they ask for exploration
By pins into those places sticking,
Or all such spots by needles pricking.
From a knave they buy counter-charms and riddles,
Out of their money the flats who diddles.

You'll therefore own we must not grieve
For the good old days of ADAM and EVE.

Not only folks in lower stations
Have faith in charms and incantations,
But many people higher rated,
Are equally infatuated:
For they believe in spirit rapping,
Through mediums somehow tables tapping,
Spelling out many a precious crammer,
Spelt wrong and quite devoid of grammar.
Then how can anybody grieve
For the good old days of ADAM and EVE?

NOTICES OF INSOLVENCY.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the persons whose names and descriptions are hereunder written intend to apply at the next Westminster Sessions to be relieved from all the liabilities they have incurred as Traders upon cant, party-cries, popular ignorance, former prestige, and faction generally, they being entirely Bankrupt in political reputation, and Insolvent as regards their engagements to the persons with whom they have had dealings. Notices of opposition must be entered on the paper of the House of Commons.

DISRAELI, BENJAMIN: formerly a revolutionary epicmonger; afterwards a pupil of the late JOSEPH HUME, radical, deceased; then a tory-liberal and vituperator of the late DANIEL O'CONNELL, radical, deceased; then for some time a tide-waiter at the door of the late ROBERT PEELE, Baronet, liberal conservative, deceased; then a vituperator of the said ROBERT PEELE, and a hanger-on at the stables of the late GEORGE LORD BENTINCK, conservative, deceased; also biographer of the said GEORGE LORD BENTINCK; then in the service of the EARL OF DERBY as exceedingly odd man, and now of no occupation whatsoever; of Maidstone in 1837, of Shrewsbury in 1841, of Buckinghamshire in 1847; inventor of a successful specific for getting rid of proprietors' money, called the Representative; also of a quack mixture called the Asian Mystery, for the cure of social disorders; also of a great variety of more or less adhesive epithets fastened on with a composition of gall and impertinence; also of a new date for the Christian era; also of an Equitable Adjustment of Taxation, by taking it off the territorial aristocracy and placing it upon the consolidated fund; also of a Treaty between England and France for the more complete subjugation of Italy; also of a great number of Mare's Nests, for which he received no consideration or credit whatsoever; does not admit that he has ever failed in business or anything else. Attorneys, THESIGER and NAPIER.

GLADSTONE, WILLIAM EWART: formerly holder of a double first-class ticket for Oxford, which explains his habit of trying to go two ways at once; then a doctor of civil law, which was a degree too civil for him, and he has since laid the law down, with incivility; afterwards a conservative; then a Peelite, and since a partner in a Manchester concern, which failed; at various times in business for himself as a splitter of hair, and also as an upholder in the Church furniture and ornament line; also as a maker of budgets, in which he was successful, but his prospects were destroyed by the war; also as the representative of NICHOLAS ROMANOFF, of St. Petersburg, Turkish toweller, deceased; also in partnership with GORDON AND CO., Aberdeen software merchants, bankrupt; also as a spinner of yarns of unprecedented length and tenuity; and now of no occupation whatsoever, except that which NICHOLAS the elder habitually provides for idle hands to do; of Newark in 1832, of Oxford in 1847; attributes his failure to the existing prejudice against non-natural views of things. Attorney, ROUNDELL PALMER.

CODDEN, RICHARD: formerly in successful business in cheap bread, in connection with which he obtained an honourable position, and dealt in unadorned eloquence; then speculated unsuccessfully in crumpling Russia; then partner in a discovery that Russia ought not to be crumpled; then in a land scheme for allotting to Russia waste lands in Moldavia and Wallachia; then in business as a peacemonger, and embarked in a scheme for paving the streets of St. Petersburg with English flags; then originator of a proposal for feeding the British Lion with humble-pie; then partner with both the above-named insolvents in a scheme for introducing a new Bottle-holder of Derby manufacture; of Stockport in 1841; of the West Riding in 1847, and now of no place whatsoever; attributes his failure to the acknowledged fact that the entire nation, with the exception of a few of his own friends, is in a state of insanity. Attorney, HADFIELD.

Election Eloquence.

A CYNIC has expressed the opinion that of the gentlemen who at the late election addressed their constituents, or would-have-to-be constituents, from the hustings, the majority were Poll parrots.



WONDERFUL INTELLIGENT CHILD.

— "ROSE, WILL YOU HAVE SOME DINNER?"
 Rose. "HAVE HAD MY DINNER."
 — "WHAT HAVE YOU HAD FOR DINNER?"
 Rose. "SOMETHING THAT BEGINS WITH AN S!"
 — "AND WHAT BEGINS WITH AN S?"
 Rose. "COLD BEEF!"

— FOR SPEAKER.

TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS ABOUT TO ASSEMBLE.—A Gentleman who holds, and has long held, a commanding seat, is not unwilling to take upon himself the place of Speaker. He has no aristocratic connections; but has all his life been accustomed to look high; if he has never looked above him, it is simply because such visual altitude is utterly impossible. He can, however, pledge himself to impartiality of vision, never having winked at any advantage, however small, that presented itself for his benefit. He sleeps with ease and despatch; having for several years sat under the REVEREND MR. MUMBLECRUST of Stained Windows, without any interruption to that most comforting pastor. Salary is every object; and the service of plate forthcoming on every new parliament, for private reasons, required with as little delay as the public service will allow.

Please to Address "ONE OF THE GRACCHI," to the Care of Mr. Punch.

•• The natural good temper of Mr. Punch induces him to insert the above; inasmuch as, in the pending struggle for Speakership, he would fain not stand in the way of any worthy, however humble individual. Nevertheless, Mr. Punch owes it to himself to declare that he has no personal knowledge of "ONE OF THE GRACCHI," and further, from what he has known of the modern ancients, he is generally induced to write down BRUTUS as an Anglo-Roman who bilks his washerwoman; and MUTIUS SCAEVOLA as a gentleman addicted to quit his lodgings with no receipt from his landlady.

Home-Truths.

THE more servants, the less speed.—The Monthly Nurse is greater than the Master.—Depend upon it, Cupboard Love is all stuff.—Spare the whip, and you'll spoil the Syllabus.

HISTORICAL MEASURE.—An ALISON a day wouldn't make a GROTE a year!

ANGLO-FRENCH FAMILY EXHIBITION.

THE French Government has instituted a French and English International Fat Cattle Show, with the view of encouraging the improvement of live-stock in France. This Exhibition has been just held at Poissy on the Seine. Prizes, amounting to 30,000*l.*, were offered by the Government, to be competed for by French and English fat stock. These circumstances were stated, and some account of the Show in question was given in the *Times* of Good Friday. In the same paper, and on the same day, the expediency of establishing another Prize Show may have been suggested to the Government of NAPOLEON III. One of the leading articles referred to the startling fact that, whereas the French Census of 1846 gave an increase of the population to the amount of 1,170,000, the last Census, for the five years ending 1856, showed an increase of only 256,000 souls. These figures make out an evident case for the institution, in France, of a show of live-stock, the notion whereof was originated, not in England, but in the United States. It can hardly be necessary to particularise the kind of stock in question, and to advise the French Government to get up an International Baby Show.

It is very desirable that the show should be international, for not only have we greatly exceeded our neighbours as to this stock in the comparative rate of production, but they have sometimes made merry at our expense on that very account. *Une famille Anglaise* may now present itself to the eyes of French statesmen as something not to be laughed at, for a different reason from that for which it is sometimes no joke to the British paterfamilias. France would be benefited nationally, and England individually, by the encouragement of Baby Shows in the former country. The liberal allotment of prizes would increase the French Census returns, and greatly alleviate the difficulties of particular Britons: poor curates, and others, who are blessed, indeed, with numerous children, but not exactly with the knowledge of what to do with them.

Comfort for the Carlton.

THE *Press* says, in reference to the elections, "What the Conservative party loses numerically, it gains in unity." We do not understand this, unless it means, that at some contest two lean Tories have gone out and one fat Tory has come in. If this be our contemporary's meaning, we can have no objection to the Conservative party gaining as much 'unity' as it pleases. "Let them have men about them that are fat."

THE "DIVINE WILLIAMS" OF LAMBETH.

THE much-tempted ST. ANTHONY of Lambeth has received a "Correction Paper" from the publishers of DEBRET's *Peerage*, with a request that he will fill up the blank spaces the moment he receives his title. The blanks are as follows:—

Title at full length, _____
 Derivable from what Estate, _____
 Ancestry, if any, _____
 Crest, _____
 Motto, _____
 For what heroic deeds is the family distinguished, _____

* * It is requested that, wherever convenient, a copy of the Pedigree and family Arms be sent with the above particulars, so that no mistake may distressingly occur in the copying.

MR. W. WILLIAMS has sent the paper to his Solicitor, requesting to know whether it will not furnish him with a good Title—to bring an action for libel. The publishers, however, aver that it was forwarded to the honourable gentleman "merely for form's sake," and nothing more; though it is more than doubtful whether the entire thing is not the result of an election hoax?

The Invincibles.

A WOMAN will never acknowledge to a defeat. You may conquer her, you may bring her on her knees—you may wave over her head the very flag of victory—but still she will not acknowledge she is beaten,—in the same way that there are Frenchmen who will not admit to the present day that they lost the Battle of Waterloo.

THE BEWITCHMENT OF LORD PALMERSTON.



HE progress of witchcraft is something awful. It is known that a common practice of the old sorcerers when they wanted to injure anybody, was to make a figure of wax to represent the object of their malice, and having mumbled a certain amount of blasphemy and nonsense over it, to thrust pins and needles into it, and stab it with daggers. By a confidential foreign correspondent, we are informed that a similar piece of magic has been attempted in a distinguished Russian circle at Brussels, at the expense of the noble lord at the head of HER MAJESTY'S Government. These people got an effigy of his Lordship constructed in the manner of a Guy Fawkes, which they sprinkled with dirty water, devoting it solemnly to the deuce by the

invocation of ST. ALEXANDER NEWSKI. They then suspended it by the thumbs of its gloves, and inflicted several hundred stripes with a knout on its back and shoulders. After that they tied the figure to a stake, and proceeded to tar and feather it, alternating the application of the brush with the recitation, sentence by sentence, of a panegyric over the left on the noble original, which concludes a biographical sketch of him in *Le Nord*. Their incantation thus commenced, and continued:—

"LORD PALMERSTON is one of the least scrupulous men living."

Here the officiating wizard dipped his brush into his tar-kettle and dabbed a quantity of its contents into the vicarious PALMERSTON'S face.

"He has not a real conviction, he is influenced only by the one principle of egotism."

Another dab of tar, slap in the chaps.

"He is no doubt popular, because he is of pure English blood."

At these words the whole company of witches and wizards set up a diabolical yelling, and uttered the most horrible curses and imprecations, and the operating magician dashed the scalding tar into the effigy's eyes.

"He has all the faults and all the caprice of the people whom he flatters, and who see in him the incarnation of self-confidence, and a pride truly genuine because it is excessive."

The nose of the figure was daubed with a quantity of the strong-scented semi-fluid.

"LORD PALMERSTON, to please them, condescends to borrow from them even their greatest defects."

The tar-brush was again saturated and discharged, first on one ear and then on the other.

"To-day everything is permitted to LORD PALMERSTON."

The delivery of this sentence was followed by another chorus of cursing and howling.

"Never has man done so much evil to his country as LORD PALMERSTON has done; for he has kindled against England hatreds which will be inexorable."

The chorus was renewed, and the assembly wildly brandished their wands and broomsticks, and grinned and glared like so many cats mad with fury.

"He is perhaps of an age too far advanced to see himself the awful consequences of his policy; but if that day should ever arrive when England shall become the victim of the world's vengeance, then most assuredly there will not be any benedictions breathed upon the monument that contains LORD PALMERSTON'S remains."

The officiating conjuror now proceeded to the completion of his odorous process, and tarred the dummy representative of England's PREMIER from head to foot: after which he scattered over it a profusion of feathers, repeating a benediction backwards. In the meanwhile the attendant wizards and witches, forming themselves into couples, danced solemn waltzes and polkas in their surrounding circle. Straw and faggots were then brought, and piled about the typical victim, when they were set on fire, and LORD PALMERSTON'S sympathetic substitute was reduced to ashes amid execrations and shouts of "Anathema!"

This dark and deadly operation of the Black Art was performed in the court-yard of a certain hotel, the known resort of Russian cabalists. The sorcerers were all of distinguished rank, male and female, and among the latter were included the principal diplomatic hags and witches who weave their spells, and practise their enchantments in the various Courts of Europe.

Merry May-Makings at Exeter Hall.

If the Maynooth Grant didn't already exist, it would be necessary to invent it, if only to give the Exeter-Hallites something to growl and howl against!

IS EATING SALMON INJURIOUS?

THE *Old Woman's Magazine* pronounces oracularly against "excessive" salmon-eating, and says:—

- "Let us briefly sum up—1st. To take salmon late at night is excess.
- "2nd. As gentlemen are strangely constituted, to be helped to salmon more than once, or to partake of salmon twice a-day, is excess.
- "3rd. Indulgence by married gentlemen in salmon is excess.
- "4th. More than one small thimbleful of brandy after salmon is excess.
- "5th. There are certain constitutional symptoms, which, occurring in any individual case, are criteria of excess. Coming home late is one of them. Stumbling up-stairs is another. Putting the candle out with one's hat is a decided indication. A call for soda-water, and a reluctance to get up, when the feverish victim wakes, are also signs of excess, which cannot very well be mistaken. [Advantage should always be taken of any lucid interval that may occur to administer to the patient a good stinging lecture on the humiliating evils of eating too much salmon.]
- "6th. Pickled salmon (when one ought to be at home in bed) is excess."

Our venerable contemporary, after answering the question, "Whether Eating Salmon is injurious?" most emphatically in the affirmative, winds up by imploring "all gentlemen who are of a nervous excitable temperament, and addicted to late hours, to abstain from it." It is, indeed, most singular, that men, after confessing openly that the headache they are suffering under is to be attributed entirely to "the Salmon," and nothing else, will still persist in partaking of it! As the intoxicating qualities of that ichthyological stimulant have been clearly demonstrated by thousands and thousands of melancholy instances, we most earnestly desire to see the habit of eating salmon diminish; and we entreat every Paterfamilias, who likes to eat a hearty breakfast, or cherishes the slightest love for his wife, to abandon the pernicious habit altogether. Let them lay our advice to heart. Let them throw up a doubtful pleasure over-night for a certain good the next morning. Ten years hence they will thank us, and present us, most likely, with a testimonial. In the mean time, as it is as well to counteract this largely-spreading evil as much as possible, we propose that little tracts, of a pleasing persuasive tenour, and with moral engravings, be distributed at Greenwich, Blackwall, Richmond, Crystal Palace, and all other places where the practice most extensively prevails, proving by frightful illustrations, taken from every grade of life, the deplorable excesses that arise from eating salmon. A "Salmon Pledge," also, wouldn't be a bad thing.



THIEVES AT EXETER HALL.

AN audacious attempt was made at Exeter Hall on Easter Monday, by some dishonest wretches, to rob MR. SIMS REEVES and other vocalists, but it was happily defeated by the firmness of the attacked parties, who successfully resisted the rascals. The latter evinced their disappointment by yelling and hissing, but finally went away without obtaining what they sought. The police ought to have interfered, but the names of several of the parties are known, and should such an attempt be repeated, it will be easy to single them out for punishment. Mr. Punch congratulates MR. REEVES and his companions upon their spirited conduct, in reference to which, Mr. Punch begs, in apparent opposition to the meaning of the above remarks, to cry *Encore*.

ELEGANT DISTINCTIONS.—You persuade a woman, you convince a man, and you force a Chinese or a pine-apple.

CRITICS AND TAILORS.



CRITIC sometimes makes a reputation for others, and yet cannot succeed in making one for himself; in the same way that there are Tailors, who can dress others to look like gentlemen, and yet fail most signally the moment they attempt to assume the appearance of one themselves. The style of the Tailor always will peep out!

JANUS TYPE.

It seems that a French printer has invented a new kind of type, that has a letter at each end. The consequence of this convenience is, that this double-faced type does double duty; for, put into a machine constructed for the purpose, it prints two copies instead of one. We

are not yet informed whether the compositors receive double wages, or at what rate the printers themselves are to be paid for printing, according to this new form, *en partie double*! It is a two-fold idea, that ought to have emanated from the Dublin press, and, besides saving time and labour, will present admirable advantages to such conscientious political writers as, fond of playing with a question, are in the habit of *writing on both sides*.

MARY ANN'S NOTIONS.

"MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"I SUPPOSE you thought that you would frighten me dreadfully by that piece of nonsense you stuck to the end of my last letter; but, if you did, you deceived yourself most exceedingly. You know nothing at all in the world about what you pretended to say you would tell, and if you did, which is impossible, because there is nothing of the kind, and is it likely now that if there was I would put anything about it in my letters to you to be printed for all the world and his wife to see?—but if there was, you are much too dear an old darling to make mischief. Are you not?"

"I want to write to you upon a very serious subject. I give my general support (as Papa says) to LORD PALMERSTON,² but I suppose that he, like everybody else,³ is liable to make mistakes sometimes, and besides I dare say if the truth were known he has nothing at all to do with it, but it is some stupid clerk in the Government offices (they all look idiots⁴) who has taken upon himself to do it.⁵ At LORD PALMERSTON'S time of life, though I must say he looks five and twenty years younger, but then he don't smoke—SMOKE! (big letters please⁶), he cannot be expected to attend to everything. But I mean about making bishops. The moment a Clergyman has established a reputation, and filled his Church quite full, and gained the hearts of his congregation, they take him away, and make him a bishop, and we see and hear no more of him. This has happened twice within the last year or so to my knowledge. I need not mention names, and I think that it is time the custom should be stopped.

"It stands to reason, my dear Mr. Punch. What on earth is the use of a bishop? I don't mean that, you know, but what has a bishop to do that any stupid country curate could not do?⁷ He comes and preaches a charity sermon now and then, and it is a remarkable thing how very bad those charity sermons are,⁸ and I don't wonder they draw so little money. The Dissenters manage much better; they send the plates round from pew to pew in the hands of deacons and people that personally know everybody in the chapel, and can see whether they don't give, and can say next day, 'How mean dearly beloved sister BROWN gets with her worldly goods—she only gave us sixpence for our dear missionaries,' and so the screw is put on (as AUGUSTUS would say), but I was speaking of a bishop. He has to do confirmations; and if he had to catechise the young ladies it would be another matter (our curate was so modest that when we came in class he used to sit on the corner of his table with his back to us, and ask us over his shoulder what was our duty to our neighbour),⁹ but this is all done ready to the bishop's hand. Consecrating churches, too, but that is a

form. Then you will say there is the House of Lords, but if you think that a minister of religion ought to be making speeches, and crying hear, hear, and coughing down honourable Members and all that, I don't; besides, if you want that sort of thing, there are plenty of noisy quarrelsome clergymen who are always getting into riots with their flocks, and you might make them bishops, and let them expend their fury upon politics.¹⁰

"He was a perfectly dear man, one of the clergymen I allude to whom the Government has made a bishop of. I never would go to church when I did not think he was going to preach.¹¹ Such a gentleman, and such a perfect manner, and a lovely voice. It was impossible not to feel persuaded of the truths of religion when he preached, though I dare say some glum old stupid man might have said the same words, but who would go and listen to him, I should like to know?¹² He was so earnest and affectionate, but all in perfect good taste, and never forgot that he was a gentleman, and that he was addressing ladies. Not that he minced matters, my dear soul; far from it; the way he denounced the wickedness of the lower classes, and cheating tradesmen, and swearing and drunkenness about our streets, was quite awful at times, and I only wish that the people he alluded to had been there to profit by his exhortations, for I am sure it must have done them good; and there ought to be galleries built for such persons, where they can come and be lectured, without coming into contact with their betters.¹³ He looked quite like an apostle, and when you recollect that he was an Honourable, and had been brought up with every luxury, and I dare say might have been a Prime Minister if he had liked, to think of his devoting himself to such dull work as making sermons and looking after a parish (not a West-end parish neither) convinced me that he must be a sincerely good man.¹⁴ As for the women, they were wild after him, and on the days when it was known that he would preach everybody went, and people had to stand in the aisles and sit on the pulpit stairs; and when there has been a disappointment, and he has not come, I have seen ladies leave the church after the second lesson. He was a divine creature,¹⁵ and I say again that whoever advises LORD PALMERSTON to take away such men and make bishops of them has a great deal to answer for.

"Yours, affectionately,

"MARY ANN."

"Sunday."

¹ You will see. We are not to be coaxed over. Besides, who is the young lady who has called five times to try to see us, would not leave her card, but seemed very anxious?

² He must be very grateful. Perhaps he will give C. H. a situation.

³ Except one person, who is annotating your note.

⁴ Some of them, and are what they look. But not all.

⁵ It may be so, but we never heard that the appointment of bishops devolved upon Government clerks.

⁶ Big it is. But this is all folly. We smoke.

⁷ Why stupid, Miss? A country curate, who really does his duty, is to be honoured as much as any man living.

⁸ Very true. We cannot tell why. Perhaps a gentleman feels at a disadvantage in begging shillings, with his thousand guinea equipage at the church door, and diamond rings on his fingers.

⁹ It did the reverend gentleman credit, you giggling things.

¹⁰ The hideous ignorance and folly of this sentence defies comment. We print it as an awful warning of what women can say when permitted pen and ink.

¹¹ More shame for you. The sermon is but an inferior part of the service. But, evidently, you are utterly in the dark upon the whole subject.

¹² Simply disgusting.

¹³ Idiot.

¹⁴ Idiot.

¹⁵ Idiot.

TREASON TO THE CHURCH.

THE Chartists say that LORD PALMERSTON'S making no new Bishop except out of an "Honourable" and Reverend (we have had three titled hierarchs within a year) gives them hope of his church-reforming intentions. They believe that he means to expel the Bishops from the legislature, but desires that they should possess the titles which are said to give them so much influence in converting the upper classes. We trust that the aristocratic Evangelists will defeat the insidious Bottleholder, and henceforth refuse the lawn intended, like the robe given by CLYTEMNESTRA to AGAMEMNON, for entangling the head upon which the axe is to fall. Is PELHAM so far on his way to Norwich that he cannot be recalled in favour of SPURGEON?

"Bits of Sunbeam."

WE learn that "sprinkling Gold Dust on the Hair is becoming more and more in vogue." We hope not; or, to a certainty we shall hear of Duchesses being waylaid, and—as sovereigns are, at times, Hebraically treated—"sweated" for the precious particles. The gold-dust "imparts to the hair that shining golden hue which a great poet has said"—(TUPPER, no doubt,)—"appears as though a sunbeam had been broken into bits, and scattered among the tresses." We think there must be a little mistake as to the particular luminary, broken into bits: for with respect to a head given to gold-dust, we should say it was rather influenced by the moon than the sun.

A FASCINATING CHRISTIAN.



THE INVERNESS contest, *Mr. Punch* observes that *MR. MATHESON* of Ardross came to the hustings attended by Ten solicitors, and his adversary, *MR. CAMPBELL* of Monzie, by only Five. The fact biased *Mr. Punch* in favour of *MR. CAMPBELL* (though on the other hand *MATHESON* might plead that he was keeping twice *CAMPBELL*'s number of attorneys out of mischief), but when *Mr. P.* came to read the Monzie speeches, he did not find that the relative position of the parties was so unequal as might be supposed. *MR. CAMPBELL*, before the election, said:—

"I will not for one moment deny the pride and satisfaction I feel when I see man, woman, and child, electors and non-electors, struck, as it would seem, by some most marvellous and to me most *unintelligible* fascination—as it would seem to be, where people have given me their hearts, as you my good friends seem to have done. Many men, I believe, would launch forth into self-glory and foolish expressions of worldly pride and goodness. That is not the feeling with me."

However, a little later, the honourable candidate broke out with one declaration worth noting:—

"GOD BE THANKED, I AM A CHRISTIAN!"

And proceeded to prove the fact, first by declaring that *DR. BOWRING* was "the murderer of the Chinese women," and secondly by the following reference to his antagonist's statement that he had paired against Maynooth instead of sitting up to vote against it.

"Such a thing as that to be said on the hustings! Why I could have taken that man and shaken him as a dog would in my mouth—I could have roasted that man alive—if I had liked."

On the whole, therefore, *Mr. Punch's* readers may think that such a Christian as *MR. CAMPBELL*, with five attorneys, was about a match for a gentleman who did not proclaim his Christianity and had ten attorneys. But the sequel proved that it was not so, the "unintelligible fascination" of *MR. CAMPBELL* gave way in the chill presence of the poll clerks, and the Fascinating Christian of Monzie, on his next appearance, had to say:—

"I come here a disappointed man, but I am old enough to know that disappointment must be as long as we are on the face of the earth. I am prepared for disappointments, and I come with a calm, equal temperament to meet this difficult position of a beaten, vanquished political man. I am tempted now, more and more, to say that I come here calmly and happily, though a beaten man."

His calmness and happiness increased by the recollection that he had not roasted *MR. MATHESON* alive, the pastoral *CAMPBELL* has now leisure to count his sheep, an operation heretofore, it seems, suggested to him by some collectors of Scottish Agricultural Statistics, with the unfortunate result of putting their Fascinating Christian into such a boiling rage, that he wrote a letter from Glenoe, the terrible character whereof has thrown the massacre in that neighbourhood entirely into eclipse, in the eyes of the Highlanders. But as by short sums we learn to do long ones, the very slight knowledge of arithmetic required to sum up *MR. CAMPBELL*'s votes may help him to perform the more elaborate computation of his "fleece care."

THE MUD-FISHES.

THERE is a very ugly fish, known as the mud-fish, native to the river Gambia; and one of these fishes was for some time an inhabitant of the aquarium in the Crystal Palace. Well, a while ago it seems, the fish made its escape. How, who should say? for very strange are the resources of mud-fishes, and other things that live and fatten on mud. The mud-fish was given up for lost, when, a few days since, it was discovered in the large flower-fountain at the north end of the Palace. And, behold, the mud-fish had grown twice its former size; and there was good cause for its magnitude, since the mud-fish, all alone, had devoured the large quantity of gold and silver fish with which it was stocked. After this fashion do the mud-fishes of this world swallow gold and silver, remaining no other than mud-fish to the end!

A New Tale of a Tub.

It is not generally known that when *MR. D. URQUHART* lectures on the use of the "Turkish Bath," he illustrates it with a lay figure of *LORD PALMERSTON*, which he takes a savage pleasure in plunging into hot water, and towelling as hard as he possibly can.

ARMY EDUCATION.

A GENERAL order, dated "Horse Guards, April 1, 1857," has been forwarded to *Mr. Punch* for publication.

QUALIFICATION OF JUNIOR OFFICERS.

To write a distinct hand, especially upon a stamp; inasmuch as certain estimable money-scriveners, Hebrew and Christian, have found great difficulty in bringing to the memory and acknowledgment of the writer his hurried autograph. It has happened that even twelve men have been required to assist him.

To have a good colloquial knowledge of slang; in order that in any accidental encounter with the natives, the officer and gentleman may not have the worst of it.

To have the eye of a cat for horse-flesh.

To be able to draw at sight upon "the governor."

To know the use of an eye-glass and pocket-mirror, and to be able to lay down the leading features of the ballet and the opera.

To know so much of vegetable history, as to be perfectly aware that under no circumstances is it advisable to spell cucumber with a K.

Also a knowledge of St. George's Fields fortification, in order to keep on the outside of the works.

To consider no amount of drill a bore.

To harmonise logarithms with billiards, and to open the door of science (if possible) with a golden latch-key.

To sketch on horse-back on the bridle thumb-nail, the more prominent features of Rotten Row.

To judge of ground, and its proper occupation for a handicap.

To be thoroughly acquainted with the topography of Fop's Alley; and especially as relates to duels upon the principles of hair-trigger-nometry.

SONG AND GLEE OF MERRY ENGLAND.

GLEE.

Is smoking injurious, tell me troth, ha!

Ay, marry, is it in a chimney, quoth-a.

Smoking in a chimney

By my troth, ha!

Smoking is injurious.

There it is injurious.

Marry, in a chimney,

A chimney, quoth-a.

SONG.

A good old song man's heart doth cheer,

Like a cordial cup of old strong beer.

This being so, a wight would think

The more men sang, the less they'd drink.

Or drink but half, and take in song

The other half, which were as strong:

But where good liquor doth abound,

And song as well as pot go round,

Folk mostly do the other thing;

They drink the more the more they sing.

THE "CAMELLIA" AT EXETER HALL.

THE Lady of the Camellias has been permitted to sing at Exeter Hall; but the audience were advised by the following very moral—

"Notice.—The Exeter Hall Committee have interdicted the publication of an English translation of the above programme in the form of a Book of Words!"

Whatever was wrong was made correct—whatever was light, was "kept dark"—by remaining in Italian. The old gentlewoman in the comedy consents to accept the very black-tongued parrot when informed that though the bird swears horribly, it can't utter one naughty English word, but only swears in Portuguese. Now *La Traviata* was only naughty in Italian. People—concluded the pious committee—know nothing of the words, and there can be no wicked significance in mere music. *The Rogue's March* is not *The Rogue's March* without the verse: there can be nothing wrong in mere life and drum; and—with no English translation—*La Traviata* is mere sound and fury, signifying so much rent to the Exeter Hall Committee. Such casuists would split the prickles of a hedgehog into hairs fine as the hair of guinea-pigs.

A Rub for the Cloth.

CLERGYMEN should not show themselves at the hustings. Far better for them to stop at home in their studios, and engage their innocent minds with the "doctrine of election."



FEARFUL PRACTICAL JOKE, PLAYED WITH A CHILD'S BALLOON UPON A SWELL.

OUDE IN THE CITY.

THE PRINCES OF OUDE have sat at the table of the LORD MAYOR, and been duly toasted. MAJOR BIRD—an Indian BIRD—"on the part of the OUDE family," returned thanks in a speech fragrant with spices, and flowing with "all the drowsy syrups of the East." He said—

"He believed that a new era was dawning on India, and that it was heralded by the appearance of Indian Princes at the table of the LORD MAYOR of London."

There can be no doubt that the appearance of the PRINCES OF OUDE at the LORD MAYOR's mahogany was somehow reflected like a dawning sun upon far-off Hindostan. The LORD MAYOR himself must have become an object of mysterious interest to BRAHMIN, and all the aldermen have been suddenly dear to VISHNU. The "loving cup," of course, circled round; but wherefore was it not filled with the water of the Ganges? MAJOR BIRD, with a delicate double compliment to MR. SHERIFF MECHI and the Stationers' Company, next touched upon manure and paper. Why was England so great, asked a pundit of the suite of Oude? and another pundit made answer—

"The reason is plain, the people all work, and nothing goes to waste. The dry bones which we throw out to the dogs is converted into manure, and produces fresh food for man; and the rags which have served the beggar are made into paper, on which are written the laws with which this people govern the world."

We might add something touching the tons of gold, in the form of manure, which we annually cast in the Thames, committing the two-fold wickedness of waste and contamination: we might, too, speak of the paper that carries a tax that does not cheapen knowledge; but no, we will not pause on these things, but with MAJOR BIRD proceed in company with KING SOLOMON and QUEEN SHEBA.—

"They had all read how the QUEEN OF SHEBA came to visit KING SOLOMON, and how she went away fully satisfied. He (MAJOR BIRD) trusted that the distinguished guests of whom he was the unworthy spokesman would have the same story to tell when they returned to their native country."

Of course, the parallel of KING SOLOMON and the LORD MAYOR is perfect. We are, moreover, glad to know that the bill of fare, duly translated by MAJOR BIRD, was received and will be treasured by the Princes, as SOLOMON'S Song. As for the QUEEN OF SHEBA, any com-

parison with that effulgent lady is evidently the rightful property of the QUEEN OF OUDE herself; for though her Majesty may have thought it superfluous and unnecessary to bring with her apes into England, she has not forgotten the peacocks, a sample of which was shown in the BIRD that did such a magnificent tale unfold in honour of his mistress. And will the QUEEN OF OUDE depart "fully satisfied?" Well, we hope so; but we rather doubt the result. We fear that such a tale is only the faltering song of a BIRD of Paradise; yea, of Fool's Paradise.

THE SPEAKER IN RHYME.

(Being the resolution to be submitted by LORD PALMERSTON at the opening of Parliament.)

RESOLVED, Though for graceful conveyance of message or Compliment, none beats the elegant THESIGER,
Though, if we made choice of a Tory, we'd all poll
For the dignified, well informed, highly bred WALPOLE,
Though business, and blandness, and boldness, and brains
Combine as the qualifications of BAINES;
Though, (*malgré* his pepper, a broth of a boy,)
We all like the cabman's reformer, FITZ-ROY,
We agree in a vote that this House has not any son
So fit for the Chair as JOHN EVELYN DENISON.

Sir John Bowring's Pillow.

WHEN SIR JOHN BOWRING took leave of the KING OF SIAM—(by the way, we wish the KING OF NAPLES could be sent to be civilised by the Siamese potentate)—his Majesty presented his visitor with a handsome pillow, saying, "when you are far away, and lay your head upon this pillow, then think of me who gave it you." This pillow was stuffed with softest down, but SIR JOHN BOWRING'S "friends" in the House of Commons—friends, as some of them pathetically confessed, of twenty years standing—have done their best to mix the down of the pillow pretty thickly with thorns.



“GREAT AND IMPORTANT EVENT.”

(Vide Gazette, April 15, 1857.)

H.R.H. Paterfamilias Tying up his Door-Knocker.

THE HORSE ON THE TABLE.



THE "Dinner after the manner of the Ancients," in *Peregrine Pickle*, is generally regarded as an extravagance. Fact, however, in gastronomy, as well as other things, is stranger than fiction. Witness the following bill of fare, served by the firm CHEVET, the other day, to certain Parisian hippophagists:—

Bread-soup of horse-broth;
boiled horse-flesh: ignanas
stewed in butter: dabs, with
of spinal marrow of horse;

Dutch sauce; *vol-au-vents d'amourette* of horse (filet de cheval), roasted; truffled Turkey; and pie of horse-flesh, à la mode.

Such was the banquet whereon—according to the *Morning Post*—M. DE ST. HILAIRE, and his disciples, lately regaled themselves. One of these was a DR. YVAN, the astonishment of the world, who devours all that is eatable, and, perhaps, a few things more. This gentleman is said to have partaken, in the course of his life, of dog, cat, monkey, rat, lizard, shark, and even to have tried leeches. Horse-leeches would have been an appropriate garnish to his *filet de cheval*; or, perhaps, he would have preferred them for a preliminary course, whereat they might have been served under the denomination of "black-bait."

It may be necessary to observe, that the ignana, mentioned among the viands above specified, is not a reptile, but a Chinese root, a sort of substitute for a potato.

We observe, with some wonder, that M. DE ST. HILAIRE's feast did not include toadstools, some of which are said to make an excellent pickle; though it is too early, as yet, for most, if not all, uncultivated fungi.

The horse meal of M. DE ST. HILAIRE and party was, we are told, an experimental one. They may be considered to have acted logically in trying food which nobody can well be supposed able to fancy.

The roast horse-flesh is said to have been exceedingly rich in gravy; but the reader will naturally remark, that he would rather see his horse running with speed than with gravy, and for a plate instead of in one.

The publication of the above details will, perhaps, create serious alarm in studs and stables, by reason of the apprehended murrain, and the possibility that horse may be drawn upon in case of the failure of beef.

Every one to his liking, for all LORD CHESTERFIELD's objection to that maxim. By his Lordship's leave, also, what is one man's meat is another man's poison. DR. JOHNSON would, probably, have declared, that the man who would eat horse also would eat horse-chestnuts; and, whatever the French may be capable of, there are, doubtless, few Englishmen who could manage to get down horse without horse-radish.

CONSOLATION.

PUSS-IN-THE-CORNER, dear LORD CHELSEA,
Is a very pretty game,
But it needs, as you must well see,
Players, lad, who don't run lame.

I from Brentford ran to Dover,
Seized your corner with a shout:
You from thence to mine cross'd over,
And, my dearest boy, you're out.

The Admiralty.

R. B. O.

A SAFE FORTUNE.

AN inveterate old grumbler says: "There are no women now-a-days. Instead of women, we have towering edifices of silk, lace, and flowers. You see a milliner's large advertising van that sidles along with a rustling sound, and you are told that it is a woman; but as you cannot approach within several yards of the monster obstruction, you cannot tell what it is beyond something that looks like an entire shop-front put into motion with all the goods exposed in it for sale. I really believe, if any showman would open an exhibition, where one could see a woman, such as women were in my young days, when they used to be fair, slim, slender, graceful, well-proportioned, and everything that was beautiful, instead of the animated wardrobes, and unrecognisable bundles of fine clothes that they now are—I really believe that an enterprising showman like that would rapidly realise a large fortune."

COCKS AND BULLS OF THE CALENDAR.

THE *Univers* has been recommending a certain ST. JOSEPH DE CUPERTIN to the veneration, and, we may likewise phrenologically say, to the marvellousness, of the credulous portion of the French public. About this saintly individual the Ultramontane organ relates some bold anecdotes. ST. JOSEPH DE CUPERTIN appears to have beaten the most miraculous of mesmeric patients into fits. He not only cured diseases without physic, but he could also peep into the minds of people, and read their most secret thoughts. A misfortune is said to have once befallen him, which, if it really befel him, might be quoted as an example to warn saints, when attempting to convert sinners, to keep them at a distance, or get to their windward. After a conversation with a libertine, "he was, so to say, impregnated with an unbearable smell, which neither lotions nor tobacco would remove." About the nature of this smell there may be some question. Many people may suppose that it was an unpleasant one in the ordinary sense of the word. But such was, probably, not the case. The scent, though strong, was, of course, opposite to the odour of sanctity, which is well known to have usually accompanied abstinence from soap and water. It may, therefore, be presumed to have been some kind of perfume: and perhaps the libertine infected and annoyed the holy man with an intolerable fragrance of lavender-water or eau-de-Cologne. But ST. CUPERTIN was chiefly distinguished by a wonderful peculiarity which may be called his standing miracle. The *Univers* says that—

"His feet appeared to touch the earth with regret, and the slightest thought of heaven, where dwelt his desires, detached from earth this body, already spiritualised: he was often seen to rise in the air to a considerable height in presence of a crowd silent with astonishment. The sight of a high altar, a crucifix, or an image of the Holy Virgin, sufficed to produce this extraordinary phenomenon."

In ST. CUPERTIN we observe a striking exemplification of the difference between the Popish saints and our own of Exeter Hall. The latter are all serious; whereas the former manifest an opposition to the laws of gravity. Hence their votaries ought not to wonder if the relation of some of their performances should excite laughter.

ST. CUPERTIN has been introduced into France together with a new Roman Liturgy—a Liturgy new at least to the French Church, to which, therefore, the Saint is new also. He will, however, doubtless find himself at home, among friends; of whom ST. DENIS, for one, with his head under his arm, will keep him in sufficient countenance.

A LOST ART-TREASURE.

WE hope that the exhibition of statues, pictures, and curiosities, Germanistically called Art-Treasures, about to be held at Manchester, will be complete in all its departments. Every phase and era of British art especially ought, if possible, to be represented. There is but one particular period of our native sculpture whereof but few illustrations have been preserved, and these few are only to be met with in the remote corners of stonemasons' yards. It is that which was remarkable for the production of an extraordinary statue of his Majesty GEORGE THE FOURTH, which, within the memory of not very old men, stood crowning a not less extraordinary architectural structure at King's Cross. Where is this remarkable monument of a past age? Diligent search might yet discover it, buried, perhaps, amid lumps of plaster of Paris, disjointed limbs of casts from the antique, and other rubbish, on some of those numerous statuary premises which impart a melancholy classical beauty to the New Road. It ought not to be lost if it can be found. It is—or was, if it is no more—a great deal better, in its way, than the statue of GEORGE THE FOURTH in Trafalgar Square in the same way; indeed, than all our public statues: greatly exceeding the whole of them in ludicrous expression and æsthetic force of absurdity.

THE BALLOON OF LIBERTY.

WE have often wondered that the notion of advertising by means of balloons has never occurred to any of our enterprising commercial countrymen. It has been adopted at Venice with views, however, of a nature superior to mercantile considerations. In the foreign correspondence of the *Times* there appeared the other day an account of the performance of a ballet called *Bianchi e Neri*, wherein the niggers throw off their chains, and rise in insurrection, the spectacle whereof created great excitement among the audience. The writer proceeds to say that

"During the same afternoon an enormous tricoloured balloon was seen hovering over the quay Degli Schiavoni."

What a hint to an enslaved population! The balloon alone would have been significant; but with the addition of the tricolour, there could be no mistake about the symbol. It set an example from the skies to an oppressed people. It said, in the plainest of possible figures, "Do as I have done. RISE!"

"GIVING THE OFFICE."



PUNCH has a notion that a very gigantic Job is in course of perpetration, and he proceeds to sound the alarm.

These Plans for the Government Offices.

It was originally announced that all the world might compete for the honour of laying out Downing Street and the vicinity.

Particulars were furnished to all the world, and Two Hundred and Fifty architects, British

and Foreign, set to work and prepared costly plans, which have been sent in.

But this was done in the faith that Government was going to show fair play. The designs were to be exhibited to the public, in order that the best man might win.

Now, it seems that the judgment is to be given without reference to the public.

And, we do not even know who are to be the Judges.

THIS WON'T DO.

Into whose hands do the authorities want to job and juggle the thing?

They can't want it for SIR CHARLES TARRY, who is, or ought to be, busy with the unfinished Houses that were to cost £1,110,004, and have already cost £2,500,000.

They can't want it for the BARON MARROWFATTI, who had so recently the splendid haul for the Scutari monument, and who, besides, is not an architect.

They can't want it for the man, whoever he was, who made the Trafalgar Square Fountains, because his remorse must long ago have consigned him to Hades.

They can't want it for the designer of the Wellington Funeral Car—no man has, in one life, two such chances of committing a hideousness.

They can't want it for LORD JOHN RUSSELL, though he is understood, in Ciceronian language, to have "tendered his high Offices" to the Government.

Now, for whom do they want it?

It is not a situation in one of the Houses of Parliament, to be given to a nobleman's butler, or a local Judgeship, to be given to a patronised barrister, or a Commissionership to be given to a worn-out hack, or an Excise-place to be given to a loyal voter at the hustings, or a Consularship to be given to a bankrupt coal-merchant, or a Bishopric to be given to the cadet of a family that supports a Minister.

These are all matters of course, and no one would be impertinent enough to censure the natural disposition of small patronage.

But this Plan is the largest interference with London which has been devised since the Fire, and upon its character depends the question whether, for future generations, Westminster shall be a beauty or a blotch.

Job with your butlers and bishops and coal-merchants and consuls, but the Two Hundred and Fifty Plans must be judged fairly, and by men who are known to be trustworthy.

Punch demands the names of the Judges.

The New Reading Room.

THE magnificent New Reading-room for the student at the British Museum will be opened on the 8th of May; on which occasion, it is said, MR. PANIZZI, in the handsomest way, proposes to give a banquet to the customary readers. The dishes will be served in alphabetical order as far as the catalogue is at present completed. Had the whole thing been done, the letter Z would have been represented by a haunch of Zebra; as it is, the banquet will be limited to A B C: namely, Ale, Beef, and Cheese.

TO BANKS THAT FAIL.

- Q. WHEN a Bank fails, what would you call a Sovereign remedy?
- A. To pay Twenty Shillings in the Pound.

HOW TO WEED YOUNG PERSONS OF BAD HABITS.

THE Governing Council of the Canton of Berne, have just enacted that young men are to be prohibited from using tobacco, until they have been confirmed. Miss JONES approves highly of this enactment, although, she says, it may be open to the objection of turning the young men into "confirmed smokers." But she dearly wishes that there was some such regulation in England to prevent *young girls reading novels*! She lays it down deliberately as her opinion, that, what smoking is to boys, novel-reading is to girls. It turns their brains, makes them giddy, and fills their heads with things that have no right to be there. In fact, she doubts whether a novel—full, as they generally are, of love, and weddings, and all such nonsense—is not far more pernicious to a young girl, who is scarcely out of her pinafore, than a penny pickwick is to a boy, on whose monkey back has not yet sprouted the tail-coat of manhood! Besides, the cigar is generally followed by a feeling of nausea; but the novel creates an artificial appetite, that, once raised, not all the circulating libraries in the neighbourhood can fully gratify. A whiskerless stripling can only smoke a certain quantity of tobacco; but the little chit of a girl, who has once contracted the evil habit of reading novels, will go on for hours and hours together, and will actually take the captivating volume to bed with her. She neglects her duties, becomes listless and moony, robs herself of her sleep, and believes that every cab, which stops at the door, conceals the faultless form of some enamoured ALPHONSO, who, long loving her in secret, has come to carry her off. Miss JONES concludes a brilliant anathema against the baneful practice by declaring that, if she could have her way, no young lady should see a novel until she was married, or until she had received two or three offers, when, it would be only fair to conclude, that her mind had become so far tutored in the school of the world as to be above the deleterious influence of such sickening rubbish!

UTRAM HARUM MAVIS ACCIPE.



HANDSOME reward is hereby offered for an explanation of the principles on which the Directors of Exeter Hall regulate their censorship. They refused, the other day, to allow "*Sally in our Alley*" to be sung in their semi-consecrated edifice, but on Easter Monday they permitted "all the choicest music" from *La Traviata* to be sung there. Now, in "*Sally*" the poet celebrates an honest girl whom an honest lad desires to make his wife. In *La Traviata* is described the love, disease, and death, of an "unfortunate"—the very name "*a Traviata*" being now commonly used to indicate one of those unhappy victims of society. The saintly Directors of Exeter Hall consider the *Harlot's Progress* more fit to be presented to the general public than *Marriage à la Mode—de l'Eglise*. Why? Next, we want to know why, on Easter Monday, they permitted the *Traviata* words to be sung, but refused to allow them to be printed in the programme. Do they think that the Eye is more susceptible to unvirtuous impressions than the Ear? Or did they suppose that the public might, if unaided by a libretto, take the music for that of an oratorio? On what principle do they sanction the utterance, by singers, of sentiments which they try to hinder listeners from comprehending? Is it moral for a vocalist to sing words which it is immoral for an audience to hear? We hope for a full explanation, but, *en attendant*, we are in great fear that the whole business is a sad compromise between Evangelical and Mammonical principles. The Directors believed that there was something wrong in the affair, but then, they receive a high rent for the use of their hall. As good men, how (they ought to rejoice that the erection of a new Music Hall for London is likely to remove temptation out of their way.

The Art of Omnibus Correspondence.

Innocent Old Lady. Can you tell me, if you please, Sir, how omnibuses "correspond" together?

Fast Young Gentleman. Why, you see, Ma'am, to write is to correspond—so when one 'bus goes *right in* to another, they call it corresponding.

[OLD LADY audibly shudders.]

Earl "Humphrey."

A CONSERVATIVE contemporary (the aristocratic Whigs seldom condescend to furnish news to their own organs) announces that LORD COWLEY, our Ambassador in Paris, is to receive an Earl's coronet. Five balls are to be given to a nobleman who never gave one supper!

ANTICIPATED CONVERSION OF DISSENTERS.



CHURCH of England Marriage is, no doubt, a feat sometimes requiring extraordinary exertion. The Church ceremonial being a regular and established conventional formality, is too often used for the cementing of hearts which have nothing else to fasten them together, and which consequently require the united force of two or more able-bodied clergymen to couple them. One is not surprised, therefore, when one reads that at such an operation, the Honourable and Reverend — has presided, "assisted" by a lavender-gloved Reverend or two. But it now appears that the Dissenters also think it desirable to double the power of the marrying engine. We read in a Welsh paper (save that we have changed names) :—

"At the Independent Chapel, Llansaintffraid, by the REVEREND THOMAS HUGHES, assisted by the REVEREND MORRIS MORRIS of Trehowllagollen, MR EDWARD ROBERTS of Penmachiar, to JEMIMA, daughter of MR. JOHN JONES of Llanytwch-wnech, Llansaintffraid."

We cannot quite understand this kind of thing. Worldly people sometimes marry from worldly motives, as we have said, and two persons may be wanted to solder the Hymeneal chain. But to be a Dissenter is a perpetual protestation that you are not worldly, but other-worldly. Ergo, with Dissenters, marriage must be a spontaneous act based upon the purest motives, and its solemnisation must be the easiest thing in the world. Why then are a HUGHES and a MORRIS wanted for so slight a task? Can it be that the love of display, that weakness discoverable even in independent as well as established bosoms, prompts Llansaintffraid Dissenters to publish to the world that they have two clergymen, like church couples at St. George's, Hanover Square. Or is it that Nonconformity, which now builds elegant Gothic places of worship with spires and bells, has its titles of "Reverend" and "D.D.," and is altogether growing gentlemanly, wants to drop the stubborn Non, and to be received into the bosom of the Establishment? Is it to meet Dissent half way that LORD PALMERSTON appoints four Evangelical bishops in a row? These are suspicious signs, and the Right Reverend Bishop *Punch* intends to have a meeting with his brother of EXETER upon a state of things highly calculated to alarm those two battresses of the Establishment.

"KNOW THYSELF."

A GENTLEWOMAN named MISS DASH DASH informs the world by advertisement that she "continues to give her graphic and interesting Delineations of Character, discoverable from the handwriting." A spider having been duly dipped in an ink-bottle was suffered to crawl about a sheet of writing-paper; which was immediately forwarded to MISS DASH DASH with the required "13 penny postage stamps," for the sybil divines nothing under a clear shilling, and her response costs a penny. After a very brief delay, MISS DASH DASH sent the following delineation of character as supplied by the spider :—

"The individual is a young lady who, too often suffers herself to become a victim of useless suspense. Moreover, she is so frequently bent upon conquest that it can be no wonder, if her most skillfully-woven plans are rudely broken by those she would ensnare. She is, certainly, of a domestic character; nevertheless gives no sign of housewifery, as it appears to me that she can't abide a broom, and has no respect for the tidiness of a housemaid. Is an excellent hand at crochet and open-work."

With the slight mistake of a spider for a young lady, the "interpretation" must be considered perfect, and well worthy the thirteen postage stamps.

'WARE RUSSIAN RAILWAYS!

RUSSIAN agents are hard at work again, trying on their Government's loan for the construction of railways intended for strategic purposes, all included in the one great purpose of subjugating the world. During the present high rate of interest, it would be an insult to the understanding of our readers to advise them to invest money in the Russian Railway Loan, to say nothing of the baseness whereof such advice would presume them capable. But if they know any fool proposing to embark any capital in that scheme, let them point out to him his folly; and, should he persist in his stupid as well as vile intention, let them excommunicate him and deny him fire and water; refusing to hand him the decanter wherewith to temper his brandy, or the box of lucifer-matches to furnish him with a light for his cigar.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER ON WHEELS.

THE hon. and gallant Member for Southwark may be speedily expected to publish a volume on *The Cabs of London*, with a portrait of the author on the cab-box. A man applies at Southwark police-office for comfort and advice; the man has made himself liable to some thirty cabbies, having hired them to convey the patriotic supporters of SIR CHARLES to the poll. "Well, go to SIR CHARLES for the money," is the natural response of his worship. "It's of no use," rejoins the complaining MR. SYMONS, "to go and see SIR CHARLES; it would have been a good job had he never come to the borough." This may or may not prove true. For our own part we believe that the Thames Tunnel would not have collapsed with a spasm of disappointment had SIR CHARLES "never come to the borough;" but having once put his foot into Southwark, SIR CHARLES is, of course, ready to answer the monetary consequences. Besides, it is very plain that, on his part, the hiring of cabs was altogether superfluous; seeing that if he had only solicited his friend, the GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE, his Russian Highness would have supplied the Baltic Admiral with any number of droschkys.

THE MUD-FISH.

BY AN INDIGNANT TORY FOOTMAN.

"The Mud-fish at the Crystal Palace escaped from his tank, and could not be found. The other day he was discovered in the marble canal, under a fountain, where he had been amusing himself by eating the gold-fish, and doubling his size."

IN SIR JOSEPH'S marble dishes
Cuts about them golden Fishes,
All their life in splendour passes,
Them's, you see, Us Hupper Classes.

From his tank, while folks is sleeping,
Comes the nasty Mud-fish leaping,
With no end of spite to-ward us,
That's, you see, the Lower Horders.

Up and down our basin scouring,
All his betters he's devouring/
Gorging till he gets enormous,
Just as would them low Reformers.

Moral struck me when I seed 'em:
Don't give low folks too much freedom:
Gold fish lives on this here basis,
Keep the Mud-fish in their places.

The Gun, Pimlico.

OBITUARY.

DIED, on Easter Monday, that terrible old nuisance, Greenwich Fair; not a bit lamented by any one who knew it, pickpockets and gents alone perhaps excepted. The deceased had been for many years in a bad way, and at the last had sunk to so low a state that it was evident its existence must be put a stop to. For many seasons past the deceased had been subject to attacks by the public press, and from what had transpired in contemporary columns—those which are devoted to Police reports especially—it was evident that the deceased could not long be expected to survive. It may be said, therefore, that the death was chiefly brought on by exposure; while it will generally be admitted that it can but be regarded as a happy release.

In their reverence for the departed, a few sorrowing swell-mobsmen are about, we understand, to raise a tombstone to its memory, on the spot once sacred to the Crown and Anchor. The device will simply be an empty hand and an extinguisher; and the motto, in thieves' Latin :—

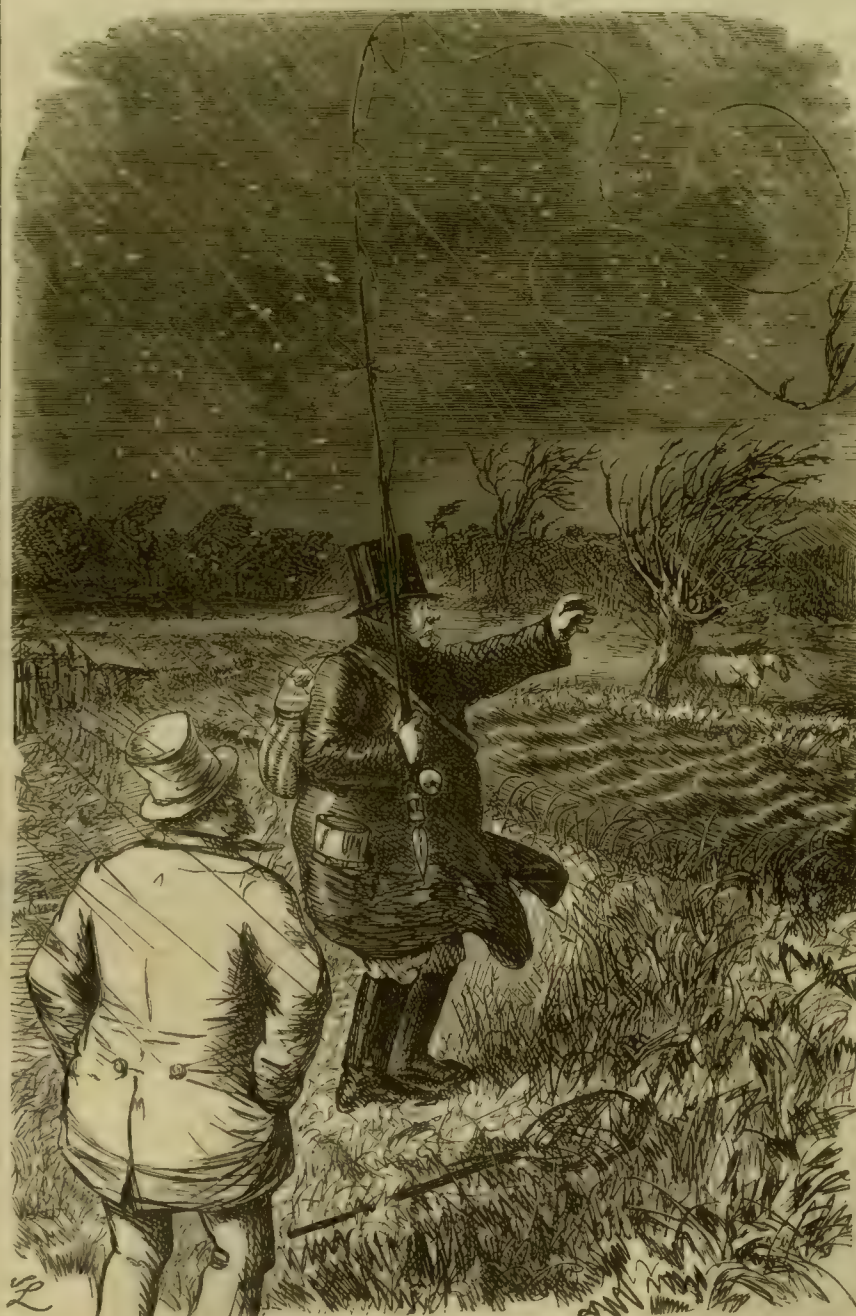
"Sic transit gloria Easter Mundi!"

Mr. Gladstone's Tea and Coffee.

WE think we have discovered the reason why MR. GLADSTONE affects to make such a point of cheapening tea. He wishes, perhaps, to make some amends for that memorable piece of mismanagement for which he and his Peelite colleagues in office under ABERDEEN deserve to be called the Green Coffee Cabinet.

Accident in Transitu.

How happily was the vessel which broke down the other day on her passage out named the *Transit*! With similar felicity a grove, in the Latin language, is called *lucus*, and by the same figure of speech we denominate a dunce a bright youth, and call the officials of the Admiralty clever fellows.



THANK GOODNESS! FLY-FISHING HAS BEGUN!

Miller. "DON'T THEY, REALLY! PERHAPS THEY'LL RISE BETTER TOWARDS THE COOL OF THE EVENING, THEY MOSTLY DO!"

A CROSS FOR THE PEACE SOCIETY.

You know, brethren of the Peace Society, that a new military and naval decoration has been instituted, under the name of the Victoria Cross, for the reward of valour displayed in actual warfare. You know what kind of merit it is which is thus rewarded—merit of a low kind, you will say. Too true. Yes, brethren, the merit, in truth, is that of mere brute courage—the very quality which makes dogs delight to bark and bite, and bears and lions growl and fight—which impelled a bull, the other day, to charge a railway train right full in the face, and between the glaring eyes of the engine, which was bearing down upon him at full speed, in the dark. To be sure, a brave man may have some other inducement to run his head into a cannon's mouth than that which urged the bull to dash his against the locomotive; but still, no doubt, the impulse is mainly the same in both cases—animal courage: the instinct of opposition to danger stupefying the sense of danger. Certainly it is

humiliating to consider that of two men whose dispositions are precisely similar, but whose intellects are unequal, the more stupid will be the more courageous. His apprehension of danger will be the less strong. It is undeniably sad—an evidence of deplorable retrogression—that there should be, at the present day, a necessity for the cultivation of a mental force of so unspiritual a nature. You must naturally have been shocked, on reading, the other day, in the published list of the heroes lately decorated with the Cross above named, the following specification of the bravery of a British soldier:—

"THE ARMY.

"2nd DRAGOONS.

"SERJEANT MAJOR JOHN GRIEVE (No. 774).—Saved the life of an officer in the Heavy Cavalry Charge at Balaklava, who was surrounded by the Russian cavalry, by his gallant conduct in riding up to his rescue, and cutting off the head of one Russian, disabling and wounding the others."

Ah, brethren! there was a time when we thought to hear no more of cutting off heads except as a bygone atrocity; a matter of history, and HENRY THE EIGHTH and BLUEBEARD. We do, however, hear of it as a contemporary achievement; a meritorious act, rewarded with a mark of honour. What is more, brethren, we must admit that the honour is exceedingly well bestowed. If we had not heroes like SERJEANT MAJOR JOHN GRIEVE of the 2nd Dragoons to cut off our enemies' heads in case of necessity, we should be unable, brethren, to eat, drink, sleep, marry, give in marriage, and spin calico, with any security.

All honour, therefore, to physical courage—and we ought to rejoice that it is capable of being so cheaply rewarded. Really, the figure at which we get a common soldier to run the risk of death attended with the greatest pain, or of wounds entailing a life of the direst misery, is very low. What should we do if there did not, in a pretty considerable number of human minds, exist a property of passing, on occasion, into a state of excitement overpowering both the imagination and the intellect, so as to preclude the idea of imminent lacerations and shattered limbs? For this is a mental property necessary for the defence of material property, when that is assailed by means of weapons and projectiles calculated to cut, tear, and crush the living body. Therefore, brethren, let us not object to the distribution of Victoria Crosses, but, on the contrary, applaud it with the warmest enthusiasm. And let us remember that, if we want to have no more rewards for cutting heads off conferred for some time to come, our wisest plan will be to maintain an efficient number of heroes in perfect readiness, whenever they may be called upon, to perform that feat of swordsmanship.

TO A CORRESPONDENT.

A RESPECTED Correspondent writes to us to say that ever since the appointment of the amiable gentleman, and excellent scholar, now Censor of Plays, he, our Correspondent, has been hammering at a joke which is to bring in the names of that gentleman, an admirable actress at the Lyceum, and two rivers in Russia. He has not quite done it, but thinks he could make it out, if we would give him a little more time. He may have as much as he pleases, but we dare say we could knock it off for him at once. If the best actress at the Lyceum liked a farce, why must the Manager make a long journey to get it licensed? Because he would have to go from the Dneiper to the Vistula. Certainly not—sold again. Because he would have to go from the WOOLGA' to the DONNE.

EXPERIENCE.—Like Time, it puts a man up to many a wrinkle.



"THE SMOKE CONTROVERSY."

"Fixing a flexible tube to, and Smoking Cavendish out of your Mother's best Silver Tea-Pot is excess."

Vide "Lancet," April, 1857.

CRINOLINE VIEWED AS A DEPOPULATING INFLUENCE.

AMONG the causes which are cited to account for the decreasing rate of increase of the French population, it is thought that the spread of the Crinoline contagion is proving most injurious in its effects upon the census. The *mode* now prevailing is one of such extravagance that it is continually demanding fresh sacrifices, and ladies have to choose between a fine dress and a family, for no income but a ROTHSCHILD'S can provide for both. The result is, for the most part, as we learn by the *Examiner* that—

"Where you would see with English habits half a dozen healthy boys and girls walking with their parents, you see instead, in the Bois de Boulogne, a fine lady in a handsome open carriage."

To take a broad view of the subject, we must look at the wide petticoats, and the many "widths" of silk which are consumed in covering them; and we shall see at once a proof that the declining census has greatly owed its decrease to this Crinoline influence. Of course, the wider grow the dresses the longer grow the bills which ladies have to pay for them, and the narrower in consequence become their means of living. So much swelling when they are out necessitates their pinching somewhat closely when at home; and whatever can be done without is given up at once as not to be afforded. Children are not in the fashion, and may therefore be dispensed with; so that as the petticoats expand, the population dwindles, and a love of a new dress supplants that of a family.

If the census fail to bring the nation to its senses, it is obvious that Government will have to interfere, and devise the means to check this forced march of extravagance, which is proving a dead march to the non-rising generation. We would suggest, were we consulted, that a Censor of Crinolines should forthwith be appointed, and that the shops of all the milliners should be under his inspection; so that no dress be permitted of extravagant circumference, or of such a richness of material as might impoverish a family. It would, doubtless, much conduce to the prosperity of Paris, were cradles brought in fashion and were Crinoline kicked out of it; and we should be rejoiced to hear that coral bells and baby-jumpers were becoming there a merchandise in more demand than air-jupons. All true friends of France would rather see a houseful there of children than of petticoats and flounces, and at present only in the mansion of a millionaire would there be room enough for both.

It has been said that Frenchwomen display, universally, the best of taste in dressing, and are, by nature, gifted with extraordinary aptitude for learning and avoiding what is unbecoming to them. But

certainly at present they evince but little proof of this. We cannot think it in good taste to show more love for finery than affection for a family: nor can we regard it as becoming in a wife to so far forget her nature, and distort her duties, as to ruin her husband by the richness of her dresses, and in the blindness of idolatry to even sacrifice her children to the Juggernaut of Fashion.

PROSE OF THE PULPIT.

AN amusing correspondent of the *Times*, under the signature of "HABITANS IN SICCO," has been lately complaining of the average quality of sermons. HABITANS IN SICCO is not content to dwell in the dry pastures to which most flocks are limited by most pastors. But he mistakes, or does not consider, the orthodox end and object of sermons intended for intelligent people. The chief merit of such sermons actually consists in their dryness. Herein they resemble the favourite vinous beverage of so many of those who write, or at least deliver them. If a sermon had not that merit, no enlightened individual would have any in hearing it. Most persons of common ability and education know nearly all that a clergyman has to tell them. To them the use of a sermon is simply disciplinary. There would be no moral effort in listening to a sermon which interested their understanding or excited their feelings. For them, what is called an "awakening" sermon is a mistake. The sermon ought, on the contrary, to have a somniferous influence, to be resisted by them as an act of duty. Then it exercises them in patience and long-suffering: the greater the bore the better the sermon in regard to them.

If the above view of sermons is not correct, it ought to be, according to existing arrangements. A sermon to be good, in the sense of being eloquent, impressive, and instructive, requires perhaps rather more ability on the part of the author than a good serial: and how can authorship, with oratory to boot, be expected from the ordinary run of reverend gents? Nothing can be reasonably expected from them beyond the platitudes which you get—uttered with a peculiar intonation for which those clergymen are chiefly remarkable who intone their sermons only, and which may be described as a melancholy moaning, recognised at any distance, at which it is barely audible, as the noise of preaching.

MANNERS.



HE annexed advertisement has puzzled us to understand.

TO ADULTS who have NEVER LEARNT TO DANCE, —A lady of celebrity receives daily, and undertakes to TEACH, ladies and gentlemen, in 12 private lessons, to go through all the fashionable BALL ROOM DANCES with ease of manner and grace of deportment, including the necessary manner of entering and leaving a room, curtsy, &c.

What is the necessary manner of entering and

leaving a room? For anybody but a zany in a pantomime, who may crawl into or out of an apartment on all fours, we should think that the simple method of progression on two legs was the only one which there could be any necessity, or, indeed, reason, for adopting. It is difficult to conceive what there can be to teach in respect of entering a room or leaving it. That there may be something to unteach is intelligible enough, for some people on entering, or leaving a room, pull up their collars, others throw their coats off their chests, others rub their hands as if they were washing them: and these are unnecessary manners of entering a room, to be unlearned by all gents who aspire to ease of manner and grace of deportment.

Russian Railways and Piety.

It is said that the Russian Railways remaining very dead in the market, the EMPEROR ALEXANDER has received a very handsome mercantile offer from the late Manager of the British Bank, proposing to attempt to give the stock a lift, as the British Bank was opened, by means of prayer!

BAD NEWS FOR DONKEYS.



SININE longevity has been a somewhat fruitful subject of discussion among naturalists, but we believe that nearly all the best informed authorities, from CUVIER to SAM WELLER, agree almost precisely in their views upon the matter. It was the opinion of the latter that the age of asses, on the average, is of so prolonged duration that he questioned if the man were living who had seen a dead one: and although CUVIER may not go quite the length of this, he still describes the donkey race as being most conspicuously a long-yearred species.

All friends, however, of the ass (and the cynic might remark that there are few human families which in one or other of their members may not claim relationship) will

be concerned to hear that steps are being taken which will tend to shorten very much its average existence. A paragraph just quoted from the *Union* informs us that—

"In consequence of the success which has attended bringing horseflesh into use as human food a Society has been formed at Paris for causing the flesh of young asses to be eaten also. The Society maintains that such meat is the most delicious in existence, and quotes the example of M^{RS}ORNAS and CARDINAL DUPONT, both distinguished gourmards, who were passionately fond of the flesh of young asses."

Of course, if this Society attains much influence, the longevity of donkeys will be counted shortly with the Hessian boots and pigtails of our fathers, among the almost fabulous traditions of the past. To please the palate of the gourmand all asses must die young, and they no longer will enjoy that patriarchal age which, it is believed, their flesh is heir to. If the onophagites prevail, a donkey's life will soon become as short as its gallop, and essays will be written in the praise of juicy asslings, after the manner of ELIA's *Essay on Roast Pig*.

A BUBBLE TOO BAD FOR BARING.

CAN anybody of the British nation,
Attempt a railway loan's negotiation,
His countrymen in Russian toils ensnaring?
No firm in England, sure, could be so base,
Let us then hope that such is not the case,
Although reported of the House of BARING.

Since Russian railways clearly are intended,
Troops merely to convey when they are ended,
No one for liberty one button caring,
Would lend a halfpenny for their construction;
Whence we will venture upon the deduction
That nought has been lent by the House of BARING.

How dreadfully the trade of money-dealing
Must wither every patriotic feeling,
For the world's conquest if the CZAR, preparing,
By promise of per-centage could persuade
Such capitalists his designs to aid,
As the world-famous British House of BARING.

The British merchant throughout all the earth,
Was once renowned for honourable worth,
And still, in spite of late exceptions glaring,
Enjoys a portion of his ancient fame.
But oh! what would become of his good name,
If Russia's factors were the House of BARING?

And then the usury with which is baited
The Russian hook, is at a figure rated,
Which may be termed comparatively sparing;
Precarious, too, if war should intervene,
To take the Russian loan would, then, how green
Have been of the bamboozled House of BARING.

Well, certainly there is no accounting for a gourmand's tastes; and what is one man's asses' meat may be another's poison. We must confess we have ourselves no inordinate desire to sit down with our family to an asinine repast; and while our friends can give us a beefsteak and oyster-sauce, we shall not grumble at the lack of donkey cutlets or stewed ass's head to follow. In fact, so long as a lamb chop and a haunch of venison be procurable, we think that the man who would prefer to dine off donkey, must in some degree be regarded as a cannibal.

TESTIMONIAL TO WORKING MEN.

DURING the war, a number of artisans and artificers were employed at the dockyards and arsenals; and to their labours was in a great measure owing the termination of the Russian war. Having withdrawn from their former engagements, they found themselves, on the conclusion of hostilities, without the means of procuring work in place of that which Government no longer required. Under these circumstances it was thought fit that a testimonial should be given them for their services, and accordingly they received one at a moment's notice in the shape of the sack. In answer to their petition for help to emigrate it was intimated to them that Government would help them if they would help themselves. They complied with the condition, and scraped a sum of money together; but the Government has not been so good as its heavenlike word. We hope that another war will not happen till these circumstances shall have been forgotten; for they are such as, if remembered, will hardly induce working men to undertake public employment in a hurry.

The Maine Liquor Law.

MR. GOUGH has gone into mourning for the acknowledged failure of the Maine Liquor Law. He writes, "The Maine Law is a dead letter everywhere." Drowned, like poor *Ophelia*, but not of "too much water." The fact is, temperance is a matter of education; it is not to be forced into people's houses either on high or low service. Unlike the New River, temperance is not to be turned on "from the Maine."

ROTHSCHILDISH QUESTION.

WHEN will the Peerage, iced with pride, come to:
Thaw, and Resolve into itself a Jew?

Invest no money, friends, if you have any,
In foreign undertakings; not a penny.
How many are of dividends despairing
Who sunk their cash in various foreign bonds!
They might as well have thrown it into ponds,
Not to be thought of by the House of BARING.

In model lodging-houses, and improvements
At home; or promising colonial movements,
You will take shares, if honourably daring,
But rather lend your rhino to old Scratch,
Than risk it on the bubble, called a catch,
Blown by wild Rumour on the House of BARING.

SOMETHING IN A NAME.

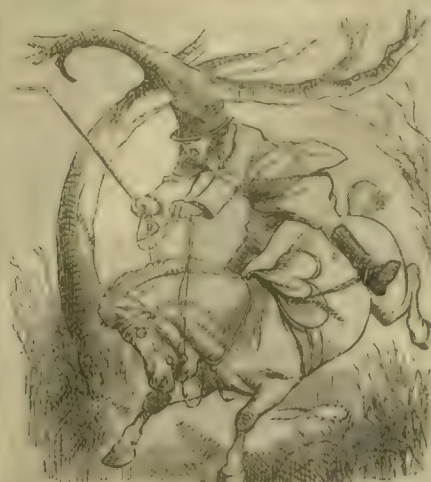
WE see that MADAME ORTOLANI is announced as a songstress at HER MAJESTY'S Theatre; and her name so reminds us of a bird which we have never as yet thought to be a singing one, that we feel impelled, as naturalists, to go and hear her. We think we may expect that, while she is confined to MR. LUMLEY'S cage, we shall find her sing more after nightfall than by day; and in this respect at least we may look to trace in her the nature of the nightingale. But what a pleasure it would be to us to discover in her voice a further reason for the parallel, and how we still more should delight to find in the Italian Ortolan a songstress to remind us of the Swedish Nightingale!

Small Prophets and Quick Returns.

THE extreme uncertainty which the country entertains touching the principles of a great many members of the new parliament, will warrant the adapting, in future elections, the inscription on the railway pay-places—

"ELECTORS ARE REQUESTED TO EXAMINE THEIR CANDIDATES, AND SEE WHETHER THEY ARE THE TICKET, BEFORE LETTING THEM LEAVE THE HUSTINGS, AS NO MISTAKES WILL AFTERWARDS BE RECOGNISED."

"SAFE AS THE BANK"—(BRITISH TO WIT.)



HERE has been published lately a pamphlet with the somewhat taking title, *When Banks Fail, who are Safe?* Not having perused it further than the title-page, we cannot be expected to correctly guess its authorship; but Rumour might do more unwisely than assign it to the pen of that ready (money) writer, Mr. INNES CAMERON, who, for his aptitude to keep things dark, might be christened with propriety a Cameron Obscure.

We hazard this conjecture from the fact that Mr. C., having

made himself scarce, (and the scarcer all such men become the better for society,) and having, with the elder DANIEL TUCKER, "got out of the way" at a time when, like York, he was likely to be "wanted," Mr. C. is clearly quite in a position to point out to us how, when a Bank fails with which one is connected, one may personally secure one's safety—from arrest. Having taken his line of conduct from a line in *Hudibras*—slightly changed for the occasion into—

"He that cheats and runs away,
May live to cheat another day!"

MR. CAMERON has plainly solved the problem of the pamphlet, and may therefore not unreasonably be guessed to have propounded it.

As so shining an example is pretty certain to be followed, it would be as well if steps were taken to in future stop the flight of all such birds of prey, and pray (for, although belonging to the hawk tribe, the CAMERON was "reckoned a religious bird;" his epistles mostly bear the Exeter Hall mark). There perhaps would not be quite so many pigeons plucked in future by these mohawks were the latter to be dealt with more as vermin, and hunted down as objects of exterminating pursuit. We incline indeed to think, that a new Game Law should be passed to prevent the game of "beggar my neighbour" being played with such impunity as has been heretofore indulged in. As farmers nail a captured kite to their barn-doors *pour encourager les autres*, so when next a bubble breaks we should like to see the blowers of it "nailed" on the spot; and it would increase our satisfaction and the force of the deterrent, if the process of nailing them were entrusted to the police, and if, to clench the matter, the riveting afterwards were done in Newgate.

OPINIONS OF A DISAPPOINTED MAN.

The man who is proud of his money has rarely anything better to be proud of. Trees with double-flowers are, too often, the emblem of Friendship—there is plenty of blossom, but no fruit.

There are many men who delight in playing the fool, but who get angry the moment they are told so.

In medicine, a Druggist goes much further than knowledge.

Society has a right to be particular. It is so often deceived!

Common sense has become so rare a commodity, that the world has entered into a tacit compact to live without it.

Wealth itself is not so much despised—it is only the man who is the possessor of it.

Every woman is born with a master-mind—that is to say, with a mind to be master, if she can.

No man, *young*, should say an ill-word against the Doctors.

Compliments are the coin that we pay a man to his face—sarcasms are what we pay him out with behind his back.

Toad-eating is always in season.

In France there is nothing young—excepting your *objets d'antique*.

FUNNY INTELLIGENCE.

THERE is perhaps no valid reason why the subjoined piece of intelligence should create a laugh—but it probably will:—

"The First Regiment of Zouaves has just taken up its ground for a camp at Tizzi Ouzou, the very entrance of Babylonia."

Sheer no meaning not only puzzles, but also frequently amuses, more than wit, and the extremely nonsensical sound of Tizzi Ouzou will perhaps create that merriment which would fail to be excited by a pun upon the word Tizzi too obvious for these columns, or any other.

OUR BOOTYFUL DIRECTORS.

THE wite maxim that "Heaven will help those who help themselves" appears to have been borne in mind most carefully by the Directors of those joint-stock bubbles which have lately burst in the sunshine of publicity; for there is clearly no denying they have "helped themselves" most liberally to all the funds within their reach. Purely in the way of business, and to afford the bank a means of employing its spare cash, one Director gets it to discount his bills for him to the tune of rather more than "If he had but a thousand a-year;" while another kindly "borrows" of it some few tens of thousands too, paying very regularly very handsome interest—which is the more considerate, seeing he has no idea of ever paying back the principal.

It has been pleaded "in extenuation" (a phrase which we should rather read "in aggravation"), that trifles such as these should be regarded purely in the light of speculations; and that as regards their having turned out to be losing ones, it has been asserted with a spirit of very virtuous indignation, that Directors cannot claim to be infallible, like Popes. It seems to us, however, who are used to call spades spades, and to speak of tricks by their right name, whether in card-play or otherwise, that such "speculations" are extremely near akin to speculations, in fact that the initial S is all the difference between them.

To profit by the lesson, and prevent as far as may be all such speculations for the future (although, we fear, so long as fools are found well off for soap, there will be no end to blowing bubbles for them), we think that shareholders would do wisely to reject all Directors of a speculative turn of mind, supposing means to be devised by which that mental turn could be corporeally discernible. Perhaps, too, it would be as well if Joint-stock Companies were forced to keep an oculist upon their staff, in order that all future candidates for a directorship should be examined as to the straightforwardness of their views. For instance, were it certified that, like the ghost of *Banguo*, any claimant had been ascertained to "have no speculation in his eyes," that fact might—or might not—be regarded as an ocular demonstration in his favour.



DELICATE, BUT UNINTENTIONAL, COMPLIMENT.

Second Lad. "No—there's *nothink new*,—'cept as the Queen's a-doing well."

First Ditto. "Well, that ain't no news—for Her Madjusty's allus a-doin' well!"

Heroic Act by a Surgeon.

It appears that on Wednesday week ERASMUS WILSON jumped into the Regent's Canal, and brought safe ashore an old woman, who, in her despair, had attempted suicide. Unlike beauty, true humanity is more than *skin-deep*.



ART-PROGRESS.

Artist (!) "Now, MUM! TAKE OFF YER 'EAD FOR SIXPENCE, OR YER 'OLE BODY FOR A SHILLIN'!"

FLOWERS FROM THE WEST.

THE preposterous assertion that the inhabitants of the United States use the English language is one which *Mr. Punch* has occasionally to refute by quotations from the American press. The other day he cited an instance where incomprehensibility arose from the peculiar political slang of the country. Now he proposes to show the style in which plain men of business discuss their affairs. The following passage is from a New York *Prices Current* for the present month. Imagine Mark Lane addressed in these terms:—

"BREADSTUFFS have been characterised by a considerable decline in free on board value. This fall, has to a slight extent been neutralised by advance in Freights, with occasional, spasmodically delusive, pulsations, of abortive speculation. Recent English advices seemed ominously prognosticative of reclamatory evidence, against prudence of American Corn Factors, during last six months. Reaction, has not yet kindled a flame, from these charred embers, of financially speculative shipments. Apathy pervades our Corn Exchange, and rumours of large purchases, are only listened to with passive facetiousness, by those who, are technically known here as American Shippers. Receivers, with profound appreciation of that '*Mille et une Nuit*' magnificence, which since 1853, has surrounded them with a reflective halo of monetary repletion, nevertheless, now anticipate a lower range of prices at seaboard, than those hitherto current. Accommodating themselves in all probability to reduced ideas of local Millers, or Speculators, based practically upon reflective foresight, and chaotic anticipation among Consignees at Atlantic seaboard, Farmers may send their surplus Wheat freely forward. Demand for Spain, has at last ceased, knocking away last monetary supports, of value upon stilts, and inaugurating the launch of a somewhat crazy vessel, into an Ocean of 'Unrestricted Competition,' commencing 1st September, 1857. '*Hannibal ad Portas*' is not a pleasant classical facetia, at this moment, with our '*Patres Conscripti*.' Indian Corn is presumed the pet article of shippers for a monetary holocaust, to perpetuate fallacious speculations, always resulting in self-castigation."

This kind of beautiful writing has long been used in the composition of American fashionable novels, but we were not aware, until favoured by some Liverpool friends with the document whence it is taken, that the luxurious corn-merchants of New York demand that their sacks should be wreathed with such flowers of loveliness. However, every nation to its own language. All that we protest against is, the sentimental assertion that England and America speak one tongue.

HEADY STUFF.

OUR subscribers are advised to draw the attention of any stupid acquaintance whom they may happen to have, to the notification following:—

HUNGARY WATER Refreshes the Memory, invigorates the brain, increases the power of thought; for two centuries its reputation has steadily advanced till at the present time it has fairly eclipsed all other odorant waters. 2s. a bottle, 10s. 6d. a case of six flacons.

Hungary must be a wonderful country compared to England. British water simply refreshes the animal system, but the water of Hungary, according to the above advertisement, refreshes the intellect. Hungary water will perhaps be introduced into the Universities, where an occasional glass of it may tend to simplify the "Little Go." If the clergy would take to Hungary water in lieu of port, that improvement of sermons in general just now so greatly desired might ensue. The new House of Commons might try Hungary water, and then, perhaps, the speeches of the Members would be less remarkable for stupidity and dulness than such orations have mostly been heretofore. We have now arrived at the end of April; and so it is too late for anybody to make a present which would have been seasonable on the first of the month; namely, to send a bottle of Hungary water to a fool.

PUNCH AND THE PUBLIC SERVICE.

THE *Civil Service Gazette* states that a gentleman named Woon, holding a situation under Government, was questioned respecting a squib published in *Punch*, and that, when he found his denial was considered insufficient to clear him, he committed suicide in despair. We doubt this story; because the heads of the Government offices must know that very few of their subordinates are capable of writing anything but a legible hand. If it is true, however, it is an evidence of the exercise of no small amount of petty tyranny, and of a considerable deal of mean injustice on the part of certain officials, whose position in office may be said to be that of JACK.

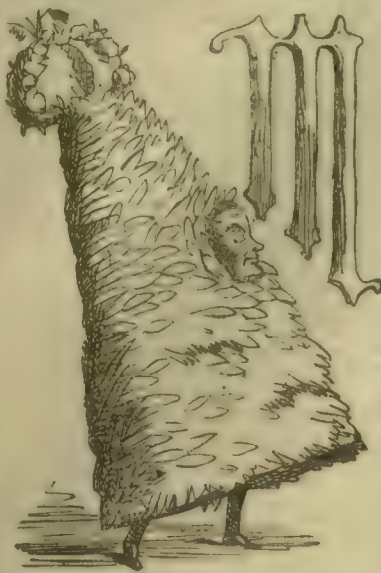


OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

“WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN?”



THE QUEEN'S SPEECH TO THE LADIES.



MEMBERS of Parliament and Peers of the Realm being about to be instructed how they are to spend their evenings for the next three months, HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY has been pleased to direct that a companion speech might be prepared for her, in which she should apprise their wives and daughters how to get rid of the nights while consorts and pupes are prozing or sleeping for the good of the nation. Mr. Punch has been favoured with a copy of the QUEEN'S Speech to the Ladies, and is informed that in the event of HER MAJESTY'S absence at the opening of the session, it will be delivered by the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, who, as the peer most conversant with the topics referred to in the address, will follow the LORD CHANCELLOR, a

peer not supposed to be very conversant with any topic at all.

"MY LADIES AND GIRLS,

"It gives me great pleasure to announce to you that besides the usual number of balls, *soirées*, dancing-teas, at homes, and other descriptions of parties with saltatory and matrimonial objects, a great variety of public amusements will be offered to you during the season.

"At the opera-house which bears my name, you will hear a very delightful recruit from the ranks of the church, SIGNOR GIUGLINI, a tenor of an admirable character. That fascinating little personage, MADAMOISELLE PICCOLOMINI, is again present with all her enchantments, and MR. LUMLEY, whose talent for discovering the stars of the ballet rivals the skill of ATRY or ARAGO in ransacking the firmament, has introduced to you a most charming *danceuse*, MADAMOISELLE POCHINI, whose achievements leave nothing to be desired except that she would perform them over again.

"I regret to state that the vulgar selfishness of certain dogs-in-the-manger, ordinarily known as Renters, has excluded MR. GYE'S operatic company from Drury Lane Theatre, but it may be heard in great force at the pretty Lyceum, where my illustrious Sister, the Queen of Song, reigns in superb health and unflagging vigour, supported by the illustrious MARIO, COUNT DI CANDIA, and by that consummate tragedian, SIGNOR RONCONTI.

"My meritorious BALDWIN BUCKSTONE, at the Haymarket Theatre, offers to such of you as possess an unvitiated taste for the drama a series of plays of an interesting character, with highly entertaining farces, as also a burlesque, in which my English is quaintly dealt with by the ingenious FRANK TALFOURD, and in which you will see spirited acting and elegant appointments.

"I specially charge and command each and every of you, as you value your QUEEN'S good opinion, to visit MR. WIGAN'S theatre in Wych Street, for the purpose of beholding MR. ROBSON'S performance as the *Miser*. Such extraordinary acting has not, I am informed by universal voice, been witnessed since the days of MR. EDMUND KEAN, who, I am further informed, never displayed genius surpassing that evinced by MR. ROBSON in this character. You need not be ashamed of the tears he will elicit, as they will result from an exercise of the highest Art, and as you will find the entire audience affected in common with yourselves.

"MR. CHARLES KEAN has placed upon the stage of my daughter's theatre a spectacle in which the life of a bygone age is reproduced before you with extraordinary fidelity and splendour, and you will have the additional advantage of hearing, in the course of the spectacle, several well-selected passages from a noble tragedy by MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

"At the Adelphi Theatre, you will find that MR. BENJAMIN WEBSTER continues to present a series of most effective dramas, constructed upon that principle of intense interest which may be regarded as the element of legitimacy at his establishment; and it is with great pleasure that I announce to you, that this distinguished actor, who can ill be spared from the stage (at present not rich in artists), and re-appears in a character of importance, in which you will not fail to see him.

"My trusty MR. MITCHELL is about to re-open the St. James's Theatre with a celebrated company of artists from the capital of my valued ally, the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH. A series of choice operettas, to be conducted by the composer to the Théâtre des Bouffes, M. Offenbach, will be given, and the list comprises some exceedingly charming works.

"I could wish that you would all take an opportunity of visiting the only theatre where the works of MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE are given as plays. I allude to the house under the management of MR. SAMUEL PHILLIPS, at Islington. The distance is trifling to those who, like yourselves, possess the means of vehicular conveyance, and you will be amply rewarded in witnessing exceedingly fine acting by MR. PHILLIPS, and a careful, intelligent, and judicious performance by his excellent Company.

"I should deplore your omitting to delight the younger branches of your families by indulging them with an occasional visit to ASTLEY'S Amphitheatre, where the equestrian performances, under the direction of MR. COOKE, are as extraordinary as ever, with the addition, as in the exploits of Miss EMILY COOKE and others, of a gracefulness which commends itself to the cultivated eye.

"Having thus indicated to you, my Ladies and Girls, how you may pleasantly dispose of the time while my Lords and Gentlemen are attending to the business which I have marked out for them, it only remains for me to express my certainty that amusement, however delightful, will never engross the British Female, to the neglect of her more elevated and serious occupations, and with this hint to wish you a series of exceedingly pleasant evenings."

CRINOLINE IN THE STUDIO.

WE believe it is no secret in artistic circles—although not a whisper of it has as yet been dropped in print, that the approaching Exhibition of the Royal Academy is causing more than usual uneasiness to the humanely-minded members of the Hanging Committee; the space at their command being annually the same, while each year brings new claims to it, without much absence of the old ones, the task of its allotment is of more and more perplexity; and the proportion of portraits is of such alarming increase, that the labour of rejection every spring becomes a greater one. Moreover, it is feared that from the fashion of wide dresses, which has lately been persisted in, the "portraits of a lady" will be found to be this year of more than common magnitude; and as nine-tenths of those sent in are generally of life-size, the Committee have, indeed, ample cause for apprehension. We imagine that but few of those "gay beings" who have lately sat in Crinoline to have their portraits taken have consented to be shorn of their proportions on the canvas; and we suspect that any full-length, or, what is more important, full-width portrait, would be found to take up pretty nearly one whole side of any of the three large rooms of the Academy. So that, in point of fact, were but twelve of them admitted there would be no space to show a single other picture.

As this would, of course, be too preposterous to dream of, we would suggest to the Committee, as a fit solution of their difficulty, that they had better not attempt to make any selection, but should exclude alike all portraits from Trafalgar Square, and provide them elsewhere with a place of exhibition. We are not aware precisely how many petticoats will now go to the acre, but by roofing in LORD'S Cricket Ground, or Kennington Common, there might perhaps be found expanse sufficient for the purpose; and as no one ever looks at portraits, except, of course, the sitters and their most immediate relations, their removal to either of the distances we speak of, would produce no inconvenience to the general public.

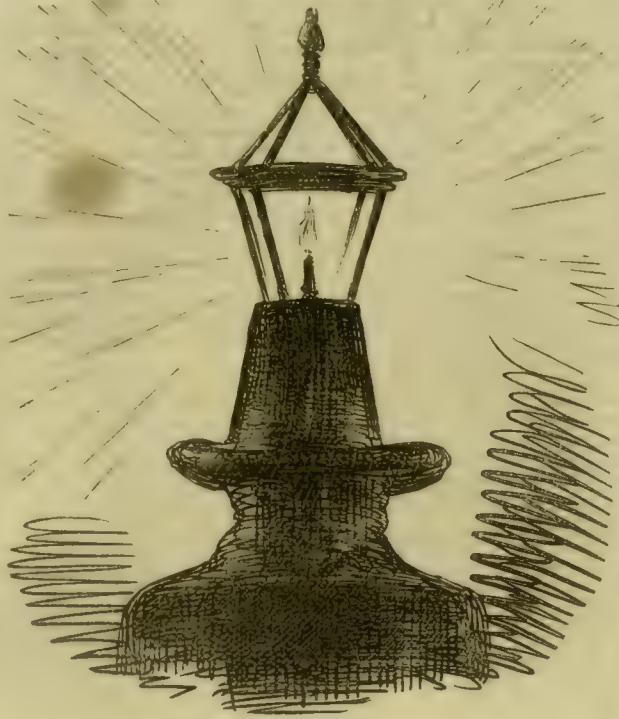
Encores.—Putting a Case.

"If you buy a chicken at the poulterers," asks APOLLO PRIMES, "and you find the chicken very nice, for that reason, do you think the poulterer ought to make you a present of a second chicken for nothing?" "Can't say the poulterer ought." "Very well," makes answer PRIMES, very triumphantly. "When you come to Exeter Hall market, and pay your money for one nightingale, have you a right to expect a second nightingale gratis, because the first was so very delicious?"

The End of Controversy.

DITCHER *versus* DENISON; DENISON *versus* DITCHER,
Neither plaintiff nor defendant
In this case, when there's an end on't,
Will be much wiser, or much richer.

A VEHICLE FOR FALSEHOOD.—The late puffs about the Saloon Omnibus. For *where* is it?



TERRIBLE APPARITION!!!

SEEN IN FRONT OF THE JUNIOR UNITED SERVICE CLUB.

THE SOCIAL TREAD-MILL.

No. 1.

"No, *Mr. Punch*, I can bear it no longer! I have suffered so much—I see so many around me suffering like myself. Whenever I broach the subject, I find such a store of smouldering discontent, that I feel certain, if I do not find a weekly vent-hole in your columns, we shall have a frightful catastrophe some day. Yes, Sir, Society is like JAMES THE FIRST'S Parliament-House. It is undermined; there are gunpowder-barrels piled, and faggots stacked; all that is wanted is a GUY FAWKES with his lantern and brimstone-matches. I propose to bring out the powder, barrel by barrel,—to unstack the faggots, and separate the sticks. Then we may safely use the one in bringing down our game in a sportsmanlike fashion, and the other in roasting scientifically what otherwise, sooner or later, must have been barbarously blown up. Excuse this excited and figurative introduction of my subject. Strong feelings, long pent up, cannot be discharged without considerable recoil and concussion. If I am flurried, consider that the silent sufferings of thousands are about to find a mouth-piece in me. I labour, like the Pythoness, because, like her, I am about to be oracular.

"A reference to the title of this paper will indicate the motive of this somewhat incoherent preface.

"Sir, I am a married man—a householder of the middle class—nearer, perhaps, to its upper than its under stratum—living in London, discharging, I can honestly say, my duty to my family, to the utmost of my power, and paying rates and taxes with a punctuality which quite affects the tax-gatherer and rate-collector of my district.

"My wife is an excellent woman, not less anxious to do her duty in her sphere than I will make bold to say I am in mine. Our children are healthy and promising, our circumstances unembarrassed, our tempers even, our income sufficient for our wants, and our expectations, on both sides, by no means to be sneezed at.

"And yet I am a sufferer—a sufferer in so many ways, that I hardly know with which kind of suffering to begin this out-pouring.

"SIR, I AM ONE OF THE MILLIONS CONDEMNED, FOR NO CRIME, TO THE SOCIAL TREAD-MILL!

"The Tread-mill! Why not the crank, the pillory, the press, the rack, the thumbscrew, the scavenger's daughter—'Little-ease' itself? I mean to express, by whatever image our suffering may best be described, that I am one of the millions struggling with a host of

oppressive, costly, body-and-soul-crushing, social usages, which we have been thrust into somehow or other, and find ourselves groaning under, without any offence of our own. Most suffer in silence. I have long suffered so. At last I have determined to speak—and I know that thousands and tens of thousands will bless my courageous pen.

"Where shall I begin?

"I might take my stand on this side the very threshold of married life—at the Wedding itself, with its absurd and costly paraphernalia of bridesmaids, and Honiton lace, and *Glacé* bonnets, and orange-flower wreaths, and best French gloves at 3s. 9d. a pair. But many may think any complaint of that part of the ceremony transacted in church indecorous. Though why people should not go quietly to church, with two or three of their best friends, male and female, neatly and chastely dressed, and there—stripping off as much as may be of our tailorings, and getting down as well as we can from our social stilts—kneel humbly to take upon them those life-long vows—the crown of manhood and womanhood—I, for one, never could see.

"There is a demand for simplicity in funerals; why not in marriages? We are not more equal beside the grave than before the altar. The parson who consigns dust to dust, and the parson who joins man and wife together, equally consecrate a common lot of humanity.

"I protest against the vanity and ostentation which wait upon us, on our entrance into wedlock—the hired broughams, and the wedding-favours, and the fashionable church, and the team of parsons—the gorgeousness of the bride and the bridesmaids—the glossy newness of the wretched bridegroom. It's all wrong. How dare we set about what should be the most serious and awful act of our lives—I protest there is no act of our lives so solemn except death—all varnished and rouged and masked and 'got up?' Marriage, as it is, is led up to by altogether too gay and glittering a "*kâpos*"—or revel-rout. It would be better to approach the altar with seriousness at least, if not with some sadness; above all, we should utterly repudiate that pretentious show, above our means and unbefitting our stations, with which most of us flaunt and swagger into holy matrimony.

"Sir, when I was married, I was a bolder man than I am now. The social irons had not entered into my soul. I protested then, as I do now, against the cost and display and uncomfortable splendour of the marriage ceremony. But I did more. I carried my protest into act. My wife had been peculiarly brought up, and luckily, thought as I did. Her Mamma, and all her relations, I am thankful to say, were at a distance. Mine were eccentric people. We were married quietly at Kensington Church. We had only one brougham, which was not hired—but a friend's. My wife and three of my dearest women-friends (they have been my wife's best friends ever since) went in the brougham. I followed in a cab, with two of my man-friends. My wife wore a French grey chalis dress, and a pretty little straw bonnet with white ribbons. I had on the blue coat which I had mounted a year before for my friend BLAZER's marriage—BLAZER did the thing handsomely; was turned off at St. James's, with coaches, favours, bridesmaids, *glacé* bonnets, Honiton lace, orange flowers, best French gloves, mother-in-law,—in short, with all the *obligato* accompaniments. It was only by the passionate persuasion of the friend who acted 'Father' on the occasion—he was married, and a miserable grinder on the social mill already—that I was induced to purchase a pair of white gloves, which I did at the haberdasher's nearest the church.

"So we were married. It was cheap—it was snug—it was of a piece with our daily existence. We did not roll into wedded life on a grand triumphal chariot, with eight horses, to come down to a tax-cart immediately after. We began our journey, DABBY and JOAN fashion, in the tax-cart. Would that I could always be allowed to tool that humble but easy-hung vehicle! But alas, the gig of respectability is every now and then driven to the door, and one must mount, under heavy penalties, leaving the cozy old tax-cart in the stable-yard. But the gig of respectability is bearable. Not so that terrible, black, dreary, stifling prison-van—with 'Society' painted in blazing capitals on the panels. Against compulsory riding in that odious vehicle, I mean to protest as vehemently as you will permit me. To that end I send you this groan, the forerunner of many more, should this awake an echo. I doubt not it will awake thousands, on the part of those who would be but too ready to sign themselves as I do,

"A SUFFERER."

"P.S. I have not yet done with the penal accompaniments of wedlock. I have much to say on the subject of wedding breakfasts, but they deserve an extra groan to themselves."

Oude Among the Shoe-Blacks.

THE QUEEN OF OUDE and the Princes have given £10 to the East London Shoe-Black brigade. This donation, it is said, was made by our Eastern visitors in recollection of what His Majesty of Oude had obtained of the East India Company: they having first blackened him so thickly before they finally polished him off.

SOUTHWARK AND THE BALTIC.



second appearance "he obtained the victory, without firing a shot." It was otherwise in the Baltic. There, also, he had fired no shot; and, doubtless for such reason, had won no victory; but this result, as it would appear, made no difference to the idolators of Southwark. Doubtless, had a NELSON come among them with Trafalgar in his chaplet, he would have been considered ineligible by the circumstance. To some folks there is no such recommendation as noisy, pig-headed imbecility.

A congratulatory address "elegantly engrossed on parchment" was presented to the

NUMBER of enthusiasts of the classic borough of Southwark have given SIR CHARLES NAPIER a dinner. For, said the chairman of these innocent creatures, "SIR CHARLES stood so high in their opinion that, say what they would against him, no one would believe them." Beautiful is belief; sustaining is faith! Hence, it is said, that among the electors of Southwark are a set of believers whose faith it is that SIR CHARLES's perfect firing, by keeping his cutlass sharp, had the most mischievous effects on Cronstadt, and very sensibly hastened the termination of the war. When men are found to have faith in wizards, why should there not be believers even in SIR CHARLES NAPIER?

SIR CHARLES, of course, returned thanks after his own way. He had been three times before a Southwark constituency. On his

distinguished Member; and the chairman assured the electors that "they had done themselves great credit, and had conferred great honour." The credit was in their choice: the honour in the fact of representing such influence, such intelligence, as shown and developed by a Southwark constituency.

SIR CHARLES, however, gave the electors warning. Should they again want his services they must pay for them. "He would not spend one shilling." No; he would enter Parliament gratis, or he would remain in private life. "Return me if you please. If you do not"—thus ran SIR CHARLES's threat—"I will take my hat off, and wish you all good morning." All we can say in answer to this menace is, we think SIR CHARLES will look admirably well with his hat off; and for the borough of Southwark he can make no more valuable utterance, than by saying—"good morning."

THE SWAN OF AVON A GOOSE.

A MISS DELIA BACON has written a book, entitled, *The Philosophy of the Plays of SHAKESPEARE Unfolded*. That philosophy, as unfolded by MISS BACON, turns out to be not SHAKESPEARE's at all, but to belong to RALEIGH, to MISS BACON's namesake of Verulam and the *Novum Organum*, and to others than the divine WILLIAMS. MISS BACON had better fold SHAKESPEARE's pages than attempt to unfold his philosophy; she is evidently unable to read him, and should shut him up. Let her henceforth confine herself to the unfolding of table cloths and other linen matters more fit to be unfolded by feminine powers than those sheets which contain the philosophy of SHAKESPEARE.

A GRAVE OPERATION.

A New Company advertises "Washing in Earnest." As if any washing could be so serious a matter as that which constitutes an adjunct to domestic happiness.

A NEW HANDEL SENSATION.

A CERTAIN man was born in 1684, and died in 1759.

Between those dates he achieved certain things, whereof the world has heard, but never so nobly as it will hear of three of them in the Crystal Palace in June next.

The man was GEORGE F. HANDEL, and the three works in question are the oratorios *The Messiah*, *Israel in Egypt*, and *Judas Maccabaeus*.

During the last ninety-eight years a good deal has been said about these wonders in musical art, and, decidedly, it is somewhat late to discuss them. Happily, one may now be permitted to listen in reverent admiration, not unmixed with awe, as those giant utterances are given forth. No one is even called upon for eloquent description of the sensations he felt, or would be thought to have felt, when carried away in the surging and whirling waves of the Handelian music. This is a great comfort.

Possibly no such a series of glorious sensations has been permitted to a multitude for the last thousand years, as a multitude, in the right mind, may experience on the three HANDEL days, now coming.

One sensation, however—not exactly glorious—may be felt by thousands. We mean the sensation of gratitude for an escape.

Take a minute between the grand acts—take an instant when the colossal harmony is a thing of the past, and let this thought pass through your brain:

This giant, this poet, this magician, this—what signifies tautology—this HANDEL—

"Was intended for a Lawyer, but—"

There!

On second thoughts. No. Take breath, and do not take that thought with you into the Crystal Palace. Do not mar the magnificent pleasures of the three days by a recollection which has too much of grotesque terror in it to be quite in place. But think over the fact in the mean time—at other times.

The man who composed *The Messiah* might have been a Lawyer!

Will there be any Lawyers in the Palace on those days? Doubtless,

for where's that palace, be it ne'er so wide—and so forth. And where—at least where on earth and below it—do they not go?

Will they have a sensation? And will it be like the sensation felt by the earth-born horses when Pegasus, for a moment harnessed to the manure-cart, burst his bonds, spread his wings, and flew upwards to the Sun. The other horses, being at the work that was fit for them, started, snorted—and pulled away at the manure-cart.

HANDEL might have been a Lawyer! Never forget this when tempted to ungrateful thoughts touching destiny.



TRICLINIUM

MONUMENTS.—We are told that every man should leave some monument behind him; but really after looking at the wretched stuck-up things called monuments, that are dotted about London, we must say that we see but very little encouragement for it; on the contrary, we rather admire the man who, as monuments go, leaves no monument behind him.



DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

Hector. "NOW, THEN, YOUNG FELLER—WHO ARE YOU STARING AT?"

Hodge. "WHY SHOULDN'T I STARE AT YER? I PAYS FOR YER!"

LEGITIMATE INDIGNATION.

MR. ROWLAND HILL reports, with satisfaction, that the Initial system, by which the delivery of London letters is to be so greatly facilitated, has been all but completely adopted by the public, and that 55,000 Metropolitan letters are daily posted with the proper initials. This gratifying result he mainly attributes to *Mr. Punch*, who refuses to take in any letter addressed to himself, unless it has the essential E.C. upon it. *Mr. Punch* has some notion that among the epistles he has rejected for want of these letters was one from LORD PALMERSTON (who should have been more careful) asking him to accept a Baronetcy. If so, *Mr. P.* begs to express his indignation that what was pressed on a W. WILLIAMS and given to a Locock, should be offered to Him. He is neither a Nass nor a Naccoucheur. Has PAM's brilliant success turned his head? If so, the sooner he begins to right about face, and ceases to write about folly, the better.

A BRITISH WELCOME FOR BOMBA.

WHERE does KING BOMBA expect to go to? MIVART's has been suggested as an asylum for the expected Royal refugee; but if Naples is getting too hot to hold him, England has become so already. MR. JOHN BULL is not very particular about his guests, but MR. BULL cannot extend his hospitality to torturers; and if the modern TIBERIUS should repair to this country, he will find it as necessary to shut himself up as he does in his own. Shut up indeed he would probably be by medical order, and not merely because it would be unsafe for himself personally if he were allowed to go about. In one sense only can the mad tyrant hope that England will afford him an asylum.

THE RISE AND FALL OF A SUCCESSFUL FOOL.—He shot up like a Balloon, and came down like a monkey in a parachute!—*Cremorne Proverb.*

ROYAL NURSERY RHYMES.

SAYS PRINCE ALBERT, on Tuesday,
 "I've come to tell news t' ye.
 There's a new Baby. Guess!"
 "Girl, Pa," cries the PRINCESS
 "To make up for the bride,"
 Adds sly WALES, half aside
 "Let's light up the Palace,
 Says light-hearted ALICE;
 "I'll teach her spellin' or
 French," says grave HELENA;
 "I'll never tease her,"
 Says laughing LOUISA;
 "I'll nurse her, rather,"
 Says gallant young ARTHUR;
 "And Me too, me hope hold
 Um baby," says LEOPOLD;
 "Who'll write and tell AL?"
 Says PRINCE ALBERT, "I shall."

Then they all began shouting, for, coming to lunch
 And caudle, they saw their best friend, *Mr. Punch.*

THE MOTHER OF THE REGIMENT.

La Figlia del Reggimento is just at present attracting some attention, which might be likewise as well bestowed on *La Madre*. Poor old MRS. SEACOLE is hard-up. Now MRS. SEACOLE was a real suttler-woman in the Crimea; and a mother and a nurse to the wounded soldier. She did not skip and amble about in the costume of a military Bloomer; but she often marched under fire, distributing refreshments and restoratives among the wounded, and dressing their injuries with her own hands. She also used to doctor the navvies and the Land Transport Corps, and her practice in cases of camp-disease was highly successful. The Opera of MRS. SEACOLE, *la Madre del Reggimento*, consisted in these good works. It will suffice to add that a fund—which is described as yet in its infancy—has been got up for her benefit.

QUERY ON MILITARY EDUCATION.

OUT of 100 Candidates for a Commission in the Army, how do 99 generally spell aide-de-camp?

THE SCHOOLMASTER IN THE CITY.

MR. ALDERMAN ROSE asked the Common Council to assist, by a grant of money, in the purchase of Crosby Hall for educational purposes. This matter, put in the shape of a motion, was defeated by an amendment, seconded by the severe MR. H. L. TAYLOR; of whom, said DEPUTY LOTT, it would be as well to expect moustachios on the face of the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY, as a charitable smile on the countenance of MR. H. L. TAYLOR. We think there is less difficulty with the Archbishop. His Grace, if it so pleased him, might grow moustachios; but by what hitherto unknown process is MR. H. L. TAYLOR to obtain even a look of charity? And it is right it should be so. When charity begins at home, why should a careful citizen insist upon bringing it abroad with him? Charity, like the poker, should remain at the fireside.

BUCKNALL AND THE BABY.

ON Thursday a Court of Common Council was held to consider the pleasing fact of the birth of a Princess. Common Councilman BUCKNALL was eloquent, impressive, and truthful. Hence, he said—

"I am convinced that, however much any member of the Court may feel interested in the birth of a child by a member of his own family, or by one with whom he is connected by ties of duty and affection, he must feel an equal interest in the birth of a Princess by our glorious and gracious QUEEN."

Hence, the Royal family is, in fact, only an extension of BUCKNALL's family circle, and the PRINCE OF WALES and the PRINCESS ROYAL hold precisely the same place in the heart of the speaker as ALBERT EDWARD BUCKNALL and VICTORIA ADELAIDE MARIA LOUISA BUCKNALL. Beautiful is loyalty, when deepened by such truth!

MODERATION IN ALL THINGS.—A tremendous talker is like a greedy eater at an ordinary, keeping to himself an entire dish of which every one present would like to have partaken

THE SOCIAL TREAD-MILL.

No. 2.



"MR. PUNCH,

"I PROMISED to devote an entire letter to Wedding-Breakfasts. It is not so much that these entertainments are more dreary than the rest of the table ceremonies, under which society suffers. On the contrary, except for the plague of speechifying, they would be rather jollier than most of our social gatherings: but the wedding-breakfast stands in the front-rank of the married man's experiences. It is like those rites which used to come first in the initiation of a novice into the ancient mysteries, or the secret-societies of the middle-ages, in which the greenhorn was made to run the gauntlet of the most hideous hobgoblins, and the most startling surprises. Such an introduction was supposed at once to caseharden the candidate's nerves, and to test his courage. On the same principle one may suppose the newly-married man is exposed to the green-grocerism, the Gunterism, the champagne-fired enthusiasm and speechification, the stale and threadbare pleasantries, the mock sentiment, and pinchbeck cordiality of the wedding-breakfast. It is a quintessence, as it were, of what he will have to go through in the future, in the way of costly and pretentious entertainment, affected good fellowship, and hollow gaiety. If he can stand those awful waiters—the array of those long tables, with their spun-sugar bird-cages, and plaster-of-Paris temples—their profusion of highly-decorated pastry, forced fruit, glacé tongues, insipid chickens, chilly galantines, and ice-creams; if he is not sickened with the speeches, and does not loathe champagne for ever after, he may be safely pronounced fit for the inner rites of the married life of society.

"But the performances in the mysteries will be found, on the whole, duller than those of the initiation. The bead still dances in the champagne of wedding-breakfasts. The liquor handed round at the dinners, and breakfasts and suppers, of which that is the prelude, will be found flat, insipid—dead as ditch-water. I always feel that there is something significant in the general chilliness of the viands at a wedding-breakfast. You detect a gelatinous character about the feast. Your fun, like your fruit, is forced. The very wedding-cake has its emblematic icing—for so, I believe, the highly decorated crust, apparently compounded of sweetened gypsum and prussic-acid, is styled by the confectioners. There is good fruit and aromatic spice under that most indigestible and snowy covering, whereof none can eat and live! What a good and sweet, and sustaining thing marriage is in itself. Why do we invest it with icing? Why hide its sweetness and its spices—its mixture of currants and lemon-peel, and its substratum of honest flour,—under a hard shell of frosty ceremonial, flourished all over with shallow devices in confectioner's taste? Why do we all put our necks under the heel of GUNTER? Why allow our simple pleasures to be dashed by the awful presence of those white-cravatted waiters—Eumenides of the chair-back, each shadowing forth the Nemesis of the bill to pay?

"But worse than the cold breakfast are the speeches. Which of us has not groaned under this infliction? So far as I know, every one

admits that these wedding-breakfast orations are an intolerable nuisance. I don't know which of the prevailing styles of this class of oratory is worse, the pathetic or the jocose, or the floundering, which aims at a combination of grave and gay, and comes to grief between the two. There is that dreadful friend of the family, who proposes the health of the young couple. Why can't he be content to do it simply, to utter in six words of honest meaning a hearty wish that happiness may attend them—that God may bless their union? Every one, if appealed to, must admit you can't get beyond that. No person—one would suppose—who really felt a genuine regard for the pair—or for either of them—would wish at such a time to attempt more than a brief and fervent blessing.

"Yet here is a well-meaning Briton—no fool, probably, in his business—not a recognised bore in common life—not an open and notorious humbug, hypocrite, and impostor—who gets up to propose the health of the newly-married couple, or the health of their respective Papas and Mamas; and in so doing, maunders for a quarter of an hour in a style that blends folly, tediousness, and insincerity, till you blush for the man as you sit. My readers may have observed—I often have—the expression of pain and shame on the countenances of the listeners to a discourse of this class. I always long to hide my face while one of these melancholy exhibitions is in progress. I believe, from comparing notes with others, that this feeling is very common.

"But worse even than this—the heavy business of the wedding-breakfast—is its light comedy, the hide-bound pleasantries of the gentleman who rises to propose 'the bridesmaids', and similar provocative toasts, in what the reporters call 'a highly humorous speech.'

"Of the many forms of social suffering I know of none worse than sitting under one of these *douches* of wedding-breakfast jocoseness. Not one Briton in a thousand can be playful on his legs—above all not playful *extempore*. He must be common-place—must stand in the old JOE MILLER ways—must trot out the battered old hack pleasantries, or he is lost. So long as the man is humble-minded enough not to attempt anything new, one submits with a certain equanimity. The mind is subdued to familiar forms of suffering. But the infliction becomes terrible, when the speaker is ambitious enough to attempt anything original. Fear is then added to the listeners' other sufferings. There is the constant dread of a fall—of the poor fellow's being entangled and tripped up in one of his own complicated metaphors—of his staking himself on one of his own jokes—not that the point would pierce very deep—of his coming down with a crash in one of his oratorical flip-flops. Do not tell me there can be any pleasure in a performance, at the conclusion of which every one vents a pent-up breath of thankful relief—which is watched as one watches the tottering steps of an unskilful tight-rope dancer, in a 'terrific ascent.' The audience can no more relish the jokes of the wedding-breakfast orator than the spectator enjoy the squibs and crackers let off round the performer in one of these break-neck exhibitions at Cremorne or Vauxhall.

"This social nuisance of wedding-breakfasts has lately had a colossal illustration, which I have been surprised to find has received no notice from Mr. Punch. I allude to that gorgeous Judaic family ceremonial at Gunnersbury, in which God Hymen and God Mammon were equally honoured, where, to judge from the newspapers, the altar must have been of solid gold, the nuptial torches of precious woods steeped in the rarest spices, the bridal couch stuffed with bank-notes, and the liquor, in which the health of the young couple was pledged, nothing less than *aurum-potabile*. Even here I observed that the nuisances I am complaining of were duly submitted to. LORD JOHN RUSSELL did the heavy business, and MR. BERNAL OSBORNE the light comedy. The state of the thing was grand, befitting what LORD JOHN described as 'a union between two members of the most powerful family of Europe,' but no act of the social penance was wanting.

"As to the gold and gems, the pearls and diamonds that flashed and shone through the luxuriant paragraphs of JENKINS, in describing that marriage, I felt for once that such display was not out of place. There was something grand in the Oriental magnificence—the insolent splendour—the parade of 'money-power.' Dukes and Lords, and Prime Ministers and Secretaries of State, were summoned to bow down before the Golden Image that ROTHSCHILD the king had set up; and they came and bowed dutifully, and did public suit and service to the 'Almighty Dollar.' Mammon really kept royal state at Gunnersbury Park that morning. Let us hope that poor little Hymen was not smothered under his robes of cloth of gold; that the fair young bride may not find herself, like TARPEIA, crushed beneath her gifts—those armlets and necklaces, and jewelled parasols, and gem-encrusted writing-cases, and services of gold and services of silver—which so bewildered and bedazzled us 'outer barbarians' even upon paper; that there may be no danger for her and her husband, of the fate of MIDAS, who, having the power of turning all things to gold, starved for want of bread.

"On as humbler labourers at the social crank that Gunnersbury wedding works somewhat as the apparition of a PALMER or a WAINE-WRIGHT—a REDPATH or a ROBSON—might tell upon our brother

convicts at the House of Correction. It is the impersonation, on a colossal scale, of our own aims and efforts—the audacious realisation of our humble possibilities. We thrill with awe—we long to bow down and worship. This anonymous God of Society is, after all, no other than our old friend Mammon, let him disguise himself as he will. We see him on his throne at Gunnersbury, among the Mosaic millionnaires. They sacrifice to him with the same rites as ourselves, only with infinitely more cost and magnificence. They are slaves, as we are, but they wear more gorgeous liveries. They too were working at their social tread-mill, though the steps of the machine were of fine gold, and the rails of diamond; they too were bored; among them too every honest man and woman at that Gunnersbury breakfast, writing him or herself down truly, would have signed, as I do,

“A SUFFERER.”



THE GREAT TOBACCO QUESTION.

Experienced Smoker (loq.) “Cigars? Pooh!—Cigars are all very well for Boys, but give ME a Pipe!”

BROWN'S ACCOUNT.

MR. HUMPHRY BROWN is, doubtless, acquainted with the Portuguese canon for a sonnet. It should open with silver and close with gold. MR. HUMPHRY BROWN opens his account at the Royal British Bank with eighteen pounds, fourteen shillings, and closed it with a debt of upwards of sixty thousand pounds! Is not this a silver opening with a golden close? Silver and gold. Well, it is a pity that, such is the law, we cannot have a little iron mingled with the precious metals. A little iron ought to decorate the legs of the gentleman whose hands have shut upon so much of other people's gold and silver. MR. BROWN is—was—a great ship-owner. Well, it is a pity that MR. BROWN and his companions of the British could not be invited to take a sea-voyage to Bermuda. The very ship that MR. BROWN did not sell to Government might be fitted up with every convenience for the transit. And this MR. HUMPHRY BROWN on the recent dissolution stood again for Tewkesbury! Oddly enough, he was rejected; although a very little while before his sympathetic and admiring townsmen presented him with a candelabrum: a thing not to be hidden under a bushel of MR. BROWN's imperfections. At the present time, MR. BROWN stands for nowhere. This is a pity; this ought not to be: but then, the law is imperfect, and the pillory is abolished.

Always the Napiers!

THE NAPIERS are always bestowing something on their fellow-creatures; and if they shine in giving anything, it is when they bestow their “contempt.” Last week, SIR WILLIAM NAPIER was very liberal of his “contempt.” We believe that if an earthquake were to open under the NAPIERS, they would declare the shock to be “only worthy of their contempt, and altogether beneath their notice.”

A FASCINATING CHRISTIAN.

THESE Scottish Chieftains are “kittle cattle to shoe.” At least, a little shoe (under the above title) which Mr. Punch recently ventured to put upon a chieftain called CAMPBELL or MONZIE, seems to have pinched him, though he is not very precise in pointing out where it hurts. However, he writes so gentlemanly a letter upon the subject that Mr. Punch, who, like CÆSAR, “doth never wrong but with just cause,” hastens to reply. MR. CAMPBELL, or MONZIE, as his own reporter familiarly calls him, says that Mr. Punch “should have satisfied himself that he had a correct report of MR. CAMPBELL's speeches, before proceeding to hurt the public usefulness of a man professing such principles.” Mr. P.'s answer is brief. He certainly happened to select the quotations from the *Inverness Courier*, and not from the *Inverness Advertiser*. He knew the former to be a paper of high character, and conducted by a gentleman who bears an honoured name in literature. Moreover, Mr. Punch has so much confidence in British journalism generally, (which repudiates the American system of reporting, wherein falsification and garbling are considered mere smartness,) that he unhesitatingly takes the report of any respectable paper, as material for comment. On examining the *Inverness Advertiser*, (MR. CAMPBELL's organ), Mr. Punch does not find the expressions he cited from the other paper, but Mr. P. knows a little about speech-making and speech-publishing, and MR. CAMPBELL will permit him, until further notice, to believe that the rough and ready talk of the platform is unceremoniously given in one paper, and that the second, and revised thoughts of the speaker are given in the other. Mr. P. conceives that he has both the “correct” and the “corrected” remarks before him. This is, however, a question for the two journals; and as to hurting the public usefulness of MONZIE, (we have written ourselves, like SIR WALTER's Greenhorn and Grinderson, into familiarity,) Mr. Punch designed exactly the reverse, having actually suggested a service which MONZIE could do to the agriculture of his country.

“Abroad in the meadows, to count the young lambs,
And make up a list of their sires and their dams,
On paper so clean and so white.
In such pastime a Chieftain had better engage,
Than in talking himself into anger and rage,
And getting a wipe from the good-natured sage,
Who answers him now so polite.”

RUSSIA IN FRANCE.

MUCH rose-water has been poured upon the bear. DUKE CONSTANTINE has been most delicately treated on his way to Paris. All the arsenals, all the dockyards, have been thrown open to him, whilst at the same time all ugly memoranda of a late disagreement between France and Russia were carefully set aside. Now and then, however, the Duke would be over curious, and so stumbled upon disagreeable objects. For instance, at Toulon, there was the bell of Sebastopol half-hidden under tarpaulin; why, bell-like, was it not wholly enveloped in Crinoline? His Highness was slightly disturbed at the first glance of an old acquaintance, but speedily recovered himself, and eyed the bell as coolly as belles can, upon occasion, eye anybody.

(“And looked upon the strange man's face
As one she ne'er had known.”)

In Paris, the Duke has been shown all the sights, and—to the disgust of Austria—has sworn eternal friendship with the *parvenu* NAPOLEON. Wherever he goes, the Duke is accompanied by GENERAL TODLEBEN: should His Royal Highness cross to England, it is understood that he will be attended on his progress by SIR CHARLES NAPIER. If the Duke should not have time to visit Woolwich, he will at least examine, under the care of SIR CHARLES, the cutlass that was sharpened by the precise firing that was to have knocked down Cronstadt. The decorations bestowed upon LORDS LUCAN and CARDIGAN will also undergo the honour of a very close inspection. It is reported that a copy of WILLIAM RUSSELL's *Crimean War* has been magnificently bound by order of the Commander-in-Chief, and will be duly presented to our distinguished visitor, but with this condition—he must first pay the visit.

Clicquot's Glee.

NEUFCHÂTEL, NEUFCHÂTEL,
A Principality to sell!
Only for one million francs,
'Tis almost giving it for thanks.
At such a price the bargain's funny.
Sold again, and got the money!

REFORM.—In political as well as in all personal matters, the synonym for to-morrow.

PALMERSTON, "BIRDS, BEASTS, AND FISHES."



PARLIAMENTARY Reform—prophesies the *Quarterly*—"will probably task those remarkable instincts of self-preservation in which LORD PALMERSTON has always shown himself to excel, not mankind only, but even birds, beasts, and fishes."

The force of compliment can no further go. How vain is it to hope to catch and subdue a Minister who, as JONATHAN has it, licks all creation! PALMERSTON is not alone PALMERSTON the Irishman; but PALMERSTON the bird, PALMERSTON the beast, PALMERSTON the fish! Put PALMERSTON in another

NOAH'S Ark, and he would be Prime Minister of the whole menagerie. For consider PALMERSTON the bird; the lapwing. How he decoys his pursuers from the nest; how he trails along the ground; how he leads far and far away the curiosity that would destroy his expectations. Think how PALMERSTON the cuckoo "sucks little birds' eggs to make his voice sweet;" adapting to his own preservation the best hopes and dearest property of others! Contemplate PALMERSTON, the beast—the fox PALMERSTON—think of him in foreign henroosts; now all but run down, with the whole country at his heels; and now, stolen away, and curled up snugly in a red box, with not a hair turned. Consider PALMERSTON the fish, the torpedo eel. Lay a little finger on him, and take a shock for your pains. Think of PALMERSTON, the official cattle-fish. Move for "copies of correspondence," and straightway all around shall be so darkened with official ink that the fish itself shall not be discoverable head from tail.

Is not this, taking the *Quarterly's* word for the matter, a most portentous Minister. A Premier who is merely a man might be managed; but how to deal with a PALMERSTON who is not only a PALMERSTON, but a bird, a beast, and a fish?

EBENEZER AND THE ESTABLISHMENT.

THE subjoined rather curious paragraph occurs in a letter on the subject of "Church Rates," addressed by one A. T. apparently a Dissenter, to the *Times*:-

"Dissenters object to pay Church-rates on two grounds—first, because the proceeds of them are devoted to the support of a religious system which, in their opinion, is not in harmony with the word of God; and, secondly, because the method of collecting them is compulsory, and not voluntary. The plan of your Homerton correspondent meets the former of these objections, but leaves entirely untouched the latter, which is by far the most serious objection of the two."

Will not A. T., on consideration, be inclined to amend the last sentence of the foregoing paragraph by substituting "stronger" for "most serious"? Surely Dissenters consider the scriptural objection to the payment of church-rates more serious than the political and personal one—though the latter may be, and probably often is, very much the stronger. However, the strongest objection to church-rates is perhaps that felt by honest members of the Established Church, who are, or ought to be, ashamed to be beholden for the maintenance of their places of worship to people of other persuasions.

Funeral Rights.

A REAL Undertaker having been returned for Greenwich, MR. NEWDEGATE, as the only member heretofore known by that title, is about to petition for compensation. Mr. *Punch* sees no objection to two undertakers, considering how many black jobs are done in the House, and he would be decidedly glad to see a great many more Mutes.

LIFE HAS NEVER BEEN COMPARED TO THIS BEFORE!

LIFE is a Picnic, which would be all the more agreeable, if we could only agree beforehand as to the share each of us was to take to the entertainment. As it is, for the want of a better understanding, a degree of insipid sameness often arises when, upon stock being taken of the company, it is found out that every one present has brought a calf's head!

THE POOR PATRONISING THE RICH.

A PIPES and Beer meeting of the Society of the Poor for the Improvement of the Rich was held last evening at the Society's Rooms. Want of space prevents us from reporting the speeches, but their substance is embodied in the subjoined resolutions of the meeting, which were handed to us for publication:-

"RESOLVED—That this ere Meetin, as reperesintin the Porer classes, is dooly Sensibel of the Kindnes and Consideration of the Hire Orders in interestin themselves the Way they Do about our welfare, and seen as Won good Turn deservs Another is Desirus to reciprocitate the Hobblication.

"RESOLVED—That accordinly this ere Meetin feels its Self lowldy cauld Upon to ixpress its Art-Felt Sorrer hat the Wice and Himmorality now so onappily prevalent Among the Shuperior Clarges, and Pledges Hittself to use its Best egsertions for the Corection and Remuvial hof the Same.

"RESOLVED—That to Wene the Ritch from their Gamblin Betin and Oss Racin, and dror them from their Aunts of Dicipation, instead of Witch to Forster in their minds a Taste for rashanall Ameusement, to Himpres on them as is Intrusted with the Manidgment of Affairs banks and Railways in pertickler the Advantages of Honisty, and the Rewin consekent upon Miscondut allso the Misimployment of Time of the Femal part of the Ritcher Population in the Destructive siasm of Late Ours and Dansin away till Four and Five in the morning with the Necessity of Punctual payment of the Employed, their dreadful Ixtravagance, the Foly and souperstishion of Sperrit Rappin and all sich delocoseous the same as beleavin in Whichcraft, dewellopin amungst Them a love of Industry and those Talents which is been vouchsafed to their Keepin is the Principal Objects of this ere Society.

"RESOLVED—That this Year Society affectionally intreats Their Ritcher Bretheren to Recoeave Their exortations in the Sperrit they are Ment and not to Kick them Whose soul Haim in Ouse to Ouse Visitation is the Good of the Hinnmates Down Stares for Importunance or horder them to be Turn'd Hout by ther Pampered Menials and guv in Chardge to the Poleece.

"RESOLVED.—That Hall Efferts of the Lore Clarges to Elp the Ire will be ineffectual Without they endeavours to Elp Their Selves their Cordial cohoperation is therfore invited in this Good and Blesid vork particklar by libberal Subscripsions witch may be forraded Hither in cheq or Cash post Orfs horders or Postidge stamptes to the Treasurer of this hear Society.

"H. WALKER,

"Buggin's Buildins, May, 1857."

"Honory Secrary."

STRANGE MYSTERIES IN THIS WORLD.

JULIA (an Islington Belle). Well, do you know, you *do* astonish me! On my word I took him to be a gentleman—for I'm sure you never meet him, not early in the morning even, but he has a pair of the most beautiful white kid gloves on!

AMELIA (her facetious friend). Why, you little simpleton, that fact is easily explained. *The fellow is a glove-cleaner!!!* They're not his gloves, but his customers'. Out of the thousands that are left with him, it would be hard indeed if he couldn't select a good pair! Why, JULIA, your Beau, dear, is only another kind of nurse—a man-nurse, I declare, who walks out with other people's kids to give them an airing!

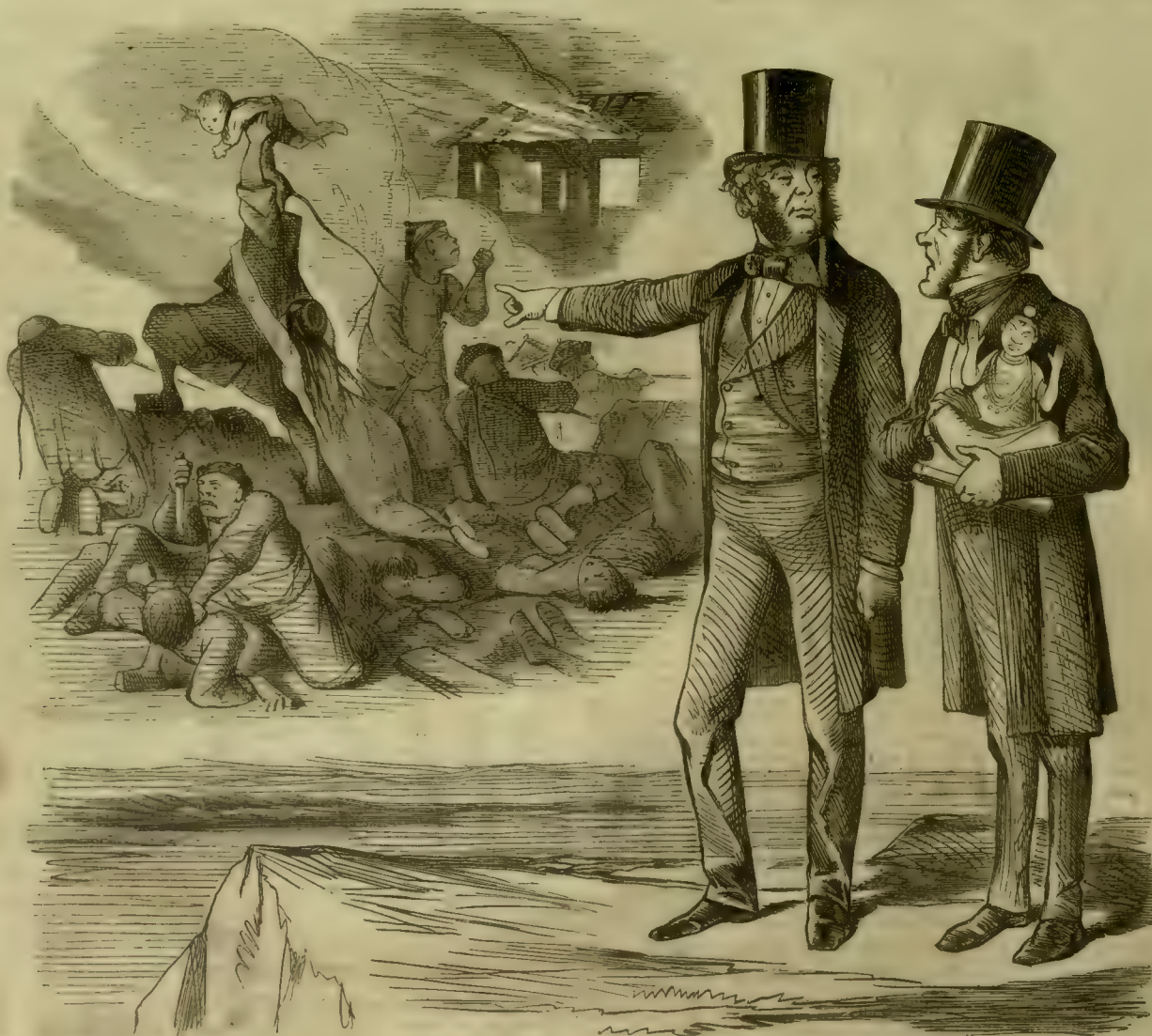
"What art thou, that Buddest?"

A LEARNED controversy is waging on the question whether the Buddhist Nirvana, or *summum bonum*, means a "blowing-out" or an "absorption." An estimable and accomplished gourmand, (dating from the Ship at Greenwich,) informs us that in his opinion the *summum bonum* is a judicious union of both, and also that there are more Buddhists in London than Bishops imagine.

The Ruling Passion.

As a trap to catch some golden sunbeams of success in England, the Russians speak of the "advantages" their scheme of railways offers as a "guaranteed investment." Now we have great reluctance to express ourselves offensively, but we must say, that we think this throwing of the hatchet makes us somewhat doubtful if they really can have buried it.

MORBID PHILANTHROPY OF ADVERTISING!—Don't Beat your Carpets!



"WHAT CAN YOU SAY FOR YOUR FRIENDS NOW, RICHARD?"

FINE LADIES AND THEIR TAILORS.

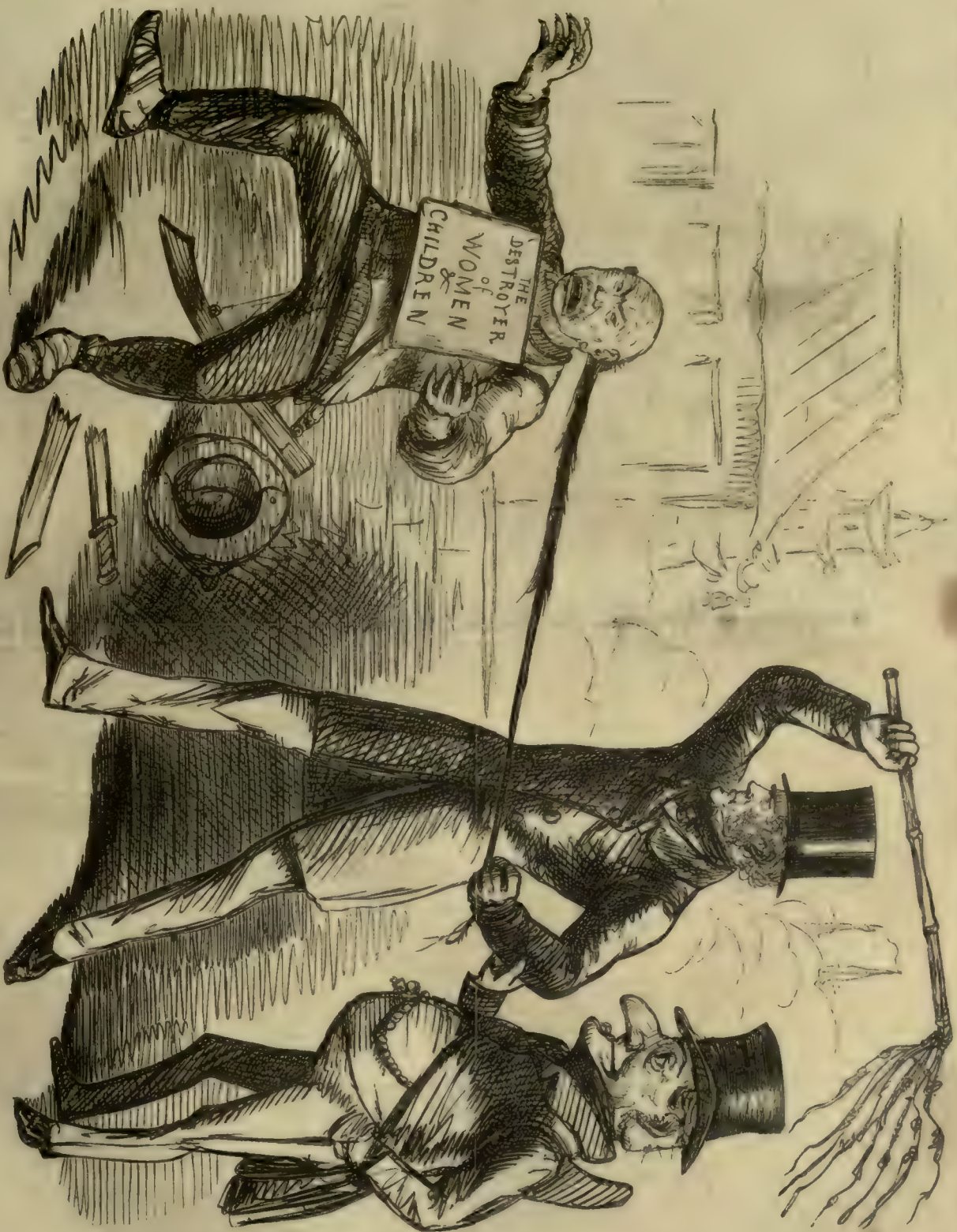
THE boots with "military heels" now commonly worn by ladies must have attracted the attention of many of our readers, because they are so conspicuously exhibited by the necessary practice of lifting up the excessively long clothes. The jackets, also of a military character, resembling in design, if not in material, the tunics lately invented for some of the dragoons, must have been likewise remarked. These articles of attire apparently indicate that a certain change is coming over the female character—a tendency towards the masculine. To cap this, we may say, take further the wide-awake hats. The superior education which has of late years been given to woman may be the cause of these phenomena; the higher and harder cultivation of the understanding may express itself in the gentlemanlike boots, the tunics, and the wide-awakes. But the assimilation of ladies to gentlemen is not confined to outward habits.

The softer sex is beginning to emulate the sharper in habits of conduct. To one such habit in particular, attention has been drawn by "An English Clergyman," writing in the *Times*. He states that a celebrated and fashionable dressmaker's establishment in Pall Mall has lately failed by reason that duchesses and other ladies who dealt there would not pay their bills. This is a common trick with fine ladies, and it is a man's trick, a fast man's trick, equivalent to the common dandy's trick of not paying his tailor. Not to pay his tailor—or to pay his tailor—the dandy regards as a high joke. No doubt it

is, in its way, capital fun, but it is not ladylike fun. It may be all very well for a duke, but it is unbecoming in a duchess. Moreover, it is the efficient cause of starving needlewomen. This system of tick is worse than *tic douloureux* to them. It is the tick of a death watch. It is easy to predict the consequences that must result from the adoption, by ladies, in regard to their milliners, of the behaviour of men towards their tailors. We shall have dashing young girls passing the Insolvent Court with fabulous milliner's accounts in their schedules, consisting partly of charges for bills discounted. They will take to billiard-playing and smoking cigars, and we shall see them seated on the counters of tobacconist's shops, kicking their military heels.

THE TEMPLE AND ITS BAR.

No less than three gentlemen were called to the Bar, the other day, by the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple; and as many as eight by the likewise Honourable Society of the Inner Temple. Law reform appears not to have quite destroyed the forensic profession—and perhaps it may even survive a Marriage and Divorce Act, which will probably leave it "Breach of Promise" to live upon. It is observable that the Middle Temple called its three new barristers to the degree of the Outer Bar. Hence it will most likely be concluded by many French commentators on English manners and customs that Temple Bar is the British Palace of Justice.



A LESSON TO JOHN CHINAMAN.

MR. PUNCH, "GIVE IT HIM WELL, PAM, WHILE YOU ARE ABOUT IT!"



NESTOR AND AGAMEMNON.



In the *Quarterly Review*, No. 202, just published, at the close of a delightful article on English Political Satire, appear the following statements about *Mr. Punch*.

That "the largest part of *Mr. Punch's* fun has always been social." That his work "is a combination of scattered excellences." That "the world never before had a specially comic journal of so much merit, combining social and political matter, and combining also the satire of the pen with the satire of the pencil." That "the talent of GILRAY and the talent of HOOK are found in it together." That "the *Snob Papers* would not have disgraced the *Tatler*." That "the domestic sketches of MR. * * * * * are charming little works of art, which it would be libellous to class with caricatures at all." That "the fanciful wit which flavours the writings of MR. * * * * * carries us back to FULLER or COWLEY, and is of far rarer growth than the men of past times would have expected in a paper professedly comic and polemic." That "in the bright sallies of conversational wit he has no surviving equal." That "the decorum which distinguishes *Punch* from the best effusions of the class in olden days belongs as much to the age as the periodical." That "at the worst of times our facetious friend is innocent." That "the greatest proof of *Punch's* success is the number of its imitators, the *Pasquins*, *Pucks*, *Puppet Shows*, *Squibs*, *Sparks*, *Great Guns*, *Journals for Laughter*, *Joe Millers*, *Mephistopheises*, *Diogeneses*, *Judys*, *Tobys*, *Falstuffs*, *Punchinello*s, all those loose bantlings of the wit of the great city, now no more.

Quos dulcis vitæ exsortes et ab ubere raptos,
Abstulit atra dies, et funere mersit acerbo." *

"Long," adds the *Quarterly Review*, "may *Punch* survive these short-lived offshoots from the parent stem."

Mr. Punch is far too much overcome to do more than to acknowledge the strict justice of all that the reviewer has advanced, and say Amen, and to answer the *Quarterly*, reverently, in the words of the King of Men to *Nestor*—

"THY YEARS ARE AWFUL, AND THY WORDS ARE WISE."

* For the information of the railway interest, evangelical bishops, the military, and others supposed to be unacquainted with classical literature, *Mr. Punch* begs to translate.

"Which at starting were clearly unfit for the race,
And quickly shut up, in insolvent disgrace."

Pattern Piety.

CAPTAIN GORDON, an earnest Tory, was defeated at Berwick. What of that? Bruised spices give forth the strongest odour. CAPTAIN GORDON is a stranger to Berwick; nevertheless CAPTAIN GORDON has offered to build a new Church outside the walls at his own expense! "The human mind," says *Doctor Pangloss*, "naturally looks forward." There will come another election; and though a clergyman is not eligible for Parliament, a man may nevertheless seek the House of Commons through the Church.

ODE TO HUMPHRY BROWN.

WHAT matter, HUMPHRY, if our name
Be sullied with a little shame?
To future times if we go down
With PAUL and Co., my HUMPHRY BROWN!

The mark of shame no longer
Is now, with red-hot brand,
As when men's nerves were stronger,
Burnt in the rogue's right hand.
Ah! we are gentler to our brothers
Than stern Britons were of yore;
We do not crop or slit each other's
Ears or noses any more.
No scoundrel's spattered visage
The pillory doth frame.
There is no smart, in this age,
No sting involved in shame.
Those whom reproaches only can assail,
Such missiles can endure with patience meek.
Mere empty words are flung by those who rail,
And not full eggs, that really hurt the cheek
Which they saluted with a noisome crash.
No backs are scored by Satire's airy lash.
Hooray! we can't be whipped at the cart's tail.

Oh, joyful mitigation,
Of penal legislation!
Sing whipping, branding, pillory, and stocks,
All, all abolished,
O'erthrown, demolished!
And if a brother's caught, who, like a fox,
Turns out to have been living;
His brethren are forgiving,
Forbearingly regard his depredations,
And judge in mercy of his peculations.
Friends, we have all of us our little failings.
Come, come, ye diddled, hush those noisy wailings.
Ye ruined, check those bitter curses;
And oh, ye bitten, shut not up your purses.
Your trustfulness in man let no fact smother.
We all, at times,
Commit some crimes.
Hope on, and trust, and swindle one another!

Now, meanwhile, HUMPHRY, let us thank
Our stars, and chiefly MERCURY,
The planet of the British Bank,
Named from the rascal's deity,
That some are not now at the crank
Grinding, as they deserve to be.
Nor tripping, on uneasy toes,
Upon the tread-mill's steps—as yet.
Nor picking oakum, task for those
Who have picked pockets, fitly set,
The penal servants of the Crown:—
Or where should we be, HUMPHRY BROWN?

THE WICKED SCOTCH SWALLOW.

THAT old friend and contemporary, the *Dumfries Courier*, states, respecting the swallow, that "this welcome harbinger of summer made his appearance at Dumfries on Sunday." It is to be feared that the publication of this intelligence will be prejudicial to the unfortunate bird, and will perhaps subject it to persecution at the hands of the Scotch Sabbatarians, who, during the ensuing summer, may be pleased to vent their bigotry, and at the same time exercise their marksmanship, as many of them as have any, on the swallow, by shooting it for the sin of appearing at Dumfries on the "Sabbath."

SNIPPINGS AND CLIPPINGS.

A CRITIC is always more feared than loved.
When you're beaten, fairly beaten, say it's treachery.
To believe that you are clever, when you are only spiteful, is a double deception.
Those who fancy that money can do everything are generally prepared to do everything for money.
Love and a good dinner are the only two things which effectually change the character of a man.
Too much pleasure and too much sun are bad both for women and flowers.
Experience is a flannel waistcoat that we do not think of putting on, until after we have caught cold.
Poll mankind to-morrow as to which of the two they would sooner be, "A Knave or a Fool?" The majority would be at least 2 to 1 in favour of the Knaves!



THE LATEST CASE OF WITCHCRAFT.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER AT SEA.

THAT remarkable man, SIR CHARLES NAPIER, in that remarkable work of his, *The History of the Baltic Campaign of 1854*, has done his best to overawe us with his pictures of the military and naval strength of Russia, which he paints in what we cannot quite believe to be true colours. We suspect, indeed, SIR CHARLES is painting in distemper—the distemper being that of a jaundiced disposition, which suffers from the fancy that its owner's talents have been slighted, and that he in due course has become a blighted being. That many of the inferences which he has drawn from what was shown him in his visit to St. Petersburg may fairly be regarded as drawings of the long bow, we could quote passages abundantly to prove; but as we have not quite so much space at our command as SIR CHARLES NAPIER, whose history of six months is spun into a yarn that covers full 600 pages, we must restrict our scissors to a single snip. Speaking of the monetary power of the country, which he, of course, infers should be to us a monetary one, SIR CHARLES puts forward his opinion that—

“So long as Russia possesses a paper-making machine and a printing-press, she cannot want money. The paper rouble issued by the Government has precisely the same value as the silver rouble.”

This estimate of the strength of the Russian sinews of war, appears to us as coming it a little too strong. SIR CHARLES might with equal truth imagine that we none of us can ever be in want of money so long as we can sign a cheque: no matter if our bankers will honour it or not. Of course, too, were the principle a sound one, it would apply to other countries as well as to Russia; so that no peculiar advantage would be gained to her by acting on it. In war, as in law, the side which has the longest purse generally wins; and did a paper-mill and printing-press suffice to pay a nation's debts, that country would be victor which could print the fastest.

It is pretty evident SIR CHARLES has somewhat flimsy notions on the subject of bank-notes, if he fancies that a paper currency is in need of no support from the metallic one which everywhere is co-existing with it. We cannot help thinking that the passage we have quoted betrays such a shallow knowledge of finance, that before he again ventures so much out of his depth, we would advise SIR CHARLES to take a course of lectures from some junior bank-clerk. At present he

THE WEAVERS, THE DUKE, AND THE DUCHESS.

THE *North British Daily Mail* tells a very pleasant story, very creditable to the DUKE OF ATHOLL, very honourable to certain weavers of Perth. It seems that some of these men last Midsummer visited the DUKE OF ATHOLL's grounds; when the DUKE, with the courtesy of a true gentleman, attended his visitors through a part of the domain. The summer, autumn, and winter passed; and last week the weavers returned to Dunkeld House, bearing a present of table-linen to the Duchess; an acknowledgment of the Duke's courtesy, a tribute of their own thankfulness. The weavers' present consisted of “some superb specimens of table-linen, consisting of two dinner-cloths of the finest double damask, with napkins to suit, the patterns being wrought with the finest artistic skill.” All this speaks well for all parties: and when at Dunkeld House the table is covered with gold and silver, how very prettily will the magnificence of the Duke be set-off and contrasted by the simplicity of the weaver! Rank and wealth can have no surer support than when based upon such workmanship. Such a weavers' table-cloth is made worthy of a Duke's cloth of gold.

BUBBLE REPUTATION.

It seems, in spite of all their puffing, that the blowers of the Russian Railway Bubble can't prevent its sinking. Although they have used the very softest of soap, they find that, speaking vulgarly, it will not wash. The only wind raised in England has been an ill one for the scheme, and the breath of public favour has been altogether wanting to it. The Bubble has, in fact, been already so much “blown upon” that it can't be far from bursting; and unless they somehow wash their hands of it, the capitalists who are said to have subscribed for Shares will not be better off for soap for having done so.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF CONVOCATION.—Bosh.

appears to be so thoroughly at sea upon the subject, that we think his tales about the monetary strength of Russia would find a fitter audience if told to the marines.

ELECTION OF SPEAKER.

VERY imperfect and, in fact, altogether fictitious account of the Election of the Speaker has gone through the papers. The real story of the ceremony is as follows:—

LORD H. VANE rose and proposed that MR. EVELYN DENISON should be weighed for the office of Speaker.

MR. THORNELEY moved that MR. EVELYN DENISON should be measured for that function. These motions were seconded and carried.

A weighing-machine being already prepared, MR. DENISON sat down, and was found to be of the requisite parliamentary weight for Speaker.

The height of the Honourable Gentleman was next taken by the Usher of the Black Rod, and declared to be of the standard altitude.

After a short pause, there being no other candidate proposed, MR. DENISON was led to the foot of the Chair by his seconder and proposer.

The Honourable Gentleman, having made a suitable speech, sat down; the mace being laid before him.

Cough No More!

WE are glad to hear that our little pet, PICCOLOMINI, has taken advice equivalent to Cod Liver Oil; inasmuch that she has got rid of the Consumptive Cough which she last year laboured under, in personating *La Traviata* at the Opera House. We congratulate the accomplished young vocalist on her relief from a distressing symptom, which is, perhaps, not more troublesome to the patient than it is to the patient's hearers.



THE ADMIRALTY AT SEA AGAIN.



"if she weathers the Cape she will deceive all on board, both soldiers and blue jackets." The same writer adds, dating from the ship:—

"You may think what she must be when I tell you for a truth that there are not one dozen men (troops) on board with a dry hammock, every seam in her deck letting in water."

We may reasonably expect our soldiers to stand fire, but it is not quite so reasonable for the Admiralty to rely that they are able to stand water; and unless these seams be stopped, we shall hear that many of our men have been completely sewn up with them. Of course if they continue sleeping in wet hammocks, they cannot long escape the chills which even regimental flesh is heir to; and in ague and rheumatism they will be attacked by enemies by far more to be feared than the Chinese, and such as are of all most sure to leave them crippled. So that when they reach Hong Kong all they will be fit for will be to be sent home again as candidates for Chelsea.

Now, these breakdowns of the *Transit* cannot be excused upon the plea of being accidents. There has been in fact such distinct forewarning of them, that in strictness their occurrence can be hardly called fortuitous. Any heads less ligneous than those which constitute an Admiralty board must have been penetrated, by what happened on that mournful day a twelvemonth since, with the conviction that the *Transit* was in speed a tug of war in which transition was impossible, and that she would constantly belie her name until she make, some day or other, a transit to the bottom. That she should therefore be selected to convey our troops to China, it was as easy to have prophesied as it would be to predict that, if she be allowed to make another start, there will follow to a certainty more working at her pumps; in which case there will be entailed on *Mr. Punch* more working of the Pumps in the precincts of Whitehall, which are so much out of gear that they continually want leathering.

THE TWO PEDESTALS.

GRATTAN has arrived, but there still remain in St. Stephen's Hall two vacant pedestals, only ten statues being erected. Surely, a very good use might be made of these pedestals. Why should they remain vacant? Why should they not, for at least a part of the day, be duly occupied? It is only a little to anticipate history—nothing more. There can be no doubt that, in due time, MR. CORDEN will have a statue; so will MR. BRIGHT; so will MR. MILNER GIBSON, if at his own expense he erects one to his own memory. MR. FREDERICK PEEL was meant by nature for a bit of stone; and he, no doubt in the fulness of time, will have a statue. Why, then, should not these pedestals be occupied by these gentlemen and others of the rejected in turn? Denied a seat, at least they may be allowed to stand.

MR. CORDEN is on one pedestal, MR. MILNER GIBSON is on another. How old friends gather about them; how they discuss the measure of the time; and how, though out of the House, they make themselves spiritually felt within! Another day, and may it be an early one, we have JOHN BRIGHT on the pedestal, JOHN BRIGHT strengthened and animated by Southern air. There is a new dignity in BRIGHT's aspect and bearing. And wherefore? BRIGHT has suffered man's ingratitude; a suffering we hold to be vitally necessary to the perfection of the heroic character. What imparts a gloomy majesty to DANTE, but the ingratitude of the Florentines. What, as we see them, gives to the chains of COLUMBUS the brightness of sunbeams, but the ingratitude of Spain. Once upon a time OLIVER CROMWELL felt a touch of ingratitude from his otherwise faithful Commons; for THOMAS CARLYLE tells us that he, OLIVER, "sat down with the mingled look of an injured dove and the couchant lion," a look, no doubt, not to be painted by any ink soever, and a look, as it appears to us, extremely difficult to be rendered by the human eye divine, doves and lions not coming together very kindly. However, there can be no

doubt—for CARLYLE avouches it—that CROMWELL once flashed a look after this sort, and some such look, tempered somewhat, we may expect from JOHN BRIGHT when, mounted on the pedestal, he is greeted by his friends.

MR. LAYARD, it is hoped, will now and then mount one of the pedestals, and give his sentiments upon Persia; they may be used for the benefit of the House, though for awhile—and only for a while, we hope—he is denied a seat therein.

When the Education Bill comes on, we earnestly hope that MR. W. J. FOX will be found upon one of the pedestals that he may impart his sentiments on the measure; in this way, he may still vote; in this way, his wisdom and moderation may still assert their Parliamentary influence.

Now, we do earnestly hope that these two pedestals will not remain unoccupied. There are so many excellent men deserving to stand upon them outside until duly invited to take a seat within.

PROTECTION FROM PETTICOATS.

THERE is a smack of penny-a-linerism about the following paragraph, which we quote from the *Daily News* of the 22nd ult., but the incident it chronicles appears so extremely likely to take place that our comments may be fairly made as though it really had done so.

"DANGER OF CRINOLINE.—On Wednesday afternoon, a servant was crossing the Wellington Bridge, Dover, with one child in her arms, and another by her side, when two ladies, magnified by Crinoline, rustled past, and actually swept the little tottler into the water."

If this statement be relied on (and we can see no reason why it shouldn't, save that at the date of its insertion the House of Commons had not met, and it is when Parliament is not sitting that the invention of the "liner" is most called into play), we think the circumstance related should at once be brought before the notice of the Royal Humane Society, with the view that proper means of rescue be devised to be at hand in case of its recurrence. If ladies will persist in coming out such swells, and will suffer no curtailment of their perilous proportions, every father will agree with us that measures must be taken to ensure more efficiently the safety of our children: or they will probably ere long be so swept off, that Crinoline will seriously affect the infant census.

As the season for the seaside is again approaching, the hoop petticoat may prove as fatal as the hooping-cough, and Dover Bridge become a second Bridge of Sighs, so many "little tottlers" may be daily sighed for under it. Were Government Inspectors of Crinoline appointed, and no dress permitted of unsafe circumference, there perhaps would be less danger of infanticide resulting; or if this be found impracticable (and what more than Monster would undertake the Scissorship?) we would suggest that, in future, ladies visiting a watering-place should not be suffered to walk out in the present width of fashion, unless provided, like a steam-boat, with swimming-corks or life-preservers, wherewith to save the children they might sweep off by their contact. Or if toy-balloons were used for the inflation of their petticoats, the encumbrance of the life-corks perhaps might be dispensed with; for the balloons might easily be made detachable, and would doubtless keep a child from drowning until some one arrived with a fishing-rod and landing-net.

A MILITARY TAILOR.

THERE seems to be some mystery in the subjoined advertisement:—

MR. MILES and the 16s. TROUSERS. The Trousers originated by him are patent to the world for their Elasticity, Durability, and Superior Cut.

The mystery seems to lie in the name MILES. Is this word monosyllabic, and English, or is it dissyllabic and Latin? In the latter case does MILES mean common soldier, or Illustrious Field Marshal, distinguished for invention in the Army clothing line.

Tittle-Tattle at the Tittle-Tattler's Club.

Tittle. I say, do you know FRED PEEL talks of going over to Australia, or America, or somewhere, to hide his discomfiture?

Tattle. Nonsense! Well, if he does, you see he'll hire the Monster Ship at Blackwall, and go over all by himself. It won't be any too big for FRED!

OPPOSITION FORCES.

MR. DISRAELI is about to deliver a lecture in answer to PROFESSOR FARADAY'S *On the Conservation of Forces*. By the kindness of a certain "party," he will be enabled to give some startling facts *On the Conservation of Weakness*, which will indisputably prove, as sure as PALMERSTON is of a majority, the extreme *Weakness of Conservatism*.



A VERY SHOCKING BOY, INDEED!

Mamma. "NOW, SIR—IF YOU DON'T BEHAVE BETTER, I WILL TELL PAPA OF YOU, AND HE WILL BOX YOUR EARS!"

Shocking Boy. "WELL, THEN, GO! MARCH!! AND SHUT THE DOOR AFTER YOU!!!"

DANCING MAD.

A LITTLE Pamphlet has lately been published under the following apparently jocose title:—*The Homœopathic Principle applied to Insanity. A Proposal to treat Lunacy by Spiritualism.* This work is, however, written in perfect seriousness. It gravely propounds a scheme for the cure of Insanity, on the principle that like cures like, by subjecting the lunatic to spiritual agency. How it proposes to accomplish this seemingly rather difficult matter, the reader may not care to know; but perhaps the idea of infinitesimal doses of spiritualism may somewhat puzzle him. Nothing, however, is said in the pamphlet about these; but if spiritualism is nothing at all, any dose of it must be even less than infinitesimal. Curiously enough, just after the appearance of this tract, out came the *Quarterly* with an article on *Lunatic Asylums*, wherein it appears that Dancing is now extensively employed as a remedial exercise in Insanity. Now, as no sane man ever dances,* except upon the stage, or in playing the fool elsewhere, or for the purpose of rendering himself agreeable to female society, is it not probable that dancing does—as spiritualism, according to the work above cited, may—cure Insanity on the principle that like cures like?

* Our Contributor has a wooden leg.—Ed.

Musical Intelligence.

MR. GLADSTONE has for some time past been busy concocting with MR. DISRAELI a new *Cabal-letta*, upon which they intend trying their own voices, as well as the voices of their small musical party, as soon as Parliament opens.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

1857, April 30th, Thursday. The QUEEN sent a message to the new Commons, desiring them to choose a Speaker. LORD PALMERSTON having already chosen one for them, was graciously pleased to permit JOHN EVELYN DENISON, Esquire, of Ossington in Nottinghamshire, and member for North Notts, to be put into nomination. His Lordship was rather late in his attendance, and MR. ROEBUCK, in *Mr. Punch's* hearing, somewhat impatiently demanded why business did not proceed, to which SIR JAMES GRAHAM silly responded, that "they were waiting for the DICTATOR," a sarcasm which it is supposed LORD PALMERSTON may manage to survive. The new Speaker was proposed by a namesake and descendant of the person from whom one MR. O. CROMWELL unavailingly prayed that "the LORD would deliver him," namely, LORD HARRY VANE, and was seconded by MR. THORNELY, a retired Liverpool merchant, who drops his aitches. The latter introduced a protest against the long speeches in the House of Commons, and begged that the leading members would begin their orations early in the night. He might as well expect a favourite theatrical buffoon to consent to begin grinning at an hour of the evening when the best part of the audience has not arrived.

MR. DENISON made a neat little speech, placing himself in the hands of the House, which hands unanimously lifted him into the seat vacated by the LORD EVERSLEY. The Dictator then congratulated him, as did MR. WALPOLE, from whom the congratulations came the more gracefully that the honourable gentleman had been himself a good deal talked about as a very proper candidate for the Speakership. MR. DISRAELI was not present, owing, it was said, to his having been misled as to the hour of election. MR. HAYTER, the Liberal whipper-in, had mentioned four o'clock as the time, but as it scarcely came within his duties to whip in the leader of opposition, and as moreover MR. DISRAELI is generally supposed to be in the habit of knowing what o'clock it is as well as most folks, it is charitable to believe that he wished to give MR. WALPOLE the chance of doing a pleasant thing. MR. SPEAKER DENISON thanked the House, and adjourned it.

Friday, and Saturday. Lords and Commons swearing. LORD EVERSLEY, in splendid baronial array, has been duly enrolled a member of the hereditary chamber. He chose as godfathers to introduce him, LORD COMBERMERKE and LORD TORRINGTON, the former of whom was celebrated, and the latter notorious, for his conduct in the East.

LA CLEMENZA DI BOMBA.

BECAUSE BOMBA has been kind to the POPE, kisses the toe of his Holiness, and venerates the chemical preparation which the Neapolitan clergy contrive to fuse under the denomination of the blood of ST. JANUARIUS, the Roman Catholic Newspapers generally, if not universally, take the part of the modern TIBERIUS, and applaud, defend, or palliate his acts and deeds. Thus writes from Naples the *Tablet's* "Own Correspondent":—

"With regard to the treatment of PORRIO and the other political prisoners, you may rely upon the following statement being correct. A friend of mine, an officer, who some little time ago was on duty at Montecitorio where PORRIO is confined, tells me that he has frequently been obliged to put up with the very sorry fare which that village affords, when under his very eyes cases of champagne and other luxuries were being carried into the castle for the use of the prisoners. This is, indeed, quite in accordance with the express orders of the King, who had given particular instructions that everything should be furnished to the prisoners that they might wish and could pay for, the only thing prohibited being the sending out of letters."

This statement is likely enough to be quite correct. Very probably the author heard that BOMBA had given the orders to which he alludes. Such a story may well be conceived to have been given out by the monarch's police. In conformity therewith, cases, apparently of champagne, and other luxuries, may, doubtless, have been carried, in the public view, into the castle. Whether they were *bona fide* cases of champagne and other luxuries or not, and if they were, who consumed them—the prisoners, or their gaolers and torturers—may, indeed, be questioned. This question would have been set at rest by the letters of the prisoners, if they had been allowed to send any oat. We entirely believe that BOMBA prohibited them from doing any such thing; and thus believe the above statement from beginning to end—the end especially.

Brown's Testimonial.

It is not yet generally known what kind of candles MR. HUMPHRY BROWN will burn in the candelabrum that his admirers presented to him at Tewkesbury. However, we can take it upon ourselves to say, that the candles in question will be neither plebeian tallow, nor patrician wax, but simply composition—in fact, nothing short of the composition that has been paid over by the shareholders of the British Bank, but which MR. HUMPHRY BROWN will try his best to see if he cannot make light of.

THE SOCIAL TREAD-MILL. No. 3.



"GOOD GRACIOUS! SHE'S AT HOME!"

"MR. PUNCH,—What holds Society together? Mutual services, acts of kindness done in moments of need or sorrow, self-interest, the pleasure of conversation, the love of scandal, weariness of ourselves, enjoyment of the company of others, or mere instinctive gregariousness?"

"None of these, so far as I can gather from my experiences as a married man, and a London householder. Society here seems to me to be built up of pasteboard—a veritable house of cards."

"Nine-tenths of the social intercourse of this Metropolis appears to be carried on either as a solemn and costly ceremonial, or as a dreary penance."

"Dinners, routs, balls, breakfasts—wedding and others—belong to the first, or ceremonial order of social rites."

"Calling is the principal form of social penance. It is against this penance I wish to pour out my feelings."

"It is only married men who know at what cost of time, money, and temper this penance is performed. A bachelor's calls are seldom penal. Your bachelor, if he ever makes calls, does it because he likes it. What more natural than that JACK EAST, on his stroll from the Club to the Park, should drop in of an afternoon on pretty MRS. BELLAIRS in May Fair? The chances are ten to one he will find MRS. BELLAIRS at home, for he knows her hours, and wants to see her. And as he is certain to come in for a bright face, a pretty morning-dress, an elegant little boudoir, and a lively half-hour's gossip—with perhaps a cup of tea, at the end of it—JACK has treated himself to a pleasure. He called with that object. MRS. BELLAIRS will have half-a-dozen such calls, this afternoon, most of them from her male acquaintance. The ladies purse their lips, when MRS. BELLAIRS is mentioned. She is too agreeable. She has flung off the ceremonies, and refuses to perform the penances of society. Her dinners are unpretending and proportioned to her kitchen and her establishment. She does not swell her household with green-grocers, or have her *entrées* from the pastry-cook's. When you call, as I have said, you find her at home. She has arranged her house and ways for enjoyment, and not as if for the discharge of a painful duty. Hence, perhaps, the undeniable fact that she counts, in her circle, three bachelors for one wedded-pair. The married couples you *do* meet at her house are apt to be young ones, and of the unceremonious or off-hand kind, who take life as if it concerned themselves more than their neighbours."

"Women, too, have their non-penal calls. When two young ladies for example,—dear friends,—meet to exchange patterns or experiences—to talk over the triumphs and trials of last night's ball,—to compare notes as to husbands, and house-keeping—to bewail the backslidings of butlers, the contrariness of cooks, or the high-flyings of housemaids, I do not doubt that they really enjoy themselves. I can readily imagine two vicious old maids, keenly relishing a good 'go-in' at the reputation or circumstances of their friends. I can conceive their bitter pleasure in tearing to pieces some fair young fame—or in routing out some grim skeleton from its closet in the house of a common acquaintance; or in letting loose from its bag some cat, likely to run about freely, and to bite and scratch a great many people in the neighbourhood."

"There is enjoyment in a call on an artist in his studio, provided you know him well enough to rummage his portfolios, or turn his canvases from the wall while he continues at work. Unless you are on these terms with him, you have no business to interrupt an artist, except on invitation, and on ceremonial or penal occasions; as, for instance, when PONDERS A.R.A. has expressed in writing the pleasure it will give him to see you for inspection of his pictures intended for the Academy on the 3rd, 4th, or 5th of April. *That* is one of the penal performances. If you go, you must make one of a shoal of people, who flock into the place on each other's heels the whole day through, most of them knowing nothing of Art. The few who do, are debarred by politeness from speaking their mind on the works before them, where they cannot honestly approve, but they are all pouring out the same commonplaces of compliment to PONDERS's face, and venturing on 'shys' of criticism whenever the poor man's back is turned, while poor PONDERS is beaming about, full of himself, feeding on honey and butter, and believing all the compliments sincere in spite of his better judgment—so sweet is praise—till the *Times* comes out, the day after the Private View, and omits all mention of PONDERS, or damns him with faint praise, or cuts him up, perhaps, root and branch."

"But the real penance of penances is that social performance called 'leaving cards.' Every day, when I come home from my office, I find my hall-table littered with these pieces of pasteboard. There is a physiognomy about them. Take the newly-married card, for instance, on which Mr. and Mrs. COOBIDDY always figure in couples, a sort of

connubial four-poster among the pack; or CAPTAIN BLUNDERBORE's card—the most tiny and lady-like square of glazed paste-board, with letters so small, they almost require the help of a magnifying glass to make them out; or LADY MANGELWURZEL's solid and substantial ticket, heavy as her ladyship's jointure, the letters square as her bank-account, and as firmly impressed on the paper as her ladyship's dignity and importance on her mind. Here is the pasteboard representative of lively MRS. MARABOUT—limp, light, spider-charactered, engraved in Paris; and here mediocrally-minded MR. PYXON has stamped himself in Gothic characters as difficult to decipher as the directions to strangers in the New Houses of Parliament.

"But what is the meaning of this pack of pasteboard from the JUGGERNAUTS? Why has MR. JUGGERNAUT left two cards, and MRS. JUGGERNAUT two cards, and Miss JUGGERNAUT two cards, and MR. FREDERICK JUGGERNAUT two cards? And why are they all turned up at one corner? The JUGGERNAUTS are the most determined doers of social penance I know. This shower of cards is meant to represent a visit from every individual member of their family to every individual member of mine. Well, if it have saved us from an infliction of the JUGGERNAUTS in person, let us be thankful. These paste-board proxies are blessed inventions, after all. There could be only one thing better. To get rid of the printed paste-board—even as we have got rid of the human buckram it represents. Why call upon each other—O my brethren and sisters—you who bore me—you whom I bore—even in paste-board? Why not drop it altogether—and live apart? People who care for each other will find time and opportunity to meet, I will answer for it. Why should those who do not pine in a self-inflicted and superfluous suffering? Think what you are exposing yourselves and me to. I or my wife might be at home when you call. We might all have to endure half-an-hour of each other—a constrained, unhappy half-hour, of baffled attempts at keeping our mask from slipping on one side, and showing the yawns, and flat melancholy behind them.

"Then this penance is not merely painful in itself. It costs time and money.

"One morning in every three weeks or so, I find my wife at her writing-table, struggling with the Red-book and the Map of London. She is making out her lists of calls, she tells me. These lists are in duplicate. One is for her own guidance, the other for the driver of the Brougham, which is hired for the day's penance. There is a sovereign for *that*, including the tip to the driver. Of course, she can't be expected to make her calls in a cab.

"I once, out of curiosity, accompanied my unhappy wife on one of these penal rounds of hers. I never saw more suffering, of various kinds, condensed into six hours. First, there is the consideration of the *route*—by what line the greatest number of calls could be got through in the least time, with the greatest economy of ground. This settled with the driver, begins the painful process itself, in Tyburnia—let us say—or Belgravia, or the regions around Bedford Square—if one dare own to acquaintances in that quarter,

"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow."

"You reach No. 1 on your list: a pull at the check-string: ten to one the driver has overshot the door: he turns round: descends: knocks: the door is opened: 'Mrs. HARRIS not at home'—of course: your cards are dropped: drive on to No. 2: driver has a difficulty about the street: this you discuss and finally settle with him through the front window: drive a hundred yards: check-string again: knock: door opened: not at home: card dropped as before: then on to No. 3: and so the weary routine goes on from one o'clock till six. Of course, there are episodes of peculiar dreariness. Sometimes MRS. HARRIS is at home, and being at home, has neglected to say that she is not. If you have rashly asked the formal question, you must go in, and the paste-board performance is turned into the real penance of a *bona-fide* call. Or your coachman is stupid, and keeps turning up wrong streets: or cannot read, and invariably stops at the wrong numbers: or is obstinate, and has a theory of his own as to the order in which the houses on your list are to be taken, and so forth.

"The worst of all, as I have already said, is when the people called upon happen to be at home. This chance has to be faced at every house, and adds seriously to the day's unhappiness. I shall not soon forget my wife's face of consternation when, on dropping her cards at the address of our dreary old friend, MRS. BOREHAM, who is at once deaf, curious, and ill-natured—the servant who took the cards, instead of shutting the door as usual, advanced to the carriage—'Good Gracious!' exclaimed my wife, in a voice of dismay, 'She's at home!'

"Mrs. BOREHAM at home?' she inquired the next moment, with the blandest smile.

"No, Ma'am," was the answer; 'but she told me to say, if you called, she was going to Brighton for a month.'

"God bless her!" rapped out my wife. The footman thought the ejaculation one of pious affection. Under this impression he might well look astonished. Had he understood the words in their true sense—as an utterance of thankfulness that his mistress was out of the way,—he would, probably, have said 'Amen,' for MRS. B's hand is heavy on her household. I have never joined my wife in a day of

calling-penance since that morning. But I am always paying bills for packs of cards, and the Brougham forms a serious item in our quarterly accounts.

"But after all it is not so much the waste of money and time that irritates one as the hollowness of the business. If these lying paste-boards must be deposited, why not despatch them by post, like tradesmen's circulars? I hear that some fine ladies *do* send round their maids on this penance. I applaud them for it. I have serious thoughts of insisting on my wife's employing the crossing-sweeper—who does our confidential errands extraordinary—to deliver her cards. He is a most trustworthy man, and would be thankful for the day's work, for which he might be fitted out respectably in one of my old suits.

"This Groan, I feel, ought by rights to have come not from me, but from my wife. It is the poor women especially who have to do this penance. But we men suffer from it in twenty ways, besides the direct ones of money out of pocket, and a wife's time abstracted from home and home duties. The huge lie it embodies works all through society. This paste-board acquaintance invites and is invited. To it I owe the splendid dullness of many dinners every season—the heat and weariness of many crushes under the name of drums, routs, concerts, and so forth—the necessity of bowing and smiling to, and professing a sort of interest in the concerns of hundreds of people I don't care a rap for. Thanks to it, in short, I perform an uncounted number of journeys in that prison-van I have already alluded to, in whose stifling cells we most of us pass so much of our unhappy lives, on our way, self-condemned that we are, to hard labour on the Social Tread-mill.

"When shall we have the courage to put down this instrument of torture, as we have had the good sense to abolish its infinitely less heart-breaking prison-equivalent?

"I am, Mr. Punch,

"Yours, respectfully,

"A SUFFERER."

LEGAL NEWS.

(From the "Law Times.")

WATERLOO BRIDGE has been seized—taken in execution for taxes. When we heard this, we feared that it must always remain in captivity, for that noble and solid structure never evinced the least inclination to settle. However, the matter was arranged, and an action for trespass is to be brought; for though there could be no objection to the bailiffs or any one else laying hold of the balustrades, the piers are privileged from arrest. There is difficulty about the form of proceeding, for one end of the bridge abuts on Surrey, which would seem to indicate a plea of Surrebutter as the remedy, while the general nature of the case points to the Court of the Arches. The passengers who were on the bridge at the time of its seizure, were taken as live-stock, but have, we understand, been relieved, except MR. WM. WILLIAMS, M.P., who was crossing, and who insisted upon being taken at a valuation, which, being his own, was found so exorbitant, that no terms could be come to, and at a late hour of the night the honourable member was swopped for a donkey, which a respectable costermonger was riding, a bargain conceived to be so beneficial to the bridge owners, that the gain on this transaction alone will defray all the expense of the trial at law.

Wordy and Verdi.

A MUSICAL purist says:—"We have already had VERDI's music without the words, but I think if we could now have a Concert of VERDI's words *without the music*, that it would be much more popular, and infinitely more musical, of the two!" We all know the Maw-worm-like love that Exeter Hall cherishes for unpopularity, or else that Temple of Hypocrisy would take a few concerted measures to carry out the above notion.

"SEQUITURQUE NELSON HAUD PASSIBUS *ÆQUIS*."

ADMIRAL HORATIO NELSON (of the Nile) in one of his last letters on shore, says, in reference to tactics, "I always endeavour to inculcate the doctrine—Get Close." ADMIRAL CHARLES NAPIER (of Southwark) in laudable compliance with this injunction, has got so close that, according to certain complainants in the police court, he won't even pay for his election cabs.

Thereby Hangs a Tail.

THE *Edinburgh Review* has transferred its Whig fealty from JOHN RUSSELL to PALMERSTON. This is not fickleness, but mere trade competition. The *Quarterly*, last time, had a good article on Rats, which was applauded, so now the *Edinburgh* comes out all Rat.

THE NEW MEMBERS' GUIDE TO PARLIAMENT.



O a retired and much respected ex-M.P.—a gentleman who adorned the benches of St. Stephens for nearly half-a-century—we are obliged for the following hints on Parliamentary etiquette, that may be very useful in the present session, when so many gentlemen for the first time, find themselves law-makers.

It is not allowed to enter the House with a cigar in your mouth. A point was once raised to try the question of tobacco by CORNELIUS O'LEFFEY, who passed the Speaker with a short pipe, and was taken into custody by the Serjeant-at-Arms for unconstitutional

smoking. He passed the remainder of the session in the Tower in case, contempt, and defiance of his creditors.

Dogs are not admitted, whether muzzled or in a string. An honourable member had to beg pardon of the honourable assembly for bringing with him a wire-haired terrier; he apologised by stating, that he had brought the dog for a laudable purpose, having observed that the honourable House was much infested by rats.

It is permitted to sleep in your seat, but not even to dream that the House of Commons is a House of the People.

Practical jokes are forbidden. With every facility to pick the public purse, it is not to be borne that you are, for any purpose whatever, to put your hand in your neighbour's pocket. Honest, straightforward political warfare is laudable, but nothing could be more dastardly than the conduct of the Honourable Member for

—, who in a late session signalled the coat-tails of Mr. FREDERICK PEEL, by appending thereto a—muff.

Porter in the pewter is not allowed; but, if quietly and judiciously effected, there is no rule against any Honourable Member blowing out the brains he may have with a pocket-pistol.

Too much respect cannot be exacted for Mr. SPEAKER. Hence, it is considered coarse and unmannerly to disturb him in his wholesome slumbers. Though, from his official urbanity, he may be now and then expected to "be pleased with a feather," he is, under no pretence whatever, while asleep, to be "tickled with a straw."

Oranges to any extent may be consumed; but it is to be hoped that the example of the late Member for —, will not be followed; who, to show his contempt for civil and religious liberty during a debate on the Jews' Disabilities Bill, entered the House with a net full of lemons. True wit is always welcome in the House of Commons, but nothing could be more coarse or shallow than the conduct of the late Member for —, who, during the Jews' debate, placed three hats upon the venerable head of Mr. SPOONER.

Any Member is liable to be taken into custody who strews the floor of the House with detonating balls; as in no case, when it can be helped, is a Member to be more distinguished for noise than sense.

There is no standing order against the custom, but it is not thought polite to play at cup-and-ball on the back benches; or during the Chancellor of the Exchequer's exposition of his Budget, to blow bubbles of soap-and-water.

Inscrutable.

THE mystery of the following advertisement is so utterly unfathomable, that in the blankest despair we resign all attempt at solution:—

TO obtain Delicate Pork and New Laid Eggs every day, feed your fowls and pigs on Fresh Grains.

Is—are—do—fowls—or—but no—pork from fowls—eggs from pigs—graves—Ghouls—No!—we give the whole thing up. These are strange times, brethren!

TRAGEDY IN FLEET STREET.

THERE will be some fearful work at the approaching quarterly meeting when the Licensed Wilters edit the editor of their paper, the *Morning Advertiser*. That remarkable journal has always foamed, like a full pot of newly-drawn ale, against Popery and Puseyism, though, by a curious paradox, the *Tiser's* Protestantism has usually seemed without a Head to it. But that zeal which is not according to knowledge, especially the knowledge of the classic languages, sometimes leads people into difficulties, and the *Advertiser's* Random Recollections of the Greek Alphabet have been so random as to help the journal into one of the most unseemly scrapes on record.

A ludicrous theory advanced by one of the gushing writers in the *Tiser*, and intended to bring certain Puseyite practices into contempt, excited the malice of "some persons unknown," but supposed to be clerical contributors to the *Saturday Review*. They sent the editor of the *Tiser*, in support of his view, a series of letters, in which mock authorities were paraded, mock references given, and at last, the innocent organ of Bungdom unsuspectingly inserting the wicked epistles, the victimisers finished off with an Italian's communication of a passage in Greek, "erroneously attributed to ATHENÆUS." Schoolboys, until birched for their irreverence, have a habit of chanting a lay setting forth that

"NERUCHADNEZZAR,
The King of the Jews,
Had three pair of stockings,
And four pair of shoes."

The *Saturday Review* (which possibly knows better than anybody else) thinks that this verse, or one of its variations, suggested the Greek quotation erroneously attributed to ATHENÆUS; but be this upon the conscience of the reverend hoaxers. The *Advertiser* gave in its best type the Greek thus supposed to be suggested, and which was advanced as an anti-Puseyite argument. There it stands, in the journal, and we have not even heard that this time the proprietors have sought to efface the memorial of a *bêlîse* by buying up the copies in circulation.

What will the quarterly meeting of Wilters say to this? Mr. *Punch* recommends an action against the *Saturday Review*, which has reprinted the whole set of letters with the most mischievous care, and thereby brought the victimisation, and the inferences to be drawn

therefrom, under the notice of educated readers. The Greek was very good Greek for the public-house—accents, and breathings, and circumflexes, all elegantly laid on; but the *Advertiser* claims influence with members of Parliament and others who have been at College, and the paper's weight with the Governing Classes must be sadly injured by this exposure. We think there is a clear case against the *Saturday Review*, and strongly recommend immediate proceedings. The helplessness of the injured party adds to the cruelty; to say nothing of the ingratitude of thus treating a journal which, by its own admission, has saved the country at least nineteen times up to the end of last week.

KILLING TIME BY INCHES.

THE subjoined interesting case is extracted from the Law Report of the *Times*:—

"GORRISEN v. PERRIN."

"This case, the argument in which was partly occupied four days, was concluded to-day. The question raised was what was the meaning, in a contract, of 'a bale of gambier.' Mr. WILDE, Q.C., and Mr. BLACKBURN, were heard in support of the rule for a new trial obtained by Mr. SERJEANT BYLES, with whom was Mr. HONESTMAN.

"The argument occupied nearly the whole day.
"The Court took time to consider its judgment."

What a bale is, most people know, but few, probably, have any idea of what gambier is, nor would care to have any, if they thought that counsel would take four days to explain the nature of that article to them, and that they themselves would have to take an indefinite time afterwards to consider the explanation. The case was argued before the Court of Common Pleas. If the prolix argument maintained in GORRISEN v. PERRIN, is a common kind of plea, the unhappy Court, to which such pleas are common, is deserving of the utmost compassion.

Editors who have Seen the World.

THE Grand DUKE CONSTANTINE has brought with him to Paris editors of the principal newspapers at St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Odessa. By the orders of the EMPEROR they have been placed in the office of the *Moniteur*, and are under due tuition, making very great progress backwards. A little more and they will step into chaos.

HOPE FOR THE NEAPOLITANS.

THE MARQUESS TOWNSHEND, moving the Address, said among other things—

"Although it was dreadful to contemplate the infamous barbarities which were committed in Naples, the people of this country could only look on, and trust that Providence might see fit, in its own good time, to restrain the excesses of the Neapolitan Government."

A trust in Providence is, doubtless, religious; pious. "Hope," said COLERIDGE, and he never said a finer thing, "is a duty;" but action is no less a duty. If the MARQUESS TOWNSHEND had a dear friend smitten with a fever, shivering with an ague fit, it would of course be his duty to trust for his friend's restoration to health to the beneficence of Providence; but nevertheless, we take it, he would not fail to send for the doctor; who might administer pills, powders, and quinine. Now, we take it that when we withdrew our Ambassador, the Neapolitans expected of us something more in their favour than our trust in Providence. We think it in no way improbable that they rather looked for the threatened prescription of powder and ball and bark of British broadsides.

Convocation.

WE understand that at the last performance of this ceremony, MR. CHARLES KEAN was present, and has resolved to reproduce it between the third and fourth acts of *Henry VIII.*, himself taking the part of the *Archbishop of Canterbury*. He will, with pardonable licence, introduce a jester; though for ourselves, we think at this time of day, the ceremony itself is quite beyond a joke.



Mamma. "WHY, TOM! WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT NASTY DUST-PAN AND BROOM?"

Tom. "BROTHER FRED TOLD ME TO BRING IT IN AND SWEEP UP ALL THE H's MRS. MOPUS HAD DROPPED ABOUT!"—(N.B. *Great Expectations* from Mrs. M.)

MARRIAGE AND ITS DIFFICULTIES.

"MR. PUNCH,

"As one of the unprotected sex, allow me to say a few words upon some very nice letters that have appeared in the *Times* upon what I will venture to call Marriage and its Difficulties. Marriages would be easy enough, and the difficulties none, if they were not set up by the pride, and show, and folly of the people themselves. Whereas how many a fair creature born for the milk of maternal kindness has had her name written on the old maid's list in lemon-juice? But the great difficulty of marriage—and never was the difficulty so great, and I must add, so wicked, as at the present time—is dress, the wife's dress. Gowns, Mr. Punch, are at the bottom of the evil, as, if you use your eyes—as I and all the world know you do—you cannot but see.

"Some time ago, they talked of the French coming over and invading us. Mr. Punch, we have been invaded, and nobody knows what trouble and anxiety carried among tens of thousands of people. To be sure, we haven't had our house-tops knocked off by bomb-shells; and haven't had to pack dragoons into our best bed-rooms, as I have read NAPOLEON always insisted upon, carrying fire and bayonets into the bosoms of peaceful families. But I don't know if we haven't had a much worse invasion than this; for we've been invaded and carried right off our feet by the French Empress and an army of milliners. Don't tell me; band-boxes may be worse than bomb-shells.

"In the first place, look how the Empress, by the manner of dressing her hair, has turned the heads of Englishwomen. With their hair pulled so far back that they can't see even the tips of their shoes, they look like so many half-shaven owls, only nothing half so wise. Yet all this I could forgive, but for the Empress's petticoat that makes every woman who wears it look like a diving bell and nothing else: a petticoat that, when it isn't blown up with bellows—as if a woman was no better than an *omelette soufflée*—is fenced round about with steel. I shall soon expect to see petticoats of nothing else but woven wire, like a meat-safe. But as it is, I ask is it pretty, is it comely, is it modest, for a woman to take to herself more than ten times the space in the world than ever nature intended for her? And you will see wives and mothers do this!—Mothers, I say, of families, with petticoats like hencoops about them. But this—this we owe to the invasion of the French.

"I now come, Mr. Punch, to gowns. How is it possible that, taking one with the other, women can afford to wear the gowns they do? But their fathers and their husbands can't afford it; and we know nothing of the pinching, and the misery, and too often the total

destruction that, I'm sure of it, comes of this peacock love of show with all the eyes of the world upon it. You shall see the wife of a clerk of a couple of hundred a-year with a gown upon, her back that cost ten pounds over the counter, without the trimming. Talk of a skeleton in the house! How often is this skeleton dressed in the wife's gown! And it is this love of finery on the part of women that frightens sensible men of moderate means from having anything to do with them. And then you shall hear women complain that they are not, as they call it, intellectually considered! With some of them, if I were a man, I should as soon think of the intellect of a humming-bird—the brains of a parrot. But this love of fine feathers has become such a madness that, as I once heard the REV. MR. MANNALIPS declare, there are some women who would rather go to Pandemonium in full dress than to Paradise in a gingham.

"And it is this desire for show, this stupid cowardice, that has yielded to the French invasion, that makes many of the difficulties of marriage. Oh, Mr. Punch, when I shall I see anything like the simplicity of my youth, when the sweet English face was clustered about by curls, and the pretty creature looked so pure and happy in her modest gown of white muslin and her quiet little cottage bonnet of chip, and on her head, besides? Tell me when I shall see this, and you will make entirely happy

"Your constant reader,

"JANE MATILDA."

A British Nursery Rhyme.

Suggested by the late Proceedings in Bank-ruptcy.

HUMPHRY so glumpy obeyed the Court's call,
And the song he there sang was exceedingly small:
Now all the QUEEN'S Counsel, with tongue or with pen,
Couldn't bring back to HUMPHRY his good name again.

A Yankee Vatican.

THE MORMONS regard BRIGHAM YOUNG as the successor of JOE SMITH, and JOE SMITH as the vicergerent of Heaven. It would be an interesting question to propound to a rapping spirit, whether Mormonism will, or not, ever become a great ecclesiastical organisation, and, if it does, whether the United States will not one of these days, have to conclude a Concordat with Utah?



THE NEW BROOM.

MR. BULL. "NEW BROOMS SWEEP—WELL, WELL, WE SHALL SEE."



A TILT AT THE TOLL-GATES.



He shall hardly be accused of any novelty of sentiment, if we say we think JOHN BULL is somewhat inconsistent. As an instance out of some few dozen that occur to one, we who are forever lyrically boasting that the Briton may traverse the pole or the zone as free as his native air, yet cannot take an hour's drive in any part of our own kingdom without being stopped by a toll-bar to our progress, and there being detained until, having paid

our footing, we are made free of the road, and are permitted to proceed on it. However wide it may, ostensibly, be open to all comers, still only a moneyed man may ride through a toll-gate. Set a beggar on horseback anywhere in England, and within five minutes from his starting he will have to pull up at a pike, or will be pulled up if he doesn't. At a meeting held the other day to petition for an act for the removal of these nuisances, it was stated for the benefit of those who like statistics, that:—

"There are at present no less than one hundred and seventeen toll-gates within a radius of not more than six miles from Charing Cross."

It is pretty clear then that no Paterfamilias within ear-shot of Bow Bells can ever drive out for an airing with the Mrs. and the Misses P., without being stopped by some half-dozen licensed highwaymen, each of whom commands him to stand and deliver. Every other mile or so he has his horse thrown on his haunches, and finds a fresh demand made for his money or his wife's. It was a mark of the benevolence of the elder Mr. WELLER, that he viewed a turnpike-gate keeper merely as a sort of misanthropical recluse. To our mind, he seems less a TIMON than a TURPIN; and every time he stops us, he commits a double highway robbery, as he not only takes our money, but likewise robs us of our time, which proverbially is money also.

But to aggravate matters, and heighten the temperature of our just wrath and indignation to almost boiling-over point, we learn from what another speaker is reported to have said at the meeting we have mentioned, that—

"These gates are kept up not for the use or benefit of the public, but to enable an old and worn-out Commission to expend money and to enjoy the sweets of office."

So the pikes are preserved for jacks in office to grow fat on! Hearing this, we need no further argument to induce every reader to enrol as a Rebecca; or, in other words, join the Toll Reform Association, which is pledged to present us with the freedom of the country. The tolls throughout the kingdom are as great a nuisance as the Chimes in a Puseyite vicinity; and as this is to be a reformatory Parliament, we hope to see some sweeping measure passed to sweep away these vestiges of a dark age creation. With the words we have quoted still ringing in our ears, we shall not be easy in our minds until we hear that at St. Stephens' has been tolled the knell of tolls.

HOW FASHIONS VARY.

THE Fashion changes with every place you visit. *Par exemple*, you may keep your hat on at Evans's; but it is scarcely considered good manners to do so at the Opera. You may whistle and join in "*God save the Queen*" at the Promenade Concerts; but the same taste is not expected of you at the Philharmonic. Any one is at liberty to call out "*Bravo, Wright!*" at the Adelphi, but the same exclamation would be considered a little out of place at Exeter Hall. A cigar may be lighted with great effect in the corridor of the Surrey, when the audience is pouring out, but you would hardly attempt such a thing in the crush-room of Her Majesty's Theatre.

PRETTY EXCUSE FOR A WIFE BEATER.—The treasure which we value most we *hide*.

PARCHMENT PRACTICE.

THE innocent sheep! To how much human rascality is it made to minister! To what fell purposes does man apply its cuticle, shorn of its wool and dressed for parchment! When we think of the sins, the iniquities, the affronts and outrages of common sense that are, in due time, laid upon its back; when we reflect that what once cropped the odorous thyme, that what once in its innocence "lick'd the hand just raised to shed its blood," now bears all the awful responsibility of Doctors' Commons, the sheep loses the guilelessness of its character and becomes more terrible than the most fabulous of dragons. Poor sheep! And yet it has an instinct of what, in its parchment condition, awaits it. For to this instinct is no doubt referable the fact, possibly hitherto unknown to our readers, that by no number of drovers aided and assisted by an unlimited supply of dogs, is it possible to drive a flock or any part of a flock of sheep up Chancery Lane; the animals so persistently boggling and bolting at the law stationers. Poor things! they no doubt smell the ink, even as at the butcher's threshold, they pause and shiver, snuffing the blood.

Thinking of the uses, abuses, and purposes of parchment, we have often chewed the cud of melancholy in pastoral ways, and felt the rising sigh on southern downs. But with this keen and tender sense of the after wrongs of the sheep, we had yet to learn another trick of which it is made the passive agent. There was whilom in existence an Athenæum Life Insurance. We believe that Minerva herself had no shares in the Institution, nor can we determine whether even her owl was on the board of directors. Be this as it may, the Athenæum has collapsed; the "owl-droppings," as MR. CARLYLE would say, have ceased for all time, and now comes an examination of the causes that have determined and ended the benevolent institution. It appears that the parchment of the institution had been tampered with; a sheet removed or inserted, and that so cunningly as to defy detection. The possibility of this knavish piece of work was doubted, when a law-stationer, with a sweet confidence, and a no less deep knowledge of parchment practice, gave his testimony. Listen to him. Apollo, when he kept sheep, never piped to the living vellum more blithely:—

"MR. CHARLES SHAW, Law Stationer, had had great experience in deeds of settlement and their binding. Had bound up some hundreds in the course of his time, and he could, without any difficulty, insert a sheet of parchment in a deed and remove it subsequently without leaving any traces. He had, in fact, done it—(a laugh)—and without mentioning names, he might state that a sheet was placed in one, without unbinding it, on last Good Friday. (Sensation.) By whose direction he did not know, but he altered it, and put it in another place."

The coolness of MR. SHAW would make him a delightful companion in the dog-days. And then how charming his delicacy. "Without mentioning names!" Nothing could be more considerate. A worker in iron might say, "without mentioning names, I'm in the habit of supplying certain gentlemen with picklocks." And what a parchment deed for Good Friday! We will not ask MR. SHAW whether, even for a moment, he pondered on Him who suffered for the sins of all men, law-stationers included, but it is not impossible that a thought may have wandered to the criminals on the right hand, and on the left.

A COUPLE OF REASONS.

FATHER VENTURA, in the course of a sermon preached at the Tuileries, said, talking of the two NAPOLEON empires,—

"The first reigned by the reason of force, the second reigns by the force of reason."

We will not stop to inquire which of the two empires has the greater "reason" to be proud of its reign, but we must take the liberty of doubting the extent of that vaunted reason, which, under the second NAPOLEON, has not yet produced a single author, a single poet, a single orator, or a single great man of any European note. With the liberty of the press prohibited, with the police system in full force throughout every grade of society, it would be perfectly useless to ask Reason to name any of the mighty deeds that have been accomplished during its brilliant reign, for she has no voice in the Senate or elsewhere, to answer the question with. The only reason the Second Empire can truthfully boast of is—*La Raison du plus fort*. In that respect we are bound to acknowledge that LOUIS NAPOLEON *a toujours raison*. Viewed in any other light, if Reason shines at present in France it must be, as the French themselves would say, that *elle brille par son absence*.

Musical Treat.

AMONGST many other interesting items of intelligence respecting music on the Continent, we read that

"CARRION has had a complete ovation in *La Sonnambula*."

La Sonnambula is generally considered a very sweet Opera; but its sweetness must be of a peculiar kind, seeing that it appears to have been rendered all the sweeter by CARRION.



NEW COAT-OF-ARMS FOR SIR CHARLES WOOD.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

May 7th, Thursday. The swearing which Mr. SPEAKER DENISON had been countenancing for a week was suddenly checked to-day. HER MAJESTY, happily convalescent, left London for the sea breezes of Osborne, but also left a Speech behind Her, which the LORD CHANCELLOR CRANWORTH was ordered to read to Parliament. As the QUEEN was not to be present, Mr. Punch did not think it worth while to go down, though, had his Royal Mistress been able to attend, nothing would have prevented his taking his accustomed place among the bishops, in order to give Her that wink of encouragement and loyalty which She notoriously regards as the chief bulwark of Her throne. He went into the Royal Academy, instead, and contemplated Mr. STANFIELD's glorious picture of the Armada ships on the Irish rocks, until a young nobleman of the name of SMITH, whom he had ordered to look alive for the purpose, brought him the *Globe*, with the Speech, remarking (when permission was given him to do so) that CRANWORTH had bungled and stumbled over the Address in a most disgraceful manner, a statement confirmed by the *Times* next morning.

A glance at the Speech showed that there was nothing in it. The chief part of it was written by LORD CLARENDON, and was devoted to telling things which everybody knew or nobody cared about. Here they are.

We are at Peace.
It seems likely to last.
The stipulations of the Treaty are fulfilled.
Switzerland has bribed CLICQUOT to be quiet.
We have done nothing in re Central America.
We have signed a treaty with Persia.
We send out ELGIN, and forces, to China.
We compound for the Sound Dues.
QUEEN ANNE is no more.

Besides this news, which may even be read in the *Morning Herald* by this time, there was the usual mention of the Estimates (the two PEELS, ROBERT, Lord of the Admiralty, and FREDERICK, Under-Secretary for War, have both resigned, so the Navy and Army must get on as they can) and the equally stereotype information that some reform of the law must be effected, and that everything is going on exceedingly well. This latter proposition, considering that we are sitting before roaring fires in the middle of May, indicated a want of common sense that pointed out CRANWORTH himself as the author of the concluding paragraphs. So Mr. Punch presented the *Globe* to the young nobleman of the name of SMITH, in fee simple to him and his

heirs for ever, as a small token of respect and esteem, and resumed his *tête-à-tête* with STANFIELD.

At night he went into the Lords. The Address was moved by LORD TOWNSHEND, who said, among other things, that he should not mind seeing a Jew in that House, a curious speech from a sailor, whose Hebraic antipathies are usually rather strongly developed. LORD PORTSMOUTH seconded, and one might more reasonably have expected that Portsmouth would say something for the Jews. But ISAAC NEWTON FELLOWES (a descendant of great ISAAC, and few noblemen have so brilliant a pedigree) had nothing to say for "little ISAAC." LORD MALMESBURY came out with a complaint that LORD PALMERSTON had laughed at him and his party for their factious attempts upon office, and LORD GRANVILLE defended PAM. LORD CLANRICARDE deplored certain attacks upon GENERAL ASHBURNHAM, who commands the Chinese expedition, and whom LORD PANMURE declared to be a well qualified officer. EARL GREY emitted some surly twaddle against the Chinese War, and LORD ALBEMARLE demanded why they were told nothing about Reform. If he had waited for a reply he might have waited till now—for the Lords agreed to the Address, and adjourned.

In the Commons MR. HAYTER delivered the real Speech from the Throne. He announced Governmental measures on Transportation, Hudson's Bay, Savings' Banks, the Board of Health, the Jew Oath, Trustee Fraud, and Insurance Companies.

The Debate on the Address was opened by MR. DODSON—decidedly no connection of FOGG, for he spoke very lucidly. MR. BUCHANAN, selected in compliment to the President of America (at least, there seemed no other reason), seconded; and good old GENERAL THOMPSON—who was a Reformer not only before it was fashionable, but when it was proscription to be one, and whose admirable Corn-Law writings prepared the way for the showier and better paid champions that came in at the death—made a quaint little protest against the Chinese War, very good-humouredly received; for he is a brave soldier, in two senses of the word, and has earned the right to have his crochets treated kindly when bumptious blockheads are properly kicked for theirs. LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR, knowing that LORD PALMERSTON was going to promise a Reform bill, boldly announced that his constituents demanded Reform. He also stated that he should bring in a bill to render it unlawful for candidates at elections to pay for the conveyances that bring up the voters, or to defray the cost of erecting hustings. There is sense in the first of these propositions, but voting places ought to be within easy access of the electors, and in that case a voter may reasonably be asked to bring himself to the poll if he wants to come. As for the second, irreverent people might say that political mountebanks should erect their own stages. Mr. Punch, however, conceives that decent and proper places for transacting constitutional business should be maintained at the expense of the country. It seems prudery to vote two millions and a half to build a place for members to sit in, and to grudge a few hundreds for the steps by which they ascend. MR. EWART renewed his very commendable clamour for a Minister of Justice, and—

Silence! Silence! Readers will be good enough to take off their hats, and to stand up. Silence, now.

The DICTATOR announced that next year Government would bring in a Reform Bill, the basis of which should be UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE!

Well, if you doubt it, turn to the *Times*. LORD PALMERSTON, after explaining that the session was too far advanced for the present introduction of any such measure, and, after declining to pledge himself to details, said, "At the beginning of next session we shall be able to propose some measure to correct any defects in the present Reform Act, as well as to admit to the FRANCHISE THOSE CLASSES OF PERSONS WHO ARE AT PRESENT EXCLUDED FROM IT."

If that be not a distinct and manly promise of universal suffrage, let us all turn Jesuits and Puseyites, for there is nothing but a non-natural meaning in words. No wonder the House cheered. No wonder that MR. ROEBUCK, moved to tears of vinegar, tore up an intended motion on reform. No wonder that the Chartists are collecting pennies for a testimonial to the Chartist Viscount, and that MR. ERNEST JONES's occupation is gone. As for LORD JOHN RUSSELL, he has gone and hired himself as usher at a ragged school in a street that has no name, unless DIFFANGER Junior has hunted it out and christened it since we went to press. LORD PALMERSTON and Universal Suffrage! Need Mr. Punch add, that the Address was rapturously voted.

Friday. None of the proceedings in either House merit note, except a melancholy display by poor LORD CARDIGAN, who made a most uncalled-for declaration that everybody was satisfied with his conduct in the Crimea. It is very funny that in the best regulated nursery you have only to say "CARDIGAN"—and the children instantly strike up in chorus,

"See, see! What shall I see?
A horse's head where his tail should be."

Some elaborate explanations by SIR C. WOOD about the unfortunate *Transit* were given, and the First Lord of the Admiralty triumphantly announced as a discovery, that not only did Government ships suffer in bad weather, but private ships also. ADMIRAL WALCOTT endea-

voured, by manoeuvres with his hat, to make SIR CHARLES comprehend the real question, and the *Transit's* position, but in vain, and MR. JAMES WILSON looked very unhappy at seeing a good hat treated so unfairly. MR. SPOONER gave notice that he would renew his Mayn—

[Eighteen compositors having successively fainted away in attempts to "set up" the sentence thus commenced, Mr. Punch, in compliance with the dictates of humanity, orders his establishment to desist from the fearful task.

BARNUM'S BEST PLAN.



N advertisement, headed "BARNUM ENGAGED," announces that the dwarf called TOM THUMB "has engaged his former guardian, the world-renowned P. T. BARNUM, to exhibit him at his morning entertainment." Instead of falling back upon TOM THUMB, why does not BARNUM go ahead, and supply the demand of the gaping public with astounding novelty? How can he have failed to get hold of his countryman, the medium, MR. HUME? Here is a genuine Yankee OWEN GLENDOWER, whose spirits, according to Roman and Anglo-Catholic newspapers, actually do come when he does call for them; carry about and ring hand-bells, play tunes on accordions and pianos, make books fly and tables dance, tickle knees, pick people's pockets, extinguish and relight candles, and cause any lady or gentleman desirous of trying the experiment to shake hands with a mysterious cold-handed something. This is the man for MR. BARNUM's money, considering the money which MR. BARNUM might make through his means. Or BARNUM might put himself, if he is not already, in communication with the *Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph*, and get the editor to get the poet DANTE

to lend him a hand, or a pair of hands, for the purpose of decorating the heads of the bystanders with orange flowers, or with donkeys' ears, if judged more suitable. Let BARNUM give a series of entertainments under the title of "Sorcery for the Superior Classes." Why should he content himself with exhibiting TOM THUMB, when, with the assistance of MR. HUME, he might, in a very short time, successfully pretend to exhibit the devil? The exhibition of one pair, merely, of spirit hands, would be worth WASHINGTON'S nurse, the Feejee mermaid, and TOM THUMB put together. If BARNUM could only make an arrangement with HUME, he would be enabled to work a rich mine of HUM(E)bug.

THE LAST FREAK IN BONNETS.

LIVE and learn, MRS. GRUNDY. Read the *Follet* Fashion-paper; you will always find something new in it—something to astonish you, as this extract from Fashions for May perhaps will:—

"Bonnets are still worn very open, thrown back at the cheeks, and pointed in front. The curtain deep; put on in large plaits, arranged in such a manner as not to fall over the shoulders, nor to stand out too stiffly in the middle of the back."

What next, Ma'am?—and next?—as MR. CORDEN said. Bonnets with curtains!—window blinds will perhaps follow, and then probably will come shutters—or shall we say bed-posts and blankets? The curtains must be veils, Ma'am, must they not?—but then, what business have they to stick out at all in the middle of the back? Curtains, indeed! To be sure they are sufficiently called for by the present bare-faced fashion of bonnets. High-tighty. Oh, for the good old times of the good old coal-scuttle!

INSANE AGITATION.—The advocates of a Liquor Law for old England are no better than Ma(i)n(e)iacs.

EXPLOSION OF A MODERN MIRACLE.

SOME few years ago the Roman Catholic newspapers and priesthood generally, gave out, and strove to persuade simpletons, that the VIRGIN MARY had appeared on the hill of La Salette, and had made a revelation to some peasant children. Notwithstanding that Mr. Punch analyzed this story and demonstrated its absurdity, its inventors succeeded in palming it upon multitudes of their co-religionists inclusive of the POPE himself. Accordingly the priests of the district wherein the trick was played, ran up a shrine, and formed a confraternity to work it—obtaining money under pretence of the sanctity of the spot. His infallible but hoaxed HOLINESS patronised the concern, and gave it his benediction, which appears not to have preserved it from exploding. The *Univers* puffed it; the *Tablet* endorsed the statements of the *Univers*.

The journal last named has, by perseverance in stating the marvelous thing which is not, involved itself in a quarrel with the *Siecle*, in consequence whereof, *Le Siecle* publishes an exposure of the Salette humbug. For this, society is indebted to an honest priest, one ABBÉ DELÉON, who discovered, and showed, that the alleged apparition of the VIRGIN was performed by a MADEMOISELLE LAMERLIÈRE, by the help of a milliner. The pretended VIRGIN, it will be recollected, began by talking good French to the little clowns to whom she showed herself, and then, finding that they did not understand her, spoke to them in their own *patois*—evidence of imposture duly pointed out at the time by Mr. Punch. MADLLE LAMERLIÈRE brings an action against the abbé for false accusation, before the tribunals of Grenoble, loses her cause, and is condemned in costs. The unlucky plaintiff has appealed: but the fact that the discussions which took place at the trial are not allowed to be published, is sufficiently significant of the direction in which the Salette cat, now let out of the bag, is considered, by those capable of judging, to jump.

So much—Mr. Punch was about to say—for La Salette; but one thing more deserves to be stated, to end the story, like a squib, with a good bounce. The following holy "shave" was announced in 1851 on episcopal authority:—

"The waters of La Salette cure all the evils of the body, and convert the most wicked sinners, even if the smallest drop (against their will) can be got down their throats."

Physic and divinity both entirely superseded by an infinitesimal dose of La Salette water! It is wonderful that the friars and Jesuits did not fear that the above quoted ultramontane and ultra-Hahnemannic "stretcher" would, if believed, prove rather too much to the believer. They must have as much faith in the gullibility of their dupes as the latter repose in the veracity of their deceivers. However, the priests tell, or at least imply, one truth respecting the water of La Salette. By their account sinners appear to have found it very difficult to swallow.

In quitting the subject of this alleged miracle, Mr. Punch begs to be allowed to express the hope that the world will not forget the really miraculous discernment evinced by himself nearly five years ago, in seeing through and elucidating that device of priestcraft.

A SHAKSPEARIAN NOTE AND QUERY.

WE put it to MR. PAYNE COLLYER, to be considered in his next edition of SHAKSPEARE, whether the advice of *Polonius* to his son is not liable to emendation, [suggested by female fashions of the present time. SHAKSPEARE, there can be no doubt of it, in his prescience, knew that lovely woman in 1857 would hoop herself in her petticoats like a beer-barrel with iron surroundings. (We only hope that in the meteoric convulsions of the coming summer, no fair creature smitten by lightning will fall through her petticoats like so much cigar-ash; but we think the occurrence very probable.) However, there can be no doubt that the words of *Polonius*—

"The friend thou hast and his affections tried,
Grapple him to thy soul with hooks of steel!"

ought to read—

"The maid thou hast and her affections tried,
Grapple her to thy soul with hoops of steel."

In these days, Vulcan makes half Venus; and a man does not only unite himself to the bone of his bone and the flesh of his flesh, but to the metal of his metal. It is not fair to the memory of the good and gracious TALPOURD, that every woman should insist upon being the heroine of her own *Ion*.

Common-place, but How True!

YOUR Pessimist, who is always doubting, always sneering, is only the *Laquais* of Society, who is perpetually giving the dirty habits of others a good brushing, and yet does not see the mud that is upon his own.



ROYAL ACADEMY, 1857.

Mr. Punch (reads). "No. 24. H.R.H.—A FIELD-MARSHAL, EVIDENTLY.—HM—
VERY GOOD, INDEED. WHAT SANGUINARY ENGAGEMENT CAN IT BE?"

JOHN TROT AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

WHEN I was last in London, I went—just you guess where,
To the 'Cadummy o' picturs in What-d'ye-call-un Square.
The tickut was a shilin, and that bain't no gurt price to gie:
And the zight is wuth the money, if you likes them things to zee.

'Tis wonderful sitch works should be done by fellers' hands:
And how it is they does 'em, I'm blest if I understands.
To me sitch paintun do zeem impossible amost.
I should find it a hard job if I'd a got to paint a post.

I zee a lot o' people a standun, starun hard
At one gurt grand big pictur, resemlun a dockyard.
Wi carpentern a gwiun on, chaps workun, buildun ships,
How nateral their shavuns wus, and rayal all the chips!

Another gurt big pictur too I likewise did behold,
Wi a old chap upon hossback in his armour all o' gold;
And a little gal afore un, and a small buoy at his back,
As had got a bunch o vaggots that zim'd pull vrom out a stack.

There was another paintun as zim'd in the same way done,
Wi a gal a chap as had got on a queer long scarlut quoad,
In a sart o' kind of yaller dress wi devvles on 't and vlames,
Reprezentun priestcraft, simmunly, and that there kind o' games.

A gal a tyun on a scarf, moreover, I did note,
Around a chap as had got on a queer long scarlut quoad,
An old gal zittun in a chair, and a lady lookun on,
Thinks I, now, that there pictur is oncommonly well drawn.

I marked a goodish pictur, too, about the Rooshun war,
Zum officers inside a shed, one smokun a cigar;
They'd got a box just open'd zent to 'em by their friends,
The walls wi prints was kiver'd, and the vloor with odds an ends.

A CRIMINAL LAW OF COPYRIGHT WANTED.

FOREMOST among the means which were employed in the cookery of the British Bank accounts, mention has been made of a certain "small green ledger" as forming an important part of MR. CAMERON'S *cuisine*, and helping him especially to do things nicely brown. This utensil may be said to have been used as a sort of common melting-pot, and anything put in it to the credit of the bank (such as the eighteen pounds odd shillings of the late M.P. for Tewkesbury) was soon melted down, and became undistinguishable. In the half-yearly farce called the *Inspection of the Books*, this greatly 'used small ledger instead of being seen over was always somehow overlooked. Those who should have audited had never even heard of it; and so dark was it kept by the CAMERON Obscurer, that its green may be said to have been the invisible.

Now, as we find that this small ledger proved of no small service in defrauding the public, we should like to see steps taken to prevent its being used hereafter as a precedent. We have no wish to see any one take a leaf out of this, or from any other book of MR. CAMERON'S concoction; and we should be glad therefore to find that they were made strictly copyright. Perhaps, if an infringement were regarded as a criminal offence, that to would-be plagiarists might prove a strong deterrent; and we should therefore recommend that every such leaf which can be traced to MR. CAMERON should be pronounced on the authority of Parliament a *dock leaf*, and that a lesson in its botany be forthwith given at the schools, which were originally established under Government inspection, at Botany Bay.

UNWARRANTABLE LIBERTY.

We should like to know who put the following saucy advertisement relative to our respectable neighbours named in it, into the *Times*:—

PUMPS.—FOWLER AND CO., Whitefriars Street, Fleet Street, E.C.

If we had seen the foregoing chalked upon a wall, we should not have been surprised; concluding it to have been the expression of the impertinence of some disrespectful street-boy. But no boy would spend in advertising, even for the purpose of insulting somebody, the money which he might lay out in lollipops.

On board a boat a gwiun, I zee a sailor lad,
And, I spose she wos his mother, a whimperun like mad;
I dwaon't know much about un, but I thinks a was well done—
That pictur of the sailors, the 'ooman and her zon.

Zum stags, a little rabbit, an eagle in the mist,
A top a rock I vanced show'd a precious clever fist;
I wish the chap, as did 'em 'ood paint zum pigs I've got:
For they be purty pigs although I says it as should not.

A quoadst in storm and tempest, did also catch my eye,
Wi a lot o' rocks like organ-pipes a stickun up on high,
And wrecks o' vessels lyun among the waves below,
I zeem'd to hear the waves rhooar and the winds to-hear, like, blow.

A pictur o' the 'Sizes did also take my mind,
The jury a consider'n their verdict for to find,
The pris'ner's poor old vearther, his mother, and his wife,
He bein, as I took it, on trial vor his life.

There also was a Vrenchman, at laste as I suppose,
Or anyhow a feller dress'd up in foreign clothes,
A talkun to a female as had on man's attire,
And that was a performance which I'll own I did admire.

A lot of other picturs, too many for to name,
I gurtly wus delighted wi—zum wasn't wuth the frame.
I knows what I should do wi 'em perwided they wus mine,
Stick 'em outsize a public-house, thereof to be the zign.

And what was they? you'll ax me. Why, I baint a gwine to tell,
The less is said the better about them as baint done well.
The painters does the best they can, and if so be they fail,
What need to holler 'em up hill, and cry 'em all down dale?

Lave 'em aloan; that's had enough; their picturs is their bread;
Zay nothun of 'em if so be as no good can't be zaid;
Don't take away their bread-and-cheese—don't meddle wi' their gains,
I hopes they'll all paint better when they comes to take more pains.



IMPORTANT.

Little Boy. "Here, young 'un, just hold my Hoop, while I go and transact a little Business."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

May 11, Monday. LORD CAMPBELL, having had the satisfaction of consigning to gaol and hard labour a couple of miscreants for selling printed and engraved abominations, pursued the subject in the House of Lords, and urged the necessity of legislation to suppress this poison-traffic. The CHANCELLOR said that the existing law was sufficient. In any case in which LORDS CAMPBELL and CRANWORTH differ, the odds are SHAKESPEARE's brains to MALMESBURY's that the CHANCELLOR is wrong; but be this as it may, London is shamed by the permission which the parochial authorities accord to the atrocious trade. The Bills of last session regarding Wills and Divorces were introduced. The clause empowering husband and wife to divorce one another by agreement for separation is struck out. The Bishops, however, intend to oppose the Bill, on the Popish ground that marriage is a sacramental obligation, and therefore indissoluble. *Mr. Punch* is sorry to have to hint that his allegiance to Bishops is not.

SIR G. C. LEWIS explained his Savings' Bank Bill. Government is to guarantee the deposits, and of course to have certain checks on the management. It is apprehended that provincial magnates may rebel against this latter provision, in which case the whole system had better be taken into the hands of Government, or affiliated to the Old Lady in Threadneedle Street. The Transportation Bill was discussed to-night on the second reading, and on Friday, when it went through committee. It is for enabling Government, at pleasure, to send over the seas criminals sentenced to penal servitude. There was a strong feeling in the House that though there is little hope of reforming an adult criminal, his labour ought to be confiscated for the benefit of society. This point, and still more, the means of entirely separating his unfortunate children from the polluted atmosphere of crime, are subjects to which Parliament may well condescend to give attention, even with the great case of *Skirmisher v. Saunterer* appointed for trial at Epsom. The Industrial Schools Bill, resisted by some Roman Catholics, who are always afraid lest "proselytism" should follow instruction, but carried by 177 to 18, is a measure in the right direction. A Committee was appointed to consider the affairs of the Old Lady above mentioned.

Tuesday. MR. DILLWYN introduced a bill, which it is heartily to be hoped will be passed, namely, for the application of whipcord to the backs of the only persons who ought to be so punished, the brutes who commit aggravated assaults on women and children. It is impossible that such scoundrels can be further demoralised, and the instrument of inflection may fairly be called in their case the "harmless, necessary Cat." MR. HARDY introduced a Beer Bill, for giving more power to the licensing magistrates, who are already as notoriously the tools of the Great Brewers as their spigots and faucets. MR. LOCKE KING obtained leave to bring in a Bill for abolishing the property

qualifications (county members £600 a-year, borough members £300) of the representatives of the people. LORD PALMERSTON rather piteously intimated, that as there was to be a big reform next year there ought to be no little reforms now.

Wednesday. LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR carried the first reading of his Bill against carrying voters by 151 to 58. MR. HEADLAM re-introduced the Medical Reform Bill, and the next day LORD ELCHO introduced another. *Mr. Punch* will hereafter report on the symptoms of each.

Thursday. The proceedings in the Lords were strictly uninteresting, and had only the merit of being short. In the other house Woman's Wrongs came up, and of course there was a good deal of laughter. SIR ERSKINE PERRY moved for leave to bring in a Bill to let married women have their own earnings. MR. HENRY DRUMMOND, who, *malgré* his occasional nonsense, is an English gentleman, supported the bill, and urged that greater facilities should be given for divorce. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL disapproved of the bill, and objected to placing the women of England in a "strong-minded position." MR. BERESFORD HOPE, a very rich and refined gentleman, evinced his entire ignorance of the real grievance sought to be dealt with, and MR. MILNES delicately reminded him that he should not sneer at women, seeing that, according to the papers, the energy of a lady had mainly procured the election of her husband, the said MR. HORN. The bill was read a first time.

Friday. LORD MALMESBURY took a series of exceptions to the improvements in St. James's Park, and accused SIR B. HALL of wishing to emulate the MEDICIS and to go down to posterity, at the public expense, as BENJAMIN THE MAGNIFICENT. His lordship's chief and fraternal concern was for the geese that used to swim in the lake, and have disappeared, but LORD GRANVILLE calmed his mind by assuring him that his relatives had only gone to Kew, during the alterations, and would soon come back. The necessity of cleansing the foul puddle, and the desirability of making it an ornament to the metropolis, were so evident to everybody but the MALMESBURIES, booted and webfooted, that LORD GRANVILLE's justification of the proceeding was scarcely necessary.

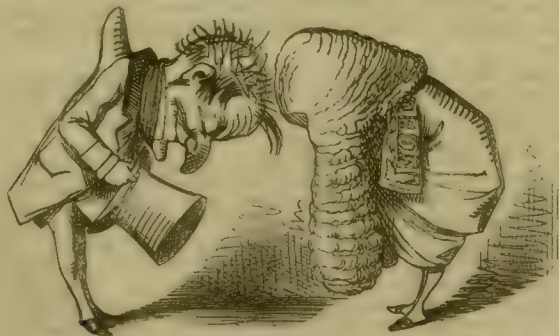
More to the purpose was the DUKE OF SOMERSET's inquiry touching the designs for the Public Offices, because the subject cannot be too much ventilated just now. So splendid an opportunity has never been offered since SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN was prevented from carrying out his noble plan for the restoration of London after the Fire, and it is only to be hoped that the advisers of QUEEN VICTORIA will be wiser and bolder than were the advisers of KING CHARLES. The DUKE's speech was merely a growl about the probable expenditure. This will and ought to be large, but should be so adjusted as to be shared among successive generations, who, if the project be worthily carried out, will gladly bear their share of the burden. LORD ELLENBOROUGH scoffed at the collections in Marlborough House, and said that he was sorry to say that he had wasted half-an-hour there, gazing at rubbish. *Mr. Punch* did not recollect that there was a looking-glass on the premises.

In the Commons, SIR RICHARD BETHELL being asked whether he would prosecute the directors of the British Bank, gave a dubious kind of answer, and professed fear lest in the present state of the public mind the delinquents in question (whom MR. HOLBOYD, the Bankruptcy Commissioner, distinctly declared ought to be prosecuted) would have a fair trial. This was simply a piece of temporary petulance on the part of SIR RICHARD, who hates to be interfered with, and who, *Punch* has no doubt, will do his duty promptly and well. The old Welsh blood of AR ITHELL will look out sometimes. MR. HORSMAN gave MR. WHITESIDE a tremendous wiggling for some imputations about an intended new building for the Irish Encumbered Estates Court, and as WHITESIDE himself delights in saying insulting things, the House enjoyed the castigation.

LORD PALMERSTON then rose, and considering that sixteen of his table napkins had been pawned by a charwoman, who had been tried and acquitted that very day, his self-possession was remarkable. He obtained leave to bring in a bill for remodelling the Parliamentary oaths, so as to admit the Jews. He advanced only one new argument in favour of the Hebrews, which he might as well have left alone, seeing that the old arguments are valid, while the plea that when public loans are wanted, Jew capitalists are ready with the money, is not of a very convincing order, seeing that all the capitalists, Jew and Christian, are always ready with their money (if the investment be safe, and the interest good), whether the object be to support tyranny or liberty, barbarianism or civilisation. SIR F. THESIGER made the stock opposition, and had rather a good fling at the Dictator for taking the Jew question, as he had taken Reform, out of the hands of LORD JOHN RUSSELL. The latter professed perfect satisfaction, and made a capital return hit at THESIGER, asking him whether he would like lawyers to be excluded, like Jews. We don't know what SIR FREDERICK would like, but we should undervalue the patriotism of our Hebrew friends if we believed that they would not willingly abandon their return to Parliament until their return to Palestine, if by so

doing they could save the country from the lawyer-misance in the House. The horse-taming NEWDEGATE declared that there was no feeling among the people in favour of the Jews, notwithstanding their lavish expenditure and pandering to the popular taste.

Mr. Punch appends congratulation to Mr. SPEAKER DENISON on the highly superior mode in which he already conducts business.



OBITUARY (A LITTLE IN ADVANCE).

WE feel no regret whatever in announcing the death of the Russian Railway Scheme, which has taken place without, as far as we can learn, exciting the least sympathy with those who were in any way connected with the recently departed. So far from there being any hopes of the deceased, it was generally considered that the sooner its existence was put an end to the better; and those who knew it intimately, and were acquainted with the manner in which it had been first forced into life, were convinced it could not long be expected to survive. It has since been ascertained that the breath of public favour was entirely withheld from it, and this was a deficiency which no amount of puffing was able to supply. Various attempts were made to raise the wind, but the efforts only caused an air of dissatisfaction, which eventually proved a fatal blow to the deceased.

Although the death may very possibly have been by some regarded as a somewhat sudden one, there are no thoughts of having a *post mortem* examination, there being quite sufficient evidence to attribute the demise to causes purely natural and easy to account for. Considered doubtful from the first, the scheme's existence daily had grown more and more precarious; and although the most ingenious devices were prescribed to keep it up, it was soon pronounced impossible to prevent its sinking. Being violently attacked by the public press—an attack which in most such cases has proved fatal—the scheme very speedily showed symptoms of decline; and having been much weakened by exposure, in spite of the most skilful bolstering, it fell into so low a state, that those who watched it narrowly saw no hope of recovery.

If we were asked to analyse the character of the deceased, truth would force us to acknowledge that the maxim "*de mortuis*" must be reversed in this case, since we have heard nothing good of the deceased from any trustworthy or at least disinterested quarter. We believe the only reputation it achieved was a bubble one—and some idea may be formed of the low estimation in which it was held, when we state that the subscription which was opened to provide for its necessities was received by the public with such evident disfavour, that it failed in attracting a single response. Disliked from the first for its dubious connections, so much that was discreditable was clearly traced to the deceased that we cannot be surprised to learn there was no baring it—and there was so much to suspect of designing in its character, that we think its dissolution must be generally viewed as a most happy release.

We are not permitted to announce at present who will appear as the Chief Mourners for the loss of the deceased; but of those who were attached to it there is but a limited number to select from. Should a tombstone be erected, which is more than doubtful, we would suggest that there be used as part of the inscription—

"The earth hath bubbles as the water hath,
And this was of them."

While, as a succinct summary of the character of the deceased, it might perhaps with some degree of truth be added that—

"Its End was—deceit!"

An Old Joke with a New Face to it.

A GENTLEMAN in a great hurry went to have his photograph taken. When it was finished, he considered it so unlike that he refused to pay for it. An offer was made to take another, but unfortunately there was no time. At last the poor artist said, in despair: "I'll tell you, Sir, what I'll do. Here is a drawer full of portraits—two thousand at least. Now, Sir, you may select any six of those portraits, Sir, which you consider the most like you."

YE VNSETTLED ACCOMPT.

A Lay of High Life.

"Now, marry, LADY FEATHERHEAD, I say it is too bad, It is, now, by my balidom, enough to drive one mad! This bill—this heavy bill, sent in from MOSLYN, CRAPE AND GO.—Methought that ye had settled it at least three years ago!"

"La, you there, what a pother makes my Lord! look how he raves! I wot that MOSLYN, CRAPE AND CO. are base and sorry knaves. And they shall wait for that same bill until I list to pay, And give me credit, or I will their credit take away."

"Their credit is past marring, Madam; credit they have none—They are ruined, MOSLYN, CRAPE AND CO; they have failed: their job is done.

They are bankrupts now, my Lady, and this bill, which foul fiends seize! Now must I, will-I, nill-I, pay unto their assignees."

"A scurvy sort of fellows in such plaguy wise to fail! I hope the catiffs will be shent, an they be not in gaol, Bankrupts, forsooth! and why did they not mind what they were at? How, marry, came they so to break—to work so ill as that?"

"How, marry, Madam? marry, why because they were not paid. Bills, Madam, bills like this have been the ruin of their trade. Their creditors come down on me, to pay it I have got; Which ye should whilom long have done—and wherefore did ye not?"

"Be not in such a rage, my Lord; what boot to storm and fret? So many things have happened since, in sooth, that I forget. The wherefore, for the life of me, I truly cannot say; But one thing seemeth clear enough—I somehow did not pay."

"Yea, but ye had the money, I remember me right well, For grief it was and pain to me so great a sum to tell; And now I must endure that grief and undergo that pain, Of shelling that enormous sum of money out again."

"Tush, tilly-vally, good my Lord! heed not a little cost; The money hath been spent, I trow; so none thereof is lost. Needs must we do as others do, and dress as others dress, Which, certes, were not to be done and cost a penny less."

"Out on your silks and sarcenet-stuffs, your trinkets and your toys, A murrain upon taffetas, a pest on paduasoyes, The dyvel take your satins and likewise your hombazines, And furbelows and flounces all, and skirts, and Crinolines."

"Nay, fair and softly, FEATHERHEAD, bethink yourself, I pray, One may not out of fashion be, or what would people say? An it were not for that, in faith, right little should I care, And seldom run up any bills like those whereat ye swear."

"What matters it what people say? Consider how ye use, Ever, behind each other's backs each other to abuse, To please the world ye seek in vain, I wish ye would, therefore, Throw less away to pleasure it, and please your husbands more."

"Gramercy what a fuss is here about a bill unpaid, And a linendraper's shop shut up—a common thing in trade! Much more upon this matter is your Lordship fain to say? I wis my carriage waiteth—is your speech to last all day?"

"Now dash my coronet!—this is beyond what man may stand; By the battle-axe of my ancestors! by my fay! by this right hand! Ha! say you so, my Lady? Well, then, I'll do I know what—I'll advertise all tradesmen that—like me—they trust you not."

Art in the Dark Ages.

THE MESSRS. DAY announce a new lithographic work—an important feature of which (and in our eyes a very ugly one) is to be that the stones, after having printed a certain number of copies, are to be broken up. We denounce this Vandalism as being "a break of Day" only worthy of the first Dawn of Art. Printsellers seem to imagine that there is nothing like broken plates and stones to pave their way to fortune. Such men, having first made their penny by them, would tear up RAPHAEL's cartoons, and make pipe-lights of them!

RESIGNATION AND SERVICE.

SIR ROBERT PEEL has resigned for the Navy; FREDERICK PEEL has resigned for the Army. Under the circumstances, are they not both to be praised as having done a United Service?

THE ROGUE AND THE RACEHORSE.



HE attention of noble-men and gentlemen connected with the turf is invited to the subjoined notification issued by the civic Powers:—

"HORSEING THE PRISON VAN.—Guildhall, London, May 4, 1857.—The Committee of Aldermen in relation to Gaols hereby give notice, that they will meet at Guildhall, London, on Saturday, the 9th day of May, 1857, at 1 o'clock precisely, to receive Proposals in writing, sealed up, from parties willing to undertake to HORSSE THE CITY VAN every working day, to convey prisoners to and from the City's Justice Rooms, at the Mansion House and Guildhall, to Newgate and the prison at Holloway, from and after Monday, 11th day of May instant."

If proprietors of studs want to dispose of any high-mettled racers that have passed their prime, and would like to be sure that the animals will be put to work suitable for them,

they will do well to tender them to the Committee of Aldermen, in order to have them used in horsing the Prison Van. Reduced racehorses cannot be more suitably employed than in the conveyance of rogues—a class of persons that they are accustomed to, and by whom they have been surrounded all their lives. A racehorse is the centre of attraction to a greater number of scoundrels than any other thing or being is capable of collecting about itself. Wherever that creature's living carcase is, there the human vultures, kites, and carrion crows are gathered together; there is the congregation of rascals, knaves in the stable, swindlers, blacklegs, and villains on the turf. It is fit that the racehorse should partly

bear the burden which he may be said to have brought upon society, and assist in carting some of that human rubbish out of the way. The quadruped is associated with the biped brute when the latter is in his first stage of betting-man. When, by a gentle and easy transition he has expanded into a rogue, the animal also having subsided into a hack, let their connection be still maintained, and let superannuated studs be worthily employed in carrying developed sporting gents to gaol.

THE WEATHER IN PARIS.

THE easterly winds, which have recently prevailed in Paris, were attributed entirely to the presence of the GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE. It is said, that he brought them with him from the North. TO PRINCE NAPOLEON they were extremely cutting. He experienced a chill, the like of which he has not felt since he was in the Crimea. He instantly ran away from Paris, and never stopped till he reached Berlin. Since the departure of the GRAND DUKE, the weather has been considerably warmer. We regret to state that a considerable amount of damage has been done by HIS IMPERIAL HIGHNESS having rashly ventured to look into the *orangerie* at the Tuileries. The majority of the trees were immediately nipped, as by a severe frost, and are not expected to recover.

Terpsichorean Intelligence.

A FASHIONABLE journalist calls MADLE. MICHELET, the new opera dancer, *premier sujet de danse*. We hope the young lady will dance herself still higher than the position of the first subject of dancing, and become the queen of that accomplishment.

A CASE FOR A LADY'S SCISSORS.

IF Mr. Punch occasionally, nay, continually, remonstrates with his beloved sisters, the matrons and maidens of England, upon their weaknesses in the matter of shopping—if, in the interest of domestic happiness he exhorts them to be moderate and economical in purchases—if in the interest of humanity, he begs them to purchase by daylight that tradesmen may have rest—if in the interest of civilisation, he warns them from ironmongery-*own*-crinoline—if, in short, he gives them incessant and kindly counsel, not unmixed with affectionate chiding, at need; of a surety he will lift up his voice, and also his bludgeon in their behalf, when, shopping sensibly, they are objectionably treated.

MRS. ELIZABETH HART, with money in her purse, enters the shop of MESSRS. SPENCE AND BUCHANAN, 77 and 78, St. Paul's Churchyard, and desires to see some of the silk dresses marked in their window at two guineas. Conducted to the first floor, several dresses are shown her. MESSRS. SPENCE AND BUCHANAN's assistant tells her, fairly, that though purporting to be silk, the body of the dresses shown her is cotton. The lady declines the hybrid article, and asks for one of a higher quality, and is shown a dress at £3 8s. 6d., which she purchases and takes away with her. On examination this, too, proves of a double nature, "the silk given for the body and skirt being of a totally different character from that of the rest." The dress having been "tacked in folds," MRS. HART could not open it out, and examine it in the shop. She goes back to MESSRS. SPENCE AND BUCHANAN, sees Mr. SPENCE, who, she states, is "very saucy," and who refuses to return her money; but, according to MRS. HART, offers to change the dress "if she will buy one at a higher price." Instead of doing this, the lady departs, and straightway obtains from the Guildhall magistrate a summons against SPENCE "for obtaining money under false pretences."

The case was heard by ALDERMAN HALE, whose remarks, throughout, appear to have been dictated by the most delicate regard for the tradesman's feelings, and who had (as reported) not a syllable to say upon the system out of which the case arose. For anything that fell from this alderman, he may hold that all is fair in trade as in love, and that *caveat emptor* is the rule of commerce. He asked whether ladies did not expect the hidden part of a dress to be of inferior quality; intimated his expectation that the press would correct a misstatement in a

former report calculated to injure SPENCE AND BUCHANAN; told MRS. HART that she ought to have exercised her own judgment; and having invited SPENCE to bring a witness to the character of his goods, interposed between him and MRS. HART's question (put with womanly instinct) whether the witness who was brought was not from the house that supplied SPENCE AND BUCHANAN with these very dresses.

A similar case had previously occurred, by Mr. SPENCE's admission, in which an aggrieved party had made his complaint at the same court, but Mr. SPENCE "had changed that dress," and was so ready to impute "malice" against parties not present to reply, that even the alderman was compelled to remonstrate. A very alderman could see that there was no *prima facie* evidence of malice in the complaint of persons who, desiring and supposing themselves to buy one thing, had another given them. But ALDERMAN HALE had not even a word of remark (as reported) upon the coincidence of cases. In fact, all the wisdom that came out of the mouth of the namesake of SIR MATTHEW, in dismissing the summons, was that the inquiry would be attended with some good, for it would induce ladies to look more carefully at what they were buying. But MRS. HART, with feminine desire to vindicate herself from having done a foolish thing, declared that "having been in a respectable shop she had not expected any imposition," and it was not very unfeminine (for woman likes the final word) that she should tag the moral of the Aldermanic SOLOMON with the remark, that the inquiry would also deter many ladies from entering that shop.

Well, no, MRS. HART. Do not be unjust in your indignation. Tradesmen must live, and ladies must keep them alive. CHIEF JUSTICE JERVIS, as cited in a case reported on the same day as the SPENCE AND BUCHANAN affair, said that trade ought to be made to bend to the law, and not the law to the habits of tradesmen. This is Arcadian nonsense, which one might expect from Chief Justices, but at which Aldermen smile. Ladies need not be deterred from entering SPENCE AND BUCHANAN's, provided that they take a pair of scissors with them, and when buying a dress "tacked in folds," they snip the tacking away, and in obedience to ALDERMAN HALE's dictum, "exercise their own judgment."

THE NEUCHÂTEL QUESTION.—The only Neuchâtel Question that we care about is, "Won't you have a glass of port wine with your cheese?"



A POSER.

Darling. "OH, MAMMA, DEAR! WHAT SPLENDID FLOWERS!"

Mamma. "YES, DEAR, PUT IT DOWN. THAT IS MY WREATH. I'M GOING TO THE OPERA!"

Darling. "OH! AND WHEN I GROW A BIG LADY, MAY I WEAR A WREATH, AND GO TO THE OPERA?"

Mamma. "WELL, DEAR, I HOPE SO!"

Darling. "WHAT, AND TAKE MY BEAUTIFUL VELVET AND GOLD CHURCH SERVICE UNCLE CHARLES GAVE ME?"

THE MANCHESTER EXHIBITION.

WE read with very painful emotion the subjoined paragraph in the *Times* respecting the observance of the Sabbath at the Manchester Fine Arts Exhibition:—

"During Sunday, of course, the building was closed to the public, and a brigade of photographers took advantage of the *dies non* to make copies of many of the *chef-d'œuvre* for COLNAGH's work on the Exhibition, which will be an enduring record of the marvellous works which, for the first time in England's history, at least, have ever been brought together."

The elect of Exeter Hall may not be aware that this "COLNAGH's work" is patronised by the QUEEN, who thus unconsciously is made to patronise the Sabbath-breakers. Will Scotland remain tranquil under this dire intelligence? There came last year a pious remonstrance from the north taking HER MAJESTY reverently to task for the seventh-day bands in Windsor Park. Is nothing to be said against the sacrilege of this Sabbath brigade of photographers; or, as darkened photographers, do they claim the seventh day as a *Sun-day*?

A POPULAR DELUSION.

It is an error to suppose that a man belongs to himself. No man does. He belongs to his wife, or his children, or his relations, or his creditors, or to Society in some form or other. It is for their especial good and behalf that he lives and works, and they kindly allow him to retain a certain per-centage of his gains to administer to his own pleasures or wants. He has his body, and that is all, and even for that he is answerable to Society. In short, Society is the Master, and Man is the Servant; and it is entirely according as Society proves a good or bad master, whether the Man turns out a good or bad servant.

PROBABLE LEGAL ACCIDENTS.

At the Middlesex Sessions last week GEORGE COOK, ex-policeman, cobbler, and thief, received as the reward of a long series of achievements in the latter capacity, a sentence of four years' penal servitude; and the police report of the *Times* mentions that—

"It was stated that during the time the prisoner was in the Police force, he was very active in getting up cases, and many prisoners had been transported upon his evidence. He was known by the cognomen of JONATHAN WILD."

The principle of setting a thief to catch a thief may be a judicious one for the end in view, but thieves are generally apt to catch whatever they can, and such a rascal as GEORGE COOK would be by no means unlikely to accuse innocent persons if it suited his purpose to do so. Of the many prisoners who have been transported on the evidence of this JONATHAN WILD THE LITTLE, we should like to know how many have been wrongfully condemned. Would it be too much trouble for SIR GEORGE GREY to make some inquiry on this point? He will perhaps find that several unfortunate persons, victims of MR. COOK's evidence, are now undergoing punishment for having done nothing, for which crime his Home Secretaryship may then, if he will be so merciful, advise HER MAJESTY to grant the miserable offenders a "free pardon."

Mozart's Origin.

A GERMAN etymologist prides himself on having found out the meaning of MOZART's name. He says, "It is derived from *Mus*, the abbreviation of *Music*, afterwards corrupted into *Moz*; and *Art*, that explains itself. Thus, he chuckles over the discovery that MOZART is the same as MUS-ART, and means literally, "*The Art of Music*." For once, we are half inclined to believe in German philology.



THE JOLLY GARDENER.

JACK R—SS—LL (A RIVAL GARDENER). "POOH! YOU'LL HAVE THE SEASON OVER BEFORE YOU'VE GOT ENOUGH FOR A DISH!"



CUFFEY.



lay many golden eggs. Chartism being entirely sewed up, what more has a patriot and a tailor to do with it? No—and so liberated from his bonds, CUFFEY shall henceforth sit under his own monster cabbage and reap the fruits of all he sows.

Vigilant TOM DUNCOMBE—for no tortoiseshell Tom was ever more vigilant—has inquired in the House about CUFFEY, and the answer—it will please even the aristocracy of the merchant tailors to know it—was satisfactory. Why had not WILLIAM CUFFEY obtained his pardon with some 28 prisoners annested on the declaration of peace?

SIR GEORGE GREY said it was possible there had been some delay; but “as WILLIAM CUFFEY’s name was on the list, he would receive his pardon the same as the others.” (*loud cheers from Mr. Punch*).

Now, we know not whether, in imitation of JOHN FROST, WILLIAM CUFFEY will return to England; but we think we may venture to promise for CUFFEY that, unlike FROST, he will not seek to enter London as a martyr. We are fain to answer for the Chartist tailor that he will not leave the Goose-and-Gridiron with a band of music for Primrose Hill, there to promise a speedy effusion of his blood, if necessary, for the slaves of labour and the serfs of the aristocracy. Nevertheless, should CUFFEY return, let him be fully and peaceably feasted. Let him be invited to a way-goose. Let the goose be well stuffed, so that a political moral may in the stuffing be cunningly mingled. Let the onions call to the recollection of the patriot the tears of his exile, whilst the sage shall instruct him in better wisdom for the future. And when CUFFEY shall have passed away to the domain of shades, to the place of PHOCION and CATO and SCÆVOLA, then

“O’er his tomb may bright thyme and sweet marjoram wave,
And fat be the gander that feeds on his grave.”

How strange it is that in due season things melt and change into one another. There was a time when the resolute, fire-eating, but withal frank-hearted tailor was a little dangerous, and then Cuffeyism was indeed Chartism; and now CUFFEY is so subdued, so utterly harmless, nay, we will say it, CUFFEY so insignificant, that Chartism is Cuffeyism.

“Unity is Strength”—of Appetite.

THE Unity Bank, at its opening, gave a grand dinner at the London Tavern, which cost not less than £591. This strikes us as a novel way of a Bank devouring its capital. Was the item put down to the “Deposit Account,” or included in the “Sinking Fund?” The shareholders of the British Bank had their money forked out by the Directors, but at the Unity it would seem as if the depositors’ money was knife-and-forked out. The principle would appear to be:—“Eat, that you may have a good dividend?”

St. Januarius and St. Palmerston.

KING BOMBA has just expressed himself delighted with “the miraculous liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius.” What has PALMERSTON to say to the aforesaid BOMBA of the blood of the murdered Englishman, MR. BLANDFORD, butchered in the streets of Naples? One may be a miracle, but the other is a murder. One, as a miracle, BOMBA may not be able to account for; but the other, as a homicidal fact, must be duly considered and as duly answered.

AN UNFAVOURABLE COMPARISON.

1842. THE DUKE OF ORLEANS takes Constantine.
1857. THE PRINCE NAPOLEON runs away from Constantine.

THE PERILS OF PIANO-PLAYING.

WE copy the subjoined paragraph from the programme of a recent “high art” Concert:—

“With this discord begins the *fugle* ff and at the fifth bar, in rapid descent, *hurled from the top to the bottom of this murmuring volcano*, as M. LÉNZ calls it, a *hurricane of notes plunge into the abyss below*, a few passages of octaves in the bass dimm. leading to the subject at the twentieth bar.”

If it be difficult to fancy a volcanic hurricane, we are still more puzzled to imagine how, as in this instance, the idea of one could be suggested by a piece on the piano. Had it been a trombone, or an ophicleide, or a pair of bagpipes, perhaps the comparison might have less astonished us. But a hurricane on the piano is the less easy to conceive of, seeing the piano is not even a wind instrument.

We have heard of performers giving themselves airs, and it is not uncommon, we believe, to find a first-rate *artiste* apt to storm a bit occasionally. Their blustering, however, is all done behind the scenes, and not allowed to interfere with the comfort of the public. But when we hear that a hurricane has happened at a concert, we think, with trembling, that the audience might have all been blown away by it. In the above case happily we may assume that they escaped, as we have seen no mention in the papers to the contrary. It will be well, however, when such pieces are performed in future, to announce for the assurance of the nervous public, that the audience will be properly protected against accidents. We are not afraid in general of what is called “descriptive” music, except that we have sometimes a fear of being bored by it. But when it be of the description mentioned in our extract, and combines the attributes of simooms and volcanoes, we confess we should hardly think it safe to sit it out, unless, as a preventive to our annihilation, we were permitted to be tied down to our seat, and clothed from head to foot in unburnable asbestos.



THE KNEE-PLUSH ULTRA.

IN the *Times* of May 14 may be read the original of the subjoined advertisement:—

FOOTMAN—a good-looking young fellow, tall and handsome, looks well behind a carriage, age 21, height 5 feet 11 inches, broad shoulders and extensive calves. Two years’ good character. Family with town house preferred, and a preference for Belgrave or the north-side of Hyde Park. Address to A. M. D., Post Office, Grenville Street, Brunswick Square.

Now, is A. M. D. chargeable with conceit of height, with vanity of shoulders? By no means; he merely addresses himself to the prejudices of the plush-market; and when he speaks of his “extensive calves,” he merely proves that he perfectly well knows the asses he appeals to.

The Doctors in Danger.

MR. HEADLAM has introduced his Medical Bill into the present Parliament. LORD ELCHO has brought in a rival measure. The medical profession is recommended to be on the alert, lest these doctors’ bills should be bills which the doctors will have to pay, in paying a monstrous fine for registration, that is, a fine much exceeding one shilling. The circulation of the profession generally is in a low state. It is deficient as regards the circulating medium. It will not stand depletion, and the abstraction of a very small amount may in many cases occasion a sinking of a frightful character, terminating in fatal collapse.

DEFINITION, BY A CYNICAL BRUTE.

THE MOST DELICATE ATTENTION.—Inattention, when a man is talking nonsense, or a woman is talking at all.



PEGASUS, BY OUR IRISH ARTIST.

THE SOCIAL TREAD-MILL. No. 4.

"MR. PUNCH,

"Of dinners, public and private, family and festive, pot-luck and ceremonious, on one's own mahogany, or in a Greenwich or Richmond hotel, what sufferer but has most painful experiences? This meal, intended as it is for our solace and sustentation, has somehow been erected into the engine of some of our heaviest social tortures. Indeed so many recollections of suffering—in palate, stomach, spirits, purse, temper—crowd upon me with the word 'dinner,' that I feel an embarrassment of bitterness. I am puzzled in what order to marshal my black bill-of-fare—how to arrange its *entrées*—to say which of all its monstrous grievances ought to figure as *pièces de résistance*—to usher in the *entremets* of annoyance, the *hors d'œuvres* of wrong, so as to give each its due value—to set out and garnish the sours which do duty for its sweets, the unmerited oppressions which may stand for its dessert, so that nothing shall be lost of their acrid and irritating flavour.

"The public dinner—you will perhaps say—is the heavier infliction; but then the private dinner is of most frequent recurrence. If, as I admit, the festive meal bears off the palm for wearisomeness, the family repast is the more meagre and monotonous. Who shall strike the balance between the discomfort of 'pot-luck' and the icy pretentiousness of the set entertainment? Who shall accurately weigh his anxiety, who invites his friends to his own house, against the penalties of him who asks his acquaintance to a spread at the Trafalgar, or the Star and Garter?

"Take thee as we will, dinner, thou art a bitter draught! Whether I encounter thee upon washing days, under the mean misery of cold shoulder, or at festal seasons of the year, behind the monotonous mask of boiled fowl and saddle of mutton—whether thou lurkest in the stale soup and flaccid salmon of the Freemasons' Tavern, or strikest chill into my soul over the starched white neckcloths of Belgravia—whether thou leapest forth on me unawares from the ambush of an unceremonious invitation, or offerest me up, a solemn sacrifice, in the lingering agonies of a fortnight's notice—whatever the figure, form, fashion of the Dinner-torture, I do, hereby, denounce it, and call on all my fellow sufferers to aid me in putting it down! We no longer press criminals to death in Newgate, if they refuse to plead: the rack has been chopped

A BLAZE AT A BOAT-RACE.

ONE has heard of "words that burn," but one would hardly look to meet with them beneath the heading of "Aquatics." Nevertheless, in the *Times*' report of the late boat-race, the description gets so glowing that it makes one hot to read it. The writer clearly must have "warmed with his subject" to at least the extent of ten or twelve degrees, before he could have penned such a passage as the following:—

"It may be as well to observe that, although from the number of steamers present, the Thames appeared to have one huge furnace upon it, the care and attention of Mr. BURNER, Superintendent of the Citizen steamboats, and of Mr. SAWYER, Superintendent of the Iron boats, prevented any collision or confusion."

Really, when one hears of this "huge furnace," and this MR. BURNER being on it, one almost wonders that between them they didn't somehow set the Thames on fire: and one inclines to some astonishment to find that the match did not end in a dead heat. Rowing for the Championship must be quite warm work enough to make the slightest increase of the temperature oppressive: but perhaps the presence of so many steamers is found in some degree to stimulate the rowers, inciting them to put on extra steam themselves, for fear of being run over. Still we think that in such cases accidents from fire are not at all unlikely to happen on the water; and if the race is to become such a fiery ordeal, we should seriously advise all contenders for the Championship to have their rowing-dresses manufactured of asbestos.

CHARLES AND JOSEPH SURFACE.

ALL fatal news is briefly told. We find
Both the PEELS have—and England is—resigned.

Austrian Mercy.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA pardons all Hungarian "rebels" who are not in foreign countries. HIS MAJESTY is very merciful. Had these rebels not been out of his clutches, they would have been in his dungeons, or in their graves.

up and burnt for firewood long ago: Smithfield faggots survive only in the speeches of MR. SPOONER, and the dreams of the old ladies to whom CARDINAL WISEMAN is as Bogey, and MR. WESTERTON as an angel of light: the pillory has been discarded as brutal: even whipping at the cart's tail has been put down, as too savage a punishment. And yet—inconsistent beings that we are—we keep up the dinner-torture in full vigour! It was never more severely and sternly inflicted than now—in this soft-hearted nineteenth century, which coddles its criminals, beweeeps its burglars, and tends its Ticket-of-leave men with a more than parental tenderness. These men have offended against the laws. But what have *we* done to deserve dinners?

"But I would not be misunderstood. It is not that I have any objection to dinner in the abstract—to dinner as a part of the social economy. Quite the contrary. Few people more highly respect the meal, or are more grateful for a good one than I am. I complain of dinner, not as it might, could, or should be, but as it is—as we have made it. A cruel ingenuity has been shown in perverting into a weariness and an oppression an institution which might be eminently pleasant and profitable; indeed, which *must* be eminently pleasant and profitable, when properly understood, and set about in a genial, honest, unpretending, unselfish spirit. My readers must bear in mind that I am writing neither for the cream of the cream of society, nor for the dregs of the dregs. My shafts are aimed neither at His Grace the DUKE OF BEAUMANOIR, nor at BILL the Costermonger. I eschew alike the stately family-mansions of Grosvenor Square and the squalid tenements of Drury Lane. I sail in the great Mediterranean—the middle sea. I appeal to the sympathies of that vast class which touches the House of Peers by its upper strata, and includes the Trade Directory (in its lower—of that enormous body of my fellow-citizens to whose daily life state and splendour, profuse expenditure, and large establishments are unfamiliar—the great bulk of whom rarely soar above a single footman, with perhaps a satellite in buttons; and who, if they rise beyond the humble cab or politer fly, stop for the most part at the modest Brougham or cozy Clarence; rarely affecting the cumbrous chariot, or the formidable family-coach. To this order I am proud to belong, and in this wide zone, with occasional glimpses into the stately region of aristocratic state above me, and the too squalid domain of hard-labour and poverty below, my experiences—dinner and other—have been gathered.

"They have been as various as painful. Bad dinners assume so many forms. Take our family dinners, for example. These, as a rule, are made miserable from culpable carelessness, and neglect of Heaven's good gifts, which would be insolent, if it were not so ignorant. O young women of England, if you but knew how much depends on dinners! I am inclined, sometimes, to think that the pivot on which the fortunes of home-happiness hang, is planted in the centre of the dining-table. Do not imagine me that most odious of human creatures in female eyes—an epicure. I am none, I protest, unless it be according to the sailor's interpretation of the word, 'a beggar that can eat anything.' I have an excellent and most accommodating appetite. I can be happy with a leg of mutton, I am thankful to say. Nay, I am that domestic pearl beyond price—A MAN WHO LIKES COLD MUTTON! Be composed, ladies. Do not rush to each other's polls. Let your pretty caps remain unpulled for me. I AM married.

"But while I avow myself content with a leg of mutton, I must insist on it that the mutton shall be good mutton, and that it shall be done to a turn. I say, I have a right to insist on this. Being, as I am, endowed with an apparatus of palate, tongue, fauces, most cunningly constructed to apprehend, retain, and distinguish flavours—with a nerve fibruncle, probably, for every distinct impression of taste which I am destined to receive in my whole life—I feel it nothing less than a religious duty to keep this machinery agreeably and delicately employed. I am bound to cultivate my gustatory taste, as I am my æsthetic—in the same manner, if not in the same degree. On the same principle that I refuse to condemn the latter to a diet of MAESTRO CRESCENTE's music, or a course of the colossal pictures of SPRAWL, of the 'British Artists' or of the miniature *maisons* of MINNIKIN—Associate that is, Academician that hopes to be—I object to condemn my gustatory organs to Newgate market Saturday night mutton, or to Hungerford market Sunday morning fish; or, be my mutton and fish of the best, to the former under or overdone, or the latter half-boiled, or fried in bad oil over a slow fire.

"I fearlessly assert, that while we have a choice of good and bad viands, so long as there is a distinction between good cooking and bad—be the meat of the simplest and the cooking of the plainest—it is absolute guilt in a wife to be careless which she gives her husband, positive sin in a husband to be indifferent which is provided by his wife. I would have young women brought up in this conviction—in a respect for the institution of dinner—in a reverence for the art of cookery—in a practical warfare against the doctrine that 'God sends meat, and the devil sends cooks.' I grieve to say that this part of female education, so far as I can ascertain, is now utterly neglected. It was not always so. Our great-grandmothers were early initiated into the culinary mysteries. Witness those family receipt-books—arcana of ancient kitchen lore—laboriously compiled, reverently studied in the parlour and the hall, and only communicated to the kitchen, as oracles were transmitted of old to those who consulted them, with religious ceremony and awful pomp. Not that those fair heads ever stooped their powdered piles over a stew-pan, or exposed their rouge and patches to the blaze of a kitchen range. They planned; their subordinates executed. The intellectual conception of dish or dinner belonged to the mistress; the manual execution was confided to the cook-maid.

"That was the proper division of labour. No lady has any business to meddle with spit or casserole. Cooking is an art, and should have its professors, who must not be rashly interfered with. Amateur cooking is like amateur fiddling, or amateur painting. The non-professional and the professional performances should never be intermixed. But just as good professional music or painting demands trained unprofessional ears or eyes to judge, and enlightened unprofessional patronage to guide it, so the good cook requires intelligent eaters, and above all, an appreciative and cultivated mistress to direct and encourage her efforts.

"But how seldom can cooks now-a-days count upon such mistresses! "Here I must break off for the present. My subject opens more and more widely upon me. I feel there is matter in it for many letters from
"A SUFFERER."

A MEAN WRETCH—JUST LIKE 'EM.

Mr. Jones. How pretty your bonnet looks, my dear.

Mrs. Jones. Lor, HENRY, it is quite an old one.

Mr. Jones. That fact constitutes its chief prettiness, my economical love.

[And the creature, with one of his provoking smiles, could go out and join in a dinner at the Ship at Greenwich, and what he calls charter a Hansom to get back to the Club, and have nothing but fiddler's money left out of a five pound note. A man, my dear!

REJECTED ADDRESSES.—A New Edition of this delightful book will shortly be published, handsomely bound in calico, with portraits of Messrs. CORDEN, BRIGHT, FOX, &c. &c. For price, &c., apply to the Free Trade Hall, Manchester.

THE ERMINE AND THE MOTLEY.



"The CHIEF BARON alluded to the case of a butt of beer bursting at MEXX's some years since, when men were drowned.

"LORD CAMPBELL. And it might be said that they were found floating on their watery bier."

We can only regret that the joke was not followed out by the jolly interlocutors. As thus:—

The CHIEF BARON. That bier is rather a grave subject.

LORD CAMPBELL. All right. Grave as a Judge.

The CHIEF BARON. "From grave to gay."

LORD CAMPBELL. "From lively to severe." And now we have got to that, suppose we proceed to judgment.

A judicial joke on drowning is fair enough, and must be regarded as an improvement on the wit which our legal sages sometimes used formerly to indulge in on the seat of justice, in allusion to another mode of suffocation.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

STR ERSKINE PERRY's Bill for the better security of the rights of married women, has met with so favourable a reception that, should it not pass during the present session, it may pass in the next century. We, however, hope for immediate legislation upon the subject. There are two clauses in the present Bill that no man, at least no husband who is not an absolute brute, can object to. The first makes a married woman answerable for her own tongue; and therefore relieves the husband of a responsibility that, since the invention of marriage, no man has known how to grapple with. A wife who in the effervescence of her temper says something not very affectionate of her sister woman, shall henceforth answer for the damages committed by the lingual organ. Well, this may be just; nevertheless, it will now and then wring the conjugal bosom to know that notice of action has been served upon JEMIMA; that a verdict of damages has been given against her; and that, as it may happen, a judgment may carry female bone from bone male to the Queen's Bench. However, the rights of women must be respected; and with this conviction, the judgment must be allowed to take place, and—foolish fellows as we are—we must yield nothing to weakness.

The second right about to accrue to married women is, the right to pay their own debts. We do not know, for a surety, whether this portion of the amended law will tend to make the shops of bonnet-makers and milliners less attractive, less seductive; but we should think it not unlikely. As the injustice of the existing law operates, a woman loses nothing in yielding to the temptation of dress, seeing that the husband must pay for it. But with women fully possessed of their rights, it will be otherwise. Thus, a woman who cannot pay for her own dress will, upon her own account, go to gaol for the debt. We understand, however, that the benevolence of the legislature will lend itself to the allowance of the following amendment:—"That whereas, every woman committed to prison upon a judgment debt contracted for her own gowns or petticoats, shall not be confined within the walls, but be allowed to live 'in the rules' of her own Crinoline."



THE SURPRISE AND DELIGHT OF THE GENERAL COMMANDING-IN-CHIEF AT THE SUCCESS OF THE NEW STRAW STABLES AT ALDERSHOT.

LOUIS NAPOLEON LEGITIMIZED.

THERE can be now no doubt of the legitimacy of LOUIS NAPOLEON. Could ST. DENIS himself return to the world, head in hand, he could hardly fail to acknowledge the present governor of France, by divine right of a certain night in December, EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH. What the crown had left undone, the hat has effected. The hat of the LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH mode makes sacred the adventurer of Boulogne; and the late special-constable of St. James's Street sits upon his horse in the forest of Fontainebleau a legitimate descendant of ST. LOUIS. POOR COUNT CHAMBOREAU! He and his pretensions are put nowhere; they are, in fact, left shivering and naked; for LOUIS NAPOLEON has stolen the clothes of the *ancien régime*, and HENRY THE FIFTH has not a legitimate rag to cover him. The whole matter, through the conscientious columns of *Galvani*, speaks to Europe. Thus it is.

THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE is taken to Fontainebleau to enjoy a stag-hunt. We are told that when the Muscovy Ambassador became a little too rough and ready in his manners, even for QUEEN ELIZABETH, the Virgin Queen of England would get rid of his Excellency by sending him off with a party to hunt the wild boar in the wood of Marylebone. We had boars in those days; but Marylebone is now merely a forest of bricks, and the boars, if not extinct, are scattered. Well, to employ the imperial mind of Russia, LOUIS NAPOLEON lately prepared a stag-hunt. And more, to recommend the sport with especial grace andunction to his Russian guest, the French Emperor went back a little into those picturesque days, ere VOLTAIRE dropt vitriolic acid from his pen on the purple of royalty, ere ROUSSEAU preached something like maternity into France, at that time with all her children at wet-nurse. In a word LOUIS NAPOLEON sat for the time in the saddle of LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH. The transformation was so complete that, upon the word and honour of several veracious courtiers present, France seemed to retrograde a century or two, in order to make the illusion perfect. For a time, it almost seemed that France—although she had reeled somewhat under the shock of the tumbling Bastille—had never been disturbed from under the protecting shadow of the *péruque* of *le grand monarque*; as though, in very truth, the citizens of France, as in the days of LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH, might be put by in a stone-safe, with no trial and no questions permitted to be asked; as though the freedom

of the press was yet an undiscovered good, and liberty of speech was still the visionary dream, the brain-fever of mad, bad men. With LOUIS NAPOLEON as LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH, a certain antique haze gathered about Fontainebleau; the feeling of the time pervaded even his courtiers, for their faces seemed lackered with the complacency of the olden time; their back-bones bent with the suppleness of a former age. The very people, the peasantry raised and emboldened by the work of the guillotine, seemed shrunk and dwarfed, and walked or slunk like the villeins of the good old day. Such is the spiriting of the tailor, hatter, and bootmaker; and so did their genius work when it had clothed LOUIS NAPOLEON, the royal hunter, in "a green coat with gold lace, the waistcoat red, the lower part of the dress being white, with high hunting boots. The hat LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH, a hanger, and a whip completed the costume." Would the oldest inhabitant of ancient Strasbourg have known the chivalrous adventurer in such a coat—would Boulogne have recognised her Knight of the Eagle in that waistcoat—would any London hatter have identified his old customer in that beaver of the time of LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH? We think not. No: the *parvenu* had passed away, and the representative of the line of HUGH CAPET stood before the Imperial DUKE CONSTANTINE OF ALL THE RUSSIAS.

The day of that Fontainebleau hunt was a great day for France. Represented by her ruler, she had taken a great step backwards, whether *pour mieux sauter* is to be seen; but we fear a jump in advance can be no great jump in so tight and ceremonious a dress. Any way, when the GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE shall next meet HENRY THE FIFTH, it will doubtless be a subject of some mirth for the Muscovite wag (it is scandalously said of him that he is given to a joke!) to inform his throneless Majesty how the *parvenu* LOUIS NAPOLEON looks in the furbished-up clothes of LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH.

Drown it in a Bowl.

It is said that SIR CHARLES NAPIER and SIR ROBERT PEEL have sent invitations to DUKE CONSTANTINE on his visit to England. It is uncertain whether he will go either to SIR CHARLES or to SIR ROBERT; but it is not considered impossible that he will accept a shake-down at the mansions of both.

THE SOCIAL TREAD-MILL.—No. 5.



Of course, it has occurred to you, *Mr. Punch*, what a benefactor of his species that man would be who should leave a large fortune to found and endow a college for Cooks. When I consider the science and art that must combine in a good cook, and the crass ignorance and presumption of most persons assuming the title, I am astonished that some benevolent individual has not thought of establishing a normal school of culinary instruction—where the whole round of the science might be taught, from boiling a potato up to a dinner of three courses.

“There might be periodical examinations by skilled persons for each department of study.—A Board of Irish examiners for potato-boiling, one of London Aldermen for turtle, and so forth. There might be cook-lists, like University class-lists—with ordinary degrees, and honours and medals. The Cooks’ College should not be a place for educating cooks with a view to domestic service, but a normal institution, from which highly qualified culinary teachers might be

planted all over the country—each the head of a local culinary school. It should be compulsory on every girl of a certain age, to have attended for a certain time at such a school. I do not know that I should not make the production of a certificate of such attendance a legal condition preliminary to marriage, and impose a heavy penalty on the clergyman who united any young woman in holy matrimony without such a certificate.

“It stands to reason that the instruction in these National Cooking Schools, should differ for different classes. There should be the poor-man’s wife course—the respectable tradesman’s wife, or middle-class course—the soup-and-fish-every-day, or thousand-a-year course—and so upwards. A young woman on entering would be entered for the course appropriate to her station in life. So there would be a special curriculum for those who aimed at qualifying themselves for cook’s places. But all women ought to have a certain minimum of culinary knowledge, and therefore I would insist on the certificate in all cases.

“I really think the man who first endows such a Cooks’ College, and the minister who first introduces such a compulsory system of national culinary education, will each deserve a statue—I beg pardon—will each deserve—not to have a statue, but—to be commemorated in whatever form we may succeed in devising that is not both ugly and ridiculous.

“But after all, bad cookery is the worst that cooks have to answer for. There is undoubtedly a lamentable amount of bad cookery—in other words, of discomfort, indigestion, and waste—in this country. But the remedy for this lies in a great degree beyond our own power. Indeed, until the far-sighted patriot arises to found my culinary college, I do not see my way to any very general elevation of the standard of our cooks.

“Bad dinners, however, depend on something very different from bad cookery. Indeed, there may be very bad dinners with very good cookery, and even very good dinners occasionally with very bad cookery. I call every dinner a bad one where the people have been invited for any other principal reason than because their host likes them, and is liked by them; where the mistress of the house is fidgety, or the master of the house uncomfortable; where the guests are too many for the table, or the servants not enough for the guests; where in an establishment evidently mounted on the leg-of-mutton-scale, I am treated to two courses and champagne; where a variety of wines are handed round, but the glasses only half-filled; where a pineapple is put on the table at dessert and carried away uncut; where the plate comes from the pawnbroker’s, the *entrées* from the pastrycook’s, or the waiters from the greengrocer’s round the corner; where a thousand a-year is made to do duty for five, or where five thousand narrows itself to the proportions of one. In short, every dinner is a bad one which is out of keeping with the house in which it is eaten; and I grieve to say, that the proportion of such dinners to the total number consumed in London is very great indeed.

“Condemned though I be to the Social Tread-mill, I am of a cheerful disposition, and gay in the intervals of my punishment. Yet into how many drawing-rooms do I enter, in fulfilment of solemn dinner obligations, where chilly constraint and cowardly ceremonial lay leaden weights upon me and every soul present! Why, when I dine with the Koroos, do I pull off my naturalness and cheerfulness with my paletot, and draw on a certain starched and constrained self with my white gloves? Why is the quarter of an hour before dinner in that house so much longer than any other hour in the day elsewhere? Why do we all fall desperately to talking of the weather? Why, but that we are one and all conscious of some unreality or inconvenience, or humbug, or incongruity in our being thus assembled.

There is BLADEBONE, the barrister, with a growing family and a decreasing practice, thinking what a nuisance it is to have to pay for the fly which brought himself and Mrs. B. to the hospitable door. There is Mrs. B. scanning Mrs. FLAUNTER’s new *glacé* silk, and wondering whether the bill is settled at HOWELL and JAMES’S, FLAUNTER—who was in the Guards, but sold out on his marriage, and is now on the Turf, and in difficulties—has his head full of judgments, cognovits, and odds, and bills coming due, and I O U’s. ‘Ah, you’re a happy fellow,’ he sighs, to MR. PENNYBOY, the City magnate, as that distinguished capitalist gives him the particulars of a remarkable rise in the shares of the sixth new company he has become a director of this year. PENNYBOY chuckles huskily, and tries to look as if he agreed with FLAUNTER. But he knows that he is sailing on the fathomless sea of speculation, buoyed up by bubbles, and that the bursting of any one of the six may sink him. Here is a young author; of course it must be very delightful to him to meet the quarterly reviewer who cut up his last book so humorously. And here are two Mammams with a daughter a-piece, and only one eligible young man of the party—Pleasant situation for all five!

“Now every one of this party has been invited, not because the Koroos take particular pleasure in the company of any of their guests, or imagine that any of their guests feel particular pleasure in coming; but because they have been invited by the BLADEBONES, the FLAUNTERS, and the PENNYBOYS, and think it a duty to invite them in return. The Reviewer and the Author are the show-pieces—the stalking-horses—the ornaments of the entertainment, and the young ladies, with the Mammams, are the baits provided for the Reviewer and the Author. The eligible young man is asked because he is so *very* eligible in every way—and does credit to every house where he condescends to dine. In short, here are all manner of motives for bringing the party together, but the one motive that can make the party pleasant—the desire of giving and receiving pleasure.

“Is any one here really the happier for seeing another? Is there one who would not, if he had his or her own will, rather be at home than in the Koroos’ drawing-room—always excepting GUTTLETON, the Reviewer, who is a bachelor, and has no home, and would (but for the Koroos’ invitation) have had to pay for his dinner at the Athenæum—a thing he hates. But poor BLADEBONE would infinitely have preferred the homely hash which Mrs. B. would have treated him to—three days’ table-cloth, small beer and all—to the Koroos’ three courses; and no wonder, seeing that the privilege of stretching his thin and threadbare legs under their mahogany stands him—including gloves, fly, and a new collar for Mrs. B.—at least a sovereign. FLAUNTER would have preferred a snug little dinner at his Club; leaving Mrs. F. to her own arrangements at home—for similar reasons to BLADEBONE’S. PENNYBOY has already vented *his* feelings, with regard to the Koroos’ invitation, in the shower of imprecations with which he accompanied his toilet. He has ‘other things to think of than those ——— people’s ——— dinners,’ &c. &c. The Mammams wish each other at Jericho—and the eligible young man wishes himself in some place, if there be any place, where young women are not flung at the heads of eligible young men.

“Of course, under these circumstances, it is to be expected that the Koroos’ party should be an uncommonly lively, cheerful, unconstrained, and open-hearted gathering?

“So much for the guests.

“But the dinner?—Let us see how the Koroos redeem the mal-arrangement round their mahogany, by the style of entertainment they put upon it.”



"Well—I AM blow'd if that ain't too bad—for to go and make fun of HUS in that RIDIC'LOUS manner."

WHO NAMES THE NAVY?

NEXT to those momentous queries, "Do you bruise your oats yet?" and "Who's to win the Derby?" we think of all the questions of the day, the one we most want answered is the one that heads this article? We rarely see a notice of an Admiralty ship-launch, without its "seriously inclining" us to write off to *Bell's Life* or the *Family Herald*, and beg that those all-knowing ones who answer Correspondents will kindly tell us who is the Purveyor of Names for the Navy, or in other phrase, who acts as the Government godfather.

We are tempted to ask this, not from any wish to pry into the secrets of the State, but from sheer respect for the genius in question, and our unbounded admiration of his talent for misnomer, which so clearly proves his being the right man in the right place. What, for instance, can surpass the exquisite appropriateness of christening by such names as the *Transit* and the *Urgent*, ships in which transition was the last thing to be looked for, and which for urgent service therefore were quite sure to be selected. To an ordinary mind it might have seemed more suitable to call a spade a spade, and to have christened the Admiralty steam-tubs by such names as would have been suggestive of their characters. We, ourselves, perhaps, had we been entrusted with the sponsorship, might have chosen, as more applicable to our tugs of war, such appellations as the *Snail*, the *Sloth*, the *Crazy*, or the *Cranky*: taking it for granted that a ship built by the Government will not only turn out "Slow," but "Sure" of breaking down, if not of breaking up. It might never have occurred to us to try a more sarcastic nomenclature, and indulge in pleasant fictions of an *Urgent* or a *Transit*; in the creditable hope that the unfitness of the name might be attractive of attention, before it was too late, to the unfitness of the vessel. We almost question though if sarcasm can be anyhow made sharp enough to penetrate the Wood that there is in the Whitehall board; and as we never have much faith in any treatment but our own, we shall continue now and then to call the Admiralty names, until we find they have the sense to give their ships more fitting ones.

Above all Price.

THE report that certain French capitalists (MESSRS. PEREIRA, MIRÈS, MILLAUD, and other Rothschilden of wealth) had combined their millions and billions for the purpose of purchasing *Punch* is ridiculously untrue; and for the best of all reasons, because there would not be capital sufficient in all France put together to command such a purchase.

MONEY AND MARRIAGE.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR's new Divorce Bill maintains due homage to the majesty of the law and the profits of the lawyers. A man's wife still remains to him his goods and chattels. If a man possess a beautiful picture, a magnificent piece of porcelain, and either picture or pottery is maliciously damaged or fractured, the owner thereof has, of course, a remedy at law for the injury. He brings his suit, and is awarded in recompense so much money. Now the law as it is left by LORD CRANWORTH, leaves the wife of a man's bosom in the condition, no higher and no lower, of the picture and the vase. If spotted or flawed she is to be paid for, and there an end. Very commercial, this; but not very complimentary to the dignity of human nature. But so it is. When a wife fails to be good, she is goods.

BEAKS AND BEER.

MR. HARDY has introduced a Beer Bill, the object of which is to extend the system of magistrates' licences from public-houses to beer shops. What big brewer is the particular friend of MR. HARDY? Why, since all public-houses have to be licensed by magistrates, are there any low public-houses, the resorts of rascals and thieves? Why not, instead of extending the licence-system, abolish it altogether? Is it the opinion of everybody except the big brewers, and the Injustices, their confederates on the Bench, that the wisest way of dealing with beer would be to establish Free Trade in that article, and grant publicans liberty instead of licence?

WHAT LOCKSLEY HALL SAID BEFORE HE PASSED HIS OXFORD RESPONSIONS (*vulgo* SMALLS).

INSCRIBED TO THE POET LAUREATE.

OH the misery of "Smalls!" the cark the turmoil and the grind,
Oh the cruel, cruel fetters which are wreathing round my mind!
There is grammar, there is *Euclid*, and far worse than all of these,
Arithmetical refinements, with their stocks and rules of threes,
With their discount and their practice and their very vulgar fractions
Smashing up the one ideal into many paltry factions.
Square root makes the head to ache, the decimals the tear to start,
For they're ever circulating round the fibres of my heart—
Learning grammar is like putting water in a leaky pot,
And its memory is only like the days remembered not;
Verbs in "MI" are aggravating, *Euclid* makes the foot to stamp,
Only lucid when enlightened by a moderator lamp,
The old spider and his cobwebs! Would that I could sweep him out
From the dust and must of ages with a triumph and a shout;
Shall I spurn him with my foot, or shall I scorn him with mine eye?
Shall I tear him into pieces? SOUTHEY burnt him—so will I.

The Maynooth Nuisance.

MR. SPOONER is defeated, but not convinced. The honourable gentleman was considerably affected by his failure on Thursday night, but it was remarked that he had partially recovered his constitutional flow of spirits on Friday evening. This cheerful change, as we have heard, was entirely wrought by a sympathetic letter addressed to him by the orthodox editor of *The Morning Advertiser*, who, in the handsomest way, offered his columns for the rest of the session to the pleasing polemics of the LUTHER of North Warwickshire. "May we not trace the noble dust of CÆSAR till we find it stopping a bung-hole?"

Presents from Portugal.

THE KING OF PORTUGAL has sent to the QUEEN a present of cattle—a bull, a bull-calf, and two heifers of a dun colour, and not more than six-and-thirty inches high. Portugal having despatched these little cattle, when may Portuguese bond-holders expect her to post the pony, no matter how little the pony be,—to begin with?



LORD JOHN RUSSELL SETTLING THE JEW BILL.

"THERE! GO TO THAT NICE GENTLEMAN; HE'LL MAKE A MAN OF YOU."

FLOWERS FROM CUPID'S GARDEN.

WE have to inform those of our fair readers who need the information, that there is a fellow in Paris, named CONSTANTIN, an artificial florist, who is a regular duck. Our authority for this statement is our fashionable contemporary, by whom M. CONSTANTIN, styled the great Parisian *flouriste*, is said to have executed, among other "works," a wonderful bunch of gillyflowers. We will do ourselves the pleasure of transporting a vast number of young ladies, and not a few old ones, by quoting some extracts from our contemporary's glowing description of this production of genius. In the first place M. CONSTANTIN has been honoured with Imperial patronage:—

"The bouquet of *giroflée* (common stock), which he executed from nature, has been thought worthy of presentation to the EMPRESS."

From what follows, one is inclined to wonder that the Imperial bees, if EUGÉNIE was wearing any, did not leave the garment which they were embroidered on, and settle on the mimic gillyflowers:

"It may be truly said to outvie nature in its bloom and freshness. So minute is the execution of this *giroflée*, that botanists have declared that, even with the help of the microscope, no fault or omission can be detected."

We have often heard of magic branches, but for truly enchanting properties, never of any to compare with those of M. CONSTANTIN'S *giroflée*:—

"It is not made up into a wreath for wear, but is laid in long branches along the back of the head, the peculiar green of the leaves serving to bring out the brightness of the hair, while the bright blossoms of the flower heighten by many tints the whiteness of the skin as they fall upon the neck."

This is a clever arrangement—evidently a phrenological one. The organs of the softer feelings lie at the back of the head, as also does that of the Love of Approbation to which, especially, the overlying decoration must impart a pleasing stimulus. M. CONSTANTIN, we are informed, has invented another floral excitant of the same sentiment:—

"CONSTANTIN'S rose-dahlia has also met with the greatest admiration. The artist has produced a colour hitherto unknown in the florist's art; a kind of rich purple pink, which heightens the complexion, and causes the eyes to appear doubly brilliant."

Much has been said lately about the language of the eye, in consequence of the exhibition of a ridiculous picture, as illustrative thereof, in the music-shop windows. The double brilliancy of the eye produced by M. CONSTANTIN'S rose-dahlia, is doubtless an example of that language; the expression of the speaking eye being, as plainly as words can convey the same meaning, "See how pretty I look."

THE CUCUMBER AND THE BOTTLE.

A Fable.

ONCE upon a time, a cucumber, whilst still growing on the vine, was placed by the gardener in a bottle that it might therein come to its full size. The bottle was a large bottle, and the cucumber grew and grew, and at length attained its largest possible proportions. But this was a fact the cucumber could never be brought to admit. There remained plenty of room in the bottle, but the cucumber always quarrelled with it for being too narrow. "I tell you what," said the cucumber, "I give you fair warning; depend upon it, I am already a cucumber of such immense dimensions it isn't likely that such a paltry little bottle as you are can hold me. Depend upon it, some day I shall burst you." "Pooh, pooh," said the bottle, "you're a very respectable cucumber, but there's room and plenty to spare. And as for growing any bigger, why you're already in the yellow rind." "Yellow rind," cried the cucumber; "but you're beneath my contempt. Therefore I shall not condescend another word to such a blatant beast of a bottle. Only remember this—I'll grow and burst you." Upon inquiring of the gardener what manner of cucumber could at once be so contemptuous and so tremendous, the man replied,—"That Cucumber, Mr. Punch, is called the NAPIER."

SALMON SCARCE.—A NEWSPAPER paragraph lately stated that one SALMON, a banking agent, charged with defalcations to the amount of £30,000, had absconded. If this is the case, we should be glad to hear of the take of that SALMON.

THE SOLON GOOSE TO THE EARL OF MALMESBURY, GREETING.



fact is, if SIR BENJAMIN'S allowed to have his full fling, we shall all be killed with cleanliness. I'm told that he has dug to light a spring in Duck Island, 'which will supply the whole lake' with pure water. Now, my lord, how are we to live upon purity? A certain amount of wholesome corruption is as necessary to the existence of us water-fowl as to the Ministry of HER MAJESTY'S Government. We must even pine, and dwindle, and die upon this excess of purity,—which admits of no soft unctuous mud, no pungent decaying matter, no relishing filth to be chemically converted to the breasts and wings of ducks and geese.

"Consider it, my lord. We have been told that the water which is henceforth to fill our lake 'evidently comes from the Thames, being filtered on its passage through a bed of sand, two-thirds of a mile in thickness.' Now, can even so much as a tadpole live in so pure, I should say, so insipid an element? Filtered, indeed! If the streams of the Exchequer were thus filtered, what would become of such pensions as LORD ELLENBOROUGH'S, who has, however, the thanks of all of us web-footed for his support of your lordship, who, indeed, has talked like one of ourselves.

"I remain, for self and others,

"YOUR SOLON GOOSE.

"P.S. I send you one of my own pen-feathers for your coronet. You've won it well, and, as somebody says, may you wear it long."

ECCLESIASTICAL FASHIONS.

HIS HOLINESS THE POPE will be about the house of certain drapers in Regent Street; an establishment calling itself the "Sponsalia." They advertise a "Patent Pallium." Now, the right of conferring the Pallium is reserved by the PONTIFF to himself, and he also holds that the Pallium which he supplies is the only genuine and original patent article. The house in Regent Street must therefore look out for the thunders of the Vatican. For whom the Patent Pallium is intended we can only surmise. If it is not designed for the fair sex, it has perhaps been devised to meet a want of the Puseyites, who have been crying for copes and stoles, and other millinery, and will probably be delighted with a pretty Pallium. Having got that, perhaps, they will next, per-adventure, be desirous of wearing Crinoline.

CAN'T BE TOO CAUTIOUS.

A STATEMENT has been going round the papers about an exceedingly fine trout, which has been "hooked" by a gentleman in one of the private banks. MR. GROVE, the eminent fishmonger, has given it as his decided opinion, that if the fish had been allowed to live a good deal longer it would have been a great deal larger. This proposition we will not dispute, but we do not see the expediency of inviting the public attention, just now, to a banker's hooking anything. Luckily the bank mentioned happens to be one of adamantine, and almost Pre-Adamantine reputation, but still the words "bank" and "hook it" should be kept apart, in these days, as jealously as lucifers and gunpowder.

THE BARK OF MARYLEBONE.

DID you ever have occasion, gentle reader, to remark How exasperated Vestrymen and Poor law Guardians bark? Ever hear the Poor law Guardians smarting under dire affront, And the Vestrymen indignant, how they growl, and how they grunt?

If that sweet parochial music ever has your ears regaled, Then you will conceive the grunting, growling, barking, that prevailed When SIR BENJAMIN HALL'S porter the official door had shown To the snubbed and disappointed Beadledom of Marylebone.

On SIR BENJAMIN they waited, with intent to ply his ear That the Government no longer with their rights might interfere, With the vested and prescriptive rights they had enjoyed so long, With the rights divine of beadles, rights to rule their parish wrong.

Rights to flog unhappy women; rights poor lunatics to treat How they pleased, old privileges to the race of beadles sweet; Rights SIR BENJAMIN contested; rights he ruthlessly denied, And dismissed the deputation their diminished heads to hide.

What! they barked, the beadles, heretofore supreme in Marylebone, What! they growled, must we not do what we think proper with our own?

What! they grunted, overrule us? our proceedings disallow? Humph! a pretty state of things is this we've come to. Bow, wow, wow!

Centralisation, centralisation, bow, wow, wow! exclaimed the pack. Bow, Sir, wow, Sir! Centralisation! Everything must go to wrack. Local government destroyed, Sir! Constitution overthrown! Humph, Sir, eh, Sir? why, Sir? what, Sir! Interfere with Marylebone!

Tell us what we shall and shan't do—us who fix and pay the rate! Marylebone's an Institution, Marylebone's the Fifth Estate. There's the QUEEN, the House of Lords, the House of Commons, and the Press, And the Marylebone Vestry—in importance nothing less.

Will they tread the mighty down, Sir? Will they trample on the free? Humph, Sir? eh, Sir? bow, wow, wow, Sir! we shall see, Sir, we shall see.

Nail our colours to the mast, Sir; no surrender is our cry; Bow, wow, wow! we'll fight and conquer, humph? or, bow, wow, wow, we'll die!

THE OVERLADEN AND CRUSHED ATTORNEYS.

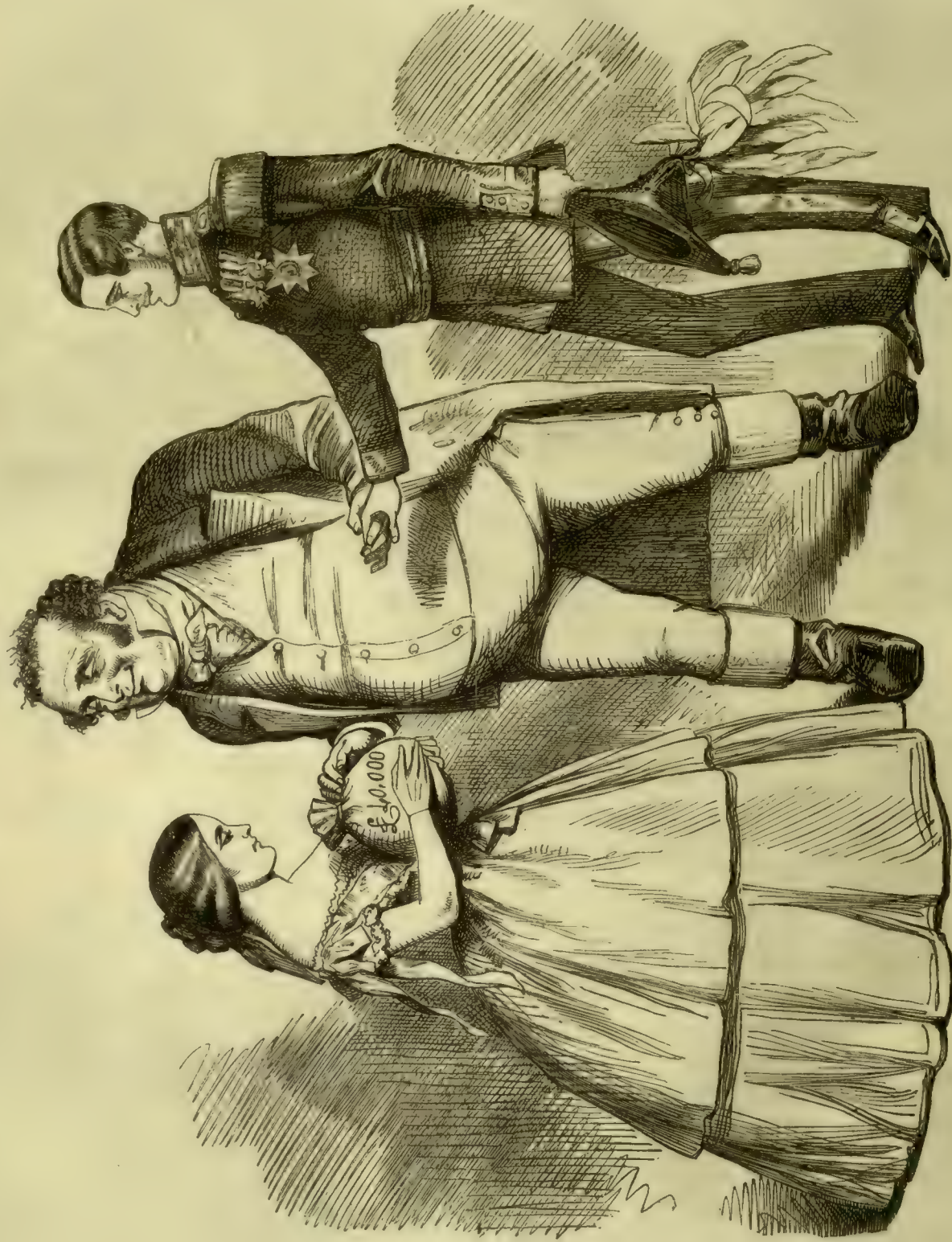
HEARTSTRINGS of red tape and bosoms of vellum are all unable to bear and endure the load that an unfeeling Government places upon the English attorney. It is the last feather that breaks the camel's back, and if the British attorney has not his vertebrae cracked by the goose-quill of the tax-gatherer, it must be because the British attorney is stronger and withal more patient than a dromedary. LORD PORTSMOUTH, in seconding the address, said that "no tax was so grievous to be borne as the attorney's bill-tax." But then LORD PORTSMOUTH overlooked cause and effect. Why is the attorney compelled to charge high prices? Simply to remunerate himself for the wicked and oppressive impost that is fixed upon his profession. As sportsmen are obliged to take out a licence to shoot, so is the attorney compelled to pay a licence to practise. We do not see why surgeons should not be equally taxed with attorneys, for we are very certain that it is not given to them to bleed less.

The Ravenous Public.

"ENCORE!" cried a stupendous wag at Cremorne the other evening, after a brilliant display of fireworks, and we fancy we have heard the same cry on similar occasions. However, the facetious demand is the best satire on the stupid system of Encores. MR. SIMPSON might with equal justice be expected to give a repetition of his fireworks as a popular singer be called to repeat every one of his songs. There are gluttons, however, who, if MADAME SAQUI fell from the tight rope, would go away dissatisfied if the accident wasn't encored.

Tallow and Gruel.

MR. SIMS REEVES had been singing *Come into the garden, Maud*, when there arose a vehement outcry for an encore. "Ladies and Gentlemen," said the popular tenor, as soon as the noise had somewhat abated, "I am sorry to inform you that MAUD is labouring under a severe cold. In fact, her Mamma has just sent her to bed. Under these circumstances, it will be quite useless for me to ask MAUD to 'come into the garden' again this evening. As soon as she has recovered, I shall only be too happy to oblige you."



THE DOWRY OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

MR. BULL. "THERE, MY CHILD! GOD BLESS YOU!—AND MAY YOU MAKE AS GOOD A WIFE AS YOUR MOTHER!"



THE BLUE RIBAND OF THE TURE!

MR. PUNCH. "WELL, MY LORD! HOW ABOUT THIS YEAR'S DERBY?"

LORD DERBY. "WHY, YOU SEE, THIS IS ALL WE'VE GOT IN THE STABLE, AND HE'S NO USE."



RUSSELL'S LECTURES.



How he exposed the fell curse of Routine,
The system that makes a proud service a Traffic—
That was the story to tell to a QUEEN.

And how his fierce tales set the hot pulses leaping
When, in tones like a trumpet's, he told of the fray:
How the broad sheet was dewed with the gentle eyes' weeping
That read how our brave ones in agony lay.
And crowning the record that treasures the story
All lustrous with Alma's and Inkermann's name,
How nobly he painted the grand day of glory
That ended the strife in a deluge of flame!

Well, you who would like a concise retrospection
Of all that *de die in diem* you read,
Discreetly compressed, with an added selection
Of capital things in the letters unsaid.
Would you list a discourse full of mettle and muscle,
Hear clashing of sabres, see waving of plumes,
Be off to the lectures which W. H. RUSSELL
Is giving, my Trojans, at WILLIS's Rooms.

PUNCH.

BASENESS ABROAD AND AT HOME.

THERE seems just now to be going on a general revival of old superstitions, old hoaxes, and old basenesses. We see simultaneously lifting themselves into notice, trying to re-establish and re-instate themselves in the world, Popery, Witchcraft, and Flunkeyism. Of the latter of these three Disgraces, hand-in-hand by the way with the former, an eximious display is afforded in the address of CARDINAL SCITOWZKY, Primate of Hungary, to the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA. A little of this fulsome stuff—of such stuff a little will go a great way—we subjoin, under favour to the Pesth correspondent of the *Morning Post*—

"Imperial Majesty! Apostolic King! Very Great Lord! This day the Hungarian nation sees her most ardent wish fulfilled in the supreme happiness she enjoys of saluting Your Majesty and Her Majesty the Empress, as also of being able to bring the homage of your faithful subjects to the foot of your exalted throne.

"Human words are not equal to express the exuberance of our joy and the sentiments of affectionate gratitude which we feel—we, not only those who are happy enough to contemplate the sacred presence of Your Majesties, but all your faithful subjects."

Having, by the above dose, created extreme nausea, let us stop at that. Surely the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA himself must have shuddered in undergoing lubrication with such abominably rank butter as CARDINAL SCITOWZKY's—cannot but have been disgusted with such nasty and false adulation. In keeping with servility such as this, the daily continental news is replete with affairs of uniform and livery, green and silver coats, crimson breeches, gold-laced hats—a specimen, by the way, of a hunting costume—crosses, orders, medals, all manner of flagree, tinsel, embroidery, and plush. Foreign intelligence is redolent of fetid flunkeyism. Dazzled by the buckles, gilt, laced jackets, thunder-and-lightning shorts, and other the like glories of

despotism, a certain crew of menial-minded creatures are beginning to whisper a despicable hankering for the exchange of our British constitution for an Empire. The sycophantic spirit, and the vile sentiment of splendour-worship are at work even here; a circumstance just worthy of note: for there is little fear that JOHN BULL will ever let himself be persuaded by any reptiles to swap his broad-brimmed for the cocked hat and the cockade, his plain broadcloth coat for a variegated, laced, and braided one, his cords for plush, his tops for pink silk stockings and buckled pumps, and his cudgel for a gold-headed cane. Perhaps, even abroad, the strides which Flunkeyism and the other Humbugs are now apparently making, may be, in reality, their last kicks.



A TEETOTAL FALSTAFF.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK is about to reform that incorrigible tippler, *Jack Falstaff*: to which end we are to have his life from authentic sources that will show how cruelly the poor man has been dealt with by the poetic licence of MR. SHAKESPEARE. Now, under the pencil and patronage of GEORGE, it will be shown that, if *Falstaff* were at any time addicted to sack, he did not leave the world a hardened drinker, but duly took the teetotal pledge—a fact, hitherto, shamefully suppressed by the poet. Thus, the description of *Falstaff's* death, as edited by GEORGE, will doubtless receive the following emendations:—

"'A made a finer end, and went away, as it had been any christom child; 'a parted even just between twelve and one, e'en at the turning o' the tide. . . . For his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields [and running brooks]. How, now, SIR JOHN, quoth I: what, man! be of good cheer. So 'a cried out—Water, Water, Water! three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of Water. And then 'a took the pledge; and then 'a passed away, and still 'a cried Water, Water, Water!'"

GEORGE having carried the pledge into fairy-land, will allow nothing stronger at the Boar's Head, Eastcheap, than ginger-pop. This is really too bad, and we must protest against this forcible conversion of imitable *Jack*. As for GEORGE himself, he does all, we admit, "in conscience [and tender heart]." GEORGE is brimming over with the milk of human kindness; but why, why should the milk be mixed with so much water?

Delicate Attentions.

THE Editor of the *Morning Advertiser* has received from the French Embassy the Cross of the Legion of Honour, and a magnificent kettle-holder worked by the fair fingers of EUGÉNIE herself. These gifts are accompanied by an autograph letter from the EMPEROR, in which he takes the liberty of acknowledging with the liveliest sense of gratitude the many favours he has received from the *Advertiser*, and begging of the Editor to extend the kindness still further by never slackening, even for one day, in the bitter opposition that, evidently prompted by the kindest intentions, he has ever shown to the Court of the Tuileries.

A Real Blessing for Pedestrians.

A Most admirable invention is now in course of being advertised under the title of the "Self-Breaking Perambulator." Mothers are strongly recommended to procure this Perambulator, if they employ their nursemaids to wheel their children about the pavements in any vehicle of the kind. A Perambulator which breaks itself has the greatest advantage over one which remains unbroken, but is always breaking somebody's shins.

MR. PUNCH'S EXHIBITION OF REJECTED ART-TREASURES.

[PRIVATE VIEW.]



BEING it stated in the *Daily News* that on the opening of the Manchester Art-Palace—

"From the unprecedented liberality of the British public there are still about five hundred specimens left, for which no corner can be found."

Mr. Punch at once wrote to the Executive Committee, and placed at their command the entire space at his disposal, consisting of the whole of one third part of his back office. This generous offer being thankfully accepted, Mr. Punch is now engaged in making a selection from the treasures which have reached him, and will shortly have the honour of inviting H.R.H. F.M. PRINCE ALBERT to declare his Exhibition open. Meanwhile, having just been indulging in a private view, Mr. Punch will treat his readers to a foreglimpse of

the show which is preparing for them, by publishing beforehand a few comments on the catalogue.

To begin with the Paintings, (which comprise several *chefs-d'œuvre* of both old and young and intermediate, or middle-aged masters,) Mr. Punch rejoices to announce that he has kindly been entrusted by MR. B. DISRAELI with the companion picture to the *Blue Boy* of GAINSBOROUGH; representing MR. D. as the *Calculating Boy*, looking very blue upon his recent calculation of the odds against his ever again getting the Exchequer Cockership. Next to this will be observed that prodigiously remarkable picture of disgust, which has become known as *The Rejected Title*, a work of fancy, furnished from the WILLIAMS collection, and both in incident and treatment considered quite unique.

Passing by a *Portrait of John Chinaman*, from the COBDEN gallery, which seems very far from being painted in true colours, Mr. Punch has then to call attention to a valuable series of historical pictures, illustrative of the progress of the British Constitution. These have been contributed by LORD JOHN RUSSELL, and not the least known of them is that of *Signing Magna Charta*, with which his Lordship's frequent reference must have long ago made every one familiar.

Among the Marine Pieces—which include a bird's-eye view of Cronstadt, taken (at a distance) by ADMIRAL NAPIER—Mr. Punch has had to unpack several small pictures of the Vessel of the State, representing her as sinking through the quicksand "PALMERSTON;" but these mostly appear taken from a one-sided point of view, and being done in party colours, have all the sickliness belonging to distemper.

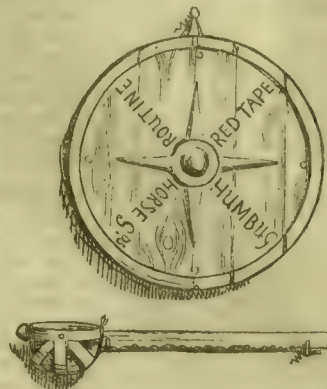
Several sketches in outline of the New Reform Bill have also been sent in, but as far as can be judged from their unfinished state, they are sadly defective in that breadth of design and boldness of treatment which the subject clearly merits. It is possible, however, that, before they are exhibited, Mr. Punch may be solicited to remedy their weak points, and a few touches by so old a master would be certain to be recognised with public satisfaction.

Up to the last moment SIR ROBERT PEEL has not thought fit to part with any more of his travelling sketches; but as he is now free from those confining ties of official reserve, by which he formerly was held so in restraint, it is possible that he may soon let Mr. Punch have something to exhibit, that is, to show up. SIR ROBERT is world-famous for his taste in caricature; and Mr. Punch must, therefore, elsewhere assign the contribution of a picture, which illustrates the late unbecoming of FREDERICK PEEL, zoologically rendered as *The Red Tapir Unearthed*.

Among the armoury will be found some noticeable specimens, such, for instance, as the shield which was used by the Government to shield from justice the Incapables who were so hotly charged by the Crimean Commission. Mr. Punch has also succeeded in obtaining one of the outlasses which were signalled to be sharpened, in order to secure that preciseness of firing which was expected to demolish Cronstadt.

Mainly by his own exertions in collecting, Mr. Punch will have a

quantity of curiosities for exhibition; including, as a work less of *verlu* than of vice, a leaf taken out of MR. CAMERON'S "green ledger," which he used to do the shareholders so (HUMPHRY) brown. With this will be shown, as specimens of carving, some pretty figures representing the respective fortunes, which were carved by the British Bank directors out of the moneys entrusted to their keeping. Mr. Punch has likewise been so fortunate as to obtain the sheet of paper which was crumpled up by MR. COBDEN, in illustration of the way in which to crumple Russia: and together with some specimens of Civil Service spelling, which he has no doubt will be considered curiosities, Mr. Punch has succeeded in getting from the Government the original MS. of the celebrated message, "Pray take care of Dowb!"



A JOLLY GARDENER'S GARDEN.

THE *Glasgow Mail* contains a statement that an old gentleman, who cultivates a model farm in the neighbourhood of Govan, has been trying the experiment of irrigating garden plants with whiskey, successfully; though our Caledonian contemporary does not explain what is the nature of the alteration or improvement which has resulted in the cabbages and cauliflowers that have been treated with this new form of liquid manure. On the animal economy whiskey is apt to produce the effect of seediness; and perhaps it will also occasion a tendency to run to seed in the vegetable economy, if there can be any economy in vegetables, which, to denote a Scotch practice by an Irish form of expression, are watered with whiskey. If the plants have too much whiskey given them, perhaps they will not grow straight; the eyes of the potatoes may be affected; and all the greens and other herbs may be seized with a shakiness of leaf, like that which is natural to the leaves of the asp, but which, in the case of the garden-stuff, the teetotalers will all concur in declaring to be *delirium tremens*. Possibly, one effect of whiskey upon vegetables will be that of preserving them; at any rate, that spirituous fluid may be expected to make them—if it does not keep them—fresh.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

TO THE MUSICAL PROFESSION.—If the GENTLEMAN who was calling "Spartargrass," in the vicinity of Fimlico, on Monday morning last, will forward his Address to SIGNOR BOREAS O'BLUSTERO, Professor of Harmony, Cat and Bagpipes Tavern, Holloway, he may hear of an ENGAGEMENT suited to his talents. SIGNOR B. O'B. having lately been promoted to the bar of the establishment, has in consequence retired from the harmonious department, which he has for many seasons had the honour to conduct. The vacancy thus caused it is intended to submit to public competition, and candidates for the Conductorship must send their Testimonials to the above address two clear days at least before the personal examination, of which hereafter due notice will be given. As the post is one requiring more than common vocal powers, it is hoped, to save both time and trouble, that none but the possessors of the very strongest lungs and voices will apply.

In addition to presiding every night at the Harmonic Meeting, the Conductor will be called on to officiate as toast-master, at all the public dinners which are given at the Tavern; and he will likewise be required to give his vocal services at most of the Odd Fellows' feasts and Goose Club suppers that are held there. He must therefore be competent to undertake the solo business; and in order to maintain the high reputation which the Cat and Bagpipes has acquired as being a first-class Musical Establishment, his repertoire must include the latest works of the best masters, such, for example, as the gifted HENRY RUSSELL, and the talented Composer of the "*Ratcatcher's Daughter*."

There being also now some vacancies in the Chorus department, the gentleman referred to at the head of this Advertisement is earnestly requested, if this should meet his eye, to make mention of the matter to such of his acquaintance as may be known to have similarly powerful organs. In order to secure the highest vocal talent, it is the intention of the proprietor of the above establishment to spare no expense in his professional engagements. The most liberal terms may therefore be depended on, and in addition to the salary, (which will be guaranteed by a lien on the piano—subject only to the prior claim of the owner, if being merely a hired instrument) each vocalist will have allowed him plenty of "paper," both in orders and cigars, and will each evening be supplied with white kid gloves and grog at the expense of the house, with the addition of the nightly loan of a dress suit.

For further information, apply in person at the Concert Room, between the business hours of 3 and 5, A.M.

OUR OWN VIVANDIÈRE.



MR. PUNCH begs to lay before his innumerable readers the following letter. It will no doubt be remarked that the writer says many more than two words for him, and hardly one for herself; but *Mr. Punch* does not omit the former, because they are inseparably linked with the latter:—

"MOTHER SEACOLE loves to acknowledge the kindness shown her by her sons, whether in black or red coats, and hastens to assure *Punch* that she has long felt a mother's affection for him. For she remembers a time when a word of cheer and encouragement from home broke like a ray of golden sunlight through the gloom of a suffering army, and that word *Punch* never failed to give her soldier sons. Nor has she forgotten how—as she walked through the wards of the hospital at Spring Hill, her arms laden with papers, the contributions of kind officers to their sick men, the sufferers would plead for a glimpse of *Punch*, which seldom failed to have a heart-stirring piece of poetry or a noble sketch in appreciation of their struggles. She has some

of these numbers now, old and worn and frayed by many a strong hand brought low by the Russian bullet or pestilence. It shared the high popularity of the *Illustrated London News*, and remembering these old times, it stirs the heart of MOTHER SEACOLE like the sound of the old war-cry she may never hear again, to find her poor name noticed in the columns which cheered on England to a noble contest.

"And more than this, MOTHER SEACOLE in this, her season of want—for the Peace which brought blessings to so many ruined her—feels that the notice of her good son *Punch* brings sunshine into the poor little room—not quite a garret yet, thank God, she has one more weary story to climb before her pallet rests so near the sky—to which she is reduced.

"Not that the army's mother murmurs at her lot. She knows that she is not flung aside like—like some of the brave men for whose blood there is no further need; and she believes there will yet be work for her to do somewhere. Perhaps in China, perhaps on some other distant shore to which Englishmen go to serve their country, there may be woman's work to do—and for that work if her good son *Punch* will cheer her on old MOTHER SEACOLE has a heart and hands left yet."

"14, Soho Square, May, 8, 1857."

It will be evident, from the foregoing, that MOTHER SEACOLE has sunk much lower in the world, and is also in danger of rising much higher in it, than is consistent with the honour of the British army, and the generosity of the British public. Both will be disgraced if MOTHER SEACOLE, by reason of declining circumstances, should have to ascend into a garret. Although she has a heart and hands left yet to help herself, in case of opportunity, the opportunity may never arrive; in the meanwhile, has England no heart left to help her? Hands England has plenty to help her, if there are any hearts to move them, and put them into pockets containing more money than the proprietors thereof know how to employ for any praiseworthy purpose. Who would give a guinea to see a mimic sutler-woman, and a foreigner, frisk and amble about the stage, when he might bestow the money on a genuine English one, reduced to a two-pair back, and in imminent danger of being obliged to climb into an attic?

PADDY'S BREAKFAST, LUNCH, DINNER, AND SUPPER.—"Semper Præties."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

May 18, Monday. The QUEEN sent a message to Parliament to say that her eldest daughter was engaged, and suggesting that something should be done to set up the young couple. Parliament received the message very affably, and, at the end of the week, with all sorts of kind speeches, gave the bride £40,000 down, and £8,000 a-year for what *Mr. Punch* trusts will be a long and happy life.

The LORD CHANCELLOR introduced, once more, the Bill for reforming the system of proving Wills. The proctors are not to be compensated, but are to have the right of exclusive practice in the new will courts. These astute gentlemen will not materially suffer by the change—where there's a Will there's a way for a proctor to pocket pickings. People are to be allowed to send their wills to an office in London, to be taken care of until wanted, so that from and after the passing of the Act a discouragement will be given to the novelist or dramatist, who is always finding wills in old clocks, in secret drawers, behind looking-glasses, in cast-off boots, and other places where safety is not so much an object as mystifying one's family and creating a "situation."

COLONEL NORTH pitched into WISCOUNT WILLIAMS for vilifying the Army, which the noble WISCOUNT denied having done; but proceeded to accuse military men generally of trying to impose heavy expenses on the nation, for the purpose of promoting their own interests. To the pachydermatous WISCOUNT this kind of conduct seems a mere trick of trade, and it is not vilification to charge gentlemen with it. GENERAL CODRINGTON stood up for GENERAL ASHBURNHAM, and then the Navy Estimates were taken. SIR CHARLES WOOD obtained 53,700 men and boys, and about five millions and a half of money.

Tuesday. The only tolerable debate of the week arose in the Lords, on the Divorce Bill. The second reading was moved by the LORD CHANCELLOR, supported by LORD LYNTHURST and LORD CAMPELLE, and opposed by divers Bishops, a majority of the hierarchy, however, voting in its favour. All the arguments were old enough, except one,

upon which DR. HAMILTON, BISHOP OF SALISBURY, based his opposition to the bill; namely, that people, if they were Christians, were bound to forgive one another all offences whatsoever. Where does this priest come from? He has clearly fallen upon the wrong age. Such a doctrine might be all very well in the early days of Christianity, when its professors had to set examples to the heathen, or it might do for some outlandish place, where society has no claims upon one; but it is perfectly preposterous if advanced as a rule for our conduct in these times. We had fancied that Bishops were men of this world, but DR. HAMILTON is a painful exception, and if he would exchange the See of Salisbury for some missionary station in a distant country, his order would cease to suffer by his ridiculous teaching. *Mr. Punch* was happy to see that the first law officer of the Crown sanctioned no such Arcadian nonsense, and though "not pretending to interpret Scripture," declared that it was not possible for a husband really to pardon an erring wife. Some of the Lords, lay and clerical, were very emphatic against facilitating divorce, on the curious ground that if you enabled a man to get rid of a bad wife you taught him to hold the sacredness of the marriage tie in light esteem. The DUKE OF NORFOLK, as a Catholic, contended that marriage was indissoluble, and gave notice that he should try to shelve the bill. This comes of Catholic Emancipation—we set these people free, and they seek to impose chains on us. If his Grace carries his motion, *Mr. Punch* means to petition for a repeal of the Act of '80. The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY and the BISHOP OF LONDON voted for reform, and indeed with the exception of a Bishop or two (Oxford for one) the minority list is composed of the names of the feeblest creatures in the House of Lords. The second reading was carried by 47 to 18.

The Commons did one foolish and one wise thing. They rejected, by 221 to 86, MR. DILLWYN's bill for trying whipcord, instead of a comfortable and costly imprisonment, upon scoundrels who beat and illtreat women and children; and they carried, by 313 to 174, a motion for abolishing Minister's Money (an objectionable church-rate, for which an advantageous substitution is made) in Ireland.

Wednesday. The Commons got through some uninteresting business, but some petitions were presented highly interesting to the parties concerned, namely, Election Petitions. The time for presenting them has expired, and there are nearly Sixty. So it is probable that Mr. Don will have to issue a supplement to his admirable *Parliamentary Companion*.

Thursday. The Lords being all at the evening service appointed for Ascension Day by the Book of Common Prayer, of course could not assemble for secular purposes.

The Commons, though they gathered, did so to hear a sermon from the REVEREND MR. SPOONER upon Maynooth. His own friends did not muster strongly, there being actually only NEWDEGATE and one other gentleman on the Opposition benches during the oration, but his enemies came in greater force, and, on division, in lieu of the triumph once epically recorded by *Mr. Punch*, the valiant SPOONER was defeated by 125 to 91, and, what was worse, nobody would reply to him. *Mr. Punch* would like to calm MR. SPOONER's mind in reference to his terrors about the Catholics, if that honourable gentleman cannot see that while *Punch* exists any triumph for Popery is impossible. *Punch* is worth more than a hundred of Exeter Halls to Protestantism. When CARDINAL WISEMAN and his accomplices have, with great labour and pains, spun a cobweb for the entrapping of the lieges, *Mr. Punch* smiles, and pokes his stick through it, and the Cardinal is obliged to take refuge in anonymous pamphleteering, instead of boldly printing his name like *Mr. Punch*. But it seems that MR. SPOONER is afraid lest the Irish priests, having been taught treason at Maynooth, should practise it. Bless MR. SPOONER's soul, suppose an Irish priest conceived the idea of becoming a traitor, nay, had convinced his whiskified conscience that he ought to be one, a vision would come across him of MR. JUSTICE KEOGH, or some other Catholic judge, who, if the worthy father carried his idea into effect, would, without the faintest reverence for the teaching of Maynooth, consign him to the cord or the convict-ship. Now, if the priest had really been properly instructed in Jesuitry, he would know that "self-defence against a cruel judge is not only a right but a duty," and consequently, that he is bound to keep his treason to himself, "provided only that he is a traitor in intention." Dear MR. SPOONER, what danger need QUEEN VICTORIA apprehend from the disciples of ESCOBAR, with judges on the bench, and *Mr. Punch* in Fleet Street?

SIR RICHARD BETHELL introduced his Bill for dealing with Fraudulent Trustees, and, moreover, as *Mr. Punch* expected, announced that he would prosecute the Directors of the British Bank, who, it may be presumed, have obtained their passports. SIR RICHARD was anxious to impress on the House that he had not come to this determination in consequence of any newspaper dictation. Of course not, but AP ITHELL had read AP PUNCH, though, who pledges his health in the following glass of CWRW. (*He drinks.*)

Friday. LORD PANMURE stated that he was nearly ready with a complete system of education for the officers of the Army. What a delightful change is in prospect. Imagine the day when, going per rail from London to Woolwich, with a lot of young officers, *Mr. Punch*, instead of being merely amused with biographies of rat terriers, speculations whether JONES will get his step, suggestions of remedies for being blessed seedy, comparisons between the ankles of dancers, eulogies on MR. PAUL BEDFORD, and recommendations to read *Bell's Life* about the Slashing Buttermen, *Mr. Punch* shall be instructed with parallél between FABIVS and SIR CHARLES NAPIER, descriptions of the siege of Rhodes, essays on castrametation, discussions on military engineering, citations from the Duke's Despatches, and analyses of MR. WILLIAM RUSSELL's lectures!

The Commons, after attending to the PRINCESS ROYAL in the manner already stated (MR. ROEBUCK and the WISCONSOT objecting, but giving way, and the vote being unanimous) took more Navy Estimates, and passed the Transportation Bill. LORD PALMERSTON announced that the House would not sit on the day on which our "Isthmian Games" were celebrated, meaning, as it was necessary to explain to divers railway members, officers, and others, the Derby Day.

MEAT AND DRINK.

SWIFT, in his immortal *Tale of a Tub*, represents *Peter* as trying to persuade his brothers, *Martin* and *Jack*, that a cut off a loaf was a slice of mutton, and not only that, but also a glass of wine. The following advertisement, which has lately appeared, may be imagined to have emanated from *Peter*:-

MOUTON, an excellent DESSERT CLARET, 36s. per doz.

This advertisement may suggest a riddle, and occasion some wag to ask, what that is which may be drunk at dessert and eaten at dinner? In imbibing Mouton wine, the archæologist will be reminded of a good old English beverage. Whilst he is, as it were, drinking Sheep, he will remember that his ancestors were accustomed to quaff Lambswool.

SINGERS IN THE SAWDUST.



LL well bred persons are aware it is considered vulgar to express surprise, but however we may jeopardise our fashionable reputation, we must really own to feeling some astonishment on hearing that an opera had been performed on horseback. Having seen *Macbeth* hippodramatised at Astley's, and having read how *Richard II.* has been mounted (in the episode procession scene) at the Princess's, we have grown somewhat accustomed to find

SHAKESPEARE in the sawdust; but we must confess we were considerably startled to learn that VERDI had been put into the saddle. It took us quite two minutes to recover respiration when we heard *Il Trovatore* had been done at Astley's, and that as it was "supported by the whole strength of the stud," there was a strong hope of its having a good run. Even yet we confess we scarcely can imagine a *prima donna* upon horseback, and, as it certainly would seem to us, taking an airing while giving us her airs. Nor can we fancy how the tender tenor can possibly pursue the even tenour of his way, when he thus is brought to such a jog-trot existence; and we cannot think, if he be shaky in his seat, how he can contrive to sing at all with firmness. Even an Astleyan steed will caper now and then, and every such prance must cause a tremolo concerted movement of the voice together with the body of the rider: so that in the execution of a *rondo* round the Circus, there would probably be many more shakes introduced than the most florid of composers ever dreamed of.

If the experiment succeed (and we may at least congratulate the management upon its acting on the maxim, *Fiat experimentum in corpore Verdi*), of course we soon shall find it has been followed, and every circus-master of the horse will become for the time a singing master also. Perhaps *Don Giovanni* will tread next in the hoof prints of *Il Trovatore* (and we would walk a mile ourselves to see the *Leporello* of LABLACHE a-straddle!). *La Sonnambula* might also be "equestrianly illustrated;" and the walk over the water-wheel announced as a "daring feat of equeitation." Of all Operas, however, the *Beggars*' is most suited to be set on horseback; and we are sure *Macheath* would be quite certain of a hit, by continually tumbling off two bare-backed steeds, and singing—

Oh, how happy could I be on either,
Were I other fleet courser away:
But when trying to ride both together,
On neither a moment I stay!

Of course where a ballet or a ball-scene occurs, as, for instance, in *Roberto* or *Gustavus*, there might be introduced a set of equestrian quadrilles, or perhaps a polka by performing ponies; and by way of a finale, some hurdles might be brought, over which the vocalists might jump to a conclusion.

Literature in America.

"IN America," said MR. JUSTICE HALLIBURTON at the Literary Fund banquet, "the author flattered the public, and the public flattered the author, and there was no honesty between them." We should rather say for our English selves—"in America, the author is robbed by the public, and whatever honesty may remain is wholly and indivisibly on the author's side." For flattery, read moral felony, and the sentence is, we think, greatly improved.

Humboldt Honoured!

BARON HUMBOLDT, majestic in years and wisdom, has at length achieved the very summit of all earthly greatness. PRINCE NAPOLEON, before leaving Berlin, in the name of the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, conferred on the author of *Kosmos*, the decoration of—a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour. It is said that the EMPEROR OF HAYTI has commissioned the ebony BARON JEAN SIMON, his Ambassador at the English Court, to confer upon SIR RODEBICK MURCHISON the Most Noble Order of the Black Beetle.



How agreeable it is, and more especially if you are late, and are dressing against time to dine with ultra-punctual people—how agreeable it is, on getting into your clean shirt, to find the laundress has been careful to fasten all the buttons for you!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

May 25, Monday. The QUEEN's Birthday, the Isthmian games, and the approach of Whitsuntide, combined to furnish Parliament with excuses for lightening its labours this week. The Lords applied themselves to one subject only, namely the Divorce Bill, which they discussed in Committee on Monday and Thursday. The result of their labours has to be edited by the Commons, and therefore it is necessary only to say that the Roman Catholic DUKE OF NORFOLK was defeated by 123 to 26 in his attempt to get rid of the Bill on the ground that marriage was indissoluble.—that LORD ST. LEONARDS carried, against Government, a clause for depriving husbands, who have separated from their wives, of the power of seizing the property of those unfortunate women—that LORD LYNDRHURST was unsuccessful in an attempt to have it declared that five years' abandonment should amount to dissolution of marriage, and that the BISHOP OF OXFORD carried by 53 to 47 a clause preventing the re-marriage of divorced persons. Flushed with his victory, the haughty SOAPEY made another professional demonstration, and sought to leave it to an individual clergyman to say whether he would or would not read the marriage service over any one who happened to have been divorced, and desired to wed a new consort. But this was a little too priestly for the Lords, and SAMUEL was beaten by 78 to 26. Finally, an excessively strong amendment was concocted and agreed to, namely, that henceforth, where the wife has erred, there shall be no action for damages, but that any man violating the Seventh Commandment shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and punishable by fine or imprisonment. In this form the Bill stands at present, and all that *Mr. Punch* intends to say upon a subject of more importance than nineteen-twentieths of the topics that come before Parliament, is, that the House of Lords is treating the measure with the grave and earnest consideration it demands, and that he trusts the Commons will show equal good taste and good feeling.

A noticeable point was one raised on the report of the Wills Bill. It was urged by 84 out of 104 proctors, that the Bill would reduce their profits from £90,000 to £15,000 a-year. We wonder that the announcement of such a boon to the public did not induce the Lords instantly to suspend the standing orders, and pass the Bill in five minutes. Assuredly, here are 75,000 reasons in favour of the measure. Just look

at the thing, and consider the impudence of 84 great black spiders claiming to suck £90,000 a-year out of the public. This petition has settled the business. Be it also mentioned that LORD DUNGANNON, on the part of the very High Church, objected to the Bishops and others preaching in Exeter Hall, to thousands who have no other Church-accommodation. The BISHOP OF LONDON, however, made this Puseyite prig an eloquent and admirable reply, endorsed by the ARCH-BISHOP OF CANTERBURY. The Lords took holiday from Thursday to Thursday.

A small knot in the Commons, 14 in all, endeavoured to reduce the PRINCESS ROYAL's dowry by £2,000, but 328 members confirmed the original proposition. An attempt was also made to deprive the young lady of the £40,000 voted to her, but 361 were found for giving it, and only 18 the other way. The clap-trap-setters in the minority will easily be guessed at, but *Mr. Punch* will not assist the snobs in their object by publishing their names.

The veteran PALMERSTON then came out as Secretary at War and moved the Army estimates. He was doing the same thing in 1809, when, as MR. JOHN TIMBS informs us, he also gave orders for the repair and improvement of the Horse Guards Clock. PAM and the clock have gone on capitally ever since, both receiving such additional enlightenment as the age suggested, but always showing a good face to the world, and being looked up to as favourite authorities. As regards the Army, he explained that there was an increase in our cavalry and artillery, but none in our infantry, and that he wanted about eleven millions of money, a good deal of which was voted. The reason LORD PAM assigned for making the speech was, that the new young rich Under Secretary, SIR JOHN RAMSDEN, had not been long enough in office to learn more than details. He has already learned enough, however, to get rebuked for discourtesy to Members asking questions, so there are hopes that he will in time rival FRED. PEEL.

Tuesday. QUEEN VICTORIA kept her birthday.

Wednesday. BLINK BONNY won the Derby, as prophesied by *Mr. Punch* on page 122 of this volume, and by no other prophet whatsoever.

Thursday. MR. HENRY HERBERT, Member for Kerry, who owns that lovely place by Killarney, where *Mr. Punch*, *latus in umbra*, and looking love to eyes that answered love again, did, some summers since—but pshaw, this is trifling—up, HERCULES from the feet of OMPHALE. So, so, *Mr. Punch* is himself again. MR. HERBERT, then, the amiable proprietor of charming property in Ireland, has accepted the office of Irish Secretary, vacant by the resignation of the atrabilious HORSMAN. MR. KEATING, the barrister, and Member for Reading, is the new Solicitor-General.

Prussia has signed with Switzerland; so that storm in a teacup is hushed. MR. ROEBUCK brought on a debate upon our relations with Brazil, and LORD PALMERSTON explained that we keep a rod hanging over the Brazilians' heads, to be administered elsewhere only in the event of their not actively discouraging the slave trade. SIR CHARLES NAPIER (failing, as usual) moved for a committee to inquire into the constitution of the Board of Admiralty, and among other pleasant things, *à la* Cassandra, said that in the event of a sudden war with France and Russia, QUEEN VICTORIA's throne would not be worth six months' purchase. He must have forgotten that he himself is not in command of the fleet. BERNAL OSBORNE peppered the old humbug with some severity, but more effectual notice should be taken of statements involving such charges against the Executive. It is clear, either that SIR CHARLES NAPIER ought to be expelled the House and the Service, or that SIR CHARLES WOOD ought to be hanged.

LORD RAYNHAM, who is acquiring an honourable notoriety by trying to help the helpless, endeavoured to obtain a committee for inquiring into the working of the Act for punishing aggravated assaults on women and children; but SIR GEORGE GREY, though professing to believe that the Act was doing much good, refused to consent to the production of proof; and the motion, for which 84 voted, was rejected.

Friday. BLINK BONNY won the Oaks. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER ventured upon one of those pieces of official hypocrisy which, thanks to *Mr. Punch*, are now seldom risked. He boldly declared that Members of Parliament had no right to nominate candidates for public situations. Literally taken, his assertion was true—they have no such right. But in practice we should like to know what MR. HAYTER would say to a regulation forbidding him to mark his sense of the exemplary conduct of a Member of Parliament, by handing him a bit of patronage for a meritorious constituent. What is the use of talking such folly? If *Mr. Punch's* lofty virtue and leaded bâton did not make it dangerous to approach him with unworthy suggestions, he has but to hint, any night, that he intends to divide against Ministers, and there would be a sudden recollection that a place in the Treasury was ready for his son, one in the Post Office for his nephew, and one in the Custom-House for any member of the Blacking Brigade who last polished *Mr. P.'s* button-boots.

MR. BOWYER is the organ of the Romish priests, and they, hating Prussia as a Protestant power, have set this amiable but silly man to endeavour to fix an insult upon the Prussian Court. He moved, and

the Viscount seconded him, that the PRINCESS ROYAL's income should cease as soon as she became Queen of Prussia. The feeling of the House compelled the Papist and the Snob to withdraw the motion.

The attention of the House was called to the state of the Scotch Pauper Lunatic Asylums, in which it appears that all the horrors of which we read with a shudder as having been permitted, in other years, in England, are in rampant existence. Scotland is too drunken a country not to have much lunacy in it, but is so religious a country that it ought to see that the unhappy victims of whiskey and Calvinism are duly cared for.

The rest of the Army Estimates were taken, and the Commons followed the example of the Lords in separating for the Whitsuntide recess.

THE NAPIER LETTER-WRITER.

MODELLED ON THE EPISTOLARY PRODUCTIONS OF THAT DISTINGUISHED FAMILY OF MARTYRS.

A NAPIER, in answer to a tradesman's circular requesting patronage.



"SIR,—Take back your blatant manifesto. Whether its contents state truth or falsehood, you insult an ill-paid man by inviting him to make purchases, and therefore you may go to the father of lies.

"A. NAPIER,
"Bombardier-General."

A NAPIER, in answer to an Invitation to Dinner.

"DEAR BROWN,—You have asked me to dinner three times, whereas I have asked you but twice. This assumption of superiority is either degrading ignorance or beastly effrontery, and either alternative compels me to say, that I will see you hanged first. Your anticipatory excuse that I should, by going, meet JONES, makes matters worse. Why should I meet that ineffable humgullin and treacherous parasite?

"Yours, B. NAPIER,
"Quartermaster-General."

A NAPIER, in answer to an offer of an Opera Box.

"DEAR MADAM,—I cannot suppose that you meant to annoy me, by proposing that I should have a box on a night when a new opera is given for the first time. To your husband, of course, I attribute the insult of sending me on Thursday, on the chance of the production being good or bad, reserving the Saturday box for yourselves, should the work be worth hearing. I am no vile body on which experiments may be tried, and I beg to return the card, which looks as creased and dirty as if you had tried half a dozen persons before you thought of

"Yours, truly, C. NAPIER, Paymaster-General."

A NAPIER, in answer to a request for an Autograph.

"D. NAPIER, Adjutant-General, desires his valet, MATTHEW TREMBLES, to say that the impertinent demand for D. NAPIER's autograph can only have emanated from some abject tool of Government, desirous to forge a despatch in the name of D. NAPIER, and whom he, therefore thus baffles."

A NAPIER, in answer to an entreaty for his vote and interest in an Orphan Asylum Election.

"SIR,—I know nothing of you or the brat that you patronise, and therefore refuse; but I foresee that you will make my doing so the groundwork of a lying statement that I am hostile to children, whereas I adore them. I am accustomed to slanders, and you may do your worst, and go to Pandemonium.

"Yours, E. NAPIER, Inspector-General."

A NAPIER, in answer to an application to be permitted to paint his Picture.

"SIR,—I won't. My place is under canvas, not on it, and those who have chosen to forget me in the one position, shall not be reminded of me in the second. Besides, you are impudent. ALEXANDER

and I conquered India, he had his APELLES, but do you pretend to be one? Hang and burn your insolence.

"Yours, F. NAPIER, Provost-Marshal-General."

A NAPIER, in answer to a proposal to make him a Peer of the Realm.

"MY LORD,—Without inquiring whether terror rather than appreciation has produced your offer to make me a peer, I beg to say, that if I accept a beggarly Barony, I perfectly comprehend the desire that exists on the part of the Court and the Government to muzzle me with a coronet, and I acknowledge the compliment. I only consent to be a mere Baron at a time of life when WELLINGTON was an Earl, on the distinct understanding that if any slavish sycophant or foul-mouthed bully receives similar honour with myself, I am at once created a Duke. Also, I will not be made at the same time with that respectable fool, ROBINSON.

"Your obedient Servant, G. NAPIER, Governor-General."

A NAPIER, in answer to a petition for a lock of his hair.

"MY DEAR MATILDA-JANE,—It is much too grey, thanks to the brutal ingratitude of a nation and its rulers. I would rather send you some hair out of the tail of my bonny old horse, though he may be grey too, for you would hardly believe it, but a horse which had carried me for two years was refused free quarters in the parks and stables at Windsor Castle for the rest of his life. Man and horse, we are alike trampled on, or should be if they dared do it. However, here's my hair, and set it in thick gold, for fear it should stand on end some day, and break the locket, on hearing you read in some paper that the jackass and idiot, LORD D—, has received the Garter. A rope would be better, in which he would dangle nicely, to frighten the birds from my early peas.

"Affectionately, H. NAPIER, Consul-General."

A NAPIER, in answer to a Newspaper Editor.

"SIR,—Blow and confound your atrocious and supercilious audacity. Why, you lie, man. It was on the 30th of April, not the 1st of May, as you disgustingly state, that I first wore black breeches, and with such a preposterous blunder at the outset of your beastly article, what reliance can be placed on the rest? Drink your ink, blackguard, and don't spirt it over

"Yours, obediently, I. NAPIER, Advocate-General."



WISDOM OF THE LORD MAYOR.

IN the report of the ridiculous meeting held the other evening by the United Kingdom Alliance, in Exeter Hall, to welcome the meddlesome MR. DOW—who wishes to befool Britons into putting themselves under the restraint of his Liquor Law—we find that the REV. DAWSON BURNS read letters of apology from the BISHOP OF LONDON and other eminent persons too sensible to attend, and among them from "the LORD MAYOR, who returned the ticket." Bravo, LORD MAYOR! Fancy the impudence of the Alliance fanatics in inviting the LORD MAYOR himself to assist at their tomfoolery! Did they imagine that they were going to persuade the civic monarch, at the Mansion-House dinners, to send round the Loving Cup filled with ginger-pop, and to stand nothing better than toast and water for the toast, and for every other toast of the evening?

The Future Queen of Prussia.

MR. BOWYER proposed that, on the event of the PRINCESS ROYAL becoming QUEEN OF PRUSSIA, her annuity paid by England should cease. Was not this an attempt by anticipation, to rob the Crown of Prussia of its very richest jewel; for what other jewel could be found in that somewhat seedy diadem worth £8,000 a-year?

THIRTY THOUSAND POUNDS' WORTH OF SORROW.

At the late Chester races, certain persons, self-elected preachers, appeared upon the ground, inwardly moved to discourse to a turf congregation on the sinfulness of the world in general and on the atrocious wickedness of races in particular. Why not? Ginger beer is allowed its stall; gingerbread nuts are permitted free vent. Why, then, should not the field preacher be permitted to froth with indignation, and to become red hot with zeal in the cause of sinners? If these turf apostles did not interfere with the running—if they obediently cleared the course of themselves and their doctrines at the proper warning, we see no reason why their sermons should be a whit more interdicted than ginger-pop or ginger-nuts. However, the authorities of Chester thought otherwise; and, by means of their constables, conveyed away to safe keeping certain divine orators, taken in the fact of expounding their doctrines of woe and desolation. The preachers were for a time held in custody; and then discharged to be embraced with fraternal love and refreshed with sympathetic tears: for a meeting was straightway convoked at Chester in admiration and honour of the turf-preaching oppressed.

The chair was taken by MR. WILLIAM TITHERINGTON, of the firm of TITHERINGTON and—*and pray let the reader mark the fact, and GILL, and, we may add, SOMES & Co: for the grief, sorrow, and compunction that have fallen upon partner GILL must, if the reader be not of stone, melt him like butter.* However, let us first note two or three lovely bits of humility emanating from the preachers themselves, from the men who had been in bonds. MR. REGINALD RADCLIFFE, a sufferer, said,—“his poor hands had been steeped in vice,” but he had washed them, and had used them in prayer at Chester races: for in race week “Chester was drunkenness; Chester was fornication; Chester was gambling.” Even so.

“The business transacted between men during the race week in front of the Royal Hotel, was very different to that transacted between tradesmen. When a man bet another £5 to £100, the intention of the one was to gain the £100 and retain the £5;—to gain the £100 for nothing. A tradesman would send an order for £50 worth of things, and in return would receive goods to that amount, but on the gambler's principle, in lieu of £50 worth of goods, the trader would receive a quantity of empty boxes.”

Now, MR. GILL, of the respected firm of TITHERINGTON and GILL, is a Liverpool cotton-broker; and is reputed to have won no less than £30,000 on the last Chester-cup. What a blow, then, is dealt by preacher RADCLIFFE at cotton-broker GILL! What a draught of bitterness is he made to drink from that Cup of Death, the Cup of the Chester Turf. Let us, however, not forget the humility of the preacher. It is quite touching to learn the very humble conditions upon which he is willing to enter heaven.

“He would again repeat what he had before stated, that he had not one ill thought against Mr. Gill (the magistrate), but would rejoice—if he were able!—and the Mr. Gill would—*say him—to go to heaven with him arm-in-arm, and with the high constable, and with the policeman who took him to gaol.*”

What a sublime, what an affecting picture! How tender, how lowly, too, the Christian spirit that would not refuse to go arm-in-arm to heaven, even with—a policeman! This very fact will prove the earnest humility that moved the preacher to the race-course; for after much suffering in a cell, he is quite prepared to forgive the constable who took him by the collar, and conveyed him to the dungeon, and, slipping his arm under the policeman's, is quite ready and willing to enter Paradise with A. I. What a subject for a chapel window, if chapels permitted such flaunting vanities.

We now come to MR. GILL, of the firm of TITHERINGTON and GILL: to the forlorn and unfortunate MR. GILL, who received such a side-kick at the heels of RADCLIFFE. TITHERINGTON, a man of gushing piety, is in the chair; and at once answers a sneering attack, headed “Saints and Sinners,” that had appeared in the *Chester Chronicle*. What is MR. TITHERINGTON's withering reply? Why, *Tartuffe* must hang his head, ashamed; *Cantwell* is extinguished; *Mawworm* is dumfounded.

“The paragraph in question (says TITHERINGTON) was headed ‘Saints and Sinners’ and was intended to offer congratulations to him on the success of his partner, MR. GILL, in winning a large sum of money at Chester Races. *He spoke of the subject with deep humility and self-abasement; his partner had been guilty of winning a large sum of money at the races, but he was happy to say that he (MR. GILL) WAS AS B-RRY AS HIMSELF, AND MR. GILL HAD RESOLVED NEVER TO BE SEEN ON THE COURSE AGAIN.*”

It is almost too sublime a height for us to hope to reach, to sympathise with the sorrow of a man—that man, too, a partner of TITHERINGTON; day-book of his day-book and ledger of his ledger,—who has won £30,000 by a sinful horse-race! But there is consolation to the sufferer, even in the very depths of his grief—consolation arising to him from the sweet resolve “never to be seen on the course again.” This reminds us of the pathetic, the lovely line in the ballad of *Will Watch, the Bold Smuggler*—

“When his pockets were lined, why his life should be mended.”

And the repentant GILL, with £30,000 at his banker's, turf-profits, may cease to “make a book.” But we are certain that MR. GILL will

not feel himself comforted as a Christian with so much money, won from the wicked turf—the turf that is only a verdant covering to the bottomless pit—and therefore, we are inwardly convinced, he is at this moment casting about him for the best means of dispensing the £30,000 that, otherwise, must be to him no less than thirty-thousand tons of burning coals. Yes, at this moment, the remorseful mind of GILL bethinks itself of Chester Hospitals; of Chester Schools; of Chester Reformatories; and if he pauses a moment in casting from his soul that £30,000 weight, it is only that he cannot at a moment make his election of the object. Let us, then, give the man of sorrow a little time to consider and choose.

The naughty LORD BYRON had a skull mounted as a drinking-cup. A much more terrible vessel must be the Chester Cup to the eye of the remorseful man who has won it; filled, we may say, with 30,000 sovereigns! What a sea of guilt is there! What a draught for a SATAN'S Sabbath to be tasted by the whole court of BEELZEBUB! It is not given to the human heart, especially when touched by remorse, softened by sorrow, to make a household thing of that Cup. The repentant sinner cannot continue to behold it on his sideboard, the vessel to his imaginative eye so “bubbles and boils with the acornite froth” that rises from the source of all cant and all hypocrisy.

We shall give the earliest notice of the manner in which MR. GILL bestows the hated, festering £30,000. In token of the worthy gentleman's grief upon his winnings, it is understood that his commercial house will in future be known as “TITHERINGTON, GILL, GRIEF, AND CO.”



ORDNANCE ESTIMATES.

MR. PUNCH hereby gives notice that, as soon as ever he is honoured with a seat in Parliament, he intends to move for an amendment of the Ordnance Estimates, which with annual incompleteness, are furnished by the Government. Instead of their embracing only the requirements of the Naval and the Military service, MR. PUNCH would suggest their extension to the Clerical. MR. PUNCH cannot see why the great guns of the Church should not as well be included in the list, and the public be made accurately acquainted with the cost of keeping them in working order. Without being thought too inquiring an economist, MR. PUNCH would like to see an estimate as to what the nation now expends upon such ordnance—from its minor canons up to its six-thousand pounders; and MR. PUNCH would like to know why, when a great gun has become unfit for service, it should not forthwith be discharged without the nation having quite so heavily to pay the shot.

Unnatural Subjects.

It is with indescribable pain that we call the attention of our loyal readers to the fact that certain persons, assumed to wear the human form, belonging to the Financial Reform Association of Liverpool, have addressed the QUEEN and F. M. PRINCE ALBERT on the subject of the PRINCESS ROYAL'S dowry. These petitioners absolutely ask of the Royal parents to provide for their own child! But these petitioners cannot be men. No; they must be pelicans.



RETURNING FROM THE DERBY IN BLINK BONNY'S YEAR.

"AT LENGTH HE PRESENTED HIMSELF, BUT IN SUCH A STATE THAT WE WERE OBLIGED TO TIE HIM ON THE BOX, AND I HAD TO RIDE HOME."—*Extract from letter to particular friend.*

PUNCH RIGHT AGAIN FOR THE DERBY!!!

HOORAY! Hooray!! Hooray!!! Now, my noble patrons and swells, I'll warn yer! Haven't I been and done it this time, eh? Brought you through with a wet finger like a wetteran? Brought you through, sa, like a fiddle, as MR. DICKENS'S nigger coachman said? Like a fiddle, indeed; like a base viol (only there's nothing base about your humble), or that big thing that SIGNOR BOTTYSINI plays at the Fiddleharmonic Concerts. How do you find yourselves by this time, my noble swells and patrons? Pretty tollol and bobbish! Well, I should say you were, and that you came to the right shc p for racing information. Didn't I always tell you that if you were not on the look out for lodgings in Bedlam, or the other fashionable retreat at Hanwell, you must keep clear of those advertising humbugs, with their hints and their howls, and their tips and their prophecies, and come to me. Well, you have kept clear of 'em and their three pair backs, and their dens in the slums, and their offensive slang and familiarity (which I hate and despise), and you have come to me my bobcuffins; me, the only true and lawful prognosticator and prophet. And what's come of it, my tulips, what's come of it, I ask you, my noble-minded trumps and Trojans? Why, that you've all made your fortunes on this Derby. You know it, and you are all saying to me "Here's towards you, my boy," and your boy answers as affable as a hedgehog, "Same to you, and many of 'em."

What did I write to you all on Saturday the 28th of March last as ever was? Take down your *Punch*, and look back to that date—the 28th of March, weeks and weeks ago. In *Punch* for that day, and no other whatsoever—left-hand column of left-hand page—you will find these words:—

"THE LEAVES OF THE ELDER SHOULD NOW OPEN, AND IF THOSE OF THE YOUNGER SHOULD SHUT, THEY MIGHT HOLD BETTER BOOKS WHEN

'BLINK BONNY'
COMES ROUND TATTENHAM CORNER."

Now then. Is there any deception? Are the words there or not? Of course they are. There was my Tip, for which I only charged you threepence (country folks fourpence,) while the dirtiest snob of an advertising fellow would not send you one of his tobacco-smelling, rum-smeared missives, made up of humbug and chaff, and giving you three or four horses, for less than five bob. For threepence you have become rich coveys. That was my advice: to take the odds which you could then get, and wait. And where was my Mare on Wednesday, the 27th of May? *Suave Mari magno*, and she is a great and a sweet mare, and no error.

Well, I congratulate you, my noble patrons and swells. We've been and done it, as I forcibly remarked. All is serene. Keep your hands off your cheque books. I don't want any of your winnings, like the advertising scoundrels. I've pocketed a pretty pot of my own, which they never do, for all their wonderful information, or

they wouldn't go sneaking and begging for presents, and whining, "Please to remember the poor prophet, your honour!" They'll all lie, and swear they sent *Blink Bonny*, and no other. Not one of them did. Not one of them knew that she'd been roped for the "Guineas," and that the spectators were as mad as hatters. Humbugs! Asses! Cheats! If I were not a gentleman, I'd use strong language about 'em. But I ask one thing, and that is my *ultimatum*. For your own sakes never go near any of the swindling idiots, but next time, when you want the hour of your trouble turned into the hour of your glory,

REMEMBER PUNCH AND BLINK BONNY!

ODE TO THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

DAUGHTER OF ENGLAND, just about to wed!
The Prussian youngster—blessings on your head!
When your Mamma—Time spins so fast away—
Was married, seems but just the other day.
Perhaps she will, in quite as short a space,
Have a granddaughter in her daughter's case.

I say, so be it!
May we all live to see it,
And to see yet more
That we may roar,
And shout Hurrah!

And sing, God Save Great Grandmamma!
May you enjoy no end of happy life,
Have a good husband and prove a good wife!

Parliamentary Wonder.

DURING beautiful weather, such as we have lately had, a question continually occurring to most minds is, how long is this likely to last? Just so in reading the Parliamentary debates which have hitherto, since the opening of the new Parliament, been mostly of so pleasant a length; one feels impelled to ask, how long will the speeches in the House of Commons continue thus agreeably short? The longer they remain short the better; in the meanwhile their brevity may be considered as a hopeful symptom of considerate and merciful feeling on the part of the legislature, likely to cause benevolent legislation.



HOW THEY SETTLED NEUFCHÂTEL.

THE DELIGHTS OF SPRING.

A SONG BY A VEGETARIAN.

SPRING's delights are now returning,
See where sprouts the crisp seakale;
Early greens and cauliflowers
Now command a ready sale.

Vegetarians now rejoicing
Asparagus again may dress;
And fewer doubts of what's for dinner
Need their anxious minds distress.

They who fondly dote on pudding
With joy the new-born rhubarb see,
And greater rapture hails the budding
Of the prickly gooseberries.

Now returns the green cucumber,
That with nightmare doth distress;
While for those in peace who'd slumber
Springs anew the simple cress.

Now in large yet penny bunches
Radishes again are seen;
And the lettuce tempts to lunches
At the shops of grocers green.

Let other bards in rhyme discover
Joys that other seasons bring;
I, a vegetable lover,
Tell the pleasures of the Spring.



THE SOCIAL TREAD-MILL. No. 6.

"ARRIVE as late as you will at the KOTOOS, you always have to wait a good while before dinner is announced. With parties composed as theirs invariably are, under a profoundly mistaken sense of social duty—either on the give-and-take, or 'mutual' principle, as it is called in advertisements of third-rate schools, or on the simple snobbish principle of wealth-worship or title-worship, or on the lion-hunting principle, to which, as a literary gent, I owe most of my invitations to dinner, or on all these three principles together—you may imagine the half-hour in the drawing-room is not particularly genial. How can such parties be good for mixing? A very energetic and courageous guest—this time it was the popular author—may, by a galvanic effort, produce a short fit of general conversation, as you may mix oil and vinegar by a violent sudden shaking of the cruet. But just as these soon resettle into their separate strata, so do we, returning each to his own unsocial muttons. This weary delay is due to the suburban GUNTER who supplies the dinner. If you arrived late, you saw his light covered cart at the door. Five minutes earlier you would have seen the flat green boxes disappearing down the area-steps.

"I wonder it never occurs to the KOTOOS that nine out of ten of their guests have probably detected the cart and green boxes in question—that, be their entertainment never so gorgeous, MR. GALANTINE—who supplies breakfasts, dinners, and suppers, flowers and rout-seats included, at so much per head, for two miles round—and not

they, will get the credit of it. We are all quite aware they do not keep a man-cook, and have not a range of stoves and a *batterie de cuisine* capable of turning out four *entrées*, to say nothing of the two soups, and two fishes, and the rest of the dinner. It is no secret to any of us that to-morrow our host and hostess will be dining contentedly off a leg of mutton not over-well roasted. For their real cook is of the plainest description. Of course, if one falls back on a GALANTINE, whenever one gives a dinner, it is of no consequence—to people of the KOTOO order—what sort of an artist one has at home. Her incapacity only affects the three hundred dinners we eat by ourselves in the course of the year. For the ten days per annum on which we give dinners our cook is the great GALANTINE, who has seen the breakdown of two clubs, and survived the smash of six lordly establishments, to which his grand style of carrying on his part of the war in the kitchen not a little contributed. He despises his present calling, and looks on himself as a sort of culinary NAPOLEON. This suburb is his Elba. He amuses himself by planning these *bourgeois* dinners, as the Emperor did by drilling his one battalion in the rocky Mediterranean islet. But his heart is not in his work; and, to tell the truth, the dinners he sends out are unworthy of him—very grand to look at, and very costly to pay for, but very bad to eat. GALANTINE also has stooped to the vile worship of appearances, which poisons the neighbourhood. He knows he is part of a system of shows and shams, and has become false even to his own noble art—going for verdicts to the eye and the pocket, but allowing judgment to be entered against him by the palate and fauces, his true judges.

"Hark! GALANTINE's cart has driven off at last. If you had not heard it, you might have guessed the moment by the lighting of Mrs. KOTOO's eye. She was anxiously listening for the sound of the wheels, for the weight of the flagging conversation is rapidly growing too great for anybody to bear up under. Even KOTOO, dreary and ungenial and hollow as he is, feels flatter than usual, and pumps up his pompous nothings with visible effort. The Reviewer is using up all the stock of anecdotes he had laid in to last out the whole dinner, and the rival Mammals have emptied their quivers of sharp things. FLAUNTER has subsided into the moody contemplation of his own difficulties, and even bloated PENNYBOY has collapsed. Pairing the males and females of the party was a resource that diverted us all for a little from brooding on our melancholy position. But when every man had been duly led up to the lady consigned to him by Mrs. KOTOO, 'to take down to dinner,' and had made his bow, and had felt he had nothing to say—as how should he, to a person he never met before, and knows no earthly thing about?—the dreariness was probably even more apparent than it had seemed while we were standing about indiscriminately.

"The males of the party had gathered into knots, as far off the females as possible, and had found topics more or less mutually intelligible if not interesting. There are always politics to talk about—and most men feel some interest in the money-market, and about the Derby Day you are tolerably safe with a little mild Turf intelligence.

"But now that we were distributed two and two, like the creatures coupled for the Ark,—most of us, I may add, as dumb as they,—the situation was rapidly becoming untenable, when GALANTINE's head man, who acts groom of the chambers with GALANTINE's dinners, throwing open the drawing-room door with a magnificence of manner which made the KOTOOS blush and feel humble at the very gorgeousness of their own imposture, announced that dinner was served.

"But before we sit down to our prandial punishment, let me say one word on the subject of this ante-prandial pairing. Of course, while dinner-parties continue to be composed as they so often are now—a-days, on the KOTOO principle—that is on considerations quite independent of the pleasure likely to be given or received—it is very little matter how any man or woman, out of a dozen men and women who don't know anything or care anything about each other, may be coupled. Where boredom is the sure fate of all, what consequence a degree more or less of the infliction?

"But let me ask the small—though I hope increasing—phalanx of honest and genial souls who are content to invite people to dinner because they love them, or at least like them so well that they are happier for seeing them, whether this habit of ticking off their guests two and two, is ever desirable? I am inclined to think it is not. It seems to be giving the two a peculiar claim upon each other. Social monopolies are as bad as trading ones. Everybody in a party should belong to everybody else in the party. Talk round a dinner-table should be common, and not confidential. If you want confidences choose *tête-à-têtes* for them. If there is wit or wisdom going, all should share it. If folly or imbecility or ill-nature want vent, at least don't let them shelter themselves under a whisper: I should say, therefore, for my own part—no coupling before dinner. Let the lady of the house show the way, and let the guests follow her in a pleasant, unceremonious group, on the understanding, of course, that the sexes are to be dove-tailed at table. But above all, let the table be a round one. Without this there is no true sociability possible. The best that can come of an oblong table is a series of agreeable *tête-à-têtes*. But then if the pleasantest couples are put together, how unfair that is to the rest of the party. And if the

pleasantest people are *not* coupled together, how unfair that is to the pleasant people. Your round table is the only true social alms-dish, into which every one presents his contribution towards the pleasure of the feast—from the ten talents of the SIDNEY SMITH of your party, if you are lucky enough to have one, down to the widow's mite of the timidest and gentlest lady present—a little laugh, perhaps, or happy look, thrown in at the right moment, and of immeasurable value sometimes.

"As all the rays of light converge in the focus of a lens, so all the fun, geniality, kindness, and wisdom of your guests will converge in the centre of the round-table, and pleasure and enjoyment and intelligence will radiate thence till they permeate the party, and people will be astonished to find how agreeable and cheery and chatty and good-humoured they are, somehow. My two theories, then, of 'no pairing' and 'the round table' go together. But I must say I hold them both of vital importance to the true enjoyment of a social dinner.

"But what is this? I am off the Social Tread-mill. The fact is, that a sufferer naturally wanders into sunny social speculations in the ten minutes allowed for refreshment, just as the gaol convicts, I have no doubt, stray away in fancy to pleasant public-houses, or delightfully criminal beer-shops, in their hourly ten minutes respite from their cranks and mills. But I must mount the wheel again, with the Koroo chain-gang. We are just sitting down—at such a gorgeous table! It is bedizened with flowers—*à la Russe*—and so long, that conversation between the ends can only be carried on, I should think, by help of a speaking-trumpet. Luckily Koroo and his wife have the marital telegraph of the eye. It will be hard worked during this dinner, I am certain. We have sat down—solemnly. Pray for us, oh reader!"

COMICALITIES OF THE POPE'S PROGRESS.



THE POPE'S tour throughout the Roman states has, of course, been attended with some absurd incidents. For example:—

"At Terni he visited the large foundry of that place, where several medals with the effigies of the Saviour, the Virgin, and the Apostles PETER and PAUL, were cast in his presence."

What extremely bad taste! Out for a holiday, the POPE must have been naturally desirous of seeing and hearing as little as possible of the shop, and nobody possessed of the least delicacy would have bothered his Holiness with images. Good manners would forbid the slightest

allusion to that subject in the presence of the Roman Pontiff, precisely as they would prohibit any gentleman from talking to a shoemaker, away from business, about bristles and cobbler's-wax. To proceed:—

"When about to leave that place, some young men of the best families offered to take the horses off his carriage, and to draw it, but this he would not allow."

Here was a case of good taste on the part of the POPE, which it is pleasing to notice. He preferred horses to donkeys. At Spoleto a mistake, similar to that committed at Terni, was made by the authorities, who stuck up, right in his way, before the cathedral, "a large wooden column surmounted by the statue of the Immaculate Virgin." No doubt the POPE wonders when he shall hear the last of his new dogma. The muffs who paid him the left-handed compliment last mentioned received a just reward for their polite attention:—

"On alighting, he proceeded on foot to the Cathedral, and thence to the Episcopal Palace, where he admitted all the authorities to the honour of kissing his slipper."

The *Giornale di Roma*, whence we derive the foregoing particulars, does not state whether or no, when the POPE gave the authorities of Spoleto his slipper to kiss, his foot was in the slipper. We suppose, however, that to make the favour the more gracious, and the more suitable, as a repayment somewhat in kind of the civility which he had received from them—his Holiness did put his foot in it.

Fire Insurance.

MADAME CORNICION (*née* SIMPLE), after reading the accounts of the fire-proof dresses as lately tried with so much success by the *Pompiers* at Paris, ordered a gown, bonnet, veil, and an entire set of under-linen to be expressly made for her, and, upon being pressed for her reason for so strange an order, said, with the greatest *naïveté*, "Why the world, you know, is to be consumed by the Comet on the 13th of June, and I've no idea of being burnt to death."

STANZAS TO SOAPEY SAM.

TELL me, Bishop, tell me why,
If you had your little will,
You'd keep bound, in cruel tie,
Injured spouse and false wife still?
Why oppose LORD CRANWORTH'S Bill?

From a loathed and guilty mate,
Why refuse a man divorce,
Ruthless of his horrid state,
Which your priestly laws enforce;
Union with a moral corpse?

Do you fear that common sense
'Gainst your dogmas will rebel,
And if you, of high pretence,
Give an inch, will take an ell?
Ah! I don't expect you'll tell.

In a bad old canon law,
Do you see a little prop
To your fabric—which withdraw,
And the edifice will drop?
Are you fighting for the Shop.

Were't now first proposed to free
Until now enslaved Dissent,
Would you not, my Bishop, be
With the measure "non content?"
Say, my Peer of Parliament.

Had you lived in other days,
Question being, That no more
Faggots should in Smithfield blaze,
You'd have urged, of holy lore,
For the bonfires, what a store!

THE UMBRELLOMETER.

We think the umbrella can be taken as a very good test of a person's character. The man who always takes an umbrella out with him, is a cautious fellow, who abstains from all speculation, and is pretty sure to die rich. The man who is always leaving his umbrella behind him, is one, generally, who makes no provision for the morrow. He is reckless, thoughtless, always late for the train, leaves the street-door open when he goes home late at night, and absent to such a degree as to speak ill of a baby in the presence of its Mamma. The man who is always losing his umbrella is an unlucky dog, whose bills are always protested, whose boots split, whose gloves crack, whose buttons are always coming off, whose "change" is sure to have some bad money in it. Be cautious how you lend a thousand pounds to such a man! The man, who is perpetually expressing a nervous anxiety about his umbrella, and wondering if it is safe, is full of meanness and low suspicions, with whom it is best not to play at cards, nor drink a bottle of wine. He is sure to suspect you are cheating him, or that you are drinking more than your share. Let him be ever so rich, give not your daughter to him; he will undoubtedly take more care of his umbrella than of his wife. The man with a cotton umbrella is either a philosopher or an economist; he defies the world and all its fashionable prejudices, or else he does it because it is cheaper to lose than a silk one. The man who goes to the Horticultural Fête without an umbrella, is simply a fool, who richly deserves the ducking he gets.

A WARRIOR IN ARMS.

MENTION is made in *Tristram Shandy* of an infant so precocious, that it composed a work the very day that it was born. The last addition to the domestic happiness of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA appears to be some such another little prodigy; for among continental intelligence we find it recorded that—

"A letter from St. Petersburg, of the 15th, states that the new-born Grand Duke has been named Chief of the 2nd Battalion of Riflemen of Infantry of Tobolsk."

What a big baby must we suppose the new-born Grand Duke to be, or what little soldiers must we imagine the Tobolsk Riflemen! On the latter supposition, it will perhaps be surmised that the headquarters of that Infantry Regiment are situated up-stairs.

YOUNG SPRAWLER's notion of *Café au lait* is—breakfasting in bed.

MEDICINE UNDER THE MAINE LAW.



ADMIRABLE PUNCH.—"WHAT wine will you take; aloe or iron? I do not put this question to you personally, as though I were sitting next you at a sanatorium house-dinner; but there are cases in which it might be very properly asked; in short, sir, wine is used in medicine. Nor are iron wine, aloe wine, and other medicated wines the only wines used. Physicians frequently prescribe "*Vin: Alb: Hispan.*," and "*Vin: Rub:*" abbreviations of *Vinum Album Hispanicum* and *Vinum Rubrum*; in the vernacular, Port and Sherry. Medicine, you will perhaps think, supposes that there is no white Spanish wine but Sherry, that all Sherry is white, and that there is no red wine in the world except Port. The Port generally dispensed is, indeed, a red wine, but a much better name for it than

Vinum Rubrum would be *Vinum Hematoxylo-Campochianicum*, or *Vinum Pruni Spinosa Compositum*. Your non-professional readers may—some of them—require to be informed that *Hematoxylo-Campochianum* is what Botany calls Logwood, and that *Prunus Spinosa* is the denomination which she applies to the Sloe. The Compound Spirit of Juniper is one of the preparations in the Pharmacopœia. Brandy is administered in cases of debility. BARCLAY and PERKINS'S Entire, and other forms of porter, are often ordered under the name of *Cerevisia Londinensis*—Dublin and Guinness being illiberally ignored by the London Faculty.

"Question! do you cry, Sir? Well, the question is this—Whether, if wine, beer, and spirits, are physic, the Legislature would do wisely to allow the HON. NEAL DOW to persuade it to prohibit their sale by a Maine Liquor Law? Whether the utmost length they could go with MR. DOW would not be to place the sale of exhilarating liquors under the same conditions with that of physic? That arrangement would render those liquors procurable only at druggists' shops. But then arises the further question, who is to prescribe them? When a patient is attacked by symptoms which indicate the exhibition of a glass of wine, he may not always be able to find a medical man to write him a prescription for the remedy. Suppose, for instance, he is dining at a chop-house when seized with those symptoms? This supposition would be so frequently realised, that it would be necessary to have a medical waiter in attendance, if wine, ale, stout, brandy, whiskey, rum, and gin were to be obtainable only by the prescription of a qualified practitioner. Convenience would require the establishment of a druggist's shop next door, where *negus* might be 'put up,' and punch compounded, according to the recipe of the medical waiter. It would also be his business to regulate the dose; but in practice—in medical practice of this kind—the dose would, no doubt, be adapted rather to the desire than to the constitution of the invalid. The dose would be determined with reference, simply, to the medical waiter's fee.

Besides, Mr. Punch, it would be very absurd to subject the trade in stimulating liquors to greater restrictions than those which affect the trade in depressing medicines. A drachm too much of Epsom salts might be taken, as well as a drop too much of Alton ale, and with more lamentable consequences; and black dose, in excess, would be at least as pernicious as black strap. Alcoholic drink would have to be placed on the same footing as family medicine: therein the law would be obliged to leave the patient to minister to himself; the publican's business would be amalgamated with that of the chemist and druggist, the pharmaceutical establishment would expand into the gin-palace, and 'Medical Hall' would flourish under the auspices of the 'Jolly Gardeners.' Nay, a beer-engine would have to be added to the appliances of the 'Surgery' annexed to the handsome residence and appertaining to the immense practice of your humble servant,

"*Hausus House, June, 1857.*"

"STATIM SUMENDUS."

LIBERALITY OF THE AGE.—*Street Merchant (with a tray of tooth-picks before him).* "Here you are! Three a penny! Toothpicks! Three a penny! Pick and try 'em, before you buy 'em!"

EXETER HALL IN PARLIAMENT.

LORD DUNGANNON, in the Lords, inquired whether Bishops, and other members of the Established Church can lawfully preach in Exeter Hall, or in any other place not duly consecrated.

The Bishop of London made answer, and said that under the EARL of SHAFFESBURY'S Act, all places were alike consecrated to the uses of the Established Church.

LORD KINNAIRD expressed himself very much delighted with the intelligence.

The ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY thought it would not be wise to "check these innovations." Further, his Grace could not imagine that any greater reproach or disparagement could be cast upon the Church than to suppose "that it was incapable of accommodating itself to the changing necessities of the age."

All this is very cheering; very delightful; and MR. SPURGEON complacently rubs the hands of his soul, and his soul meekly whispers, "I have done this." And, it may be so. SPURGEON sets up his tent here and there, and with blatant trumpet calls in the stragglers. The Bishops, a little startled by the very vulgar noise, mildly inquire, "What is all this pother about?" And they are straightway told that the noise is made by an unestablished prophet, who has had no hand laid upon him; that, such is the volume of his trumpet it reaches through all sorts of winding streets; into courts, and up alleys,—and, more than that, even into the boudoirs of duchesses!

And the Bishops, almost with one accord, say, "Dear brethren, this will never do. To meet the changing necessities of the age, the Established Church must become a Church Itinerant. Hence, for a time, Exeter Hall may be even as St. Paul's, and Canterbury Hall even as Canterbury Cathedral. Henceforth the preacher shall make the building, and not the building the preacher!"

It is said that, a few days since, the BISHOP of EXETER was seen in the Zoological Gardens, in deep conference with MR. SECRETARY MITCHELL. The Bishop was heard to say, "he thought the pulpit ought not to be pitched too near the hippopotamus."

THE DUE OF PROCTORS AND DOCTORS.

It is very hard to have the business by which one subsists destroyed. If the legislature abolishes anybody's trade, and does not indemnify him, his is a cruel case. If the trade is rather a curse to the community, still, so long as it is legal and not contraband, there seems to be some injustice in ousting him from it without making him certain amends. Therefore, the feeling mind will recognise a glimmering of reason in a question propounded to the LORD CHANCELLOR by the EARL of MALMESBURY, on presenting a petition from the proctors of Doctors' Commons against the Probate and Administration Bill—a petition signed by 87 out of 104 proctors, setting forth that the Bill, if passed, would cut down their gains from £90,000 to £15,000 a year. Supposing—out of abundant charity—that there was no humbug in this representation, we say that LORD MALMESBURY did not ask an altogether foolish question, when, according to Parliamentary Intelligence,—

"He wished to ask the noble and learned Lord on the woolsack, whether he did not think it proper to give some compensation to the proctors and their articulated clerks, who had paid £800, or £1000 each upon being articulated?"

No doubt, so long as the Testamentary Law remains in its present abominable state, proctors are necessary evils, and to annul the proctor's vocation without compensating the proctor, would not be giving the devil his due. But if the devil is to have his due, in the sense of compensation for the reform which enables society to dispense with him; much rather ought the ministering angel to be duly indemnified for any loss which he may suffer through the removal of the need for his ministrations. When, therefore, a knacker's establishment is suppressed, slaughter-houses are banished, pig-styes removed, cesspools filled up, open drains bricked over, or any other nuisances abated in any locality, according to statute in such cases made and provided, a sum equivalent to the diminution of practice which may be expected to result from such sanitary operations ought to be distributed amongst all the neighbouring medical men.

MAKING LIGHT OF BUSINESS.

LOYALTY never burns so brightly as when it burns in gas. The official birth-day of our beloved QUEEN is, we think, on the 26th of May; on which occasion, the commercial and trading bosom generally labours with some new device that may beautifully combine the affection of a subject with the main chance of a shopkeeper! "God Bless the QUEEN and the PRINCE!" is shown in a burning row along a quarter of an acre of tailor's frontage. But what is in the shadow? The brilliant benison is the red cabbage; but "the Paradise Paletot, price next to nothing," is the tailor under it.

"Long to reign over us!" illuminates another shopkeeper; and we read by that light—"Alpaca Umbrellas, at 3s. 2d."



ASTOUNDING ANNOUNCEMENT FROM THE SMALL COUNTRY BUTCHER!

(WHO DOES NOT OFTEN KILL HIS OWN MEAT).

Maid. "PLEASE, MA'AM, MR. SKEWER SAYS HE'S A-GOING TO KILL *HISSELF* THIS WEEK, AND WILL YOU HAVE A JOINT?"

"OUR ISTHMIAN GAMES."

HENCEFORTH to talk of "the Derby Day" will be vulgar. In due courtesy to Lord PALMERSTON, polite society will always say—"Isthmian Games." Neptune had his horses, and Britannia has hers. We trust, however, that the games solemnised on the Isthmus of Corinth, were less costly than the races on the Epsom sward. Indeed, we believe that we are not premature in announcing the existence of a society, whose purpose it is, to abolish Epsom, Ascot, Newmarket, Doncaster, and so forth. Indeed, all horse-racing is to be put down in deference to public morals. It will be proved at the first meeting that the horse, naturally a noble beast, is perverted to the basest purposes: that, under certain discipline well known in "the stables," the horse is taught to pick pockets; and, in fact, as will be proved, to suggest suicide. It is all very well to talk of the holiday that—to speak in an old-fashioned way—the Derby Day gives to tens of thousands; but the chicanery, the deceit, the swindling, that is carried on under the equine excuse, the horse being, in fact, no more than a stalking-horse to fraud and robbery, is altogether destructive of public morals. Attempt to regulate horse-racing according to Christian principles, and the Derby Day must inevitably be a *dies non*. In fact, there is an enthusiastic party that advocates the total extinguishment of the breed and use of the horse throughout the British Isles. The horse is made the means of making men knaves and fools, rogues and simpletons; the horse has driven men to self-murder, and it will be to the benefit of the world that the horse should become extinct.

We understand that this society will be earnestly joined by the teetotallers. As some men are drunkards, so is it necessary that no man should be allowed to drink: so is it necessary that vineyards should be grubbed up all over the world, and all over the world planted with the temperate potato. As men rob and cheat by means of races, so shall there be an end of all running horses; nay, the very breed of horses, even as the very growth of grapes, shall be prohibited.

We think the two societies worthy of one another, and wish them all the success they mutually deserve.

THE WREATH OF VETERAN COLONELS.

THE use of much strong language in senior military circles is supposed to have been occasioned by the following passage in the *Times'* account of a review, held on the QUEEN'S birthday, at Aldershot:—

"Nearly the whole of the troops now wear the uniforms contracted for by the Government, and not by the regimental Colonels. The importance of having superseded the latter gallant clothiers is manifested in the altered appearance of the men. Their coats are of beautiful material, the privates wearing the cloth formerly given only to sergeants, while the sergeants have the same as the commissioned officers. Yesterday one or two men could be discerned still dressed in the old brick-coloured baize, and having an indescribably dingy appearance among their well clad comrades."

The perusal of what looks very much like positive proof that very many of the old clothing Colonels not only stooped to be tailors, but also condescended to be dishonest tailors, must naturally make numerous old Colonels very angry. Those veterans may be excused for indulging in some violence of expression, disgusted and indignant as they must feel to find their laurels intertwined with cabbage.

Logarithms—Loggerheads.

To an ancestor of the NAPIERS the world owes logarithms; his fame is well-known and widely acknowledged. But there is another NAPIER whose reputation has been shamefully slighted, and that is the NAPIER who first discovered loggerheads. His fame has never been properly allowed by the world at large; but this we must say, in praise of all his descendants. They, with a fine appreciation of the merits of their ancestor, have always done their best to pay due homage to the memory of his discovery. This delightful fact, we hold, admits of no denial; for never yet did "the NAPIERS" mix with anybody or any matter but loggerheads immediately followed.

HOW A LADY MAY ALWAYS LOOK YOUNG.—By getting a fashionable artist to take her portrait.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

June 4th, Thursday. Holidays over, and the schoolmaster come back from abroad. He—need *Punch* name BROUGHAM?—was in capital health and spirits, and at once opened fire upon the Divorce Bill, to which he has divers objections, chiefly founded upon its not being sufficiently favourable to the wife. LORD WESTMEATH (an odd person for the work) introduced a Bill for regulating the bathing at watering-places, and rendering it more decorous. Petitions against the Bill are, we understand, in course of signature by the class of vulgarians and *vulgariennes*, who at such places as Margate and Ramsgate, turn a healthy and delightful duty into what they term a Lark.

There was a great deal of talk in the Commons, chiefly directed to the solution of the question whether the Board of Trade was of any use. There can be no doubt that it is of great use, and that mere commercial men are not, with all their spirit and cleverness, quite fit to be entrusted with the exclusive control of our national interests. The Master has spoken.

Friday. LORD COWLEY, as *Punch* warned the world would be the case, has been made an earl, and took his seat "as such." Why, nobody knows, not even MR. DOD, who moreover appends to the recital of COWLEY's travels a cruel bit of satire, the more mordant because entirely unintended. "The first LORD COWLEY was a distinguished diplomatist." This will prevent anybody from falling into the sort of error commemorated by MR. TOM MOORE—

"And (such a mistake as no mortal hit ever on),
Fancied the present EARL 'COWLEY' the clever one."

In the course of conversation on Merchant Shipping, several noblemen who have estates on our coast, and therefore get little bits of luck in the way of wrecks, complained of being obliged to show that they have a right to such windfalls—or waterfalls—which obligation they deem a great hardship. Noblemen have improved since the days when they hung out false lights to bring vessels on the rocks; and neither LORD GREY, nor LORD DERBY, nor any other of the complainants would even smoke a cigar on the beach if he thought a merchant-captain could mistake the light for that at the North Foreland or Dungeness; but *Mr. Punch* thinks that they might go a step further, and leave this kind of sea-gleaning to the fishermen. The Wills Bill was passed, LORD CRANWORTH screwing up his courage to say that it was impossible to declare the proctors entitled to compensation. BEN JONSON (a dramatist of merit), had his estimate of the animal called Proctor, and it may be inferred from a passage in *Bartholomew Fair*, in which a clergyman says, "Every line that a proctor writes is a long black hair combed out of the tail of Antichrist."

COWLEY in the Lords, Cows in the Commons. SIR B. HALL explained that the vaccine mothers in Hyde Park had a right to be there, and paid for their lodging, all but five, who are the private and privileged cows of the superintendent. One wonders that WISCOUNT WILLIAMS did not move for a return of the names of the cows, their colours and ages, how much milk they respectively gave, how much cream came from it, what counties they came from, what sort of horns they have, whether any of them are old cows, and if so, what tune they are likely to die of, distinguishing between those which stand still to be milked, those that flap their tails into the milker's eye, and those that kick the pail over; also whether insured in the Farmer's Assurance Company, and for how much, and what number of calves they have had, and whether any calf ever stood for Lambeth. The expense of obtaining and printing the return would not have been more than £20 or £30, and what is that (out of other people's money) when a patriot wants a clap-net?

Complaints were made that election petitions often contained falsehoods, and that there was no convenient way of punishing the slanderers. LORD PALMERSTON thought that it did not much matter. After some verbal amends had been made to MR. STONOR, a gentleman who was rather severely treated by a former Government in consequence of an election indiscretion, the Sound Dues question came on. These tolls are extinguished by the Danes, in consideration of certain moneys from divers nations, England's share being something over a million. Denmark is to keep the Sound Lamps lighted and trimmed, and generally to aid navigation and reduce transit dues. The arrangement is a sensible one, and as SIR GEORGE LEWIS happens to have the money in his desk, it is no case of new tax. The Wiscount, of course, with the large-minded political economy of a retail patriot, could not see why anybody should pay for these imposts except the merchants trading to Denmark, but the House had clearer perceptions of the interests of the country.

On the Army Estimates there was a long debate about Aldershot, a place which is a pet of FAM's, and which he defended with spirit, but which "bores" the officers, who hate living in camp (though they have a club-house), and miss the billiard-rooms, flirtations with pretty confectioneresses and milliners, and other delights of a town. So they agree to represent Aldershot as of no use, and, inasmuch as there are a great many blunders and short-comings to be detected there, the

enemies of the camp make out a sort of case. Equally, however, is it certain that the bored officers can learn at Aldershot what the DUKE said that not twenty men in the Army knew, namely, how to move masses of troops; and this is worth learning, even though billiard-markers are idle, and tart-vending ARIADNE mourns her epaulettes THESEUS.

DRAMATIC ART-TREASURES.

On May 23rd, was sold off at MR. LEIGH SOTHEY'S the following curiosity:—

"898"—Heel of the Shoe kicked off by MRS. SIDDONS in throwing back her velvet train whilst performing the part of Constance, in *King John*, in 1795, and picked up from the stage by J. WHITFIELD."

We suppose that some literary enthusiast bought the above specimen of the heeling art, the better to enable him to trace the footsteps of the Drama? Who knows, the same fortunate purchaser may already have in his possession the sock of THESEUS, and the buskin of ROSCIUS, together with a highlow of HICKS? We know that a lover will often preserve an odd glove of the beautiful object he adores, but to treasure up the hind part of a shoe is going quite to the opposite extreme. We imagine that it is valued as a striking proof of the passion with which MRS. SIDDONS laid bare her sole when acting? If the lucky owner will only send the valuable treasure to Manchester, we will promise to back it up with the following contributions:—

- 754. A hair of the same dog that was supposed to have bitten R. W. ELLISTON the evening before, when he "blessed you, my people," in the character of George IV.
- 869. The point of the dagger, with which CARTLICH helped to murder the QUEEN'S English for so many years at Astley's.
- 885. The identical alip of the pen, with which the *Morning Herald* critic wrote the notice of the *Traviata* before its performance at the Royal Italian Opera.
- 907. The pruning-knife, with numerous cuttings, showing the judicious use of it, that was lately in the possession of the manager of RICHARDSON'S Theatre.
- 1000. A nail of the shoe of ELIA'S horse, which has cleared 10,000 hurdles and all the expenses of the Establishment at Drury Lane.



Let every lover of the Theatrical art contribute in the same liberal spirit, and Manchester will soon be able to boast of a collection of Dramatic Art-Treasures unsurpassed in the whole world.

A PLACE OF RETREAT.—A timid capitalist has taken the Exeter Change Arcade for himself, children, and valuables, on the 13th of June, as he is positive that the Comet will never think of visiting so deserted a locality on that day.

A HUSBAND OF TEN THOUSAND.



HE subjoined advertisement, extracted from a morning paper, was doubtless answered by an immense number of respondents:—

MATRIMONY.—To LADIES OF FORTUNE. Any WIDOW or MAIDEN LADY desirous of MEETING with a loving agreeable PARTNER, can obtain what they wish by CORRESPONDING with the Advertiser. The strictest secrecy observed, and no charge made, the advertiser's only object being a desire to secure the happiness and welfare of a handsome and worthy Young Man, 23 years of age, who will, upon his marriage day, be put into possession of a considerable sum of money.

Any unmarried lady can have this handsome and worthy young man for asking—this handsome and worthy young man, as an auctioneer would repeat, only twenty-three years of age, and who will receive a considerable sum of money on his marriage day. First come, first served, of course, since the young man is to be had by any such applicant. What a catch!—because not only is he worthy and handsome and

destined to have money, but, inasmuch as somebody else advertises for him, and makes, on his behalf, an unconditional promise of marriage to any woman who will accept him, it is manifest that he can have no will of his own. What a duck of a husband he would make then!—if he would not make a goose. What work the above advertisement must have cut out for the postman of the district whence it was issued!—which, we may state, was that of E. C. What a griffin, most probably, was the candidate who was first in the field!

THE WELLINGTON MONUMENT.

THE NELSON memorial (to which his late Majesty, NICHOLAS of Russia, was in two senses the largest subscriber) is not finished, nor is it likely to be finished. Who was NELSON? Why, it is fifty years and more since he was killed in annihilating the naval power of France at a blow. You might as well talk to us of MARLBOROUGH, or BLAKE. *Mr. Punch* will bet even money that ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES NAPIER's monument is complete before ADMIRAL LORD NELSON's.

But touching the WELLINGTON monument, *Mr. Punch* would lay no such wager. There is every reason to believe that it will be executed forthwith. The authorities are eager to see the marble in hand. Not, perhaps, because of their intense veneration for the dead, but out of their strong desire to serve the living. The Great Duke's memorial will be left in charge of no laggard spirit of hero-worship, it will be ordered by those who keep the nation's *porte monnaie*, and who will disburse with a free hand when the applicant is well recommended.

Puffs preliminary are already scattered broadcast. We hear that a certain Baron "has designed a monument which, if Government approve it, will be erected in St. Paul's." Pleasantly and easily do these announcements, half official, drop the fact that other sculptors thereto invited by Government, have been labouring for months at their ideals of memorials. Labouring privately, too, in compliance with the terms that prescribed anonymous models. The Baron has published his design, and if Government approve it, that is to be the WELLINGTON monument. If! As if the authorities are likely to disapprove anything by a Baron so recommended as the BARON MARROWFATTI.

But the puffs are not haughty in their tone; on the contrary, it is desired to imbue the public mind with the idea of what a memorial ought to be. Familiarised with the MARROWFATTI notion, the people will be prepared to applaud. We are told that there are to be two big bronze doors, set against the wall, and pretending to be the entrance to a vault. This is a Sham, but Marlborough House, so severe upon the flower on a carpet, or the bird on a wall-paper, will be all silent courtliness. Well, before the sham doors is to be a figure of Victory,—outside, mind—though the Duke, instead of keeping Victory away from him, was usually very much at home with her. This, however, is of the less consequence, as the Duke himself is also to be outside his own mausoleum, indeed to be perched upon the top of it. For this there are two good artistic reasons—first, if the Duke were inside you could not see him, and secondly, he can't be put inside, because the mausoleum doors are sham ones. The effect would seem to be that of a lady weeping against the front door of a house, while the party she is bewailing has got out upon the roof. That a great

SALE OR SELL?

To those of our readers who have a taste for puzzles, perhaps the following advertisement will not be unacceptable:—

ARMY AND NAVY.—A favourable opportunity presents itself of purchasing the INTEREST of a PUBLICATION, which is well adapted to any gentleman having a taste for literature, and a portion of his time unoccupied. Apply, &c.

Now, in the name of *Notes and Queries*, what in the world does the advertiser mean by first attracting the attention of the Army and Navy, and then proceeding to talk about a "taste for literature?" We admit there may be found in either service men who have evinced so far a literary turn, as to show that they know well enough how to "make a book;" but we cannot think the advertiser justified on this account, to twit the gallant fellows with their "taste for literature." Nor can we the least comprehend what he means, by offering for sale the mere "interest" of a publication, in the management of which, we presume he is the principal. Are we to infer that the publication itself will be made the subject of a separate bargain? Imagine what a sell it would be to the buyer of a novel to find that all its interest had been previously disposed of! Or, as a still greater stretch of fancy, only conceive what a rush there would be to the Auction-room, were we to advertise that any one, who proved the highest bidder, might purchase the exclusive right to the sole enjoyment of the interest of *Punch*!

COMFORT FOR THE CALUMNIATED.—The fairest complexions get freckled the soonest.

deal of this will be cleverly managed we have no doubt, for the Baron is a clever man, with bold notions, which his fashionable friends call "fresh creations." For a temporary trophy, or a device for a *fête*, the MARROWFATTI Creations are admirable, but posterity will look, in our WELLINGTON memorial, for something more than a mere holiday surprise—a contrivance to make good-natured Duchesses cry out, "Dear me, how charmingly ingenious."

That the Baron's design will please the authorities and Duchesses, and will be erected at our expense in St. Paul's is exceedingly probable. The puffs have gone abroad in profusion, and they denote approbation previously secured. Possibly, too, the Baron's design may be better than any of the others. Only, for form's sake, one would just like to know something about these others. After all, the English sculptors were asked to compete, and though there may be no intention of giving them a chance, pay them the compliment of letting their designs be exhibited. That cannot hurt the favourite, and may give several worthy poor fellows a lift. The race is a settled thing, but let the losers go over the ground.

A thought occurs to us. When the WELLINGTON monument is adjudged to the Baron, could not the other candidates be allowed (of course at their own expense) to complete the NELSON memorial by contribution of ideas from their rejected models? What may not be good enough for WELLINGTON is good enough for NELSON. It would be a sort of encouragement to the English sculptor just to let him lay chisel to one of our inferior national testimonials, while the important ones, as the Scutari memorial and the WELLINGTON monument, are fittingly assigned for execution where the sympathies of nationality do not interfere with the dictates of pure art.

Posthumous Practical Joke.

OLD MR. SCRUDGE dies, and after his lamented decease a will is found in his strong box, bequeathing to EMILY WOODBINE, the belle of the village, beloved by HARRY HONEYSUCKLE, and loving him in return, an annuity of ten thousand a-year during her life, so long as she shall remain single and unmarried; the whole legacy, principal and interest, in the event of her marriage, to go to the Asylum for Idiots.

EHEU, FUGACES!

PEOPLE remark upon DUKE CONSTANTINE's having paid us English a flying visit. Such comments are unkind. It is not easy for Russians to get rid of their habit throughout the war.

PERSECUTION IN BELGIUM.

To the Editor of the "Tablet."



The law was one which would have repealed certain Belgian enactments equivalent to our abominable British statute of mortmain—*exécrable illud statutum*, as a blessed Pope called it, I think. Had it passed, a dying parent would have been enabled to disinherit his children; for the advantage of his own soul, their eternal welfare, and the emolument of a monastery. Public clamour has defeated this intended piece of legislation, and now the

IR.—The faithful Belgian Clergy have been cast—not by any means having got themselves—into the hot water of persecution. They have been hissed and hooted, and subjected to other atrocious torments. An infuriated mob has outraged those venerable fathers with horrid cries of "*A bas les curés!*" and "*Vive la Constitution!*" and the still more barbarous shouts and yells of "*Weg de Kloosters!*" "*Weg de leergoepers!*" "*Leve de werkmen!*" With these insults and injuries have the ungrateful Belgian burghers repaid the spiritual beneficence of their priests and bishops, their Jesuits and other holy friars. At the suggestion, and by the influence, of these pious ecclesiastics, a law was proposed and partially enacted, the operation of which would confer on a large portion of the Belgian population, the inestimable grace of poverty.

dying rogue will still be denied the liberty of delivering himself from the deuce, by bequeathing his plunder to the Church instead of leaving it to his own family. Of course the rogue's will cannot be as good as his deed, if any will that he may make in favour of Holy Church is an invalid document. What a hardship on the repentant rogue, to prevent him from atoning for his crimes by impoverishing his heirs! British fanaticism will exult in the defeat and humiliation of the Belgian priesthood; but Exeter Hall may perhaps be astonished to learn that the unpopularity of that venerable body arises in part from precisely the same cause as its own. At the suggestion of some of those holy men, whom the Belgian infidel journals call over-zealous priests, the *révérences* of the lace-school of Liederskerke caused the hair of certain of the young girls at that seminary to be cut off because, on the Sunday of the "Lakermesse," they had taken part in a dance. Thus have those reverend fathers excelled our British Sabbatarians in their own line, and incurred a proportional share of public aversion and contempt, constituting that cruel martyrdom which they ever seek so eagerly, and which they always so eloquently bewail, to the admiration and amusement of, Sir, your constant watcher,

HUGH.

P.S. The heretic DEOROLD has adjourned the Chambers. Could HEROD, or DECIUS, or DIO-CLETIAN, have acted more infamously?

One Begins to be Uncomfortable.

THERE can now be no doubt that the expected Comet will annihilate all things. An Adelphi playbill announces the *Green Hushes* "for the Last Time." This is conclusive. When a drama that was not for an age but for all time, stops, Time himself had better take himself by the forelock, and make his bow.

SIR ROBERT PEEL ON MOSCOW.

SIR ROBERT, having nothing to do at present, took a large circle of friends with him the other day to BURFORD'S Panorama in Leicester Square, and entertained them with a Lecture on the beauties of the place:—

"My boys, here we are in Moscow. By Jove, it is very like! You see before you the coronation, which, I need not tell you, far surpassed the one in the *Prophète*. You will notice three principal characters in it—the Emperor, the Empress, and myself—but you will observe that your humble servant does not occupy the prominent position which his merits deserve. The Bell to your left is the CZAR KOLOKOL, or, in other lingo, the Emperor of Bells. It went up amidst hullabooing and rejoicing, and then came down with a devil of a crash, reminding one of the rise and fall of many a popular minister that I could name. The consequence was, that after its fall it was found to be cracked—not the only instance of the downfall of a great upstart having ended in insanity. The Grand Duke has been compared to this Bell, not on account of his enormous mettle, but simply because he, too, is cracked. However, we will not touch on that head, but rather plunge into the Moscowa, which is the Thames of Moscow—with this simple difference, that there are no whitebait in it. It joins the Oka at a short distance, which by shallow authorities has been cited as the reason of its yellow Oka appearance. My boys, I am going to startle you now. At one time there were 1600 churches in Moscow! What do you think of that? Even now, as we take a squint over the roofs of the houses, the eye is presented with the sight of a very peculiar steeplechase, such as would beat the Liverpool one completely out of the field. Count the spires, if you can. Not two steeples are alike. They are of all sizes and of all colours—as if each one was wearing the colour of its patron saint. The domes remind one of the coats of the jockeys at Epsom, for your optics are regaled with the sight of every bright pigment under the sun. The Cathedral of the Virgin—there to the right of you—has sixteen of these pictorial towers, luddled all in a heap together, like the cups and saucers in a conjuror's box. In a fruiterer's shop you will not see more varieties of form and colour than these towers present. There are apples, pears, melons, plums, with a large dash of the pine-apple. They look like huge horticultural toys, that would not figure badly in a scene of the

Palace of Pomona in a pantomime. All the houses, in fact, take strange freaks into their heads. Many of them are gilt, reminding one of misers, whose caputs run upon nothing but gold. Others are painted green and red. The effect is not happy. They bring before one the picture of the Covent Garden market-carts, filled with greens and carrots. The churches are crammed with more plate than HUNT and ROSKELL'S; whilst STORR and MORTIMER'S shop would be nothing better than a pedlar's box compared to the invulnerable sacks of precious stones they contain. Talking of sacks, the French took no small share of these same jewels just before they were burnt out of Moscow. Living is mighty dear in this queer capital. A captain's biscuit costs almost as much as a Coloneley would in England. The Russians are extremely fond of charging the English tremendously, excepting, of course, with the bayonet. Every look, every question, every oath, every kick, is carefully computed, and put down in the bill. Most of their ways are dirty and narrow—not unlike their streets, whose only pavement is that of good intentions, for, owing to the badness of the paving, it is something worse than purgatory to walk over them. The city altogether presents a curious harlequinade of all architectural styles and orders, and, for that reason, like a harlequinade, when once you have seen it you do not care about seeing it again. Moreover, I hold that this panorama is infinitely better than the city itself. You are free from the smells, the fleas, the priests, the soldiers, and pickpockets of all descriptions, that haunt the original. Take my word for it, every Russian is a born pickpocket. However, let us cut: But, before going, my tulips, let us give three cheers for BURFORD. BURFORD is a brick—a brick that should be amongst the pillars of the Royal Academy."

AS SIR ROBERT PEEL is no longer connected with the Ministry, we think he could not do better than turn his talents, generally speaking, to public lecturing. We shall be only too happy to act as his Special Reporter.

HUMPHRY (BROWN)'S LAST TESTIMONIAL.

COPPER has risen in price—all round the town
Two hundred pounds are offered for One "BROWN."
And yet the purchaser may prove an ass;
He'll find (or we mistake) his BROWN's all Brass.



SCENE, GREENWICH: THE LAST TRAIN HAS GONE, AND THE SENIOR PARTY, UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT THE VEHICLE WAS A BROUGHAM, HAS ACCEPTED THE OFFER OF A LIFT TO TOWN.

Senior Party. "DOG CART! GOOD GRACIOUS! BUT YOU ARE NEVER GOING TO DRIVE?"

Junior Party. "NOT GOING—A—DWIVE? WHY NOT GOING A—DWIVE? JUS—AIN'T I, THO'!"

THE GREAT SHIP.

SEVERAL incorrect statements having appeared in reference to the *Great Eastern* (now lying like a red whale in MR. SCOTT RUSSELL'S yard at Millwall, and so frightening people that they cut across the river and take refuge by scores in the houses of MESSRS. HART and QUATERMAINE, who administer white-bait and iced punch with the most humane promptitude) *Mr. Punch* has been requested to publish the following information touching the arrangements on board the vessel.

CAPTAIN HARRISON, the Captain, who has been selected in contravention of all rules observed in the public service, the proprietors of the ship having engaged him for the vulgar reason that he was notoriously the best captain on the best line of steamers in the world, will merely attend to the comparatively unimportant duty of taking care of the vessel. But, as there are to be six hundred first class passengers, other captains will be appointed to administer to the domestic wants of the floating colony. There will be a Dining Captain, with great carving powers, and a miraculous flow of after-dinner oratory; and there will be a Flirtation Captain, whose business it will be to render the brief voyage still briefer to the ladies. The former has been a Freemason, who has eaten his way into all the honours of the craft, and who will hold lodges in the maintop, where the proximity of the fire from the chimney will be highly convenient for heating the gridirons. The latter has been still more carefully selected, and is a gentleman whom his wife is about to divorce, under the new law, for the incompatibility of his red hair with her notions of elegance, and who, under the same law, will be incapable of marrying again. He will therefore have been a family man, which makes him respectable, while at the same time his attentions can mean nothing.

The spiritual welfare of the ten thousand inhabitants of the vessel will be duly cared for. A very handsome church is being built on the

after-deck, and four chapels, for Methodists, Catholics, Baptists, and Independents, are being erected forward. A pretty rectory house and garden will be placed near the wheel, but it is thought well that the voluntary system should provide for the Dissenting teachers, though in case of sea-sickness during the services, the sea-beadles are ordered to attend everywhere with basins without regard to distinction of religious faith or bringing up. Births and marriages will be amply provided for, the Directors of the *Great Eastern* undertaking to be godfathers to any addition made to the population during the voyage, (a silversmith goes out express to engrave the mugs,) and *berceaux-nettes* may be had gratis, on application to the boatswain. The Captain will act as father to any young (or other) lady who may succeed, by dint of moonlight and LORD BYRON, in persuading a gentleman to pay her expenses for the rest of her life, and a large young officer is now growing whiskers and a brogue, in order to act as a brother, and demand intentions, on application from any Mamma. Cottages for the honeymoon are being fitted up larboard side by MESSRS. JACKSON AND GRAHAM, and will have private telegraphs to the kitchen, nightingales, and *Bell's Life*.

Weather permitting, races will take place at stated periods, and the *Great Eastern* Derby will be a feature in the voyage. Once round the vessel being a third of a mile, the heats will be easily arranged. A moveable Grand Stand is being constructed by MESSRS. EDGINGTON. The stabling in the vessel will afford accommodation for any number of horses, and one of the long-boats (itself a large steamer) can be engaged for trial gallops, and be surrounded with awning and ordered to cruise at some distance, in order to ensure privacy. The Betting Act not applying to the high seas, an office where the odds will be given will be under the superintendence of the purser. Other amusements will be provided, an American alley, and a skittle ground, being situated on the poop, and a spare boiler being fitted up as a Casino, into which boiling water will not be turned without such notice as may be



CONSTANTINE PRY'S VISIT TO ENGLAND.

"JUST DROPPED IN—HOPE I DON'T INTRUDE—OFF AGAIN TO-MORROW."



practicable. A theatre is in course of erection, and an English dramatic author will be kept in the hold, with a safety-lamp, to translate any French piece that may be thrown down to him. Two eminent Jew *costumiers* have contracted to supply dresses, and when not engaged in theatrical pursuits, will be happy to fill up their vacant evenings in being converted, on moderate terms, by any passenger who may be going out as a Missionary, and wish for practice in dealing with his benighted brethren. (Extra charge for reading of tract.) A club room is also being arranged, and candidates for the Great Eastern Club had better send in their names. Trade, moustaches, political opinions, whistling, a short pipe, the habit of asking questions, Puseyism, or a pug-nose, will exclude.

Cabstands will be placed at the most convenient parts of the ship, and tables of fares and distances affixed. Incivility or overcharge will consign the offender to the cat, but the flogging will be conducted in a back yard of the vessel, where the loudest throated fellow may bawl without being heard by the public. Bath-chairs and perambulators will also be in waiting, and omnibuses will convey the humbler passengers to various parts of the vessel. Previously to the show of the electric light, every evening, a grand display of fireworks, and a balloon will ascend once a week with letters for any quarter to which the wind may be blowing. Further particulars will be published from time to time until the Launch.

"NAME THIS PRINCE."



N amiable and spirited young gentleman, Lord of the Isles and Knight of the Garter, but best known as the PRINCE OF WALES, is about to make a Continental tour. During his absence abroad, he is to be called BARON RENFREW, in order to avoid fuss and ostentation. This is all sensible enough. It is very disagreeable for a distinguished person to be bothered with people running after him and staring at him, and when Mr. Punch sent his eldest son abroad for improvement, he adopted a similar course. He did not want the lad followed by thousands, pointing at him, and bawling, "That's PRINCE PUNCH!"

That's the Heir of Fleet Street! That's the son of the Emperor!" and so on, and he told the boy simply to call himself TOBY FEATHERCAP. The QUEEN is quite right, as usual.

But why is the Prince to be called RENFREW? Why not call himself CORNWALL, or CHESTER, or CARRICK, or DUBLIN, seeing that all are as much his names as the Scotch one, and that each name is quite as pretty as RENFREW, and much more easily pronounced by foreigners? Why is he to go about as a young Scotchman? Is it to rectify the notions of the caricaturists on the Continent, as to the Scotch, whom they depict with violent cheek trowsers, and plumes of feathers bigger than those the tipsy mutes stick on hearses? Or is the title taken for the sake of extreme humility, and with the reasonable idea that nothing can be of much less importance than a Scotch baron. In either case we have nothing to say against the selection, but SIR ALBERT CORNWALL, or LORD EDWARD CHESTER, would have been, we will be judged by the young ladies, a more elegant travelling appellation. Perhaps, like the Prince in *Lalla Rookh*, the gallant K.G. is going to look round him for some Germanic pearl, one day to be set in an English coronet. Now LALLA never would call her royal lover by any name but FERAMORE, under which he had first wooed her. RENFREW would not be a pretty or an easy name for the parting rosebuds of the PRINCESS OF WALES to lip out. One of the Prince's sisters should have thought of this for him. What is the use of a lot of girls in a family if they can't attend to these matters—a fellah can't think of everything. If it is not too late, we recommend the throwing over the Scotch name; and so we bid His Royal Highness farewell, wishing him a most pleasant sojourn by the Drachenfels, and tour through the Alps.

Imaginary Dialogue at Osborne.

A Grand Admiral. What should you think a battle was like, my dear Field Marshal?

A Field Marshal. If you come to that, what should you think a sea-fight was like, my dear Grand Admiral?

(Neither having an idea on the subjects, both go in to lunch.)

ADMIRAL NAPIER AT SEA AGAIN.

QUITTING the safe anchorage of silence, SIR CHARLES NAPIER has again been launching into public speech, and has as usual been found quite at sea there. On moving for a change in the Admiralty management, possibly with a view to the introduction of SIR CHARLES NAPIER in the place of SIR CHARLES WOOD, the gallant admiral is reported to have croaked as follows:—

"At present we had no Channel fleet, and in case of a sudden war with France and Russia he did not believe the QUEEN's throne would be worth six months' purchase. (Oh! oh!)"

A truly British sentiment this for a true British sailor to give public utterance to! And the cause of this Napierian croak is, that at the present moment—

"Our ships are not ready; and how then is the country to be defended?"

In answer to this most momentous question, we feel tempted to say, clearly *not* by ADMIRAL NAPIER. But to quiet his uneasiness, we would ask, if there be really any reason to suppose that the ships of France and Russia are a whit more ready now for action than our own? And is there any ground for the nervous apprehension, lest war should be declared without a note of preparation, or a warning letter from our Foreign Correspondents?

SIR CHARLES next complains that when through their bad discipline his men should have been beaten, they were so perverse as to gain for him a victory, and so destroy his confidence in the rules of warfare, besides perhaps upsetting his prophetic calculations:—

"When he fell in with the *Miguelite* fleet, which was double or treble his force, one of the enemy's ships was first boarded by his captain and his son, now no more, and they were hardly followed by a single man of the crew. Yet these were British Sailors! And out of the 50 marines only three boarded. Why was this? Because the men were undisciplined and had no confidence in themselves. True, the *Miguelite* fleet was taken. (A Laugh.) Yes, but by all the rules of warfare it was the British fleet which ought to have been taken. (Laughter.)"

This statement appears to have occasioned some hilarity, but it is clear SIR CHARLES felt more of disappointment than delight in making it. It is a matter of regret with him rather than rejoicing that his men were so ill-disciplined as to disobey the rules of warfare, and so obstinate withal as not to take a thrashing when they thought that they could give one. SIR CHARLES appears to us a kind of Naval *Maw-worm*, and rather likes the despicable plight of being beaten, as it affords him opportunity to lay the blame on somebody, and represent himself as being an injured individual. Ill sea-bird that he is, we find him continually fouling his own nest, and constantly disparaging every one about him in order that by contrast he may exalt himself.

A WORD FOR A KING.

"MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"I was so angry with you for that picture of the dear KING OF PRUSSIA you can't think. Pray, never make fun of him any more. I am sure you will not when you know what I am going to tell you, and what you might, you satiric creature, have read for yourself if you had had any eyes. It is actually the fact (and the gentleman who writes to the *Times* newspaper from Berlin, will assure you of it) that when a young officer in Prussia falls in love with a young lady, and she has no money, and he has not enough to make up the sum which a married officer is required by law to have, he petitions the dear King, and the King makes up the amount for him. He hardly ever refuses. O, my dear Punch, if FIELD MARSHAL PRINCE ALBERT would do this sort of thing, how we girls would adore him! There is no law about income here, but you can't marry on a lieutenant's pay, you know, and keep up appearances; but only fancy writing to the PRINCE, and saying that one wants a cottage, and a pony carriage, and all that, and dear COLONEL PHIPPS sending the money in nice crisp notes, and with the PRINCE's best wishes for our happiness. The KING OF PRUSSIA does this, and I do sincerely hope you will never be so unkind as to ridicule him again. I have been telling ALFRED that he ought to exchange into the Prussian service, but you don't know who ALFRED is, and I have not time to tell you. But mind what I say, there is a dear old thing.

"Your affectionate friend,
"The Close, Canterbury."
"LILY PRIMROSE."

CON. BY OUR JUVENILE CONTRIBUTOR.

Q. WHY is Uncle Tom like a Magician?

A. Because he's a Negro mau, Sir. (Necromancer.)

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF MORMONITES.—The Mormonites are a set of brutes little superior to the Baboon, and they may be ranked under the denomination of Orang-Utahng.

PETER THE CRUEL.

In a case heard at Guildhall the other day, a husband, named ALLEN, was charged with having punched his wife's head, because she did not comply with his demand for a shilling. Her reason was a miserable one. She had not a shilling. Beaten, she applies for redress. SOLOMON SADDLER is on the Bench, and brayeth as follows:—

"SIR PETER LAURIE said: The new Act of Parliament for the protection of women has been carried out too far, and the hard-working and industrious man has frequently been punished with great severity, for a blow given to his wife in a moment of anger or provocation."

Evidently, PETER's mind is in his old shop. His exceedingly *apropos* remark (for "this is quite a different case, SIR PETER," said the other Alderman) was prompted by a recollection of bye-gone times. In dealing with a wife (*dicit* PETER), "there's nothing like Leathering."



THE SOCIAL TREAD-MILL. No. 7.

"I ONCE knew a young husband and wife, both well born, who loving one another, had been courageous enough to marry without waiting for fortune. An old servant of the wife's family followed her young mistress into the stuffy Pimlico first floor, to which she passed from the old Hampshire country house without a sigh or a misgiving, and in which she spent many a long lonely day, while 'WILLIE' was in Chambers, awaiting the briefs that were so long in coming. But they *did* come at last; and my charming and courageous couple were rewarded for the faith which had carried them into matrimony on three hundred a year.

"In those days of struggle and saving, the old servant was the only one of the three who seemed to suffer under a sense of contrast between the fine old Hampshire mansion, its lordly ways and rustic state, and the fusty, choky London lodging, with its close-pitching economy and town-squalor. It so happened, that her master, among some relics of a home, broken up and scattered to the four winds by a father's death, possessed a massive fish-slice, suggestive of the family plate-chest in which it had erst reposed, and the solemn butler, who had once watched over its safe-keeping.

"My young friends' old servant rejoiced exceedingly in this fish-slice. It was to her a symbol of the lofty fortunes from which her master and mistress had, wilfully as it were, descended. When affronted by the landlady of the lodgings, or harassed by some impertinence of the wretched servant-of-all-work—who, trodden on by all, was not particular on whom she turned—the attached dependent would take out this fish-slice, and apparently derive comfort from cleaning it. It was a sort of life-buoy, which kept her sense of the family dignity above water.

"Breakfasting with my friends one morning, I was astonished to see the fish-slice on the table. It was very much in the way of the cups and saucers, and my friend got impatient, and at last rapped out, 'Confound that — fish-slice! I wonder, my darling, why GRIMSHAW will insist on parading it at breakfast?'

"The little wife laughed, and removed the ponderous piece of plate, and then I learnt how GRIMSHAW could not be broken of this habit of solemnly placing her cherished fish-slice on the table at every meal.

"Poor GRIMSHAW! The fish-slice was to her as a blue-ribbon—an order—a title—something to extort respect from all civilised people without reference to fortune. Her master and mistress were quite willing to stand upon their personal claims and chances, but GRIMSHAW would thrust the fish-slice down your throat on all occasions.

"When I see people giving way to some cowardly piece of display—parading some incongruous patch of splendour on their threadbare every-day habits,—I always think of GRIMSHAW and the fish-slice.

"The Kotoos were eminently of the fish-slice order of people. Their table looked gorgeous under the *épergnes* with their glowing sheaves of flowers, and the silver wine-coolers with the long-necked green-yellow bottles peeping out of them, and the gay dessert intermixed with the flower-baskets,—only we were all aware that the *épergnes*, and the wine-coolers, and, for all we know, the very forks and spoons, with all their heraldry, were hired from the pawnbroker's, or the man who lets out rout-seats, or came in GALANTINE's spring-van with the green boxes. In fact, the Kotoos' fish-slice was Brummagem electrotype, and not solid silver, and everybody saw through the plating.

"Kotroo had what he called the *meneu* by his side—GALANTINE's bill of fare—from which he called over the dishes. The document was not a model of orthography in itself, and was not made more intelligible by Kotroos' pronunciation of its ill-spelt French.

"Here's *Potage à la Ramifolle*, MRS. FLAUNTER, and t'other's a *Pewrey de Cressy*. Try some of these *Roojays à la Cardinal*, PENNYBOY, and then to me, 'There's *Cabillou*, if you prefer it.' I saw he hadn't the remotest notion what '*Cabillaud*' meant. 'Thank you,' said I, maliciously, 'I'll take cod.' 'Cod!' exclaimed Kotroo, much disgusted that such a plebeian fish should be asked for at his table. 'Cod! I'm afraid it's not in the *menue*.' The attentive WALKER, however, had already supplied my wants, and Kotroo blushed when he saw it *was* cod after all, and very woolly cod, too, which GALANTINE had put off upon him under the imposing foreign title of '*cabillaud*.' Mrs. Kotroo is more mistress of the tongues than her husband, and I saw her give Kotroo such a look!

"It was evident that in spite of all MRS. K.'s efforts to sit as if it was quite natural to her to have dinner ministered to her by the haughty hands of WALKER and his satellites, she was in her secret soul full of anxieties. I could not at first understand this, for I thought the plan of leaving everything to GALANTINE had this advantage at least, of securing tranquillity to the master and mistress of the house. But I soon found that it was the waiters our hostess was nervous about. In fact WALKER had had occasion to complain to her of some of his staff before dinner, and as I sat with my back to the sideboard at one corner of the table, I was the involuntary confidant of many of WALKER's difficulties. He was a general worthy of a better army than the awkward squad with which GALANTINE had provided him on this occasion. I had once or twice observed our amiable hostess wince as one of the waiters passed her. At last I saw her exchange a rapid whisper with WALKER. That worthy reddened, but recovered himself, and at once, as if he had merely received an order in regular course, made a circuit of the table in his usual magnificent manner, with the champagne, which—I may say, *en passant*—did not flow quite as freely from his hands as it might have done if we had helped ourselves, or each other. I should say that we were now at what Kotroo persisted in calling the 'relieves,' till Mrs. Kotroo corrected him—by using the word with an exaggerated stress on the last syllable, thus, '*relevays*'—at which sound PENNYBOY, who had disappeared from me behind one of the flower-baskets, suddenly emerged with an awakened face, and the exclamation 'Railways? Won't I take any Railways, Ma'am? Not if I know it—' and then he launched into a diatribe on the state of the Railway Market, of which nobody but MRS. KOTROO and I understood the relevancy. While PENNYBOY was on this theme—which really revived the flagging society for a while, every one having his or her own remarkable experience of railway speculation to record—I became conscious of a serious drama in action at the side-table, within ear-shot of my chair.

"This was what passed in a low whisper:—

"Walker (to one of the waiters, in a tone of disgust). So you've been at them inions, agin!

"Waiter (rapidly, but evidently conscience-stricken). No—I aven't, leastways I never touched one since last night, as ever was—which me and my wife—

"Walker (cutting him short, as feeling that the time will not allow of their going into the subject, and with dignity). There—remove them kivers—and don't breathe so 'ard.

"The mystery of MRS. KOTROO's whisper, and the source of a certain

whiff—not of Araby the blest—which had been wafted round the table as this waiter went upon his business were now explained.

"It was too true. The peccant attendant had been at 'them inions,' and the accompaniment of that peculiar vegetable fragrance did not by any means enhance the relish of M. GALANTINE'S *Poularde au Diadème*. Even had the *béchamel* sauce been less floury, the vegetables that garnished the dish less cold and watery, and the central fowl more succulent and not so stringy, I don't think I could have enjoyed the *plat*, with that waiter handing my plate. But indeed the dinner was as bad as it was pretensions. The four *entrées* had all a vague resemblance, which left it quite a toss up whether you were at any particular moment engaged on the *Foie-gras à la Provençale*, or on the *Noir de Veau, demi-gras à la purée de concombres*, or the *Épigramme d'Agneau*, or the *Aiguillettes de petits Poussins à la Banquière*.—(N.B. I have corrected GALANTINE'S idiomatic but inaccurate French.)

"All one could swear to was that everything was very greasy and very cold, with a very strong family likeness in the way of burnt onions and questionable butter.

"Poor KOTOO, however, revelled in the splendid variety of viands, and went floundering through the hard names of the 'menew' in the most reckless manner, in spite of all the winks and warning frowns of his wife. Luckily FLAUNTER, who was the only person at table able to detect KOTOO'S blunders, was too much absorbed in the thought of his own embarrassments to pay much attention to our host's indecent liberties with the French language. PENNYBOY'S French was if anything, rather worse than KOTOO'S, and as he shared with that gentleman the ambition of discussing the cookery, it may be conceived what work they made of the noble gastronomic tongue between them.

"But it was a weary business, for WALKER, with all his generalship, could not keep his awkward squad up to their work, and there were the dreariest gaps every now and then in the feeble and flagging conversation; and long intervals in the rotation of the food, colder than the cold dishes; and flaccid jokes from the Author, more mawkish than the *Pain de Peches au Noyau* of the *entremets*; and anecdotes and smart things from the Reviewer, meant to be satirical, but falling flatter than the mock-Sillery on an audience not prepared to receive them. His sallies were many of them clever enough and ill-natured enough to have both gone off and hurt people had it been the time and place for such prandial pyrotechnics; but firing them off here was like thrusting lighted squibs into a heap of damp sand. And so with long-drawn circuits of half-cold, ill-cooked dishes, with rounds of indifferent wine, and a dropping fire of semi-stagnant conversation, the grand dinner drew its slow length along.

"How hard we all worked, too, to keep the ponderous machine going! How KOTOO floundered and fagged through the mysteries of the 'menew,' and how MRS. KOTOO perspired inwardly in mingled awe of WALKER, and disgust at his attendant waiters, and laboured to seem at home, and used to the style of thing—an old offender, in short, up to the ways of the mill, and able to get through the appointed task in good wind, and without breaking her shins. And how loyally we all panted and tramped and lifted the weight of our aching feet, and longed for the time that should allow us to get off the instrument of torture. I protest neither Pentonville nor Brixton has any punishment more painful. Like the Pentonville prisoners, too, we went about our work in masks.

"And yet there are many on the mill for life, and who have got so used to the labour that they consider it as the normal state of existence—beings like *Little Dorrit*, born in the social Marshalsea."

THE CUP THAT INEBRIATES AND NOT CHEERS.

"MR. PUNCH,

"THE QUEEN'S Bench reverses a decision of the Stafford Bench, which fined a person for selling British wines without a licence. JUDGE ERLE, dissentient, held that the nastiness was excisable. LORD CAMPBELL certainly plays Old Gooseberry with the Current of my convictions, and Gingerly as I should proceed in interfering with trade, his lordship's Raisining does not satisfy me. Whether regarded as a means of cheating children into the idea that they are drinking the beverage of adults, or simply as a means of making adults wish, with wry faces, that they were drinking any other beverage, British wines should be regarded by the law with the same disfavour that is bestowed on them by civilised beings. They should be sold, if at all, by the vendors of antimonial wines, a vintage much preferred by the discerning, and, instead of no licence to sell them, I would make it necessary to have a Special Licence, for I am sure they trespass on the Doctor's commons.

"The Docks, Saturday."

"Yours, indignantly,

"PHILOPOTRO."

THE GEOGRAPHY OF FASHION.—A man may appear extremely Parisian in London, and yet look like the most confounded Cockney in Paris.

A THOROUGHLY RUSSIAN DIPLOMATIST.

THE Vienna Correspondent of the *Times* says, that the convention recently concluded between Russia and Persia was the work of GENERAL TSCHIRKOFF'S hands, and that the EMPEROR ALEXANDER is extremely well satisfied with the diplomacy of that officer. The success of TSCHIRKOFF in this negotiation with Persia may somewhat console the Russian Court for the failure which, on the Treaty of Peace with the Allies, it experienced on attempting the shirk-off style of diplomacy.



REFLECTION FOR THE LOOKING-GLASS.

In reading *Le Follet* young ladies would do well to have at hand an English, as well as a French dictionary; as will be evident from the consideration of the following passage on bonnets, from *Fashions for June*:—

"For negligé, fancy straw, trimmed with taffetas and straw. Coloured straws, drab, or brown, and a mixture of crinoline and black chenille will be much in vogue, as they are light, fresh, and coquettish."

The word "coquettish" is one which we should think any young lady would like to know the meaning of before adopting a style of bonnet to which that adjective is applicable. The word "coquette," whence it is derived, is defined in Dr. JOHNSON'S *Dictionary* to be—what a fair reader might consider whether she would like to get herself taken for by wearing a coquettish bonnet, or a bonnet suitable to the character of a coquette—"a gay, airy girl; who endeavours to attract notice." Before she chooses one of the bonnets described as coquettish she had better ask herself if she really deserves to be thought airy and gay; and if to attract notice is the object after which she intends to endeavour.

Misplaced Affection.

Loving Wife. Here, JAMES, see what a good little wifey I've been in your absence. Whilst you've been away, amusing yourself, I've cleaned all your pipes. Look, Sir, I'll be bound you wouldn't know this Meerschaum again? It looks nice and clean now, doesn't it?—though you can't tell, dear, what a deal of time it took me to take all the nasty colour and dirt off. I assure you I had to scrape it ever so thick with an oyster knife!

[Poor JAMES looks very disconsolate, and gazing with eyes of abject despair on his favourite Meerschaum, that had taken him five years' hard smoking to "outlet," turns upon his heel, and wipes away a tear.]

A SEVERE SACRIFICE.—To be Sold, at a considerable reduction, a large Quantity of RED TAPE, the present owner having more up in his hands than he knows just at present what to do with. Address to FREDERICK PEEL, to the care of LORD PALMERSTON, Downing Street.



SERVANTGALISM.

Mistress. "WHY, NURSE—WHAT A TERRIBLE DISTURBANCE!—PRAY, WHAT IS THE MATTER?"

Nurse (addicted to Pen and Ink). "OH, MUM, IT'S DREADFUL!—HERE'S NEETHER ME NOR MARY CAN'T ANSWER NONE OF OUR LETTERS FOR THE RACKETT!"

SCOTCH "CHAINS AND SLAVERIE."

THE SCOTCH movement for the erection of a memorial to WALLACE continues, and is worthy of approbation. It is a little late in the day, perhaps, but we are not sure, however, that the monument proposed, amid great applause, at a recent Scotch meeting, is quite generous. A speaker suggested that the memorial should represent "HERCULES trampling on the tyranny of England, but bitten in the heel by the Scotch aristocracy." This device was intended, and understood by the meeting, to tell two ways, and not only to symbolise the deeds of WALLACE himself, but also to satirise the enemies of the Rights of Scotland party in the present day. The cruel tyranny now exercised by England over Scotland is, assuredly, one of the greatest blots upon our history. England tears the Scotchman, shrieking, from his native earth, and drags him southward, strives (though rarely with success) to force him to speak English, and compels the innocent and disinterested creature to accept responsible and lucrative situations, the temptations of which finally debauch his mind from his original Arcadia, and prevent his caring to revisit the hallowed regions of Thistle-dome. We are far from seeking to palliate our guilt, and when Pharisaical persons reprobate the African slave-trade, and thank Providence that our hands are washed of it, we think of our Scotch slave-trade, and blush. But is it magnanimous, in the great nation north of Tweed, to erect a permanent record of such a system, especially at a time when England is desirous to abrogate it, and, conscious of the mental and literary beggary to which, as evidenced by Scottish speeches and writings, this southward drain has reduced Scotland, is almost uncourtously anxious that she should keep a few of her more intelligent children to herself, instead of leaving her feelings to be represented by such donkeys as the Rights of Scotland party? We trust that the statue question will be reconsidered, and we rather hope so, as there appears to be no great alacrity in subscribing the needful bawbees.

THE WEED IN THE WORKHOUSE.

A MOMENTOUS question to a few poor old creatures was recently discussed by the Oxford Board of Guardians. It arose in a debate on the workhouse estimates, the disputed point being, whether the sum of £40 a-year should continue to be allowed for expenditure in snuff and tobacco for the comfort of aged paupers. The item was objected to by a REV. J. B. PRICE; but, for the honour of the cloth, be it recorded that other clergymen were present, by whose better nature that curmudgeonly objection was overruled. Among them we have the pleasure of mentioning the RECTOR OF EXETER and the PROVOST OF QUEEN'S. Political economists need not be shocked in ruminating on this intelligence over their claret. The nicotian luxuries are not allowed to any of the paupers under 60 years of age; those indulgences are granted only to poor feeble old creatures whom a pipe and a pinch of snuff will just enable, with some little comfort, to puff and sneeze their lives out.

TO THE SONS OF THE SUN.

THE inventor of Collodion has died, leaving his invention, unpatented, to enrich thousands, and his family unportioned, to the battle of life. Now, one expects a photographer to be almost as sensitive as the Collodion to which MR. SCOTT ARCHER helped him. A deposit of silver is wanted (gold will do) and certain faces, now in the dark chamber, will light up wonderfully, with an effect never before equalled by photography. A respectable ancient writes, that the statue of Fortitude was the only one admitted to the Temple of the Sun. Instead whereof, do you, photographers, set up Gratitude in your little glass temples of the sun, and sacrifice, according to your means, in memory of the benefactor who gave you the deity for a household god. Now, answers must not be Negatives.

Douglas Jerrold.

DIED JUNE 8TH, 1857.

Low lies the lion-like grey head ;
The broad and bright blue eye is glazed :
Quenched is that flashing wit, which blazed,
The words that woke it scarcely said.

Those who but read the writer's word,
Might deem him bitter : we that knew
The man, all saw the sword he drew
In tongue-fence, was both shield and sword.

That sword, in the world's battle-throng,
Was never drawn upon the meek :
Its skill to guard was for the weak,
Its strength to smite was for the strong.

His sympathy was ever given
Where need for it was sorest felt :
In pity that blue eye would melt,
Which against wrong, blazed like the levin.

Not for his wit, though it was rare ;
Not for his pen, though it was keen ;
We sorrow for his loss, and lean
Lovingly over that grey hair,

To place the wreath, befitting those
Who like good men and true have striven ;
By God, not man, he must be shaven ;
Men guess and grope : God sees and knows.

SIDNEY AT WORCESTER.

TEA *duce, tutus*, was an old saying, but it seems falsified in the case of that respected Tea-dealer, ALDERMAN SIDNEY, who has come rather rudely, by LORD CAMPBELL. SIDNEY meant to have come in for Worcester at the last election, but could get only 615 votes, which according to him and his friends would have been dozens or scores more, but for a placard in which he was (untrue, as he swears) charged with an oppressive action. An information was granted by the Queen's Bench against the printer of the placard (who had given up the author, and said what the Judge considered to mean regret and desire to make reparation), and when the case was heard, LORD CAMPBELL discharged the rule, remarking that the Alderman had not conducted himself with propriety. In order to prove publication, the Alderman's brother-in-law, one ASH, went, it is sworn, to the printer's, in his absence, and sought by stratagem to get a copy of the placard. The 'prentice had none, whereon ASH induced him to print some copies, lending him a knife to cut the paper. Having got them, of course down came the Alderman on the printer. The Alderman said that he did not instruct ASH to perform this trick, but he certainly took advantage of it. LORD CAMPBELL said that his affidavits were "dis-genuously framed," and JUSTICE COLERIDGE, that there was strong ground for believing that the Alderman knew the way in which ASH had been acting.

We greatly desire to be permitted to believe the contrary. Because the least creditable part of the whole case appears to us to be connected with this "plant" of ASH's—this ash-plant. The Alderman was slandered, lost his election, and flew into a rage, in the course of which HER MAJESTY'S H's were, no doubt, flung away in a manner terrible to hear. But all this was natural, and election wrath may be overlooked. But if the GEORGE BARNWELL balladist is right,

"And none of a 'Prentice should speak ill,"

what shall be said of an Alderman, a Father of the City, once a Lord Mayor (whom, said HORNE TOOKE, a 'prentice ought to believe the dearest man on earth, or would come to be hanged) who permits or profits by a trick upon a poor 'prentice, deluded into getting his master into grievous trouble? If JUSTICE COLERIDGE be right, can the Alderman ever look a 'prentice, brought up for reprimand, in the eye again? Suppose the poor boy should plead, weeping, 'Please, my lord and worship, a gentleman made me do it.'

"A likely story," says the Alderman. "What gentleman? Boy, remember, you are in the hands of justice, and will have to heat umble-soup, if you come any umbug."

"I think he's an Alderman's relation, my lord," the 'prentice might reply. SIDNEY would rush from the bench, hide his head in a tea-cup, and sob to the Hyson.

No, *Punch* does not like to think JUSTICE COLERIDGE can be right. Mr. P. has more faith in Aldermen, not to say in Tea-dealers—SIDNEY at Zutphen gave cold water to the poor soldier—SIDNEY at Worcester could not have got the poor 'prentice into hot water.

ROMANCE OF THE HIGHLANDS.

OUR old acquaintance, the *Dumfries Courier*, relates the following wonderful story:—

"CUNNING OF THE FOX.—A gentleman in the Highlands sends us the following note:—A gamekeeper on the estate near Lochawe, who had been annoyed by the depredation of foxes, discovered a kennel in a glen at the side of a small loch. While watching one evening for the appearance of the tenants, he observed a brace of wild ducks floating on the loch. In a little a fox was seen approaching the water side with cautious steps. On reaching it, he picked up a bunch of heather and placed it in his mouth, so as to cover his head; then slipping into the water, and immersing all but his nose, he floated slowly and quietly down to where the birds were quacking out delight in fancied security, seeing nothing near them but a bunch of weed. In due time, he neared the ducks, dropped the heather and substituted a bird, with which he returned to the loch side, and was making off to his young with the prize, when—"

"Come, I say, now, nonsense!" will be the mental exclamation of nine hundred thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine of our million readers, on reaching this point of our Scotch contemporary's transparent romance. The conclusion, however, of that tale is still more incredible than the part preceding; too incredible even for fiction. The fox, as above related, was making off to his young with the duck, when—

"The keeper, who had noted all his movements, closed them by the discharge of his double barrel."

The idea of shooting a fox! As if any Briton, north or south, could be capable of such an act! The statement that a fox was the victim of such a monstrous atrocity, is a fitting clincher to the legend of his miraculous cunning. Country gentlemen need not waste their indignation on the anonymous Highland keeper. Reynard was shot with no double-barrel: by no more deadly projectile than the shaft of an editorial long bow.

Pretty American Compliment.

"YOUR English ladies are very handsome," said a polite young American gentleman to *Mr. Punch*.

"Your American girls are exquisitely lovely," returned *Mr. Punch*, scorning to be outdone in courtesy.

"Aye, girls, that is true, but they fall off as they count years. So you see your women carry off the palm, and what's more, it's a palm that will bear a date."

"Bless 'em all," said *Mr. Punch*, piously. "Let's liquor."



FANCY PORTRAIT.—THE HON. MEMBER FOR SHEFFIELD.

"Right and left its arrows fly,
But what they aim at no one dreameth."

PASTORAL FROM THE HUE AND CRY.

TELL me, ye Shepherds, have you seen
My HUMPHREY pass this way?
Methinks his sharp suspicious mien
The party would betray;
Some fifty years have o'er him flown;
Some five feet eight he's tall:
Not corpulent, but stout alone,
He is what you would call.

The face is found with features small,
And bald the shining crown,
And sallow the complexion all
Of missing HUMPHREY BROWN.
The whiskers they are small of size
That grow upon his cheek;
And he has dark and restless eyes
For whom we, roaming, seek.

His wont it is a body-coat
Most commonly to wear;
His manner, too, may him denote,
So quick and prompt of air.
We've sought him in the rural vales,
We've sought him through the town;
Where'er we go we load the gales
With cries of "HUMPHREY BROWN!"

Oh! say what shepherd, nymph, or swain,
Can information yield,
Where HUMPHREY wanders o'er the plain,
Unto INSPECTOR FIELD,
That shall our swains to HUMPHREY lead,
And place him in our gard?
That shepherd shall receive, for meed,
Two HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD.

EFFECTS OF THE COMET'S SHOCK.



THE Great Comet struck the earth (which, with the moon, is as well as can be expected) precisely at half-past two o'clock on Sunday last. The shock and terror produced a most beneficial effect upon great numbers of persons, and among the instances in which the visitation caused the most satisfactory results, *Mr. Punch* has heard of the following:—

MR. SPOONER, seeing an Irish Popish beggar woman before his window, ran out, and gave her sixpence. MR. NEWDEGATE, who had been lunching with him, called out, "Give her another for me, and I'll toss you for the shilling." Then, remembering it was Sunday, he retracted the offer, and pitched the poor woman half-a-crown.

THE Editor of the *Morning Advertiser*, who had just penned an account of the conversation at the last Cabinet Council, recollected that he had, as a Member of the Council, been sworn to secrecy, and made the article into spills.

MR. CHARLES KEAN sent for a great number of the members of his Company, forgave them for having compelled him to discontinue speaking to them, and permitted them to kiss his hand, and hear him read a complimentary letter from COLONEL PHIPPS.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL wrote to LORD PALMERSTON, confessing that he had intended to accept office for the purpose of upsetting the Government, but that he had repented, and, to avoid temptation, would

remain in a back row. He added that he did not care whether LORD SOMERS would have approved his conduct or not.

THE BISHOP of OXFORD, countermanding his carriage and a hot dinner, and putting some hard boiled eggs into his pocket, walked over to a suburb, and did duty for a hard-worked curate, with whom his lordship afterwards took tea, sharing the eggs, and never patronising his host for a moment.

MR. WIGGLES, the comedian, indignantly removed twenty or thirty pounds of wadding from the antipodes of a new pair of farce trowsers, and resolved to rely for future successes upon a blacked face or other legitimate effects.

MR. and MRS. NAGGER, who had determined to apply for the Dunmow fitch of bacon on the 25th, looked angrily at one another, and felt so ashamed of the hypocrisy they had been about to practise, that MRS. NAGGER went off to her mother's, and MR. NAGGER to Herne Bay, to await the passing of the Divorce Act.

MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS sent to decline to contribute any longer to the columns of the *Saturday Review*.

MR. LUMLEY despatched a letter to MR. GYE, offering to lend him any vocalist at HER MAJESTY'S Theatre, if MR. GYE thought of taking a benefit, and his footman crossed a messenger from MR. GYE with an offer to place the *élite* of the Lyceum orchestra at MR. LUMLEY'S disposal for any intended revival in the Haymarket.

DR. WHEWELL went to SIR DAVID BREWSTER'S, and sent up his compliments, and a hope that whether other worlds contained organic matter or not, SIR DAVID would come and take a friendly smoke with him. SIR DAVID came running down-stairs, and dragged the Doctor up to whiskey toddy, and they drank confusion to the solar system generally, and everything else that set sensible men squabbling.

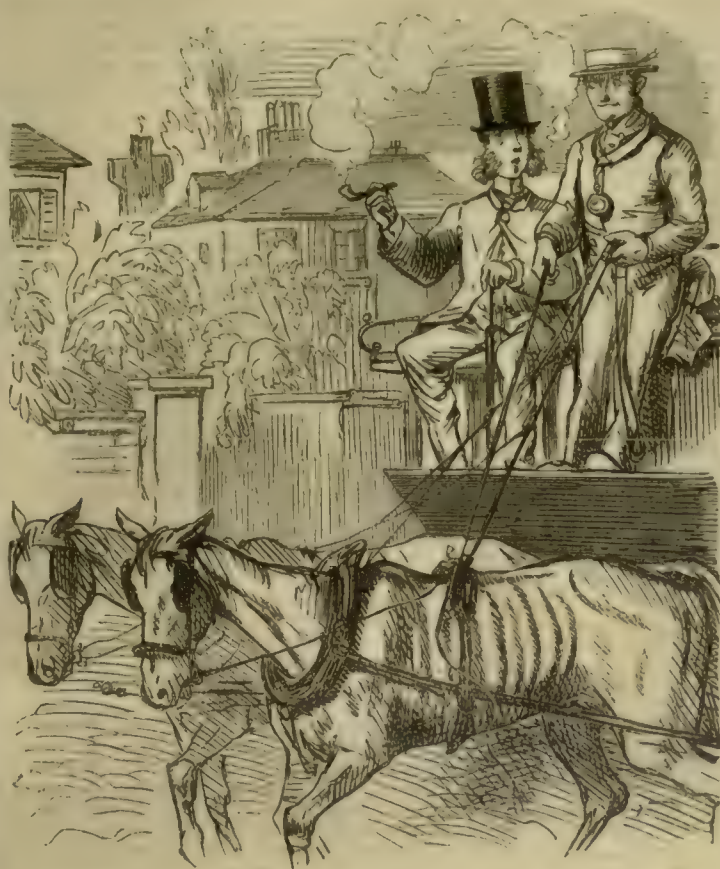
AN IDIOT, who was going to forward some conscience-money to the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER for arrears of hair-powder duty forgotten in 1827, had his mind sufficiently enlightened to perceive his folly, and he enclosed the cheque to the Westminster Hospital.

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, who had been meditating vengeance on the *Times* for hinting that his morality (as a writer) was questionable, looked up a definition of a "questionable" thing, and finding that it was a thing which admitted of two decisions, philosophically decided the point his own way, and sent the editor a splendid meerschaum, as a pipe of peace.

ALL the vendors of MORRISON'S pills burned their stock and hanged themselves, as did several Fooksellers in Holywell Street.

Every good and sensible person, except *Mr. Punch*, took up the last number of that gentleman's publication.

Mr. Punch began to write the number now in the hands of the reader.



SCENE.—OMNIBUS, DRAWN BY QUADRUPEDS WITH
PROMINENT RIBS.

Gent. "OH, AH!—AND WHAT DO YOU FEED THE HORSES ON?"

Driver. "BUTTER-TUBS—DON'T YER SEE THE 'OOPS!'"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

June 8th, Monday. A petition was presented to the Lords, and it is difficult to say whether there was more impudence in concocting or in patronizing such a document. LORD MALMESBURY produced a demand from some Proctors for compensation! The House received it with a contempt too deep for the slightest outward demonstration. LORD GREY then stated, at great length, the hard case of a MR. SHEDDON, a sufferer by the misconduct of trustees, as well as by inability to prove a marriage of which there was no moral doubt. The Law Lords advised, however, that his wrongs should not be redressed, and his appeal was rejected.

In the Commons, MR. DANIEL O'CONNELL demanded what was going to be done for the unfortunate victims of the Superannuation swindle, and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER satisfactorily replied that actuaries had been told to look into the matter, and that these actuaries wanted masses of documents, and had made no report, and so the Government had given no particular attention to the subject. *Mr. Punch* hopes that MR. O'CONNELL will agitate, *more majoris*, until the Civil Servants are emancipated.

The Jew Bill was read a second time without opposition, but SIR FREDERICK THESIGER will Christianise it, if he can, in Committee. It would be an advantage if he could perform the same operation upon some of its opponents and promoters.

The Civil Servants were then taken up again, LORD GODERICH strenuously advocating the principle of competition. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER objected to applying it to subordinates, whom he would prefer only to examine. He would not place all the porters at Somerset House in a row, and ask them questions as to who built Somerset House, and what became of him, and what a Somerset is, and whether it has anything to do with summer, or other queries like those so usefully addressed to the humbler servants of the State, letting them take one another down as in classes; but he had no objection to examine each porter separately, and put him through his multiplication table and his table of cab-distances.

FLYING NOTES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE.

(Taken à Vol d'Aigle during his four-and-twenty hours' stay in England.)

Liberty of the Press.—The privilege of insulting one's superiors with impunity.

Climate.—Smells of beer, fog, and licentiousness.

British Army.—Toy soldiers. One French soldier would lick three English, one Russian soldier would lick three French ditto. *Vide* Crimean campaign *passim*.

English Maidens. Attenuated pieces of insipidity, averaging five and six feet long, with red hair and noses to match. Can't talk French.

Prime Minister.—The greatest slave in the world—the slave of the people. He fancies he rules the mob. Fool! it is the mob that rules him.

British Officer.—One who joins the army to enjoy his competency, and to prove his incompetency.

English Art.—The execution so terrible that, as at a military execution, every person, who is exposed to it, ought to have his eyes bandaged first.

British Navy.—Very pretty ornaments for the outside of Russian walls.

Sir Charles Napier.—I do not know whether, like PETER THE GREAT, he ever worked at Woolwich Dockyard, but certainly no one has ever done the Russian navy so much service since the days of our first CZAR. Scratch his dear old poll, and, I am sure, as NAPOLEON said of every Russian, you would find a Cossack underneath.

Portsmouth.—Not a bad position for a Russian Harbour.

The British Empire.—A nice little hunting ground some day for Russia to shoot over.

Public Opinion.—The despotism of the many.

Sir Robert Peel.—His hot blood wants cooling a little in a refrigerator like Siberia.

Reform.—The Toy that a statesman throws to the British public the moment it begins making a noise. It is perfectly harmless, and it is not of the slightest consequence how often it gets broken. The liberation of the Serfs in Russia—the Constitution in Spain—the Charter in Prussia—are all toys constructed upon the same hollow principle.

London.—A monster money-box—the largest, perhaps, in the world—but of no value beyond the money it contains.

SIR W. F. WILLIAMS OF KARS, defended Aldershot, the expenditure for which, he said, no one would regret—if the camp were properly carried out. There is a good deal of virtue, or rather of its reverse, in that "if." Kars would not have been defended so well had its fortress been a château where "if" was allowed—a Château d'If.

The author of *Eothen* does not altogether approve of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S Bill about Fraudulent Trustees, nor does LORD ST. LEONARDS, who has got one of his own. They fear that if you make a trustee too liable, you will be able to get no trustees at all, and truly the condition of such an official, surrounded by a family of which MR. PECKSNIFF, MR. SPOTTELOE, and MESSRS. CHUZZLEWIT, *père et fils*, are types, to say nothing of more keen-eyed and vindictive feminine legatees, all disappointed, and all hating testator, trustee, and one another, need not be aggravated by empowering any of them to prosecute him criminally. On the other hand, a great many trustees, especially attorney trustees, are most thundering rogues, whom one would like to be able also to describe, irrespective of their size, as HULKING rogues.

The first Savings' Bank Bill of this Session having been amended into a muddle, a second was substituted, which has been read a second time. SIR BENJAMIN HALL has introduced a bill enabling his department to "acquire a site" for the new Public Offices. *Mr. Punch* having acquired a sight of the designs in Westminster Hall, hopes that the Judges, now in conclave, will bear a particularly wary eye upon them, as he knows everything about all the architects, and their respective influences and intimacies; and if he finds that Court-favour, or any other consideration but merit, has induced the selection, not one of those Judges will ever again be able to reside where *Punch* is read, that is to say, anywhere in the world, except, perhaps, in some hitherto undiscovered island in the Caribbean Sea.

Tuesday. LORD ELLENBOROUGH delivered an alarmist speech about the mutinies in our Indian Army. Among other terrors, he was hideously afraid that LORD CANNING, the Governor-General, had been taking some step which showed that he thought Christianity a true religion, but this damaging accusation was happily explained away.

LORD LANSDOWNE was almost sure LORD CANNING could not so far have misconducted himself.

After the second reading of the PRINCESS'S Dowry Bill (to which little pecuniary matter *Mr. Punch* alludes only in order to have an opportunity of congratulating his young friend V. A. M. L. on the arrival of F. W., who ran across to see V., and also to see the Ascot Cup won by BROTHER ZETLAND, G.M.), the Lords went at the Divorce Bill again in Committee. The Chancellor inserted clauses giving a deserted husband the same right to ask for divorce as a deserted wife; for making both *ÆGISTHUS* and *CLYTEMNESTRA* defendants in the suit by *AGAMEMNON*, and for giving the Court power to fine the first, up to £10,000, to which the BISHOP OF OXFORD carried an amendment (by 43 to 33) for making the penalty fine and imprisonment, or fine or imprisonment. LORD WENSLEYDALE, who, by the way, seems no such valuable addition to the strength of the aristocratic company, for he is always taking a mere lawyer's view of cases, tried to prevent the wrong-doers from making such reparation to one another and to society as marriage may be considered to offer, but he was defeated by 37 to 28. ARCHBISHOP SUMNER's clause against the sinner's marrying at all having also been got rid of. The Lords have nearly done with the Bill, but not quite.

In the Commons, SIR F. THESIGER's dislike to the Jews led him to introduce a Bill for abolishing the Grand Jewry. This is an excellent measure, whatever may have prompted it, the jury in question being known as "the hope of the London thief." It is to be retained, however, as the hope of the London traitor, and so, if the ambitious Viscount of Lambeth, not satisfied with his hypothetical coronet, should aim at snatching the Crown from the head of his SOVEREIGN, and sticking it on his own skull, (mind, we do not know that he has any such intentions, but sudden honours drive small intellects to queer courses,) he will have to go before a Grand Jury, on his way to the block. Let him be warned by the fate of NORTHUMBERLAND, ESSEX, LADY JANE GREY, and (as he would say) other unfortunate noblemen.

Another Tory lawyer, SIR F. KELLY, brought in a Bill for reforming the law regarding Wills, made abroad by British subjects, which he proposes shall, wherever made, be admitted to probate here. This, again, is highly expedient, but SIR RICHARD BETHELL did not much favour the proposal, and objected to knock over the rule that *mobilia sequuntur personam*. He laid as much stress on this as if he had never moved. *Mr. Punch's* experience is the other way, and so far from moveables always following the person, the last time he moved he lost a hat-brush, the *Peerage*, a tortoise-shell comb and cat, a toast-rack, his slippers, his big sponge, a *Little Warbler*, the key of his meat safe, a white waistcoat, eleven volumes of the copy of ALISON'S *History of Europe* which he always keeps under his pillow, and a beautiful bit of transparent shaving soap; and besides this, if he hadn't sequentur'd a personam who was cutting away with his fishing-rod, umbrella, and camp-stool, and treated that personam to an indignant winner that made him surrender his ill-gotten booty and bawl for mercy, *Mr. P.* could not have made a holiday which he has now in contemplation. SIR RICHARD speaks unadvisedly therefore, as a person had better follow his moveables, if he wishes to keep them. A Lunatic Board for Scotland and Reformatory Schools for England came under consideration, with another useful measure or two, and the night was by no means wasted.

Wednesday. Nor was the following day, when MR. KER SEYMER, taking a honest pint pot in his hand, did knock down MR. HARDY in a very superior manner. To drop metaphor, elegant though it be, HARDY'S Beer Bill, professedly intended to make the humbler classes sober by force of police, and really calculated to increase the power and wealth of the Big Brewers, who do as they please with a good many of the pompous but subservient licencing magistrates, and a Bill, therefore, in neither view respectable, was kicked out by a majority of XXXIII. whose health, and that of those who voted with them, *Mr. Punch* proceeds to drink in XXX.

Three little reforms, prettily described by TOM DUNCOMBE as a bouquet tendered to VISCOUNT PALMERSTON (doubtless the gallant THOMAS has tendered prettier bouquets in his time) were rejected, all because of the grand reform which is coming next year.

Thursday. In the Lords the only remarkable thing said was by LORD LIFFORD, who, to the wrath of the CHANCELLOR, alluded to the "robberies and delays" of the Court of Chancery. CRANBY made the answer which lawyers have repeated until they almost believe it themselves, that it is always the fault of the parties, not of the Court.

The Duchy of Lancaster was invaded by MR. WISE, who was repulsed by the gallant BAINES, who slaughtered WISE's main argument, and took the reason of the hearers prisoner. MR. KINNAIRD then invaded India, but scarcely anybody stayed to see the fight, which was upon the question whether justice was done to the inhabitants of the lower provinces of Bengal. *Mr. Punch* is no alarmist, but is bound to say that some of the Bengal lights thrown on the subject burn bluer than he could wish. The India House seems very wrath with the Missionaries for trying to benefit the bodies as well as the souls of the natives. By 119 (who came in to vote) to 18 the House decided that the question should not be decided at all.

Friday. The most interesting topic taken in hand, or mouth, was a complaint by a Lord, and by a Common, upon the subject which *Mr. Punch* has illustrated in his Grand Cartoon, and in reference to which (by a curious coincidence) his friend MADAME DE TOURNURE has requested him to insert her 'circular.' The Government promised to do something, some of these days, for the Ladies.

TRAINING FOR COURT.

(Circular).

MADAME DE TOURNURE, directress of the celebrated and fashionable Belgravian establishment for finishing young ladies of the superior classes, would, on an ordinary occasion, shudder at the vulgarity of advertising an institution to which introductions of the very highest order are the only means of procuring entrance; but the season is rapidly passing, time presses, and the crisis demands the sacrifice of ordinary rule and natural repugnance.

The only mode in which Ladies can now obtain admission to the presence of their respected SOVEREIGN, upon reception days, is by a display of gymnastic power which is scarcely developed by the course of calisthenic exercise to which the interesting pupils of MADAME DE TOURNURE are habitually submitted. In addition, the extraordinary arrangements of that revered nobleman, the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, who has been singularly successful in assimilating the proceedings at a Drawing Room to those at a steeple-chase, have necessitated the acquisition by a lady of accomplishments beyond those of the curtsy, the carriage step, and the other branches of fashionable education.

Deeply regretting the necessity of adopting this plebeian method of addressing those who honour MADAME DE TOURNURE with their confidence, that lady begs to announce that she has opened an Academy (in connection with her establishment in Belgravia) for the purpose of preparing Ladies to pay their homage to their QUEEN.

Training being the first requisite for gymnastic success, MADAME DE TOURNURE has secured the services of those eminent Professors SIGNOR CONKI and HERR NAPP PEPPER, who preside over the seclusion to which the more distinguished members of the Prize Ring are consigned, preparatory to their engaging in pugilistic encounter. The time for training, this year, is necessarily brief; but the professors assure MADAME DE TOURNURE that raw mutton chops, light claret, exercise, and early hours, will put a spirited young lady into such condition that even in a fortnight wagers would be laid upon her demolishing any pampered menial who should endeavour to hinder her advance into the Palace.

MADAME DE TOURNURE has caused her Academy to be fitted up in imitation of the arrangements at the Palace, and her Pupils will be taught the best means of encountering the crush, the fight, the weariness, and the scramble, and then of emerging, all grace and composure, into the Throne Room.

An eminent steeple-chaser, under the direction of the accomplished author of *Soapey Sponge*, has constructed some low walls and hedges, over which a lady pupil, practising for the Drawing Room, will leap. To avoid chance of accident, the floor is laid with the softest mattresses, but attendants will also stand, in uniform, to catch any lady who fails to clear the obstacle. A system of elbow exercise, by means of which a moderately plump, or even a less fully developed arm, will speedily open the owner's way through a crowd, has been invented, and will form part of the instruction.

In order to familiarise a *débutante* with the language and manners which will assail her in the enraged crowd surrounding her on her way to the SOVEREIGN, MADAME DE TOURNURE has engaged some actors and actresses from the principal Metropolitan theatres, who will be costumed as generals, bishops, noblemen, dowagers, and others, and will give a faithful representation of the struggle, the pupil making her way among them. Although it would be improper to permit in the Academy such language as is used in the throng at the Palace, the artists in question will growl, storm, and employ words sounding so like naughty ones, as to have the desirable effect upon the ear.

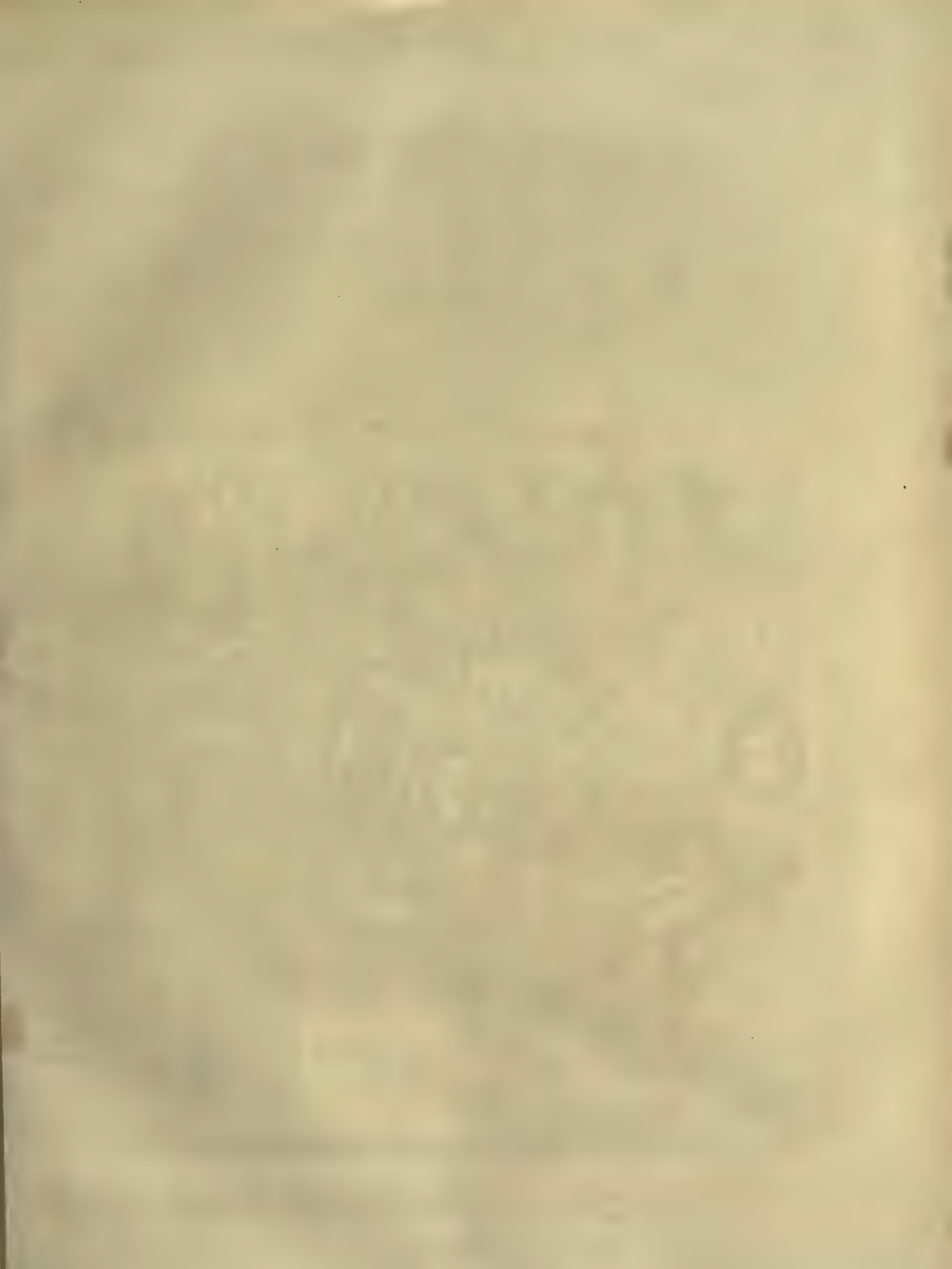
By next year, MADAME DE TOURNURE has no doubt of forming her pupils into a band of Amazons, for whom the Palace will have no terrors, but even this season, she trusts to be enabled materially to assist ladies into the presence of HER MAJESTY.

To avoid the destructive and expensive results of a Drawing Room upon the toilette, MADAME DE TOURNURE has purchased from a theatrical manager (who had procured them for a play of the date of CHARLES THE SECOND), a quantity of costumes of the time of GEORGE THE FIRST. They may be crushed, torn, and otherwise damaged in the lesson, and will be repaired by the under-teachers every evening. Imitation jewellery, to be dragged off, and searched for, will also be supplied, and cheap fans will be furnished.

Terms:

One Lesson, from Carriage to QUEEN	Five Guineas.
Six ditto, Complete Instruction	Twenty Guineas.
Course of Training, gymnastics, the leap, and all extras	Fifty Guineas.

Every Lady must bring her own sal volatile and sticking-plaster, and the legibly written address of her Medical Attendant.





TRAINING-SCHOOL FOR LAD



BOUT TO APPEAR AT COURT.



HOMAGE TO KING HANDEL.



WHEN these words are made public there will be but one chance left to profit by them; *Punch* will not therefore be deterred from exhorting that small remnant of his London readers who have not thought it worth their while to attend the Sydenham Festival, at once to take a second thought about the matter and a stall ticket.

They will not merely get their fullest guinea's worth of present delectation, but will acquire a small fortune of pleasant recollections. "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:" and there are so many beautiful things in *Israel in Egypt*, that no chance should be lost of making their addition to one's store of joyous memories.

But although this may be said of any HANDEL performance, there are at least two thousand more than ordinary reasons why *Punch* should impress it in the prospect of next Friday. Everybody knows that of all oratorios *Israel in Egypt* is most famous for its choruses. And these are given generally by some five hundred strong, while fifteen hundred more will sing in them at Sydenham. It has been said that HANDEL had a wish to introduce a cannon in a chorus, and thought that a ten-pounder part would prove a most effective addition to the score, and be pretty sure to go off stunningly. But what would he have given to command such a battery as F. M. COSTA's, where every note that issues is a 2,000 pounder!

Mr. *Punch* has little doubt that he would quite maintain his prophetic reputation were he to anticipate the praises of the press, and to write beforehand an eulogistic criticism, giving commendation to every one who had a hand or a voice in the performance—from the deepest of the bass down to (speaking locally) the highest of the trebles—from COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF COSTA up to (speaking locally) the artistes who assisted in the blowing of the organ-bellows. Mr. *Punch*, if so inclined, could with ease proceed to take a leaf out of the note-books of those clairvoyant critics, who are so unbiassed by their sense of hearing that they can write down their opinion of a musical performance quite as well before as after they have listened to it. It is the business of these ready writers to keep constantly on hand a stock of critical expressions which will be found suitable to every emergency; and by the clairvoyance of their craft they are enabled to foresee how a concert will go off, and to furnish a fore-chronicle of its minutest details. Taking the *Morning Herald* for his guide (which paper lately published a critique of a performance that had never taken place), Mr. *Punch* would undertake at a few moments' notice to supply a most discriminating criticism of the Festival—prophetically stating what points were missed, and which were made the most of, what applause was given, and out of how many *encores* the performers would have certainly been swindled but for the timely intervention of himself and the police.

With the power he possesses to direct his vision clean into the middle of next week, nothing would be easier than for Mr. *Punch* to enter into the most microscopic details, and give a full statistical account of the exact number of handkerchiefs that were waved to the performers, and of the precise duration of the cheers with which, at the close of their week's work, they were greeted; and Mr. *Punch* would specially delight in chronicling how, by way of a finale, the happy notion was conceived of bath-chairing MR. COSTA, who thereupon was seated in his car of triumph, and dragged by a well-chosen team of his prettiest soprani and contralti round the building.

By the time that Mr. *Punch's* next week's notice can be issued, the vocabulary of criticism will have been thoroughly exhausted, and the most original and freshest of expressions will run the risk of being regarded as mere plagiaries. There is, consequently, now the more temptation to resort to his prophetic faculties, and to let his readers know what he thought of the Great Festival, before it became stale news for them to hear it. Mr. *Punch* quite expects that the magnitude of the effect will be found much in excess of that of preparation, although for weeks he has been hearing that the minutest note will be on such a major scale, that it will be difficult to find words big enough to talk of it. Yet in addition to the statement that the leaves of the music-books would quite suffice to paper—on both sides of it—the Great Wall of China, and if piled in double heap, would far out-top the Andes; Mr. *Punch* expects that he will next week have to chronicle the fact, that the buttons which were burst by the Stentors of the chorus measured, when picked up, precisely one-and-twenty bushels: while not only, as a correspondent of the *Times* discovered, were the notes of the great organ plainly audible at Norwood, but every beat of the big drum was most distinctly heard at Brighton, and several of the chorusses were listened to at Calais.

With the foreknowledge of these facts it can be no wonder that Mr. *Punch* should consider the Sydenham Festival as being the Eighth Wonder of the Musical World, and should thus exhort his readers to avoid the disgrace which he hopes will attach to those who wilfully were absent. For it is as much a duty as a

pleasure to attend there. The King of Composers is now holding his Court at the Crystal Palace, and with such pomp and circumstance as never has been equalled. Let then every faithful subject not fail to pay him tribute (a half guinea will suffice, if he can't afford a whole one), and prove his loyalty to the Monarch of Music, by bringing to KING HANDEL the homage of his presence.

THE PARLIAMENTARY PUNSTER.

BY OUR SAVAGE CONTRIBUTOR.

A PUN may have wit, but a punster's a calf,
(Blest *Punch*! who this lesson enforcest)
And of all the coarse ways of obtaining a laugh,
A joke on a name is the coarsest.
You blockhead, you dullard, you nuisance, you clod,
Who think such things wit (an illusion),
Go down to the House, or sit down with your Dod,
There's food for your wit, in profusion.

Here comes MR. HUME, he should pair, you can say,
With the member out there, MR. SMOLLETT,
And if your next joke couples DUNCAN and GRAY,
(Who "came here to woo,") I'll extol it.
MESSRS. DAVEY and JONES you'll connect, Sir, I trust,
With the locker whose lids never rise,
MR. STEEL you'll send off with his friend, MR. RUST,
While together go MERRY and WISE.

And next, you great ass, you can pair MR. LUCE
With that eminent architect, TITE,
And say MESSRS. MOODY and CROSS are of use,
But you think MR. BLAND's more polite.
And then MR. CLAY will your fancy provoke,
SIR POTTER can make him obey,
Unless you insist, as a smoking-room joke,
That CAVENDISH must go with clay.

MR. PEASE will of course find a match, MR. WARRE,
MR. COOPER roll off MR. BUTTE:
And you'll hope that the House will well legislate for
Every House, from the HALL to the HUT.
MR. HACKBLOCK, you'll say, will attack SIR C. WOOD,
MR. LOWE not be HEARD, you young Pagan,
And *Oliver Twist* suggests one (rather good),
You can pair WILLIAM SYKES off with FANAN.

Then JACKSON and GRAHAM you'll say must have sealed
A partnership treaty, of course, man:
If you see a poor HORSEFALL, the horse will have NEED,
And the rider have proved a bad HORSMAN.
A wretched slow joke on EAST, WESTERN, and NORTH,
You may bring, if you can, with a blush out,
And advise shutting doors when a bore launches forth,
That a LOCKE may thus hinder a RUSHOUT.

If over the list of the members you fag well,
To TAYLOR a SCHNEIDER you'll stitch,
And say that a party who knows how to BAGWELL
Will one of these days become RICH.
MR. CARTER puts shoulder to shove the state weal,
MR. GRACE's chief action's in angles,
MR. PATTEN's a clog on all ill-judging zeal,
No logic can turn MR. MANGLES.

That KER's a dog of exceeding good blood,
That HASTIE's a bit of a drawler,
And if the State vessel sticks fast in the mud,
From yon BEACH MR. PULLER must haul her.
And when you've quite bored us enough, stupid boy,
With the far-fetched results of your small craft,
A member with whom I should chiefly enjoy
To see you pairing off's MR. CALCRAFT.

Politeness in High Life.

Tuft Hunter. And you say HER SERENE HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS is quite well?

Princely Equerry. Quite well, thank you.

Tuft Hunter. I am sure, it gives me the greatest pleasure to hear so. And her husband, if I might venture to ask?

Princely Equerry (laughing up his military sleeve). Thank you, His Highness, when I left him, was Serene also.

YE MOST PLEASAUNTE DREAME OF CŒLEBS!
YE CAMBRIDGGE FELLOWE.



A FELLOWE it was of Trinitye,
And he laye on y^e grassye ground,
On y^e hither ripe of y^e muddy Cam,
In a dreamye summer swound.

Like y^e *malus pastor dormivit* he
Supinus lay and snored;
And he slept soe sounde, it was plaine to see
With his bedde he was not bored.

A resident Fellowe he was, I wis,
He had no cure of soules;
And across y^e Bridge of *Sues* * he'd come
From playinge y^e game of bowles.

And now, aweary, he laye and slept,
As lazye as was the river;
And y^e limes made a shadye networke
About his heade to quiver.

Ho! Fellowe, what are your thoughts, I aske:
Ho! Fellowe, what do you dreame?
He dreameth, alas! what comes not to pass
On y^e banks of that sluggish streame.

He dreams of a bright-eyed, browne-haired girl,
Sprightly and gleeesome enow,
Who, in an aunciente Rectorye house,
Is keepynge their trewe love vowe.

She has waited and watched for wearye yeares,—
'Tis a longe engagemente, I ween;
And her face doth 'gin to pale and to thin,—
Though not by her it is seen.

Yet others are quicke to mark what Care,
And anxious Waitinge have done;
Others can trace in her patiente face
Y^e wrecke that Time hath begunne.

She has no fortune, save hersen,
Though that is a treasure, I trow,
Yet not enow for y^e keepynge of house,
As times and taxes goe.

And he has nought but his Fellowshippe,
And not marrye on that he maye;
For gin he marries, his Fellowshippe,
He loses for ever and aye.

And soe they are in a dysmal plyghte,—
Tethered and tyed to a stake,—
Bound by a vowe, like an iron chayne
That they may not snappe, or breake.

Ho! Fellowe, why starteth thou now in thy
sleepe?
Is y^e gadde-flye styngynge thy nose?
Not soe; for he smyleth; and gadde-flyes'
stynges
Are productive of cruell woes.

'Tis a pleasaunte fancye that haunts his dreame;
Y^e Fellowes, their prayer hath been hearde,
And Heads of Housen, and Vice-Chancellere
In judgements goode have concurred.

It hath been decreede, that y^e Fellowes may
wed,
And settle in College walls;
And wake y^e echoes of cloistered lyfe,
With their lyttel chyldrens' squalls.

And CŒLEBS seeth that browne-haired girl,
No longer wan and dree;
But buxomme, and blythe, and debonaire,
Converted to MYSTRESS C.

He seeth her seated in easye chaire—
A sunbeame amid y^e gloome—
Braydynge a lyttel Babye its cappe,
All within y^e College roome.

He seeth her walkynge in College courtes,
Admired of all spectators,
With her olyve branches buddynge arounde,
Or stuck in perambulators.

Wives and childrenne of Fellowes, he sees,
Swarmynge y^e classic shades,

While, with many a laughe, y^e studentes chaffe
Y^e prettye nurserye maydes.

Y^e Trinitye Fellowe giveth a starte;
Too brighte the vision doth seem!
And CŒLEBS waketh to bachelor life,
And finds his marriage a dreame.

OBJECTS AT THE DRAWING-ROOM.

THE *Court Newsmen* informs us that, on
Saturday last,

"Before the Drawing Room, HER MAJESTY, accord-
ing to custom, received a deputation from Christ's
Hospital in the Throne Room."

We further learn from the courtly journalist,
that the deputation included forty boys of the
Royal Mathematical School, founded by KING
CHARLES THE SECOND. Of course these
scholars appeared before HER MAJESTY in
full dress, which, if similar to that of the
other Bluecoat boys, may have been com-
pared by the QUEEN with the costume of the
adult members of the deputation, and then
our gracious SOVEREIGN may have experienced
some difficulty in deciding whether the old
gentlemen in their civic gowns and Court
liveries, or the young ones in their petticoats
and yellow stockings, presented the more
ridiculous appearance.

THE LAST RESOURCE.

Father (expostulating with his son). "JAMES,
I am grieved beyond expression to see the
cruel way in which you have been going on
lately. I have tried you at everything, and
you have failed in everything. I put you in a
merchant's office, and you were ignominiously
sent about your business. I bought you a
commission in the Army, and you were very
quickly recommended to sell out. In despair,
I started you as a coal and wine merchant and
general commission agent, but you didn't clear
sufficient to pay for your boots and shoes. At
last I got you a lucrative post in a Mutual
Philanthropic Loan Office, but even then
you wouldn't have anything to do with you. It's
painfully clear, to my mind, JAMES, that you
are not fit for anything. Under these circum-
stances, there is but one thing left now—I
must get you a situation under Government!"

Superfluous Talent.

A BLUE Book relative to the Civil Service
Examinations* contains a statement that a
certain candidate for the appointment of letter-
carrier distinguished himself by his proficiency
in logarithms. What recommendation that
proficiency could be to a letter-carrier it is
not easy to understand. Letters are employed
in logarithms, but for a letter-carrier we do
not want a man who can carry letters in his
head, but one who carries his letters in a bag,
and conveys them as quickly as possible to
their destinations.

A QUESTION OF PLACE.

AN advertising dentist describes himself as
"formerly with the eminent MR. CART-
WRIGHT." This statement needs some ex-
planation. Representing himself to have
"been with" the gentleman in question, he
ought to have mentioned in what capacity.

THE GRAND FOUNTAINS in Trafalgar
Square will play unfortunately every day next
week. No extra charge. N.B. A German green baize
band plays on the Terrace generally about Four o'clock.
Refreshments may be had at the various apple-stalls at
the south and north-eastern corners. Omnibuses pass
every minute.

* *Vulgariter*, Sighs.



THE INGENIOUS MR. FLYROD PROTECTS HIMSELF FROM INSECTS.



THE INGENIOUS MR. FLYROD HAS A RUN.

THE SOCIAL TREAD-MILL. No. 8.

"WHAT follows on such dinners as the Kotoos' is little, if at all, less dreary than the dinner itself. There is certainly a momentary relief when Mrs. KOTOO gives a glance round the table with an inclination of her head that takes in all the ladies, as much as to say—'Don't you think, my dears, the gentlemen want a little free and easy conversation, which it would not be proper for us to listen to,'—and sweeps out of the room with the fleet of attendant Crinolines in her wake. You feel that a certain amount of false pretence and social sham has passed away with those voluminous petticoats. Not that the women are half such humbugs as we, their lords. If left to themselves, I believe the wives of England would do more to put down the Social Tread-mill than all these papers will ever do, if I continue them till the public refuses to read or *Mr. Punch* to print any more. So far as I have observed, the wives of England are more desirous of squaring expenditure by means, more afraid of debt and the shuffling and meanness it occasions, less anxious about keeping up appearances,—in a word, more honest than the husbands of England by a great deal. I think the luckiest thing that could happen to nineteen married men out of twenty would be for their wives to be entrusted with the control of the cheque-book, and the husbands put on a quarterly allowance of pocket-money. It is not, then, because the women are peculiarly humbugs that I feel more at ease when Mrs. KOTOO has convoyed them into the drawing-room; but because we, the men, have none of us been quite ourselves while they continued at the table. The sensation produced by their departure is rather like that of easing one's waistcoat-strap after a good dinner—a kind of moral *débouloonnement*."

"A certain style of subject, a certain tone of allusion, a certain class of jokes and good stories may be ventured on now, from which the female presence restrained us. To our shame be it. I do not mean to say that this is so at all parties. But it is true of far too many."

"Unless this be so, I don't know any reason for keeping up this habit of separating the sexes after dinner. If it enables the ladies to discuss us, their lords; to compare social notes usefully; to make a little *bout de toilette*; or even to have out among themselves any little affairs of friendship, honour, or business that may be on hand, that is another matter. I know nothing of the mysteries of the Gynæceum. (It is a harmless Greek word, ladies, and means 'the apartment of the women.') But so far as I have ventured to pry into them, I gather that the ladies, as a general rule, by no means approve of this segregation; that the hour or half-hour spent in the drawing-room is very

dull and flat indeed; that it only tends to breed the smallest of small talk; in short, that there is no better reason on the female than there is on the male side for keeping up this practice. It is an inheritance from those times when gentlemen made a practice of getting drunk after dinner. It might well have disappeared as completely as the convivial habit which gave rise to it."

"I can't say we were happy after the ladies left us. Neither the company nor the wine was good enough for that. FLAUNTER would talk about the Oaks and the Chester Cup, and how FLASHMAN had certainly been made safe in the Two Thousand, with a wonderful story of old Moss, the great betting agent, how he had come into TATTERSALL'S yard on settling day with forty thousand pounds in new notes in his pockets, and had left it with two pound ten, and some odd coppers. We listened, but it didn't interest us any more than the circuit stories contributed by BLADEBONE; or 'that very good thing CAMPBELL said in that great crim. con. case the other day—the Indian case—HILLHOUSE v. GRIFFIN, you know.' And PENNYBOY would talk about books, of all things, and took to praising *Allison's History*, of all books to praise, which happened to be a strong subject of the Reviewer, who had just been dissecting SIR ARCHIBALD for a forthcoming number of his periodical, and who served up to us a string of Allisonisms, headed by the famous one of his translation of '*droits du timbre*,' into 'timber duties.' And then the Author out of spite against the Reviewer, defended SIR ARCHIBALD, and declared him to be a great master of style, and praised his extraordinary lucidity and power of arrangement. All which the Reviewer answered contemptuously, and the Author retorted with sneers; till somehow we found ourselves all talking at once with great vehemence, and nobody listening to anything anybody else was saying."

"KOTOO wisely put a stop to the row, by asking 'if anybody would take any more wine?' and getting up, without waiting for an answer to his own question, led the way to the drawing-room. So we 'joined the ladies.' I dare say they had been natural till we came in; very stupid probably, but still natural. We had been more natural certainly in the dining-room after they went—coarser, and more selfish, that is, and less courteous and respectful to each other."

"But now, we all buttoned ourselves up again in our buckram suits and put on our vizors—like *Falstaff's* thieves—and with the usual simpering, and waggling, and grinning, re-commenced our round on the Social Tread-mill. I should mention that several ladies had come in 'for the evening,' who swelled the drawing-room phalanx of Crinolines considerably. These new-comers sat stonily to receive us. We, who had dined together, had contrived to get up a sort of tepid cordiality, but the new arrivals were all utterly chilly, and of course rapidly cooled down the party to the temperature of the flattest and flabbiest person present."

I have observed that this invasion of after-dinner visitors always occurs at such houses as the Korroo's. It is a thing to be vehemently protested against. You might just as well dash a dozen buckets of cold water into your warm bath before stepping into it, as pour a dozen strange guests into a party of people who have dined together. Be content with simpler dinners, and then you may give five where you give one now. Always ask a good proportion of young ladies to dine, and your parties will be all the prettier and pleasanter. But never, never, as you value the comfort of your dinner guests, or your own reputation as a host or hostess, invite a batch of young ladies to 'come in in the evening.'

"It is setting a man to the task of SISYPHUS to condemn him to hoist a new-comer up the hill of small talk. And then, the odious cruelty to which these poor girls are sure to be subjected! The way in which, without any regard to their own honest sense of incapacity, or our susceptibilities, they are ordered to the piano, and made to play and sing, no matter whether nature has or has not given them ear or voice! Have they not had guinea lessons from HERR BLATSENBALG or SIGNOR GRATTINI? And for what end, if not to qualify them for inflicting this sort of penance upon society? This mournful kind of playing and singing by people who have no musical capacity or love for what they are doing, to other people who don't know them, and don't care for them or their music, and who never asked for it, and who would rather ten thousand times not have it, is one of the most wearing grinds on the Social Tread-mill, and one to which we are often condemned, perhaps, than to any other.

"The hardest part of the case is, that the poor ministers of the torture feel it as acutely as the sufferers.

"Mr. Punch has this week forwarded to the sufferer who writes these papers, a letter from two young ladies, who describe themselves as 'in training for the Social Tread-mill.'

"Their protest is against the style of education which they, like other young ladies, are receiving.

"Of foreign languages," write CONSTANCE and EMILY—thank you, young ladies, for your pretty names, at all events—'(if too many be not crammed into our heads at once) we do not complain. We like travelling, and when we go abroad the knowledge of these languages conduces much to the pleasure derived from the trip, and is extremely useful—to us'—no—the sly pussies—to Papa, and brothers, who having had their time taken up with Greek and Latin, Law and Physic, seldom speak French or German intelligibly.

"We will allow CONSTANCE and EMILY their little joke at the expense of masculine ignorance. At the same time we should like to ask CONSTANCE and EMILY to put their taper white hands on their hearts—if those articles have not been stolen—and say how many of their friends have learnt, either at school or from a governess, to speak French, Italian, or German, so as to enable their Papas or brothers to dispense with a courier in the family travels?

"But," continue CONSTANCE and EMILY, 'why should we all, irrespectively of the talent we may or may not possess, have music and drawing inflicted on us? We are told these arts afford enjoyment to the rich, and employment to the poor. So they may when there is great talent; but, alas, to the majority of us, they are but sources of grief when we are learning them, and of shame and mortification when we are compelled to show off our accomplishments to our unadmiring friends. We can perfectly appreciate the verdict "very sweet!" pronounced by sarcastic persons on our most bitterly out-of-time-and-tune performances, and the contemptuous "very pretty!" when our bad drawings are displayed.'

"Grief, shame, and mortification, my dear young ladies! You forget you are in training for the Social Tread-mill. You have no right to any such feelings. The Artful Dodger might as well talk of grief, shame, and mortification, when brought before the beak, for being found with his hand in a gentleman's pocket. You must put such puling sentimentality in your pockets—if you wear those antiquated receptacles—and learn to brazen it out, like your sisters in check aprons and blue stuff bed-gowns at Brixton, and take your punishment like 'game'uns and 'trumps.'

"You write, in your simplicity, as if you thought the object of your education was to make you better and wiser women. My dear children, you have described that object much better when you spoke of being 'in training for the Social Tread-mill.' It is to harden your hearts against self-accusation, to plate your faces against shame, and to steel your nerves against weariness, that they are putting you through this preparation for your life-long penance. You are to be fitted to catch husbands, not to live with them. The one is a great art—the other comes by nature, I suppose.

"It is clear to me, however, that your training is being very seriously neglected. You talk about 'wishing to be taught to play and sing simple English songs,' instead of 'difficult fantasias or astonishing bravuras in a few guinea lessons from German or Italian professors'—about 'much preferring to learn to read well aloud good English poetry and prose, to sitting for two or three hours daily on a hard music-stool, before a tinkling piano, practising horrid exercises and dreary pieces'—Why, bless my heart! the chafing filly which you see

MISS REYNOLDS putting through its paces in Rotten Row might just as reasonably complain of that young lady's sharp curb and stinging little whip, or of the tiny spurs hidden under the short skirt of her habit. The filly is not there to enjoy herself, but that she may learn to carry a lady! So you are not being educated to make the best of your head and heart, but that you may learn to 'attract a gentleman!'"

FOLLOW SUIT.



SOMETIMES we fancy that the pillars of Bedlam can be no other than the advertising columns of our different newspapers. Here is the last touch of insanity, which we select from that rich repertory of madness; and what enriches the curiosity in this instance is that the advertiser is a medical man:—

TO SURGEONS.—The Assistant Surgeon to a Militia Regiment in the South of England, being about to resign his commission on account of being engaged in private practice, would be happy to INTRODUCE as his SUCCESSOR, any gentleman duly qualified, and on condition that, in the event of appointment, he purchased the advertiser's uniform, which is nearly as good as new, and which would be sold considerably below its value. Or the whole or any of the articles would be sold a bargain to a medical officer of the line, for whom, with slight alteration, they would be adapted. Apply at, &c. &c.

The figure of jumping into another man's shoes when you supplant him, or succeed him, is common enough, but the idea of jumping into another man's entire suit of clothes is something

delightfully new. But supposing, for men will vary in height, the clothes didn't fit him? The fix might be very awkward as well as ridiculous. The advertiser should have given the particulars of his proportions. He should have stated at full-length how high he stood without his stockings, how much he measured round the waist, and whether he was inclined to corpulency or not, with full details as to the breadth of his 'shoulders, the circumference of his calves, &c., &c. There is a lamentable omission, also, which we regret, for the Assistant Surgeon says nothing about his boots, or his slippers, or his old gloves, or his hats. We cannot help thinking that the man who would purchase the cast-off clothes of another, would not be over-nice as to the acquisition of his other articles of apparel. Really, we thought that such practices were only common in establishments where flunkeys found their own liveries. We have heard that the incoming JEAMES has bought at a considerable reduction the abdicated plush of the outgoing JEAMES, but we little suspected that medical officers were in the habit of trying it on in a similar manner. What pains us more than anything else, is to find that this Esculapian Jew clothes-man belongs to a militia regiment. Now, we should have thought that a militia regiment was about the very last in which such a penurious turn-coat was likely to have signalled himself. One thing is pretty clear, the militia in question couldn't have been Bucks.

The Progress of Priestcraft.

THE KING OF NAPLES has concluded a new Concordat with Rome, in virtue of which he will henceforth practically cease to reign over the ecclesiastical portion of his subjects, and those priests will be able to do nearly whatever they please, unrestrained by any law but that of the Church. The GRAND DUKE OF TUSCANY is expected to follow the example of BOMBA. Concordats are becoming quite the rage among the crowned heads of the Continent; perhaps this rage of the sovereigns will excite some slight explosions of popular fury.

THE SEACOLE FUND.

MR. PUNCH has determined to go out of his usual course and receive subscriptions for MRS. SEACOLE. Mr. P. has received from

ALEXANDER OSWALD, Esq., Edinboro' £20.

All Post Office Orders must be made payable to WILLIAM T. DOYNE, Esq., Hon. Sec. to the Seacole Fund, 2, Derby Street, Westminster.

LIVING MONUMENTS.

A CONVERSATION, calculated to awaken thought, took place, the other evening, in the House of Commons. SIR F. BABING called attention to the expenditure on improvements in St. James's Park, amounting to £11,000 incurred irrespectively of any parliamentary vote: whereupon MR. MOWBRAY remarked that this was not the only instance of a large expenditure without the previous sanction of the House; thousands having been spent last year upon fireworks. As to the fireworks, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER reminded the House that their expense was defrayed out of the Civil Contingencies—a gross amount placed at the disposal of the Government. The first question suggested by these statements and observations to the thoughtful mind is, how much the better anybody now is for the ten-thousand-pounds-worth of fireworks burnt last year, except the pyrotechnists and their men, who were paid to make them and to let them off? The next is, whether the quantity of pleasure distributed over the London multitude by the display of the fireworks was not, for each

individual, exceedingly small? We then naturally ask, whether it would not have been much better to concentrate the happiness to be had for £10,000 by bestowing the amount upon one individual? An individual then beatified with that sum might be living now, and might survive for many years, and his life, whilst it lasted, would be one prolonged rejoicing for the conclusion of last year's peace with Russia. He would be a living monument of that event; and we recommend the idea of such living monuments to Government. We are very glad to hear that, in the Civil Contingencies, they have a gross amount placed at their disposal, and we entreat them to consider, whether they could dispose of it better than in the institution and endowment of living monuments, in the persons of deserving individuals at present hard up, made at the earliest opportunity, comfortable for life.

Plans for such monuments may be obtained by Ministers (or anybody else) gratuitously at 85 Fleet Street.



A SHORT WAY WITH A LUNATIC.

ANY medical man who wants to get rid of an insane patient, or who knows anybody that wants to get rid of an insane relation, will perhaps find the means of accomplishing his object, or that of the other party, by the help of the subjoined advertisement: for which he is recommended to search the recent numbers of all the daily papers; in one of which it is quoted from a medical journal:—

INSANITY.—Twenty per cent. annually on the receipts will be guaranteed to any Medical man recommending a quiet Patient of either sex, to a First-Class Asylum, with the highest testimonials. Address —

Twenty per cent. on the receipts for the board, lodging, and care of the unhappy lunatic, screwed out of the lunatic's board and lodging, would probably represent a considerable abridgment of the patient's natural life. On the other hand, to be sure, the advertising madhouse-keeper would have an interest in prolonging the existence of his unfortunate charge: and, moreover, he might easily cheat the medical man out of the guaranteed twenty per cent., which surely would be a consideration secured by a no more valid bond than a contract entered into for an immoral purpose.

An Old Friend Decapitated.

THE poor dear old Sea-Serpent's head having been cut off in Algoa Bay, he can only figure henceforward, as a mere tail. An idiot of our acquaintance suggests that Algoa Bay must be his Natal ground.—(N.B. For the point of this degrading pun consult the Map of Southern Africa.)

TRANSATLANTIC TIGERS.

WHEN GENERAL HENNINGSEN, the accomplice of GENERAL WALKER—Generals in the like service with that wherein the celebrated *Macheath* was Captain—landed the other day, with a number of other scoundrels at New York, the rascaldom of that city expressed their sympathy with the General of Filibusters by giving him three cheers, and, by the account of the *New York Herald*, "repeated the number in tigers." What our American contemporary means by tigers we do not know, but we are at no loss to conjecture; and we conclude that the tigers in which the New York ruffians redoubled their cheers of their hero HENNINGSEN were notes or keys resembling in tone and quality the revolting yells and howlings of the ferocious beasts so denominated.

Petticoat Government.

THE *Estoffette* informs us that the Préfet of the Seine has appointed female searchers at all the barrières of Paris to examine all females wearing Crinoline, as these voluminous petticoats are extensively employed for smuggling. This might be described by our euphemistic friend, *Le Follet*, in the following modish terms:—

"Crinolines continue to be worn, with the addition of visites—à la barrière."

We trust that the Dover and Folkestone custom-houses will not be invaded by the "right of search" in this form at all events.

ROMAN CEMENT.—The French Army; for it has been sticking in Rome now ever so long, and the POPE finds it impossible to remove it.

A QUEER PARTY.



HE "Party" who published the subjoined advertisement has most likely lost the price of its insertion, as well as the garment for the recovery of which it was designed:—

TRA FALGAR TAVERN, Greenwich.—The party who took a MANTLE in mistake for their own last Saturday, are requested to communicate with Mr. _____ as speedily as possible.

That one person should take another's mantle in mistake for his or her own, is conceivable enough; but it is difficult to imagine that a whole party could

unite in mistaking a mantle belonging to some one else for their collective property, and carrying it away under that erroneous impression. When people take and carry away anything from anybody between them, there can be no mistake in the matter: either it is sold to them, or given to them, or they possess themselves of it by a method which the wise call "conveying." The party, described as having taken the mantle in mistake for their own, must, of course, be a plural party; whereas none but a singular party can possibly make a mistake of that nature.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

June 15th, Monday. LORD CAMPBELL, in further defiance of the LORD CHANCELLOR, who had asserted that no such measure was necessary, introduced a Bill for the putting an end to the sale of immoral publications. The process is to be the summary one employed in regard to Betting Houses, and it is to be hoped that the Magistrates, in enforcing it, will reverse the policy which they seem always to adopt with the betting-scoundrels, and, if there be a doubt, give the public, and not the notorious offender, the benefit of such doubt.

LORD CLANRICARDE brought a mass of complaint against the Indian Police, but as the DUKE OF ARGYLL said that there was no case made out, there is an end of the matter.

The Commons discussed the Jew Bill, more politely called the Oaths Bill, in committee. The Papist party, who assume to themselves the title of Liberal, began the battle by an attempt to get the Catholic oath included in the measure, notwithstanding that they had been warned by LORD PALMERSTON that they might injure the cause of the Jews by a demand to which the feeling of the country is adverse. The Commons made very short work with these persons, rejecting the proposition by 373 to 83. SIR FREDERICK THESIGER then charged, with all the forces of the Opposition, and was defeated, by 341 to 201, in his endeavour to make a Jew declare himself a Christian. *Mr. Punch* has too often protested against the shallow nonsense talked on both sides of the question to make it needful for him to say more than that, while recording the vote, he greatly despises most of the arguments used to promote and to hinder it, and especially the Jaunty Viscount's mode of getting rid of principles by alleging that Parliament's business is with politics, not religion. In life, a man who separates his religion from his politics is excessively likely to separate the theory from the practice of duty, even to the extent of separating his neighbour's pocket-book and pocket. SIR JOHN PAKINGTON, hitherto an opponent of the Jewish claims, made a manly speech, in which he avowed his inability to persist in resisting them. MR. WALPOLE pointed out that if the Bill became law, a Jew could hold office (that of Chancellor for instance) which a Catholic could not. Now, here is a real grievance, worth LORD CRANWORTH'S weight in lead, for the Popish party. What! ISSACHAR BEN MOSES may keep the QUEEN'S conscience, and be raised to the peerage as BARON PHYLACTERY, and there is no such chance for PATRICK MAC SULLIVAN—no title of ROSARY-CUM-TWIDDLE. Shades of the hundreds of Catholic patriots who have died in their beds, look down upon their children, thus oppressed by the Saxon!

Tuesday. More about India, in the Lords, but not much to the purpose. LORD CAERNARVON'S proposition for enabling Magistrates to send offenders, up to the age of 20, to reformatories, was negatived.

The virtuous WESTMEATH will not be permitted to reform those whom SYDNEY SMITH called "the debauched London bathers at Brighton." The House of Lords does not consider the regulation of bathing machines, and the question of bathing dresses, matters for Imperial legislation. It is thought that if the Magistrates of the boroughs washed by the sea are in earnest about decency they can send a constable up to his knees in the water to drag out any person misconducting himself, and to remove him to the lock-up. Why, however, gentlemen and ladies should not habitually follow French precedent, in regard to aquatic costume, *Mr. Punch* is unaware. The lady's bathing dress is both pretty and modest, and has only to be known to be admired, and *Mr. Punch* hopes to admire it, and many a lovely, radiant, and smiling face above it, during his autumnal pilgrimages. Finally, the whole case is one of police, and if sea-side Magistrates were less zealous in supporting their neighbours, the keepers of lodging-houses, in all disputes touching the extortions of the latter, and were more anxious to do their duty by the public, there would be no need to bother *Mr. Punch* or the other noblemen of the nation about such a matter.

The Commons decided that whatever case there might be for the equalisation of poor rates, MR. AYRTON, of the Tower Hamlets, had not brains enough to state it, and by 183 to 81 they snuffed out the said AYRTON of the Tower Hamlets.

Wednesday. They were laudably engaged in perfecting a measure regarding industrial schools.

Thursday. Rather a remarkable day, for LORD PALMERSTON'S Ministry was all but defeated in the Lords, and quite defeated in the Commons. In the former, after some Parsons had mercifully petitioned against the permitting a wicked husband or wife to be separated from the person suffering by the wickedness, LORD DERBY assailed the excellent Bill for getting rid of Ministers' Money in Ireland. He was unkindly reminded that this was a small Church reform compared to what he himself had effected, when, as LORD STANLEY, he bowled down Ten Bishops at a blow; but this he justly regarded as no argument, seeing that in those days he was a Reformer, but has since come over to Toryism. On division he would have triumphed, had the peers present settled the business, he having 71 to 65, but the proxies altered the case, and the second reading was carried by 101 to 96. *Mr. Punch* has heard of a Tory Baron who went to dinner with two proxies in his pocket, and of a Tory Duke who was unaware of the debate—a little more whipping, and the PREMIER would have been flogged. [Latest betting against ROTHSCHILD, 6 to 2, n. t.]

In the Commons, after some spirited complaints of the confusion of our Army Departments, to which the only answer seems to be, that the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE and LORD PANMURE are on excellent terms, the eternal Map question came up. For seventy years have the authorities been mapping the kingdoms, first on the scale of an inch to a mile, then six inches, then twenty-six inches and three-quarters. This last was in Scotland, where the landowners made a job of it, getting perfect plans of their estates at the national expense. So much did the Lairds value this, that *Mr. Punch* knows of one who actually subscribed £1500 to get his part of the country mapped early. Well, a good map is a good thing, but the Scotch job was stopped to-night, and Government beaten by 10. In revenge, a Scotch Member tried to stop the English survey, but this ebullition of spite found only 22 supporters against 290 opponents.

Friday. Nothing particular in the Lords, except that poor CRANNY, being asked about Bishops' resignations, flew to such recondite authorities as BLACKSTONE and BURN for his law.

In the Commons SIR B. HALL announced that on the 25th the decision on the Public Offices Designs would be given, and scores of architects immediately began stabbing their drawing boards with dividers, flinging their set-squares about the office, and refreshing themselves into Elevations of much originality, in their frightful excitement. Some malpractices to get rid of a witness on the Rochdale Election petition were exposed, as was the affair at Greytown, where Government let the Americans burn our property and insult our flag, but found out that the law of nations forbade even remonstrance. WISCOUNT WILLIAMS made bitter complaint that all Hampton Court Palace should be kept in simultaneous repair, and SIR JOHN SHELLEY (not usually witty) made some fun by picturing the Wiscount with a hypothetically dirty face, the sides of which he washed on alternate days.

Sweeping Denunciation.

MR. KER SEYMER is very indignant about the Cows in Hyde Park. They spoil the ladies' dresses, he says. His indignation is certainly excusable, for it is only natural that that which soils silks and satins, should give a turn, also, to *Ker-Seymer*(e).

WHAT I HEARD, SAW, AND THOUGHT, AT THE SYDENHAM FESTIVAL.

(By One who has no Wish to be Mistaken for a Critic.)

"I FAVOUR you with this communication, *Mr. Punch*, because I am quite sure no other Editor will print it. From the *Times* down even to the *Penny Morning Star*, every newspaper, I know, has a reputation to maintain for giving insertion only to the most profound of criticism; and I should as soon expect you to report *verbatim* one of *Mr. Spooner's* speeches as I should anticipate that any one of your contemporaries would give a corner to a correspondent so uncritical as I am. For at the outset, *Mr. Punch*, I must candidly confess to you that I know as little of orchestral slang as I do of High Dutch (Billingsgate), or the chaff of a fast Cherokee or Feejee Islander. In my present ignorance I own I could no more explain what is meant by 'harmonic progressions' than attempt to give the plot of an Astleian hippodrama; and I should as soon expect to follow *SIR CHARLES NAPIER's* reasoning as to comprehend such a phrase as 'contrapuntal complications.'

"But among your countless readers, *Mr. Punch*, there are no doubt some thousands who feel puzzled like myself when they hear of a 'fugued passage' being exquisitely 'rendered,' or of the 'counter-subject' being 'formally constructed,' or of the 'plain song abounding in florid divisions;' and it may not be uninteresting to some of them to meet with a few paragraphs about the *HANDEL* Festival which will have the novelty of not being unintelligible. And, as I heard the performances from first to last (barring a few bars, which I was robbed of by some cheats who tried to swindle an *encore*) I feel inclined to write a letter upon what I chiefly made a note of.

"In the first place, *Mr. Punch*, I think the sight at Sydenham was as wondrous as the hearing. A deaf man or a blind one would have equally been charmed there. To see the orchestra alone was worth coming up from the very Land's End or John o'Groat's house—I expect that for my lifetime I shall keep in my mind's eye that acre of white waistcoats, with the rood which was sown with brighter dresses in the midst of it: and I shall not easily lose sight of that forest of fiddlesticks, or the turning of the leaves, as thickly fluttering as those in *Vallombrosa*, of the chorus-books. Other pens have preceded me, and I suppose there is hardly a newspaper in the kingdom but has described the "sea of heads" on the shoulders of the audience, and has aptly carried out this marine expression by next bringing in the horticultural remark that a "parterre of blooming faces" was presented by the ladies. But without the aid of reference to these descriptive writers, I shall long remember the delighted looks of all the listeners: among whom I wished *KING HANDEL* could himself have been in earshot, and have sat the honoured guest of our pleased *QUEEN VICTORIA*.

"Accustomed as I am to hypercritical society, it is no new phrase to me to hear that the English have small reverence for music, and can by no means be regarded as a musical nation. As a convincing proof that this is more than ever now the fact, I find two thousand singers giving *HANDEL* their week's services and months of preparation, and I find also nearly twenty times their number giving their guineas or their half guineas to hear them. I do not mean to say that all of these were led there only by their ears. I am conscious that on some people the sound of a fine chorus has not so much effect as the sound of a fine codfish: and to many of the weaker sex good millinery is at least as attractive as good music. Two young ladies who sat by me during Saturday's rehearsal distinguished themselves from the rapt listeners around them by reading each a volume of a well-thumbed novel, from which they barely once looked up throughout the whole performance. My fingers itched, I own, to twitch the volumes from their laps, and apply them with some emphasis to the peccant ears of the perusers. But I reflected that tastes differ, and that minds are variously constituted: and that the power of appreciating the music of *HANDEL* is limited in some people to the handle of the polka-grinder's organ-box, or hurdy-gurdy.

"Still, with my remembrance of this festival—and such memories as these are joys to us for ever—I cannot think *JOHN BULL* can have no music in his soul. And yet less can I believe that such a festival as this can pass without leaving its good influence behind it. When I see, as I have done more than once this week, strong men moved to tears by a few chords of a chorus, I can neither think them weak for thus showing their emotion, nor can I believe but that it is good for them. If ever I forget my selfish self it is when I am listening to such strains as those of *HANDEL*. I never come away from one of his oratorios without thinking that I feel the better for the hearing. This week my only shadow of regret has been that my friends, even to the Antipodes, could not every one of them have lent me their ears, that I might fill them with the sounds I was myself so revelling in.

"As for giving you statistics of the parts I most enjoyed, I might as well try to enumerate the corks which I heard pop at the refreshment counters, or to calculate what acres the ham sandwiches would

have covered, or how far the ices if heaped up would have out-topped *Mont Blanc*. I don't much envy the man who having eaten his cake can sit down and ruminate, and try to pick the plums out, and remember how they tasted. Nor have I any sympathy with those cold-blooded critics who can come away unwarmed by the fire of a composer, and write a cool collected detail of each black spot they noticed. Such men seem to me to use their ears only in the way of business, and take the pains to listen to the *Hallelujah* just to see if all the 'points' are rightly 'taken up.' What delights them most is to detect a faulty passage, or discover something wrong in the conductor's 'rendering,' which they do by stretching to their utmost ears quite long enough already.

"Mind, I don't mean to deny the value of good criticism, whether in musical or any other matter; but I detest from my heart all that usage of slang phrases which savour so of quackery and the 'Omne ignotum pro magifico' delusion. Let us hope that two years hence all this will be exterminated, and that the lovers of sound will be guided only by sound judges. We are then, it is said, to have another festival, surpassing even this, as this has far surpassed all which have gone before it. And, as practice makes perfect, I would recommend all those who intend to take a part in it

'Nocturnâ versare manu, versare diurnâ;'

or if not day and night, once a month at least, until 1859 to take a turn at *HANDEL*.

"I am, *MR. PUNCH*, one who hopes then to have

"A VOICE IN THE MATTER."

DISTURBERS OF PUBLIC HARMONY.

ENCORE! Encore!
Oh what a bore
To hear a set of boobies roar
At Concerts, one
Song being done,
The prelude to the next begun!
O ye unwise!
Cease those outcries,
Which from sad want of taste arise,
Devoid of brains,
Orchestral strains
You drown—the deuce requite your pains!



Fiddle-Faddle at the Font.

At the head of the "Fashionable Arrangements for the Week," published in the *Post*, was the

"Christening of the infant daughter of the *COUNTESS BERNSTORFF*, at *Prussia House*."

We have always supposed that christening was a religious ordinance, and never imagined it to be a fashionable arrangement.



IT IS QUITE POSSIBLE TO HAVE TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING—AS, FOR EXAMPLE, WHEN YOU GET THE ASPARAGUS SHOT OVER YOUR FAVOURITE DRESS-COAT WITH THE SILK FACINGS.

THE LADIES' LIQUOR LAW.

A RATHER reasonable Liquor Law has been adopted in the state of New York. By this enactment, the drunken, and not the sober, portion of the community, are deprived of their beer and grog. On a complaint preferred by a wife that her husband is an habitual drunkard, magistrates and overseers, in towns and cities, are empowered to prohibit publicans from selling him any drink for six months, under penalty of fifty dollars for each offence. This seems all very well; but ought the charge of habitual drunkenness to be sustainable by the mere evidence of a wife? False accusation would, of course, be out of the question; but a wife—for ladies are commonly inexact in their definitions—could not perhaps be quite safely trusted to testify to the reality of that condition, commonly called the state of beer. Habitual drunkenness might be, in the opinion of many ladies, habitual indulgence in the cheerful glass, exceeding, in any measure, habitual indulgence in dress and display. The British Law's provision, that in no case shall a wife give evidence against her husband, is perhaps most especially requisite in cases of alleged excess in fermented beverages.

A MOST DESIRABLE DRAIN.

THE Duck-Island well, in St. James's Park, is draining all the Pumps in Westminster. Perhaps this accounts for the unusual absence of long speeches during the present Session.

THE YANKEE WALKER.—WALKER, the Filibuster, has had to hook it. He will thus be doubtless considered to have acquired a handle to his name.

A CHANT ABOUT EXETER HALL.

O, STAINED windows, richly dyed with forms of saints and prophets hoary!
O, aisles; O, transepts, north and south; O, chancel, crypts, and clerestory!
O, trefoil, quatrefoil, cinquefoil; O, mullions, transoms, finials, crockets!
O, crosses, candlesticks, and candles mounted in your sacred sockets!
Hear our melancholy chant, hear our mournful intonation,
Whilst in dreary tune we sing of a dreadful innovation:

Exeter Hall!

In that Hall, where schismatics and low sectarians go a-Maying,
Bishops now are preaching heard, priests on Sunday evenings praying;
And the prelate at their head occupies the see of London;
If this kind of thing goes on we shall certainly be undone.
Roodloft, reredos, altar-cloth, credence-table, hear our groaning,
Hear us, in the dismal notes of St. GREGORY, intoning

Exeter Hall!

Holy MRS. ADAMS made quite a proper observation,
When she said that out of Church, Scripture was but profanation.
Exeter Hall is not a Church; it was never consecrated,
And it is not East and West canonically situated,
And therefore, in a place like that, no service can be worth a button;
Thy shepherds are a pack of wolves, and all their sheep are mere lost mutton,

Exeter Hall!

Listen to us all ye saints who ought to stand in empty niches,
Wherein we to place you itch with unutterable itches.
Dirty, ragged, poor old men, sit there close beside a bishop,
Pretty fisher of mankind fish of such a class to fish up!
It is quite against all rule; it is wholly indecorous;
Wherefore we continually shall cry aloud in choir sonorous,

Exeter Hall!

The beggars by the bishop's side afford diversion and amusement
To well-dressed worshippers for whom, Churchwardens in their wisdom, pews meant.

Though pews we hate, we hate still more to see a lot of laymen humble,
With priests and prelates of the Church mixed up in such unseemly jumble.

Of laity and clergy we, contending for the separation,
Must sing with sorrow, with a voice attuned to doleful lamentation,
Exeter Hall!

We weep; our tears gush forth apace, like streams of water from a fountain.

What next? who knows that bishops soon will not go preaching on a mountain?

The qualified, the regular, the proper spiritual surgeon,
Appointed to the cure of souls, is practising like MR. SPURGEON.
There'll be an end of everything—and now the Comet's coming near us,
And so wesing—St. DUNSTAN, help! St. SWITHUN, mercifully hear us!
Exeter Hall!

Instinct.

AT one of the exhibitions of M^{DLLE}. VANDERBECKEN'S *Oiseaux Merveilleux*, before a company of gentlemen connected with the arts and literature, one of the diminutive performers, upon being directed "to stop opposite the cleverest person in the room," hopped knowingly in front of the Editor of the *Morning Advertiser*, and there chirped most significantly. Every one began to titter, but the mistake was quickly explained. It seems there had been an accidental change of actors, and unfortunately the bird substituted was a *Mocking-Bird*!

WHAT'S BRED IN THE STONE.

A COMPANY at Frodsham, in Cheshire, are grinding gold out of Virginia rock-ballast, at the rate of an ounce and a half to the ton. A flour-mill in the neighbourhood, we are informed, is employed for crushing the auriferous quartz. It is to be hoped that neither the company's shareholders, nor the Frodsham miller's customers are going to get stones for their bread.

Pictures Without a Home.

THE Committee "for determining the site of the National Gallery" have had another meeting. It seems to us that these Commissioners are taking a rare long time to determine a very simple question. Had they not better refer the question to MR. HUME (the spiritual humbuggist), since that gentleman has acquired a large notoriety for his powers of "second site?"

A WISE PRECAUTION.—SIR BENJAMIN HALL has directed that the dimensions of the new reception room at St. James's shall be calculated not by linear, but by crino-linear measurement.



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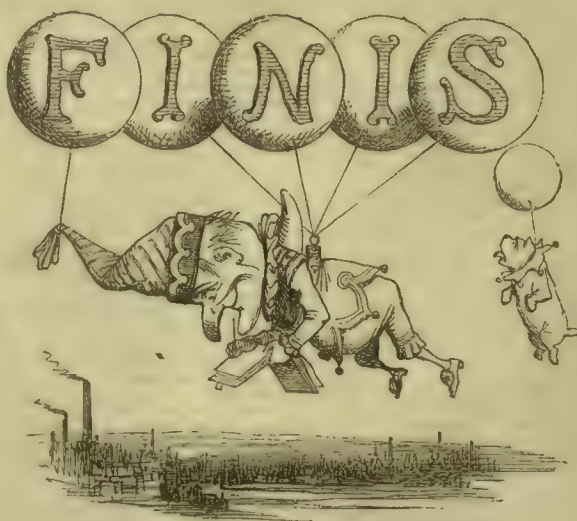
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PUNCH



VOL XXXIII.

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1857.



WHEN the Daughter of England was asked in marriage by the Son of Prussia, her Royal Parents naturally sought the advice of their sincerest friend.

"VICTORIA ADELAIDE MARY LOUISA is young," replied MR. PUNCH. "She was born, Madam, on the 21st of November, 1840. Your illustrious bride, Prince, tarried somewhat longer, longer even than her volunteer Laureat, LEIGH HUNT, ordained:—

" 'And when nineteen years have brought
Steady eye and serious thought,
You——'

Do you remember the passage, dear Madam? It occurred in a cleverly-phrased poem, almost worthy of PUNCH, written when some provincial magnates had displayed more than usual folly in what they deemed honour of yourself, a young lady of ten years."

"How you remember things," observed the QUEEN, with a smile.

"I can forget nothing that entwines itself with the fortunes of my most gracious Lady and Mistress," said MR. PUNCH, with exquisite tenderness and a bow of the deepest devotion. "And as I approve of early marriages, where the prospects of the young couple are tolerably favourable (as I think we may regard those of VICTORIA and FREDERIC), they shall have what good DR. PRIMROSE calls 'my consent and bounty.'"

So the Kings and Queens of the Earth sent presents, and MR. PUNCH, invited by the Princess-fiancée, went to the Castle to see the unpacking. The Jaunty Viscount also came down, and having learned that there was some porter's work to do, ordered in a couple of his men, who, he remarked, were just fit for that sort of thing. Hearing this direction, MR. PUNCH was in no way surprised to see VERNON SMITH and CHARLES WOOD enter humbly, and begin to open the boxes.

"The EMPEROR OF RUSSIA sends a statuette of an Emancipated Serf," said WOOD, "as a chimney-piece ornament. His own doing."

"Hm," said MR. PUNCH. "I should like to see the set complete. However, if he is about it in earnest, Heaven prosper him. What's that, SMITH?"

"From the QUEEN OF SPAIN, your Grace. A golden cup, used at the christening of the PRINCE ALFONSO."

"Get HANCOCK to test whether it is gold," said MR. PUNCH. "I hope it has that value."

"The EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA—a silver model of the Buda-Pesth Suspension Bridge."

"Built by an Englishman—so far appropriate—but I hope the CÆSAR has not forgotten how his legions caught it, thereabouts, from Hungarian patriots."

"KING PEDRO, of Portugal—a splendid Atlas."

"Good boy. Let *him* open South Africa to DR. LIVINGSTONE."

"VICTOR EMANUEL, of Sardinia, a beautiful little lighthouse in silver, for pastiles."

"His kingdom being Italy's beacon, and almost overpowering Neapolitan assafoetida—good," said MR. PUNCH. "Suppose he had been a Protestant," whispered he, playfully, to the Princess.

"It would have been very good for his interests—hereafter," replied the young lady, demurely, and then laughing as Seventeen should laugh.

"ABDUL MEDSCHID," said WOOD (after several blunders over the name), "an alabaster model of St. Sophia's, and the Princess's name in coloured mosaics, from the dome of the original."

"Thanks to the Princess's Mamma, and to me, Russian psalmody has not brought those mosaics down like rain, long ago. Let us hope that his Highness will remember the fact."

"The EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH—only a congratulatory letter. O yes," said WOOD, (who *can't* be accurate), "inscribed, 'With four white ponies, docile as French senators, and as little likely to kick over traces.'"

"But," said MR. PUNCH, "not the things to drive up Constitution Hill. *N'importe*, the graceful thought was the gracious EUGÉNIE's, whom I love."

"Upon my word!" said HER MAJESTY, laughing.

"Here is something from America," exclaimed SMITH. "With PRESIDENT BUCHANAN's kind regards. A little statue of GEORGE WASHINGTON, in gold."

"You have one already, my dear, just done by one MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH, and a better likeness, on that table," said PRINCE ALBERT, glancing at the 'Virginians.' "But the President is very kind."

Dinner was announced, and a lot of boxes from the small kings and kinglets, Bavaria, Baden, Tuscany, Greece, and so forth, were sent up to the nursery, to be opened for the amusement of HELENA, LOUISA, ARTHUR, LEOPOLD, and BEATRICE.

"I will not let the soup chill while I deliver a speech," said MR. PUNCH, stepping forward; "but one other Potentate has humbly to pray your Royal Highness's acceptance of something—"

And kneeling on one manly knee, he made his offering.

"Worth all the rest, ten thousand times," exclaimed the Royal Bride, echoed by all present.

And they were right, for it was KING PUNCH's

Thirty-Third Volume.



PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1857.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

1857

EDEN
CALENDAR
1857

January xxxi Days.

1 Th	Circumcis.	17 S	Franklin d.
2 F	S. a. 4h 3m	18 S	25 of Epip.
3 S	2 S. aft. Ch.	19 M	Epiphani. b.
4 S	1 S. aft. Ch.	20 Tu	Epiphani. b.
5 Th	1 S. aft. Ch.	21 W	Epiphani. b.
6 F	Epiphani. b.	22 Th	Vincent
7 W	Ramsey d.	23 F	Pat d. d.
8 Th	Locust d.	24 S	Epiphani. b.
9 F	Abp. Laud	25 S	3 S. aft. Epip.
10 S	R. T. b. a.	26 M	Bract d. d.
11 S	1 S. aft. Epip.	27 Tu	S. r. 7h 40m.
12 M	Plough M.	28 W	S. a. 4h 30m.
13 Tu	Cam. T. b.	29 Th	L. c. 8h 57m.
14 W	Old T. b.	30 F	K. C. M.artyr
15 Th	1794. 31 S		Hilary T. a.
16 F	Gibbon d.		

February xxviii Days.

1 S	48 of Epip.	15 S	Mezages. S
2 S	Candlen d.	16 M	Attetour
3 Tu	S. r. 7h 30m.	17 Tu	Id. 1732
4 W	S. a. 4h 30m.	18 W	S. a. 4h 12m
5 Th	1 S. aft. Ch.	19 Th	Id. 1694
6 F	Priestley d.	20 F	Voltaire b.
7 S	1 S. aft. Ch.	21 S	Dod d. 1855
8 M	Septuag. S.	22 M	Quinqu. S.
9 M	Durley m.	23 M	Cam. L. T. d.
10 Tu	Q. Vic. m.	24 Tu	Shrove Tu.
11 W	1850. 25 W		Moore d.
12 Th	1850. 26 Th		1850. 27 F
13 F	Callial d.	27 F	S. r. 6h 52m
14 S	Valentine	28 S	S. a. 4h 37m

March xxxi Days.

1 S	1 S. in Lent	17 Tu	St. Patrick
2 S	St. David	18 W	St. Leo. b.
3 Tu	S. r. 6h 40m.	19 Th	1848
4 W	Ember Wk. 20 F		Spring U. c.
5 Th	1845. 21 S		Handist
6 F	M. A. d. 22 S		4 S. in Lent
7 S	Perpetua	23 M	Katherine b.
8 S	S. in Lent	24 Tu	Annua.
9 M	S. a. 4h 12m	25 W	St. George
10 Tu	St. Nicholas b.	26 Th	St. John b.
11 W	Tasso b.	27 F	1864
12 Th	St. Gregory	28 S	Ros. Ward.
13 F	Taitford d.	29 S	S. in Lent
14 S	Byng shot	30 M	S. r. 6h 42m
15 S	1 S. in Lent	31 Tu	S. a. 4h 30m
16 M	Holman b.		

April xxx Days.

1 W	S. r. 5h 30m	16 Tu	Buffon d.
2 Th	Co. L. T. b.	17 W	J. d. 1689
3 F	Co. L. T. b.	18 W	J. d. 1689
4 S	Co. L. T. b.	19 M	Low Sund.
5 Th	Palm Sun.	20 M	1783
6 F	Old Ia. d.	21 Tu	Epiphani. b.
7 S	Fr. Leop. b.	22 Tu	W. O. C. T. b.
8 M	Fire Ins. d.	23 Tu	St. George
9 Tu	L. Bacon d.	24 F	Allice b.
10 W	Good Frid.	25 S	Mark. Pra.
11 Th	Canning b.	26 S	S. a. of Epip.
12 F	Raster Sun.	27 M	Gibbon b.
13 S	Raster Mon.	28 Tu	1737
14 Th	Ottway d.	29 W	S. r. 4h 38m
15 F	Raster T. b.	30 Th	S. a. 7h 18m

May xxxi Days.

1 F	P. Arth. b.	17 S	Roga. Sun.
2 S	1850	18 M	A. d. 1850
3 S	S. a. of Epip.	19 Tu	St. Dunstan
4 M	S. a. 4h 20m	20 W	Holy Thurs.
5 Th	S. a. 7h 27m	21 Th	Ascen. Day
6 F	St. John	22 F	1819
7 S	St. John	23 M	Q. Vic. b.
8 M	Rest. Law	24 M	Sun. of As.
9 Tu	H. Q. Day	25 M	Pa. Hol. b.
10 W	S. a. of Epip.	26 W	Augustine
11 Th	Chatham d.	27 W	S. r. 3h 55m
12 F	1778	28 Th	S. a. 8h 1m
13 S	Old May d.	29 Th	K. Ch. II. r.
14 S	1823	30 M	Q. Vic. b.
15 F	Cuveler died	31 S	Whit Sun.
16 S	1847		

June xxx Days.

1 M	Whit Mon.	16 Tu	West. T. b.
2 Tu	S. r. 3h 50m	17 W	1816
3 W	Ember Wk.	18 Th	R. Waterloo
4 Th	St. John b.	19 Th	1837
5 F	June face	20 M	Gu. Ver.
6 S	Connel b.	21 S	2 S. aft. Tr.
7 M	Trin. Sun.	22 M	1845
8 Tu	1845	23 Tu	Long. day
9 W	Corp. Cur.	24 W	Mid. Day
10 Th	1845	25 Th	S. r. 3h 45m
11 F	1845	26 F	Cor. 1828
12 S	Trin. T. b.	27 S	S. a. of Tr.
13 S	1845	28 S	3 S. aft. Tr.
14 M	S. a. of Tr.	29 M	S. a. 4h 18m
15 M	S. r. 3h 44m	30 Tu	S. a. 4h 18m

July xxxi Days.

1 W	S. r. 2h 40m	17 F	Dr. Watts b.
2 Th	S. a. 4h 17m	18 S	Shrovetide
3 F	St. Martin	19 S	6 S. aft. Tr.
4 S	1845	20 M	Margaret
5 Th	4 S. aft. Tr.	21 Tu	R. Horn d.
6 F	Ol. Mid. Day	22 Tu	Magdalen
7 S	Th. a. Bee	23 Tu	1804
8 M	D. Camb. d.	24 F	Gilbert
9 M	P. Inca d.	25 M	St. James
10 Tu	Cam. Ter. b.	26 M	7 S. aft. Tr.
11 W	1845	27 W	Anna
12 Th	1845	28 Th	S. r. 4h 18m
13 F	1845	29 Th	1830
14 S	1845	30 M	Ch. X. d. d.
15 S	St. Northin	31 F	S. a. 7h 48m
16 M	Reynolds b.		

August xxxi Days.

1 S	Lammas	17 M	Do. Kent b.
2 S	S. a. of Tr.	18 M	L. d. 1845
3 M	S. r. 4h 20m	19 W	Edw. L. r.
4 Th	S. a. 7h 41m	20 Th	Edw. L. r.
5 F	1845	21 F	Blackcock
6 S	Pr. Alfred	22 S	3. of Bow.
7 M	Qu. Car. d.	23 M	11 S. aft. Tr.
8 Tu	Q. Car. d.	24 Tu	St. Barthol.
9 W	S. a. of Tr.	25 W	1819
10 Th	Lawrence	26 Th	Pr. Albert b.
11 F	Half Quar.	27 F	Algers b.
12 S	Groveshale	28 S	St. August.
13 S	Ol. Lammas	29 S	S. r. 6h 5m
14 M	1845	30 M	12 S. aft. Tr.
15 M	Assumptn.	31 S	S. a. 6h 7m
16 S	10 S. aft. Tr.		

September xxx Days.

1 Tu	St. Giles	16 W	Ember Wk
2 Tu	S. r. 4h 15m	17 W	Lambert
3 Tu	S. a. 4h 40m	18 W	R. Waterloo
4 F	1845	19 Th	1845
5 F	1845	20 M	1845
6 S	1845	21 M	1845
7 M	1845	22 Tu	1845
8 Tu	1845	23 Tu	1845
9 W	1845	24 W	1845
10 Th	1845	25 Th	1845
11 F	1845	26 F	1845
12 S	1845	27 S	1845
13 S	1845	28 S	1845
14 M	1845	29 M	1845
15 M	1845	30 Tu	1845

October xxxi Days.

1 Th	Remigius	17 S	Ephedreda
2 F	S. r. 4h 40m	18 S	1845
3 S	S. a. 4h 32m	19 M	1845
4 S	17 S. aft. Tr.	20 M	1845
5 Th	1845	21 Tu	1845
6 F	1845	22 Tu	1845
7 W	1845	23 W	1845
8 Th	1845	24 Th	1845
9 F	1845	25 F	1845
10 S	1845	26 M	1845
11 M	1845	27 Tu	1845
12 Tu	1845	28 Tu	1845
13 W	1845	29 W	1845
14 Th	1845	30 Th	1845
15 F	1845	31 F	1845

November xxx Days.

1 S	21 S. aft. Tr.	16 M	Ferguson d.
2 S	1845	17 M	Hugh. B. L.
3 M	1845	18 Tu	1845
4 Th	1845	19 Th	1845
5 F	1845	20 F	1845
6 S	1845	21 S	1845
7 M	1845	22 M	1845
8 Tu	1845	23 Tu	1845
9 W	1845	24 W	1845
10 Th	1845	25 Th	1845
11 F	1845	26 F	1845
12 S	1845	27 S	1845
13 S	1845	28 S	1845
14 M	1845	29 M	1845
15 M	1845	30 Tu	1845

December xxxi Days.

1 Tu	S. r. 7h 46m	17 Th	Or. M. T. a.
2 W	S. a. 4h 52m	18 F	Or. M. T. a.
3 Th	1845	19 S	Or. M. T. a.
4 F	1845	20 M	Or. M. T. a.
5 S	1845	21 Tu	Or. M. T. a.
6 M	1845	22 Tu	Or. M. T. a.
7 Tu	1845	23 W	Or. M. T. a.
8 W	1845	24 Th	Or. M. T. a.
9 Th	1845	25 F	Or. M. T. a.
10 F	1845	26 S	Or. M. T. a.
11 S	1845	27 M	Or. M. T. a.
12 S	1845	28 M	Or. M. T. a.
13 M	1845	29 Tu	Or. M. T. a.
14 M	1845	30 Tu	Or. M. T. a.
15 M	1845	31 Tu	Or. M. T. a.

1856

FIRE-SIDE SAINTS.

St. Dolly.—At an early age, St. DOLLY showed the sweetness of her nature by her tender love for her widowed father; a baker, dwelling at Pie-Corner, with a large family of little children. It chanced that, with bad harvests, bread became so dear that, of course, bakers were ruined by high prices. The miller fell upon DOLLY's father, and swept the shop with his golden thumb. Not a bed was left for the baker or his little ones. St. DOLLY slept upon a flour-sack, having prayed that good angels would help her to help her father. Now, sleeping, she dreamt that the oven was lighted, and she felt falling in a shower about her raisins, currants, almonds, lemon-peel, flour, with heavy drops of brandy. Then in her dream she saw the fairies gather up the things that fell, and knead them into a cake. They put the cake into the oven; and, dancing round and round, the fairies vanished, crying—*Draw the cake, DOLLY; DOLLY, draw the cake.* And DOLLY awoke and drew the cake; and, behold, it was the first Twelfth Cake, sugared at the top, and bearing three images of Faith, Hope, and Charity. Now this cake, shewn in the window, came to the King's ear; and the King bought the cake, knighted the baker, and married DOLLY to his grand falconer, to whom she proved a faithful and loving wife, bearing him a baker's dozen of lovely children.

MODERN IMPROVEMENT.—We venerate our Saxon forefathers; and yet, by their own showing, they were a sad lot. VERSTEGAN says, that in January wolves were peculiarly dangerous to his contemporaries, "for that through the extremity of cold and snow these ravenous creatures could not find other beasts sufficient to feed upon." Other beasts! VERSTEGAN, thou wast a satirical rogue.

CONSEQUENCES OF PROGRESS.—When Railways and Electric Telegraphs shall have abolished Time and Space, what will become of watches and aldermen?

ARIES presides at a Berlin-Wool show.

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.—One of the safest places during a thunderstorm is an omnibus in motion, because it is furnished with a conductor.

ETYMOLOGY OF JANUARY.—Janus, the two-faced god, was the god of humbug. How absurd, then, to shut his temple in the time of peace, when war is succeeded by diplomacy!

CAUTION FOR THE BALL-ROOM.—In engaging a young lady for the polka or the "next set," make mamma clearly understand that the partnership is to be one of Limited Liability.



AMATEUR PANTOMIME.

MORAL FOR JANUARY

In January, o'er the ice,
The rapid skater flies,
So never scorn sincere advice
"Economy is wise."

St. Patty.—St. PATTY was an orphan, and dwelt in a cot with a sour old aunt. It chanced, it being bitter cold, that three hunters came and craved for meat and drink. "Pack," said the sour aunt; "neither meat nor drink have ye here." "Neither meat nor drink," said PATTY, "but something better." And she ran and brought some milk, some eggs, and some flour, and beating them up, poured the batter in the pan. Then she took the pan, and tossed the cake once; and then a robin alighted at the window, and kept singing these words—*One good turn deserves another.* And PATTY tossed and tossed the cakes; and the hunters ate their fill and departed. And next day the hunter baron came in state to the cot; and trumpets were blown, and the heralds cried—*One good turn deserves another;* in token whereof PATTY became the baron's wife, and pancakes were eaten on Shrove-Tuesday ever after.

MORAL FOR FEBRUARY.

In February, feathered songsters pair,
The crocus and the snowdrop rear their heads;
Then let us of intemperance beware,
And early seek, and early leave, our beds.

OPPORTUNITY NEGLECTED.—The fourteenth of February is pairing day, and what a fine thing it would be if all the talkative simpletons in the House of Commons would take a hint from the occasion, and pair off for the Session!

COURAGE IN THE CANINE SPECIES.—The happy possessor of a pet dog can generally testify that the faithful animal will lick anything.

THE RULE OF CUPID.—A Young Lady may go to Court only in Leap-year.

REMARK ON LINEN.—Green Erin is preferable to Brown Holland.



Little Gent. "MORNING", MY LORD — GLAD TO SEE YOU OUT AGAIN!—WHAT I LIKE ABOUT FOX-UNTING IS, THAT IT IMPROVES THE BREED OF 'ORSES—AND BRINGS PEOPLE TOGETHER AS WOULDN'T OTHERWISE MEET!"

RECREATIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

MANY of Nature's mysteries have hitherto baffled both the theory of the speculators and the vigilant research of the scientific enquirer. Among them is the far-famed Speaking Tree of Siam. Attention has recently been directed to the subject in consequence of the treaty which has been effected between the KING OF SIAM and the QUEEN OF ENGLAND, and possibly increased familiarity with this strange product may add to our information as to its nature. At present all that we seem to know is, that the Tree, in size and form somewhat resembling a birch tree, emits articulate sounds when a person approaches it. The tone is a monotone, but peculiarly distinct, and the words, which are Siamese, are generally those of derision and contempt. This legs are a great reproach in Siam, and a person coming to the tree will almost certainly be saluted with the exclamation "Yuckery bolac," which is equivalent to "Now then, skinny calves." The favourite Siamese wish "Inbrog bash je-luckin." "May your ears be stretched," is often heard from the Speaking Tree. The voice was thought to come from the leaves, but the late King, BIRSOTH WHAUM, caused a tree to be stripped bare, and the dreadful abuse it lavished on the operators continued after every leaf had been removed. He also planted a grove of them near the palace, but the trees quarrelled so frightfully, and exchanged such hideous threats, that they had to be cut down. There is a small specimen at the Horticultural Gardens, at Chiswick, but it only squeaks like a rat. It is however, young.



AN INJURED INDIVIDUAL.

TOMKINS (who has missed his bird, but peppered WILKINS). "THERE, NOW, I'VE A DOOGED GOOD MIND TO SAY THAT I'LL NEVER COME OUT SHOOTING WITH YOU AGAIN—YOU'RE ALWAYS GETTING IN THE WAY!"

DIFFICULTIES OF HAND.—The convict question may not be more peculiarly urgent during the prevalence of cold easterly winds; nevertheless we are then especially troubled with bad chaps, and sometimes find it a hard matter to get rid of them.

QUITE NATURAL.—Naturalists, when they write, are in the habit of recording such wonderful things, that one would imagine they laboured under the idea that, instead of a Natural History, they were writing a History for Naturalists!

THE GARDEN.—A moist spring favours the development of plants, and also of certain creatures of low organisation that feed on plants. During wet weather, therefore, at this time of the year, vegetation is, generally, at once brisk and sluggish.

FASHIONABLE PROPHECIES.

COLD weather frequently prevails in 1857; during which the obstinate fashion of bonnets worn on the occiput gives rise to severe pains in the female cranium, face, and jaws; whence the off-head dress obtains the appellation of The Neuralgia Bonnet. This being a hard name, is changed to the Tic Bonnet; and ultimately the ridiculous bonnets which have been so long worn without having been worn out, are called Tics.

St. Norah.—ST. NORAH was a poor girl, and came to England to service. Sweet-tempered and gentle, she seemed to love everything she spoke to. And she prayed to ST. PATRICK that he would give her a good gift that would make her not proud but useful: as ST. PATRICK, out of his own heart, taught ST. NORAH how to boil potatoes. A sad thing, and to be lamented, that the secret has come down to so few.

MORAL FOR MARCH.

THE winds of March sweep o'er the plain,
And bid the dust to fly;
The hares in March become insane
"Avoid" the company."

THE MAGIC OF BEAUTY.—The belief that any old woman has the power of charming away wars is a mere superstition. It is not impossible that the miracle could be performed if the charmer were a very enchanting young one.

EFFECT OF HIGH WINDS.—Such is the violence of the equinoctial gales, that, during their prevalence, tiles very often become projectiles.



OUR FRIEND TOM NODDY HAS A DAY WITH THE BROOKSIDE HARRIERS.—WITH HIS USUAL PRUDENCE HE GETS A HORSE ACCUSTOMED TO THE HILLS!

RECREATIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE perils of the Whale Fishery are among the most exciting of all narratives of voyages. That the whale, a savage and furious animal, when provoked will dash his head against a ship, and sometimes sink her, is on frequent record. The whalers are now well armed, in order to meet this danger, and firearms are resorted to whenever the whale attempts to strike the vessel. CAPTAIN FRANCIS W. LUSBOCK, an American captain, states that having wounded a red whale with the harpoon, the creature, having capsized all the boats, prepared to charge the ship from which his enemies had come. A brisk discharge of rifles, however, deterred him, and he went down. An hour later he reappeared, with another whale of a more gigantic size, and around whom he was playing, evidently inciting him to attack the ship. A cannonade was run out, and as the monster approached, a well-aimed cannon-ball crashed into his skull, amid the cheers of the brave Americans, and laid him a floating corpse. But their cheers were stopped by a tremendous flapping noise. The first whale had dived, gone under the ship, and while all were occupied on the starboard, had actually boarded the vessel on the larboard side, and was trying to suck up the black cook. Pikes, cutlasses, harpoons, all went to work, and the whale was beaten off, but too late to save the poor cook, whom sheer fright had converted into a mass of blubber, of which we need hardly say the unhesitating Yankees made good merchandise.

MORAL FOR APRIL.

IN April, showers fall, short and thick,
And hard and heavy, like the stick
Which, on the beat, policemen carry.
"Experience is salutary."

CANCER is found in the stomach of the "peculiar institutions" of the Southern United States. It is hoped that the disease may yield to tender treatment, otherwise dissolution is considered to be inevitable.

CURIOUS BUT TRUE.—At the disastrous fire at Covent Garden Theatre, the manuscript Operas were destroyed in scores.



HI ART !

Parent: "I SHOULD LIKE YOU TO BE VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT HIS HAIR."
Photographic Artist (!). "OH, MUM, THE 'AIR IS HEAVY ENOUGH! IT'S THE HI'S WHERE WE FIND THE DIFFICULTY!"

THE TALISMAN OF TEMPERANCE.

I WISH I had a ring to wear,
Whose magic energy was such
My finger that 'twould pinch, whene'er
My next drop would be one too much.

Then should I hit the happy mean
Aimed at by every man of sense,
And evermore walk straight between
The states of Beer and Abstinence.

ST. BETSY.—ST. BETSY was wedded to a knight who salled with RALEIGH and brought home tobacco; and the knight smoked. But he thought that ST. BETSY, like other fine ladies of the court, would fain that he should smoke out-of-doors; nor taint with 'bacco-smoke the tapestry. Whereupon the knight would seek his garden, his orchard, and in any weather smoke *sub Jove*. Now it chanced as the knight smoked, ST. BETSY came to him and said, "My lord, pray ye, come into the house." And the knight went with ST. BETSY, who took him into a newly-cedarred room, and said, "I pray, my lord, henceforth smoke here: for is it not a shame that you who are the foundation and the prop of your house should have no place to put your head into and smoke?" And ST. BETSY led him to a chair, and with her own fingers filled him a pipe, and from that time the knight sat in the cedar-chamber and smoked his weed.

A WHIM AMONG WOMEN.—Some difficulty has been experienced in endeavouring to account for the fact that the less rational portion of ladies who are not very young, generally make a mystery of their age. One can only suppose that they wish their age to be regarded as uncertain by reason of a dislike to be considered of a certain age.

THE BREWERY OF THE SKY.—A country cousin remarking to a metropolitan friend that a storm was brewing, the Cockney said that he supposed the storm would be a 'ail-storm.

CON BY THE BOOY AT THE NORE.—Q. What is the best thing to do with a Collier that's heavily laden, and about to sink?—A. Coal-scuttle her as fast as you can.

HINT TO AUTHORS.—It is one thing to live by your works: another thing to live in them.



BEWARE!

BEWARE of playing Billiards with a man who carries his own chalk, and calls the marker Jack. Beware (if you have corns) of waltzing with young ladies who prefer the *trois temps*, and are accustomed to perpetrate the exploded Caledonians.

Beware at genteel dinner-tables of asking for cabbage under any other name than greens.

Beware, unless you speak French fluently, of entering a shop in Paris where you see the notice "Inglist Spoken."

Beware of hailing empty omnibuses if time is any object to you.

Beware of taking Country Cousins shopping, unless you are prepared to turn light-porter, and carry home their parcels for them.

Beware of laughing at a joke made by a professed punster, if you have any wish not to hear another.

And, finally, Beware of bringing home old schoolfellows on cleaning days, unless you are prepared to pay your wife for their dinners at SWAN and EDGAR'S.

MORAL FOR MAY.

Did not the clouds of April genial showers

Upon the thirsty fields and meadows empty

Sweet May would never be adorned with flowers:

"Familiarity doth breed contempt."

ARR your words of more weight when you propound anything than when you only announce it?



Old Aunt.—"WELL, MY LOVE—SO YOU 'VE GOT A HAT LIKE MINE, I SEE."

GEOGRAPHICAL MISTAKE

How can Holland be termed a portion of the Low Countries, when every woman in the territory is a Duchess in her own right?

St. Phillis.—St. PHILLIS was virgin of noble parentage: withal as simple as any shepherdess of curds-and-cream, married a wealthy lord, and much pin-money. But when of ladies wore diamonds and pearls, St. PHILLIS only wore a red white rose in her hair. Yet pin-money bought the best jewellery in the happy eyes of poor about her. St. PHILLIS rewarded. She lived until fourscore, and still carried the red white rose in her face, and their fragrance in her memory.

Leo is visited by the QUEEN OF THE Zoological Garden, and introduced by Mr. MITCHELL between two walls of muslin covered with blacks.

AN INSTANTANEOUS METHOD FOR PRODUCING VINEGAR.—Presented one young lady to another.

EXAMPLE FOR TRADESMEN.—Pastry-cooks seldom advertise because a large proportion of their goods are puffs in themselves.

CONSOLATION FOR RUSSIA.—a popular delusion that botanists are the most fruitful. the contrary, when you are velling towards the pole, a glance at the head-dresses of people will convince you that are more and more getting fur-tile countries.

ETIQUETTE FOR EVENING PARTIES.

BY OUR OWN BRUMMELL.

If you are at all an absent-minded man, it is prudent not to venture to a party in goloshes. Possibly you might forget to take them off, and so be entering the room upon a questionable footing.

In dressing for an evening party, always bear in mind the maxim, "Ease before elegance." Many a good waltzer has been forced into a wallflower through the tortures of having a new pair of boots on. If you have strength of mind you will avoid such a fate, even at the cost of appearing in your bluechers. Recollect, black trousers are not indispensable. The authorities at the Opera, who are the last to admit any breaches of decorum, have pronounced an equal Open Sesame to white. Therefore by all means go in ducks if you prefer it; especially to a house where you've never been asked before, and (if you sport them) will most probably never be again.

With respect to the much-vexed question of propriety in the practice of bringing your hat into the room with you, we think it best to give an answer of negation: if for no other reason than that you might tempt some ultra fast young lady to put the vulgar query to you, "Who's your hatter?" If however you desire to create a sensation, you cannot do so easier than—if you affect a white hat with black crape round it—by keeping it under your arm throughout the entire evening.

When you desire to dance with a young lady, it is necessary to obtain an introduction by her parents; or, if they be absent, by her nearest relative. The forms which etiquette has sanctioned for preferring your request are somewhat too numerous for us to print: but in our opinion there is no one more genteel than "What d'ye say to a waltz, Miss?" or, "Let you me just go in for a galop!" We hesitate to recommend phrase, "Malden, wilt tread a measure with thy TOMKIN (or whatever else your name may be) because we almost it has become a little obsolete.

Should you be called upon to propose your entertainment health, and feel at all diffident about your eloquence, you better plainly state that you are no orator as BRUTUS was, that you have no objection to sing a song, if that will do well. And then for fear of your proposal being negative you had better strike up at once the first thing that occurs to you—say *Bobbin' Around* or the *Ratcatcher's Daughter*, either of which would be nicely appropriate to the occasion.



WHILE A RESPECTABLE ELDERLY FEMALE TAKES CARE OF THE HOUSE IN TOWN.



PROPRIETY IN DRESS.

SHORT dresses have been objected to by the prudish; but though the clothes of ladies are now more than long enough, they admit of the very greatest latitude. — N.B. The discovery of the latitude has succeeded that of the longitude.

NATIONAL HUMILIATION.—Monday, the 2nd of June, is the anniversary of the imposition of the Income-Tax. Persons on the receipt, or no longer in the receipt, of precarious incomes, assist.

WHY is a youth like a Church robbed of its bibles and prayer-books, &c? — He is in a state of sequestration.

PHILOSOPHY FOR THE TOWN.—He who says wagers, lays golden eggs. The house did so; and you know the consequence.

TAXIDERMY FOR PARENTS.—If you want to preserve your children, do not stuff them.

St. Peter.—St. Peter was married early to a wilful, but faithful and good-hearted husband. He was a merchant, and could come home sour and sullen from 'Change. Whereupon, after much pondering, St. Peter in her patience set to work, and praying the while, made of dyed lamb's-wool a door-mat. And it chanced from that time, that never did the husband such that mat, that it didn't clean his temper with his shoes, and he sat down by his Pious as mild as the lamb whose wool he had trod upon. Thus gentleness may make miraculous door-mats!

IGNORANCE OF THE HIGHER CLASSES.—How few of all those ladies of rank who attend Her Majesty's Drawing Rooms now how to clean their own white ostrich feathers!

A CAVALIER.

Adolphus. "Now, Girls!—If you're game for a ride on the sands—I'm your man

SINGULAR DELUSION.

A popular preacher received so many pairs of slippers from the female part of his congregation, that he got to fancy himself a centipede.

WAR AND CIVILISATION.—A file of British soldiers is generally found to polish a barbarous enemy.

OBLIGED TO CUT HIS STICK.—When a man draws upon the bank of nature, he first sends in the woodmen with their bills.

DOMESTIC MORAL.—Those Mammas must regard their daughters as mere dirt who are desirous of getting them off their hands.

THE CONSERVATIVE CLUB.—The emblem of this orderly association is the policeman's bludgeon.

THE HANDS.—It is quite an error to suppose that filbert nails are more liable to crack than others.

A GLUTTON'S VIRTUE.—Resignation to his fate.

MORAL FOR JUNE.

JUNE clothes the fields and forests in full green, And sometimes we have summer come at length By Midsummer. Long live our gracious QUEEN! And bear in mind that "Unity is Strength."

VIRGO appears without crinoline at a bachelor's ball; and is, in due season, presented with a life testimonial in the person of AUGUSTUS MELTON MOWBRAY. Thus, by not making too much of herself, is virtue rewarded.

FREEMASONRY AMONG ANIMALS.—Cats may be said to constitute a lodge when a certain number of them are all tiled.

CHEMISTRY OF THE COMPLEXION.—The product of pale brandy is often a red nose.

COAL MEASURE.—(Lodging-house Scale.)

Three knobs	make	One scuttle.
Fifty-six scuttles	"	One week's firing.
Four weeks' firing (when at the month's end one comes to pay for it)	"	One leave.

THE FRUITS OF MATRIMONY.

A MAGNIFICENT dessert, and a beautiful family of six or eight children, winding up with a baby in long clothes, who are brought in after dinner to do justice to it—these are at all events some of the Fruits of Matrimony.

MORAL FOR JULY.

The sun shines high in hot July,
And farmers make their hay:
Virtue is true nobility.
"Indulge not in display."

St. Sally.—**St. SALLY**, from her childhood, was known for her inmost love of truth. It was said of her that her heart was in a crystal shrine, and all the world might see it. Now once when other women denied, or strove to hide their age, **St. SALLY** said, "I am five-and-thirty!" Whereupon, next birthday, **St. SALLY's** husband, at a feast of all their friends, gave her a necklace of six-and-thirty opal beads: and on every birthday added a bead, until the beads mounted to fourscore-and-one. And the beads seemed to act as a charm; for **St. SALLY**, wearing the sum of her age about her neck, age never appeared in her face. Such, in the olden time, was the reward of simplicity and truth.

LIRRA, summoned from the Court of Chancery for having used short weight, pleads that the walls in Chancery were never before complained of.

AN ALDERMAN IN A FIX.—A civic dignitary, who had squeezed himself into a stall at the Opera, complained that he felt like a great toe in a thumb-stall.

ADVICE TO ARTISTS.—Draw anything but a bill.

PIC-NICS MADE EARLY.—If the gentlemen will bring the knives and forks, the ladies, attired in their fashionable breadth of crinoline, will supply the spread.

COSTUME FOR THE DOG-DAYS.—Muslin.

ARCHITECTURAL.—Several Churches have lately been built of corrugated iron. Would not India-rubber, by reason of its elasticity, be a substance more suitable for the purpose of Church Extension

ADVICE BY AN UNDERTAKER.—Practice tight lacing. Keep as much as possible in-doors. What exercise you must take, always take late at night, and keep it up until five in the morning.

THE TEACHER TAUGHT.—A school-boy, having been desired by his preceptor to name that ancient Roman writer who was supposed to be the most familiar with the literature of Greece, answered **SORT OUT**.

THE WORST OF HALF-WORDS.

MANY of the British fungi, besides the common Mushroom, are good to eat. A mycologist, who has devoted himself to experiments in this kind of diet by trying it on himself, and has been consequently derided by most of his acquaintance, complains that people in general see nothing but the fun of fungi, and consider them mere food for laughter.

INDICATION OF A LONG LIFE.—"You may be sure (mumbled an old woman to a young one) that when a man is perpetually saying to his wife, 'You will wear my life out,' that it is all stuff, my dear, and stuff, too, that lasts a precious time longer than any that we can buy for a petticoat, or a gown."

THE CHAUSSEUR.—For those who walk late at night cork soles are preferable to footpads.

COMMENT OF ARISTOTLE.—A bad dog is like an illogical inference; because he don't follow.

NAVAL EXPENDITURE.—The most economical vessels of has been said to be the Screw Steamer.

ODIOUS COMPARISON.—In discussing the respective merits of poets, remember that you cannot compare **LONGFELLOW** with **LITTLE**.

CRITERION OF A COOK.—That servant is sure to be a good cook who brings you up your mutton chop so hot, that before you set to at it you are obliged to let it cool.

FACT IN ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.—The monastic saints who died in the odour of sanctity were, most of them, exceedingly High Churchmen.



REMARKABLE OCCURRENCE.

ON THE MORNING AFTER THE DISPENSARY BALL, AS **EMILY DEKTEMPS** AND **CLARA POLKINGTON** WERE SITTING IN THE PLANTATION, WHO SHOULD COME TO THE VERY SPOT BUT **CAPTAIN FASTMAN** AND **YOUNG REGINALD FIPPS**



A SUBURBAN DELIGHT.

Dark Party (with a ticket-of-leave, of course). **AX YER PARDON, SIR!**—BUT IF YOU WAS A-GOIN DOWN THIS DARK LANE, P'RAPS YOU'D ALLOW ME AND THIS HERE YOUNG MAN TO GO ALONG WITH YER—'COS YER SEE THERE HAIN'T NO PERLICE ABOUT—AND WE'RE SO PRECIOUS FEARED O' BEIN' GAROTTED!"

TOXOPHOLITE THOUGHTS.

By ANN ARCHER.

As in Society, so in Archery, there are outer and inner circles. If you cannot get in the one, be content to be placed in the other.

Better that a young lady should be barred a ring in Archery than in Life.

In shooting the shafts of satire, be very careful in the selection of your Butt.

The greatest number of "Petticoats" is rewarded with a wooden spoon; and the young lady who depends for her attractions upon an accumulation of crinoline, can only expect to be admired by a wooden-headed spooney.

St. Becky.—A very good man 'was St. Becky's husband, but with his heart a little too much in his bottle. Port wine—red port wine—was his delight, and his constant cry was bee's-wing. Now as he sat tipsy in his arbour, a wasp dropt into his glass, and the wasp was swallowed, stinging the man inwardly. Doctors crowded, and with much ado the man was saved. Now St. BECKY nursed her husband tenderly to health, and upbraided him not. But she said these words, and they reformed him: "My dear, take wine, and bless your heart with it: but wine in moderation. Else never forget that the bee's-wing of to-day becomes the wasp's-sting of to-morrow."

ETIQUETTE FOR EVENING PARTIES.

It is a point not yet decided whether, in conversing with a girl you have not met before, it be etiquette occasionally to use the word "Miss." We think ourselves it sounds respectful to do so, but we cannot state with certainty whether the practice has obtained at ALMACK'S.

On going to a house where you have not previously visited, and where your person might perhaps not be immediately recognised, it is usual before making your *entrée* to the drawing-room to hand the footman your card and note of invitation, which as proofs of your identity he will carry to his mistress, and you may then be assured of being smilingly received.

A DEFINITION OF CANT.—Spirits of Whine.



MR. BRIGGS HAS A DAY'S SALMON FISHING.

MR. B. AS HE APPEARED FROM SIX IN THE MORNING UNTIL THREE IN THE AFTERNOON, WHEN—

RECREATIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE following anecdote is given upon the authority of SIR HUTCHINGS PLIMLEY, of Ashborough, the celebrated hebdomadist. He states that a shepherd on his estate had been for a long time in the habit of taking his place, while watching his charge, at the foot of a large old oak tree, in the hollow of which was an owl. Between the man and the bird a sort of friendship had struck up, owing to his having chastised a boy who attempted to take the poor owl's eggs on a Sunday. The shepherd used to solace his leisure with a pipe, and the owl, which at first winked and hissed furiously at the unwelcome odour, grew rather to like the tobacco than not. Upon one occasion the man lay at the foot of the tree for a longer time than usual without smoking, and his feathered friend began to hoot angrily. "You may hoot," said the peasant, "and so may I, for I'm hoot' baccy." He took out a tract (a pleasing incident in the story), and began to read, when plump fell first one, and then another, and then another little white parcel upon his paper. Looking up, he saw the owl, winking with both eyes, dropping another to him. The parcels contained an ounce each of the best Bird's-eye tobacco, which the good owl, attracted by its name, had stolen for him from the village shop, in her nocturnal rounds.

CAB MEASURE.

Three furlongs . . . make One mile.
Two miles . . . " } One half-crown fare.
One half-crown fare)
(when charged in this way) . . . " One swear.

MORAL FOR AUGUST.

The month of August is with harvest crowned,
And now the husbandmen their goblets prime;
In foaming jugs of ale their cares are drowned:
"Procrastination is the thief of Time."

THE HARVEST OF CRIME.—The Convict reaps the reward of his iniquity in the County Crop.



HAVING HOOKED A "FISH," HE IS LANDED TO PLAY IT.—THE FISH RUNS AWAY WITH HIM—AND MR. B. IS DRAGGED ABOUT A MILE AND A HALF OVER WHAT HE CONSIDERS A RATHER DIFFICULT COUNTRY.—

RECREATIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE Bees in the Isle of France (Mauritius) have long been celebrated for their size and beauty, and their hum is so melodious, that the young girls of the island frequently keep a single bee in a gauze cage for the sake of his melody. In confinement they will learn tunes from a musical box, and M. DELAMOTTE mentions three bees that could go through the Bridesmaids' Chorus from *Der Freischütz* with much exactness. But this may be an exaggeration. There is, however, no reason to doubt the following statement, namely, that a hive of bees, before which its mistress, a lady of great beauty, had frequently expressed her hope that she should have a plentiful supply of honey that year, instinctively conceived the idea of working double tides, by lamp-light. The Isle of France abounds with the most brilliant glow-worms, and the bees sallied forth one night, captured hundreds of these animated diamonds, and stuck them all about the hive, to serve as lamps. Obtaining materials from the numerous night-blossoming products of the Mauritius Flora, the bees came home, guided by this fairy illumination, and MADAME DE L. 's honey, that year, was extraordinary both in quality and quantity.

CONVERSATIONAL DELICACY.—Never mention Michaelmas Day to a goose.

POETRY OF NATURE.—When mist falls upon the earth, and freezes, it forms rime.

THINGS WHICH NO YOUNG LADY EVER DOES IF SHE CAN HELP IT.

Be the first down in the morning, and not the last up at night.

Keep an account-book in the place of an album.

Consent to sit down to the piano on anything under the dozenth time of asking.

Pay a morning call in her last year's bonnet.
Do plain needle work instead of fancy collar stitching.
Return from morning service without bringing home an inventory (exact to a ribbon) of all the new toilettes which have been displayed there.
Practice "CRAMER'S Exercises" in the lieu of polkas.
Wear shoes of any other than most water-like construction, especially when the snow is on the ground.

Condescend to learn an English song instead of an Italian one.

Mend her own "things," and her younger brother's!

Travel twenty miles without nineteen packages, seventeen of which she might easily dispense with.

Be seen to eat more at dinner than a couple of canaries could.

And, finally, take less than forty minutes to "run and put her bonnet on!"



ON ARRIVING AT "HELL'S HOLE," HE IS DETAINED FOR THREE-QUARTERS OF AN HOUR WHILE THE FISH SULK AT THE BOTTOM.—

MORAL FOR SEPTEMBER.

September hears the frequent shot
Resound on hill and dale,
And sees the partridge fall—or not.
"This world is but a Vale."

St. Lily.—St. LILY was the wife of a poor man, who tried to support his family, and the children were many, by writing books. But in those days it was not as easy for a man to find a publisher as to say his Paternoster. Many were the books that were written by the husband of St. LILY, but to every book St. LILY gave at least two babes. However, blithe as the cricket was the spirit that ruled about the hearth of St. LILY. And how she helped her help-mate! She smiled sunbeams into his ink-bottle, and turned his goose-pen to the quill of a dove! She made the paper he wrote on as white as her name, and as fragrant as her soul. And when folks wondered how St. LILY managed so lightly with fortune's troubles, she always answered that she never heeded them, for—*That troubles were like babies, and only grew the bigger by nursing.*

LEGAL EDUCATION.—To eat a certain number of terms is sufficient qualification for a barrister. To pass any examination, what do you want but cramming?

THE EVER-MEMORABLE SURREY GARDENS CRIMEAN FART.—Why did they do things by halves at the Surrey Gardens Crimean dinner?—cause it was a peace-meal.

A ROUND ROBIN.—The robin-rec breast sings all the year round.



THE FISH HAVING REFRESHED HIMSELF, AND RECOVERED HIS SPIRITS, BOLTS AGAIN WITH MR. B.—



AFTER A LONG AND EXCITING STRUGGLE MR. B. IS ON THE POINT OF LANDING HIS PRIZE, WHEN—THE LINE UNFORTUNATELY BREAKS!—



HOWEVER, IN MUCH LESS TIME THAN IT HAS TAKEN TO MAKE THIS IMPERFECT SKETCH—ACCOUNTED AS HE IS—HE PLUNGES IN—AND AFTER A DESPERATE ENCOUNTER, HE SECURES A MAGNIFICENT SALMON, FOR WHICH HE DECLARES HE WOULD NOT TAKE A GUINEA A POUND!—AND IT IS NOW STUFFED IN THE GLASS-CASE OVER THE ONE WHICH CONTAINS HIS LATE FAVOURITE SPOTTED HUNTER.

CAPRICORNUS, harnessed to a child's chaise at Brighton, deplores his own kids, and bleats despondingly the pathetic air of Nanny, *will thou gang with me?*

QUESTION FOR THE MENDICITY SOCIETY.—Does not a person found begging in the streets, contract a higher penalty than that of committing as a rogue and vagabond? Is not a beggar liable to be punished for practising as an unauthorised solicitor?

A FITTING INVITATION.

It wasn't such a bad notion on the part of the *Gantier*, who hung up in his glove-shop the following placard:—

"10,000 HANDS WANTED IMMEDIATELY!"

And under it was written in very small characters, (To buy my Gloves—the very best quality).

PERIL OF SYMPATRY.—The hunting-field is occasionally graced with the attendance of an equestrian lady. Similarity of taste is a great enticement; but let the single and susceptible sportsman look to his heart. An excellent horse-woman might make a nagging wife.

ASTROLOGY FOR ASTROLOGERS.—About the time of the full moon, get your heads shaved.

St. Fanny.—ST. FANNY was a notable housewife. Her house was a temple of neatness. Kings might have dined upon her staircase! Now her great delight was to provide all things comfortable for her husband, a hard-working merchant much abroad, but loving his home. Now one night he returned, tired and hungry, and by some mischance there was nothing for supper. Shops were shut, and great was the grief of ST. FANNY. Taking off a bracelet of seed pearl, she said—*I'd give this ten times over for a supper for my husband.* And every pearl straightway became an oyster; and ST. FANNY opened, and the husband ate, and lo! in every oyster was a pearl as big as a hazel-nut, and so was ST. FANNY made rich for life.

MORAL FOR OCTOBER.

OCTOBER clothes the woods in brown, And now the sportsmen are alarming the pheasant—sometimes bring him down. Note, that "Variety is charming."

HOW TO MAKE UP YOUR MIND.

The following prescription is recommended by every person of faculty:—

Of Common Sense take 5 or 6 grains. Of Conscience "1 or 2 scruples.

Mix well together, and take it on the spot. You must lose no time in making up your mind, or else the volatile essence of the above ingredients will evaporate, and the effect of the prescription be materially weakened.—N.B. If your mind is extremely weak, you had better take a grain or two more of Common Sense. It will do you no harm, only be careful you don't catch cold after it.

"SHE SHALL HAVE MUSIC WHEREVER SHE GOES."

In counties where the lanes are narrow, it is found necessary to supply the waggons with collars, to which are attached bells, by whose ringing, persons are warned of the on-coming impediment to their progress. We fervently hope, that the next wave of fashion will be to hang our belles with bells of a similar description, so that pedestrians may be spared their present danger of being run down by a lady hooped the size of the Heidelberg tun.



THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

Old Mr. What's-his-name. "EGAD, I DON'T WONDER AT MOUSTACHES COMING INTO FASHION; FOR—ER! WHAT! BY JOVE, IT DOES IMPROVE ONE'S APPEARANCE!"

RECREATIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

A most interesting narrative was read at the last meeting of the Aborigines Protection Society. It was the account of the expedition of a missionary, from an American dissenting college, to a tribe of natives of whose existence its directors had but lately become aware, and who are settled in the south-east of Brazil. The worthy missionary, BROTHER ERKY SWUNKS, who is somewhat short-sighted, and who had seen little of the world beyond the walls of his college, made his way from the nearest town, in the direction of the settlement. After a long journey he arrived there towards evening, and found himself among the objects of his teaching. He describes them as tall and active, clothed in close-fitting skins of hairy animals, and as speaking with great rapidity a language unknown to him, but resembling French, as in some degree did the gestures and manners of the natives themselves. He therefore addressed them in French, and apparently was understood, as they evinced much delight, and danced about the worthy man with gestures of admiration. But when BROTHER SWUNKS began to distribute tracts, they snatched them from him, and darting up to the very top of the lofty trees around, tore the paper into bits, and then descended to obtain more. On his making signs that he was thirsty, they all rushed up the trees again, and overwhelmed him with showers of cocoa-nuts. During the whole night they would not allow him to sleep from their incessant care of his welfare, one native succeeding the other in turning him round, patting his eyes, and stroking his hair. When BROTHER SWUNKS attempted to caress the children, they bit him a good deal, and the females snatched them from him, and carried them up the trees. In the morning BROTHER SWUNKS accidentally placed his walking-stick to his shoulder, gun-fashion, upon which the whole tribe took fright, and departed, and after two days the worthy brother returned, not ungratified with what he had done, yet wishing he had been permitted to do more among these poor heathens.

ADVICE TO DEANS.—Let the nave of your Cathedral never be a disgrace to the Church.

ETIQUETTE FOR EVENING PARTIES.

RECOLLECT, punctuality is the soul of evening parties. Be careful therefore always to arrive to a moment at the time you are invited for. If the hour be not specified, as is occasionally the case, it is considered good breeding to call the day before and make inquiry of the servant.

Your conduct in the supper-room must depend on circumstances. If it be a half-stand-up affair, ladies' business first and gentlemen's pleasure afterwards, you will be expected during the first part to do duty of course as an amateur waiter; when, unless you practise well beforehand, you will no doubt contrive to cover yourself with jelly and confusion. But if the repast be a sit-down-all-together one, you may eat and drink in comfort, if you only take care not to have a lady next you: otherwise of course you'll have to minister to her wants instead of satisfying your own.

In taking your departure, don't forget to make an offer of your thanks for the pleasant evening you have spent; and if you then proceed to shake hands all round with such of the guests as may remain, you will do much to confirm the favourable impression which your previous behaviour will doubtless have produced. In fact if you act strictly in accordance with the advice that we have given, you will soon be esteemed quite an acquisition to society; and in short, to use the language of the advertisers, no evening party will be thought complete without you.

MORAL FOR GOOD YOUNG MEN.—He that goes to a tea-meeting, will probably drink tea with more spoons than one.

ADVICE TO JOHN BULL.—Whenever the French excite your bile, remember that they are your mercenary neighbours.

ALLOWABLE SWEARING.—The best thing that a Miner can take when he goes down into a pit, is to take his Davy.

PROVERB BY AN ENTOMOLOGIST.—Honey for the bee; whacks for the wasp.

HOMOEOPATHY FOR THE HEALTHY.—If you have nothing the matter with you, take infinitesimally less than nothing.

POETRY IN THE CITY.—On Lord Mayor's day a Common Councilman composes an Ode on the Return of the Swallow.



DELICIOUS!

Party in Bed. "HEY! HOLLO! WHO'S THAT?"
Domestic. "If you please, Sir, it's SEVEN O'CLOCK, Sir! YOUR SHOWER BATH IS QUITE READY. I'VE JUST BROKEN THE ICE, Sir!"

MORAL FOR NOVEMBER.

NOVEMBER comes blindfold with mist and with fog,
And the year is approaching its term.
Thus along, on Life's journey, we all of us jog,
Whilst "the early bird picks up the worm."

St. Jenny.—ST. JENNY was wedded to a very poor man; they had scarcely bread to keep them; but JENNY was of so sweet a temper that even want bore a bright face, and JENNY always smiled. In the worst seasons JENNY would spare crumbs for the birds, and sugar for the bees. Now it happened that one autumn storm rent the roof in twenty places apart; when beheld between the joists from the basement to the roof there was nothing but honey-comb and honey. A little fortune for St. Jenny and her husband in honey. Now some said it was the bees, but more declared it was the sweet temper of St. JENNY that had filled the poor man's house with honey.

AQUARIUS gets into the head of a distinguished teetotaler; who is taken up for an insane attempt to garotte the parish pump. The teetotaler is baled out.

HAPPINESS IN THE SICK-ROOM.—Objection has been made to the statement that such an one enjoys bad health. The fault lies, not in the phrase, but in its application. There is a class of men who live in the constant enjoyment of bad health; they are not, however, the patients but the doctors.

COMFORT FOR THE CORPULENT.—No man can think small beer of himself when he is well aware that he is stout.

AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION.—Perhaps landlords and farmers are not sufficiently alive to the importance of cultivating the clod.

APOLOGY FOR THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.—The boys who carry GUY FAWKES about are not idle. They perambulate the streets with an object.

PAPAL ORTHODOXY.—When the Pope distributes confectionary his Holiness proceeds most strictly in accordance with the canons of the Council of Nice.

SECURITY FOR CUSTOMERS.—Give tradesmen a Classical education, and perhaps they will learn not to make false quantities.



WHEN IT IS VERY FOGGY IN LONDON, IT IS DELIGHTFUL AT BRIGHTON—AT LEAST SO CHARLES AND GEORGINA THINK.

Fishes, as an evidence of grossest self-conceit, refused to be weighed except in their own scales. The Lord Mayor ruled that this is not to apply to salmon.

CHRISTMAS BORSCH.—"Oh! if you please, Sir, a here's the Income-Tax gatherer has called for Christmas-Box!"

THE LUMINARY OF THE CARD TABLE.—HOTEL.

LABRET OF A FAST YOUNG MAN.—"I have no stud except upon my shirt!"

MORAL FOR DECEMBER.

Decemner Christmas brings,
Alowth frost and snow
Hark how the trademans sing—
"Pay what you owe!"

WHEN we wanted to get rid of NAPOLEON THE FIRST, we gave him Elba room.

St. Florence, or St. Nightingale.—St. Florence, by her works, had her lips
Messed with comforting, and her hands touched with healing. And she crossed
the sea, and built hospitals, and soothed and restored. And so long as English
mistletoe gathers beneath it, truthful hearts and English holly brightens happy
eyes, so long will Englishmen, at home or abroad, on land or on the wave, so
long—in memory of that Eastern Christmas will they cry—*God bless St. Florence!*
Bless St. Nightingale!



A FRESHER ON THE DOWNS.

CHRISTMAS FALLACIES.

(By a *just, messy, crazy Old Gentleman*.)

THAT if you do not eat some plum-pudding and mince-pie on Christmas Day, you are sure not to be lucky the next year.

That you must not blow up any servant who neglects his duty, nor lose your temper if the cook is carried up-stairs to bed in a state of insensibility just before dinner-time.

That you have no right to take any means of redress against any drunken man who annoys you, or to be angry with any 'devoted' young gentleman in the height of his meriment who chooses to insult you.

That you must stifle your indignation, for fear of being condemned as a man who has no soul for music, if the waits jolt you out of your sleep every night for weeks previous, and then coolly ask you "to remember them."

That you are expected to pay all cabmen double their fare on that day.

That you are bound by some social Act of Parliament to say, "I wish you a Merry Christmas," to every dull, stupid, uncharitable person you meet, even though it may be a lawyer who has sued you, or a rich widow who has killed you, or a doctor who has nearly killed you, or a critic who has been making mince-meat both of you and your last book, or a landress who has been robbing you right and left (that is to say, as much as with her right hand as with her left) every day of the previous year.



PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, June 22nd. Monday was a splendidly fine and particularly hot day, a remark which equally applies to all the other days of the week. Meteorological influences had their effect upon the senators as upon everybody else, and the debates were exceedingly languid and feeble; but when the speakers did boil up into passions, they went at it like men. The Ministers' Money Bill has finally passed the Lords, the EARL OF DERBY not choosing to run another risk of being sent for by the QUEEN, asked to make a Government, and having to confess that he had nobody to make it with. However, the Conservatives now expect to do better things, for they have bought the *Morning Herald*, appointed MR. HAMILTON, member for *Dublin University*, its editor, put the "Sword of Gideon" out of the way, and altogether given promise of energy, and of as much rationality as can be looked for in a party that contains MR. SPOONER.

It was not to be supposed that the Grievance to which Mr. Punch adverted last week would not be remedied. The idea of a Jew being admissible to high office while a Catholic is excluded, was found so intolerable that, as the Jews' claims had been conceded, it was agreed to throw open the offices in question to their Catholic brethren? Not exactly; but still the parties were reduced to a level, by the introduction into the Oaths Bill of provisions taking away what had been accorded to the Jew. One boy has sixpence, another nothing, and a benevolent man desires to put them on the same footing—so he takes away the first boy's sixpence. Even NEWDEGATE could see that this was absurd, and he remarked upon the wisdom of the Liberal party that would permit a Jew to make a law, and forbid him to administer it.

It was satisfactorily explained by SIR B. HALL, that the stone of SIR CHARLES BARRY's new Houses of Parliament is breaking to pieces, and that the galvanised roof is rusting away. It will therefore be necessary to have new houses and a new roof. The Commons, therefore, voted £162,361, for SIR CHARLES to do what he liked with. SIR B. HALL also explained, that the usual fatality of blunder had attended the clock and bells business, and that the former had been put up before the latter, which was "a mistake," but he hoped to hear the chimes next session.

Tuesday. The Lords passed the Divorce Bill, by 46 to 25; the majority, it is believed, having been considerably increased by a canting professional protest with which Saponaceous SAMUEL of Oxford broke

out just before division, to the great discontent of their lordships. It may be mentioned that the imprisonment provision was removed from the Bill. REDESDALE, MALMESBURY, and NELSON (a nice trio), did their best to cripple the measure, and the former has brought in an opposition Divorce Bill of his own. LORD BROUGHAM says, that when the measure passes there will be no such great rush for divorces; but some of the peers and bishops evidently think that all the BROWNS, JONESSES, and ROBINSONS in the kingdom are respectively dying to be rid of their lawful ribs, and that in about a year you will hardly meet such a thing as a man with a wife.

WISCOUNT WILLIAMS and a majority in the Commons decided to adjourn the Bill for providing a park for the Finsbury people, for whose benefit Government had promised to ask the House for £50,000. The WISCOUNT thinks that if the Finsbury folk want fresh air, they had better order round their carriages and drive over to Battersea; but we fear this haughty aristocrat does not understand the wants of the humbler classes. LORD RAYNHAM, as has before been noted, is aiming at a honourable distinction by helping the oppressed, and he has this week forced upon the attention of the HOME SECRETARY some cases of brutal assaults on women, has introduced a Bill against cruelty to animals, and has brought up the barbarities of certain work-houses, a select committee on which he lost by 21 only.

An India debate followed, but it is no subject for light treatment, for while Members were droning about cotton, and MANGLES was puffing the Company as having done miracles for India, news was hurrying over the sea that native regiments were in mutiny, had seized Delhi, and murdered all the Europeans there, without distinction of age or sex. It is a good time to be erecting a Shropshire memorial to CLIVE, if only to remind England that she once had a man who knew not only how to gain, but how to keep Oriental conquests.

Wednesday. A long Irish squabble on a law bill.

Thursday. LORD CAMPBELL's bill against immoral publications was read a second time, after a diverting speech against it from LORD LYNTHURST, who contended that the police ought not to be empowered to deal with the beasts of Holywell Street, because CORREGIO and other great painters have demoralised Art in certain cases, and because WYCHERLY, CONGREVE, DRYDEN, and all French novelists, have occasionally written impurely. Nevertheless, as a lively old gentle-

man's *résumé* of improprieties, the speech was indulgently listened to by the Lords.

The Commons passed the Oaths Bill, after LORD BLANDFORD had delivered a dull, and MR. DRUMMOND a diverting speech against it, and MR. O'DONOGHUE (if this Irish party thinks *The Punch* is going to recognise O'D.'s ridiculous assumption of the definite article, as if there were only one O'D. in the world, whereas there are a dozen in any court in St. Giles's, MR. O'DONOGHUE makes another blunder) had objected to it because it was a Ministerial job, intended as a mere sop to certain Liberals, and because it did not relieve the Papists. A great many of the latter voted against the Bill, and the final majority was but 291 to 168.

An Education Debate, and a still more sensible thing, an Educational Vote of £361,233, did some credit to the sitting. BERNAL OSBORNE took an opportunity of saying an agreeable thing to COLONEL FRENCH, who had observed upon the attendance of the 79th at the Victoria Cross distribution. MR. OSBORNE said that they would be present because they were on their way to Dublin, and not on account of their dress, "a reason that no one but a Militia officer would have dreamed of." Doubtless BERNAL feels towards the Militia the lofty contempt of an ex-captain in the real Army, but he should not be so rude.

Friday. India was talked of in the Lords, but the Telegraph message was still a few hours off, or the tone of the speakers would have been graver. The chief topic in the Commons was the Wills Bill, against which divers members emitted the growls of the Proctors, those of York especially, selecting as their organ MR. GEORGE HUDSON, formerly Monarch of Railways, but discredited long ago, for deficient amounts and cooked accounts, and all *that* sort of thing, you know.

RAILWAY ECONOMY.



N certain, if not on all railways, an economy is practised in an article wherein a rather more liberal expenditure is desirable, which might be incurred without any appreciable detriment to dividends. We allude to the parsimony of speech and pronunciation evinced by those servants of the various companies, whose duty it is to shout out the names of the several stations at which the trains stop. Many passengers in a long train are so situated that they cannot see the station-board, and are accordingly dependent for the knowledge of their whereabouts on the cries of those officials. Now these cries often consist of abbreviations which are quite unintelligible. On the South Eastern line, the other day, our ears, at one station, were greeted with the monosyllabic exclamations of "Oss! 'Oss!" A little farther on, they were saluted with the equally compendious vociferations of "N'am! N'am!" These semi-articulate sounds, we found, on inquiry, to mean "New Cross" and "Sydenham." Neither of those places happened to be our destination; but if we had been bound for either, we should certainly have been conveyed beyond it, save for the vigilance and alertness which we are happily endowed with, and which we exhibit on all occasions.

How Estimates Grow!

THE estimate for the proposed expenditure of the Public Offices is £5,000,000. The sum originally proposed for building the Houses of Parliament was £250,000. According to MR. WISE, this sum has since grown into an outlay of not less than £2,500,000—that is to say, a modest excess of precisely ten times the original estimate. Now, if the estimate for the Public Offices is to expand in the like moderate proportion, the ultimate outlay, far from being £5,000,000, will be some £50,000,000; and as the money goes, we may consider ourselves extremely lucky, if we get off as cheaply as that! Parliament is supposed to legislate for the million; and it must be for the million, for it is but too evident they take no care of the millions.

NEW DEFINITION.

A LADY: a Sensitive Plant, that thrives only in the centre of a large Crinoline fence. Rarely seen, excepting by the most practised eye.

THE STAR OF VALOUR.

DISTRIBUTED BY THE QUEEN'S OWN HAND.

JUNE 26, 1857.

A RIFT is made in that dark shade
Which o'er our soldiers flung its blight,
And through the shroud of its cold cloud,
The Star of Valour throws a light.

Low-born and noble, side by side,
Colonel and private, stand to-day:
Their comrades' boast, their country's pride,
Where all were brave, the bravest they!

The fount of Honour, sealed till now
To all save claims of rank and birth,
Makes green the laurel on the brow,
Ennobled but by soldier's worth.

The QUEEN's own hand, on each brave breast—
Beat it 'neath serge or superfine—
Hangs the plain cross, whose bronze, so prest,
Beameth with more than diamond's shine.

That bronze, cast from the steadfast guns,
Which blazed along the red Redan,
Whose maddening music, while it stuns
The coward, only wakes the man.

From whose hot muzzles was plucked forth,
The fame, their metal now rewards
In these plumed warriors of the North,
These Sailors, Rifles, Linesmen, Guards.

These Heavy Horsemen who rode out,
Stern and sedate, though one to ten:
Then, through the Russian line in rout,
Stern and sedate, rode back again.

And these Light Horse—of deathless name,
Who charged, unquestioning of their doom,
Through those long miles all fire and flame,
And at the end, a soldier's tomb!

Of these the bravest and the best
Who 'scaped the chance of shot and sword,
England doth, by her QUEEN, invest
With Valour's Cross—their great reward!

Marking her sense of something, still,
A central nobleness, that lies
Deeper than rank which royal will,
Or birth, or chance, or wealth supplies.

Knighthood that girds all valiant hearts,
Knighthood that crowns each fearless brow;
That Knighthood this bronze cross imparts—
Let Fleece, and Bath, and Garter bow!

WINDOW-GARDENING.

WE have seen a wonderful specimen of window-gardening. This bright specimen may be seen in Regent Street any day, from daylight until dark, at the Junior United Service Club. You must look up to the drawing-room window, and there you will behold it in all its effulgent beauty. The effect is exceedingly simple, but positively startling from its excess of simplicity. We have rarely seen an effect so strong produced by means so limited. You must fancy a wooden box about the length of your walking-stick and not wider than your bootjack. This box is painted green—but the bright green of a lady's parasol—a million times greener than any penny Pickwick! Well, inside this box may be distinctly seen a profusion of Mignonette! It is evidently of the very best. The stalks tower up to the first sash at least of the handsome sheet of plate glass that frames it in behind. The leaves cluster socially together, as thick as policemen at night. First you have the stone window-sill—on that rests the green box—and soaring high over them both, you see the Mignonette! The effect to be appreciated must be seen. In the afternoon, it is seen, perhaps, to the greatest advantage. When the sun is shining on MR. BELLEVILLE's side of the street, we have counted as many as ten noses—Roman, Grecian, and every nasal order of architecture—leaning lovingly at the same time over that simple little box! It is seemingly the members' pride, their joy, their floricultural plaything, their beloved Picciola, the veterans' one pet blooming child! The admirals take it in turn to water it.

THE MATRIMONIAL MARKET.



ATURDAY last there was a grand meeting in the City, which ended in unanimously approving of the Isthmus of Suez Canal Scheme. We cannot help thinking that this canal, when successfully carried through, will have a most beneficial effect on the Indian Matrimonial Market. In fact, we have the assurance of a fond Materfamilias to that tender effect. In a letter, most modestly written, she says to us:—

"I am the mother of ten dear children. They are all daughters. Their names are ELEANOR, HANNAH, JANE, PHOEBE, LOUISA, AMELIA, MARIE, KATE, SOPHONISHA,—but never mind the others. Suffice it to say, they are spelt with ten different letters of the Alphabet. Well, Sir, I do not mind telling you that, *entre nous*, I am in the habit of exporting one or two of my daughters every year to India. Better be married at Bombay, than remain single in London! The result is, some are married, whilst others have not been so fortunate. These have returned to their disconsolate mother, who, alas! in addition to her many anxieties, that prevent her eating during the day, and sleeping at night, has to pay the expenses of their passage home into the bargain—if *bargain* you can call it at all, Sir. This is most wearing, most exhausting both to frame and purse—and the consequence is, Sir, that the one (once so plump) has become even more slender, if you will believe it, than the other! This cannot last—I am sure it cannot. Both my person and *porte monnaie* are now at their last gasp. The worst is, there are no return-tickets as yet from India! neither will vessels make a reduction on taking a quantity! Oh! Sir, I can tell you, it is no joke to have a daughter thrown upon your hands, when you fancy you have got her off for life. The weight, Sir, is no trifle, when you have some seven or eight

others to support. Now, Mr. Punch, I believe that this Suez Canal (singularly enough, one of my daughters' names is SUSAN!) will be a great boon to poor mothers like myself. I am told that it will shorten the journey to India by one-half, and that it is, also, to cut the expense, like a good canal, right in two! This cutting alone ought to ensure its success as the very best channel for commercial as well as maternal investment. My daughters will not be so liable to lose their beauty on the journey, and if they do return, it will be a return to me at all events of one-half the present outlay. These are great inducements to a delicate, anxious, struggling parent, who tries all she can to bring up her daughters (seven still unmarried!) respectably. Promise me, Mr. Punch, to give this Suez scheme the benefit of all your support and influence, and I promise that I will send you, you dear kind soul, the very first Elephant I receive from one of my future sons-in-law—you see if I don't."

We admit the temptation is very great, but still we cannot promise MRS. MATERFAMILIAS anything of the sort, unless she gives us her word of honour that all her daughters are ugly. We do not approve of the plan of some of our prettiest young ladies being packed off, like living merchandise, to India, to supply the Matrimonial Market there. They should be labelled "On Sale, or Return." Still, if the Isthmus of Suez in its present form prolongs the journey to India, and lengthens the expense, we will so far promise to appoint ourselves into a Committee to sit upon it, when doubtlessly our report will be, in dramatic *argot*: "Isthmus much too long—wants cutting dreadfully."

A Bright Prospect.

MR. BRIGHT
Is again all right,
Almost—but not quite.
Though Punch and he
Can't wholly agree,

Him at work once more may Punch soon see!

House of Call for the Clergy.

IN an article on the subject of archidiaconal visitations, our highly improved contemporary, the *Morning Post*, states that on the occasion of those ecclesiastical gatherings, "the Clergy adjourn to the chief hotel to dine with the Archdeacon, and the wardens to some inferior public-house to dine with the apparitor." Surely, this is a mistake. The secular church-wardens and apparitor, as men of the world, adjourn to the chief hotel; and the parsons, in their professional humility, of course, betake themselves to the inferior public-house.

MR. BOWYER ON HARD SWEARING.

MR. BOWYER is the Member for Dundalk; but the honourable and learned gentleman sometimes talks as if he were the representative of Bedlam. That any man should have a serious objection to take any oath which he consents to take, is strange enough. The objection implies something very like a consciousness of perjury, unless it is only maniacal. Let MR. BOWYER be supposed to want reason rather than honesty; but surely nobody not destitute of one or the other, could speak of any oath that he has brought himself to swallow, in the subjoined language, which MR. BOWYER is reported to have used in the last debate on the Oaths Bill:—

"The Catholic oath was absurd and nugatory—far more absurd and nugatory than Protestants supposed; because it attempted to force them to deny doctrines and tenets which they did not deny. It was a mockery and a profanation."

In reading the above, one is at first sight inclined to suppose that the word "not" was inserted by a typographical mistake. An oath which forced people to deny that which they did deny would be superfluous, and therefore nugatory and absurd enough; but an oath which forces them to deny what they do not deny, forces them to swear falsely. An oath which attempts to make them swear falsely, succeeds if they take it; and if false swearing is absurd, it is not nugatory, but a somewhat serious thing. That the above quoted words, however, are all MR. BOWYER's, and no typographical mistake, we are forced to conclude by the context of his reported discourse:—

"MR. BOWYER (in continuation) asked whether any Roman Catholic could in honesty, or on his honour, be a party to imposing on members of his own or other persuasions, an oath which denied one of the most fundamental doctrines of his Church?"

What does this mean, if not that MR. BOWYER accuses himself of having, in taking his oath as a Member of Parliament, denied one of the most fundamental doctrines of his Church? If he does not talk mere nonsense, it is quite clear that the Roman Catholic Emancipation Act is, as regards him, superfluous: no oath could have kept him out of Parliament. How angry MR. BOWYER would have been with

Exeter Hall, if Exeter Hall, instead of himself, had accused Popery of perjury! Hitherto it has been generally considered by liberal persons, that the accusation of disregarding oaths, and of taking them with mental reservations, was a calumny upon Roman Catholics. What are we to say now that we find them taking an oath, and complaining that they cannot take it conscientiously? The mildest thing we can say is, that all such Papists had better have the tonsure conferred on them in having their heads close-shaved, and be shut up in a psychological-medical monastery.

THE DIVORCE BILL.

THE first case under the above law has been the Divorce, owing to differences of temper as well as circulation, of the *Morning Herald* and the *Standard*. The divorce is *mens et Torp*. The *Standard* is already wedded to Liberalism. The separation took place even before the law had passed, but it was well known that the parties in question were always in advance of their age. The property was not very large, but it was equally divided. It is understood that the *Morning Herald* still keeps possession of the "AMERICAN SEA SERPENT," whilst the *Standard* is to be allowed the exclusive run of the "ENORMOUS GOOSEBERRY." There was some dispute about the "SHOWER OF FROGS," but a division (or a difference rather) was happily avoided by its being understood that the lot was to be split in two—one half of the frogs to go to the *Herald*, and the other half to fall to the *Standard*. One of the unhappy couple (the OLD WOMAN who lives in Shoe Lane, we believe) has been inconsolable ever since the separation. In fact, she is not expected to recover.

Depth in a Deep Tragedy.

WITH what wonderful accuracy does *Young Norval* in the Scotch tragedy, in the account which he gives of his supposed parentage, indicate the character of a Yankee dealer! He describes his father as an individual "whose constant care was to increase his store."



SENSIBLE RIDING COSTUME FOR WARM WEATHER.

MR. PUNCH AND THE VICTORIA CROSS.

PERHAPS; no, we scorn a qualified expression, and begin again with—Decidedly the most imposing ceremonial which has ever taken place in a free or any other country, was exhibited to the eyes of the million, on Friday, the 26th of June, 1857, in Hyde Park, when and where HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY was pleased to confer upon *Mr. Punch* the Victoria Cross, or Order of Merit, in acknowledgment of many years of gallant, daring, and faithful service to the Throne, the Altar, and the Nation.

The day was fixed for Friday, because it fell within the week during which *MR. PUNCH* is engaged in preparing the first number of a new volume, and the QUEEN, with her usual kindly forethought, considered that a Cartoon representing the event would be an appropriate opening engraving. "Unless," added HER MAJESTY, with a mingled expression of archness and kindness, when settling the affair with *MR. PUNCH*, at the Palace, "unless you object to receiving an honour in the same week with the Prince, whom I am just ordering to be prayed for as Prince Consort." It is needless to record *Mr. Punch's* affectionately loyal yet epigrammatically subtle response.

The ceremony was witnessed by exulting myriads, and therefore it is not necessary to describe that which those myriads in a state of frantic exultation at their good luck in witnessing such a scene, have been ceaselessly narrating to everybody ever since. But the following list, which comprises only a very few of the signal military and civil services of *Mr. Punch*, should be treasured as a record in connection with the glorious celebration of Friday. That immortal man was decorated, (*inter alia*),

For having in the most gallant manner, and single-handed, stormed the fortress of Protection, and opened the gates to COMMANDER R. CORDEN and the League.

For having protected the country when it was threatened by the Chartists, and for having completely put down Chartism.

For having attacked the Post Office when in the hands of the Brigand GRAHAM, and for having delivered the correspondence of the nation from that plunderer.

For having a second time attacked the Post Office, and handed it over to ROWLAND HILL, whereby the tremendous letter-tax was put down in favour of the present system.

For having completely put down Repeal, and driven all Repealers out of Ireland.

For having destroyed the Welsh Toll Gates, and for being ready, and what is more determined, to do the same by those of England.

For having charged into Capel Court, and routed out its nest of pirates, and for having afterwards shot down all the wild stags that were so dangerous to society.

For having utterly defeated the Papal Aggressionists.

For having made War upon Russia, and for having finally humiliated her, and compelled her to sign a Treaty.

For having smashed the ALBERT hat.

For having repulsed intended invasions by France and America.

For having overthrown the timid Ministry of LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

For having overthrown the foolish Ministry of LORD DERBY.

For having overthrown the un-English Ministry of LORD ABERDEEN.

For having made LORD PALMERSTON, Minister of England, and pledged him to Reform.

For having put down the Sabbatarians, and for having secured rational liberty to the millions in respect to Sunday observance.

For having created the Great Exhibition of 1851.

For having built and christened the Crystal Palace.

For having compelled the Government to reduce the Income-Tax.

For having suggested every reform and improvement which have been effected in the world since July 1841, and for intending to pursue the same course as long as the world requires any amendment whatever.

[The list to be continued through many numbers.]

THE CANTERBURY CASINO.

A NOTICE exhibited on Norwood Common, near the Crystal Palace, informs the public that the "eligible" circumjacent "land" is "to let on lease for building purposes: Title from the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY." This is supposed to be a device of the present occupant of the land—the keeper of two temporary wood and canvas structures thereon standing; the one a refreshment booth, and the other a sixpenny dancing ditto. His object is presumed to be to procure for those establishments a respectability which, we are informed, does not exactly obtrude itself upon the perception of their visitor. That a cheap Casino can really be held under the Archbishop is incredible; for what are Sunday-bands, shocking as he deems them, compared to a sixpenny hop on any day of the week?

WISCOUNT WILLIAMS'S WINDICATION.—"Nobility! Psha! we have no Nobility—we have only got a Haristocracy!"



MR. PUNCH RECEIVING THE VICTORIA CROSS.

IMPERFECTION OF THE YANKEE TONGUE.

THE *New York Times*, whilst glorying in the general inventive powers of Americans, deprecates their national deficiency in the faculty of inventing names for places. "Brownsville," "Tomkinsville," "McGrawlersville," are instanced by our New York contemporary as specimens of the inelegant and inexpressive designations which the pioneers of Yankee civilization are in the habit of allotting to newly founded towns and cities, whilst "Milwaukee" is described as "a beautiful name." There is certainly a difference between "Milwaukee," and "Brownsville," together with the congeneric "villes" of TOMKINS and MCGRAWLER, but it is not so much the difference between beautiful and ugly, as a difference corresponding to that which exists, or may be conceived to exist, æsthetically, between the settlers, MCGRAWLER, TOMKINS, and BROWN on the one hand, and the aboriginal BLACK HAWK on the other. The euphony of "Milwaukee" is very analogous to that of "Hokey Pokey." There is a sort of native sweetness in the sound of either name; a sweetness savouring of natives who tattoo their cheeks, and paint their noses red and sky-blue. If the Americans want names of that sort for their new settlements, they might readily obtain them. To a sane adult it might not, perhaps, be a very becoming mental exercise to invent such denominations; but plenty of them might be procured from any nursery, the occupants of which are able to talk; or from any lunatic asylum whose inmates are not deaf and dumb. The invention of funny names like "Milwaukee," would be an innocent amusement for infants, and a very suitable employment for the insane, serving in some degree to utilise those unfortunate beings.

Nothing is so easy as gibberish to anybody who will give his mind to it, provided that mind is undeveloped or disordered. It is strange that a people so fertile as our Transatlantic kinsmen in the production of odd words in general should be so slow as they appear to be at local nomenclature. How the nation that has added "catawampus," "slockdologer," "stampede," and "bogus," to the English dictionary can be at a loss for terms, racy of the soil, to apply to any portion of it, is difficult to conceive. Can it be a hard matter for those who call each other "hard-shells," "soft-shells," "hunkers," "locofocos," "border-ruffians," and "barn-burners," to call any number of places names? Even if they cannot by natural means accomplish the task of naming new locations, they might avail themselves of the assistance of spirit-rapping mediums, through whom, doubtless, they could get rapped out plenty of words that would answer the purpose at least as well as "Milwaukee"—words original as to orthography, and of unknown meaning.

MRS. GAMP'S FAREWELL TO MRS. HARRIS.

Ah! Mrs. Harris! the best of friends, as the sayin' is, must part,
Which there's no uge in cryin' as if one would break one's art;
Many's the years we spent together, and many a cup of tea:
But there! the time is come at last—it is as was to be.

Good by'e, Ma'am! and I'm sure I wish you many many 'appy years
As ever any mortal can expect in this here wale of tears.
I always was attached to you, and esteemed you very much,
And wherever I go, I am sure, I shall always speak of you as such.

Our walks in life enceferrads is in different parths to be,
But I shall very often think of you, Ma'am, and I ope you'll sometimes think of me.

Nobody knows but them as feels, is what I will maintain;
Good by'e, dear Mrs. Harris, possible, we shan't never meet again.

Haccept my bonnet and pattens, which no longer I shall wear,
For I must put on other clothes which I own I can't abear,
Nobody won't know me when they sees me in my new dredge,
A workin' out my midgin in another spear of ugefulnedge.

HOMAGE TO MARSEILLES.

MR. PUNCH seldom wastes his criticism on farces, and has no particular remark to offer on the French elections. But he conceives it but knightly courtesy to tender his congratulations for witty M. TAXILE DELORD, of the *Charivari*, on his providential escape, by the Marseilles vote, from a seat in such a chamber as the Prefects have assembled. Helots drunk were a demoralising spectacle for the Spartan, but how much more deteriorating were association with Helots sober. Mr. Punch is indebted to the people of Marseilles for refusing to destroy the subtle and scintillating intellect of M. TAXILE DELORD.

WIT IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—A WITTY Member (it is not Mr. SPOONER) has characterised the Divorce and Marriage Bill as a "New Law of Partnership, with limited liability."

SURVEY OF A LADY'S DRESS.

GREAT disputes have arisen among engineers and scientific gentlemen as to the particular scale that should be adopted in taking the survey of a fashionable lady's dress. LORD ENO advocates the adoption of a scale of twenty-five inches to the mile. This, he says, would give a careful representation of all the lengths and breadths of a lady's dress. The flounces would be put down to a nicety: every one of the *colans* would be carefully indicated; not a piece of *guignure*, or a single ribbon would be omitted. On the other side, it is argued that the plans taken on that large scale would be so clumsily comprehensive, and so extremely inconvenient for all purposes of reference, that a person wishing to consult the survey, would be compelled to take it out with him to Hampstead Heath or Wormwood Scrubbs, or some monster open space, before he could unfold it. These objections are met boldly and openly by his Lordship. He asks what necessity is there that all the plans should be taken on the same sheet of paper? He does not see why the survey could not be taken on a series of small maps, instead of one large one? or what there is to prevent you binding up the maps, according to their anatomical progression, in one uniform volume, which might be bound in a pattern of the very dress that was mapped inside? Each part should be complete in itself. You would have your two arms, your waist, your right side, your left side, your first flounce, your second ditto, your third, and so on *ad æternum*, until the whole survey was completed.

SIR RODERICK MURCHISON is of opinion that a one-inch scale would answer all necessary purposes. It would be useless and extravagant, he contends, considering the many countless yards of waste stuff, to take any map larger than that of one inch. If milliners for their own personal requirements wanted a larger map, let them take it at their own expense. For the use of the husband the milliner's bill was all that was sufficient. It usually gave all the particulars; and, if there was any doubt, the sum total mostly removed it. The price was put down, and it was no very difficult matter from that to estimate the quantity; though the husbands, whose credit was, owing to the extravagance of their wives' milliners' bills, being killed by inches, cared generally but little about the precise number. The subject was one which was not often surveyed by the husband with any degree of pleasure; and probably the less he saw of the extent to which his wife carried her follies, the better he was pleased. Under these circumstances he thought a half-inch scale would abundantly satisfy all rational purposes. The matter was still under warm dispute (92° Fahrenheit) when we went to press.

FREEDOMS OF THE PRESS.

WITH the suppression merely of the names, we quote verbatim this interesting paragraph from the Paris correspondence of a fashionable contemporary:—

"The rising belles of the day are the MDLLES. —, the daughters of ——. The elder, a striking brunette of sixteen, has made her *début* with considerable *éclat* at the Tuileries: the second, a charming blonde, a year younger, has only as yet appeared at the Italian opera, but has already attracted much admiration by her delicate and somewhat pensive beauty."

We have heard some writers praised for their originality of subject, and we have known others lauded for the freedom of their style; but although there is undoubted novelty in thus dragging private ladies out in public print, and describing their "good points," with much the manner of a slave-dealer, we think the writer deserves rather to be kicked than commended for his freedom. Of course, when an actress makes her *début*, she must expect to see some comments on her person in the papers; but it is a new idea to us to find the audience thus criticised as well as the performers, and we should certainly give up our box at HER MAJESTY'S were we to discover that our daughters could not go there without being admired by the penny-a-liners. Indeed, when one reads of a young lady having "appeared" at the Opera, one naturally infers that it was on the stage she did so: and if one were to judge from such appearances as these, a man could never go to ALMACK'S without suspecting half his partners had been behind the scenes perhaps the evening previous. We confess, too, when we hear of the "considerable *éclat*" which has recently attended a *débutante* at Court, we feel almost tempted to forego our wishes to obtain the presentation of our darling JUDYLETTA; for that young person, we opine, would be very little benefited by finding she had made such a noise in the fashionable world as to have reached the lengthened ears of an "own correspondent."

We have small wish to curtail the freedom of the press, and we have harshly noticed the above offence mainly to deter another from committing it. On second thoughts, however, (we add this after dinner,) our benevolence inclines us to prescribe a milder treatment for the offence: he should have his ears boxed by that "striking" young brunette, by whom he appears to have been already smitten.



THE LATEST FASHION.

Charles. "SWEET STYLE OF TROWSER, GUS!"

Gus. "YA-AS! AND SO DOOSSED COMFORTABLE. THEY'RE CALLED PANTALONS A LA PEG-TOP!"

Charles. "NO!—RE-ALLY!"

THE SOCIAL TREAD-MILL. No. 9.

"I HAVE often wondered what sin the late DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE could have committed in any of his earlier phases of existence to have been condemned, while in the flesh under his last title, to preside at so many public dinners.

"This social punishment—the public dinner—is, I believe, peculiar to this island. An attempt was made to introduce it into France, which ended, as might have been expected, in a revolution. Yes—the Provisional Government of 1848 was installed in consequence of the public dinners—'les Banquets,' as they were called—organised by the Parliamentary Reformers of Paris. You may tell me the revolution broke out because the public dinners were *not* allowed to take place. I will not quibble with you about a word of three letters. But I know how history is written; and I know—do I not know?—the miseries of a public dinner.

"You admit a connection between the public dinner and the Revolution of 1848. Very well, then. I assume that the French are at once a social and a gastronomic race. I can understand such a race rising as one man against the attempt to thrust a public dinner down their throats. But I cannot imagine their upsetting the Government which protected them from the infliction. I go on probabilities, which to me are proofs, for they rest upon the eternal nature of things. I still believe the rising of Paris in 1848 was against the attempt to introduce the punishment of the public dinner, and that, in the confusion, the Provisional Government somehow got flung to the surface, and staid there till further orders.

"Prisoners, under tyranny and long-continued torture, have sometimes risen, brained their gaolers with their handcuffs, and either broken prison, or been shot down, sullenly, in unappeased revolt. I wonder why we, who are condemned, most of us, to public dinners in perpetuity, do not, some day, rise at the Freemasons' Tavern, or the Albion, beat out the brains of the landlord and waiters, strangle the stewards, choke the glee-singers with the pastry, and tear that TOOLE of tyranny, the toastmaster, limb from limb.

LORD NATHAN.

(AN APPEAL TO THE PEERS.)

MAKE room for LORD NATHAN, proud barons and earls,
LORD NATHAN, the lord of the dark shining curls,
Of the full bright black eye, and the aquiline nose,
What features more aristocratic than those?

Of lineage so ancient LORD NATHAN doth come,
That he hath no fellow in all Christendom.
For that length of descent which your lordships revere,
Not one of you all is the LORD NATHAN's peer.

The lofty PLANTAGENET's long pedigree
Is a mushroom to LORD NATHAN's family tree;
In the first of the Patriarchs centres its root,
In noble LORD NATHAN behold its offshoot.

His race with the Conqueror, great son of NUN,
Came in at the Conquest when Canaan was won:
You talk of Crusaders from drawing your line;
His fathers were those who first took Palestine.

Your sires' proud exploits on the Paynim you quote,
Long ere them the NATHANS idolaters smote;
Their chivalry long had Philistines o'erthrown,
Ere Saracen hosts felt the shock of your own.

His champions in ages ere those of your strain
Were thought of, their giants and dragons had slain.
Then welcome LORD NATHAN, ye sons of the knights,
And render him homage as well as his rights.

HORSES AND MAYOR.

OUR friends the French are possessed with an idea of the greatness of the LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, not likely to be diminished by the information, afforded by a fashionable chronicler, that—

"The LORD MAYOR arrived at the Palace in his State Coach, drawn by six horses."

A six-horse power apparently required to convey the Chief Magistrate of the City of London, is calculated to impress the foreign, and even the native mind with an awful notion of the enormous bulk and astounding ponderousness of the civic monarch.

"I think we shall hear of these things happening some day—and then the site of the Freemasons' Tavern will be what the site of the Bastille is now. There will be a column erected to the memory of those citizens who arose and plucked down an odious tyranny. Those who had long groaned under public dinners will come annually and deposit wreaths of *immortelles* on the base of the column.

"I am willing to guide the movement. I demand the head of TOOLE! I refuse to be any more treated as a social vassal, 'tailleable et corvéable à merci' by Hospitals; by Asylums; by blind, deaf, dumb, halt, lame, and maimed Institutions; by Curates, Governesses, Printers, Clerks, Widows, Orphans, Shoeblackening boys, Image boys, Climbing boys, or any other kind of boys' Aid Societies; by Young men's, Old men's, Middleaged men's, Bargemens, Market-Gardeners, or any other Mutual Instruction Associations! By Funds, Literary, Dramatic, Musical, or Equestrian; by Scotch Widows; by Decayed or Shipwrecked Mariners; by Foreigners in distress; by Distressed Needlewomen; by Oppressed Dress-makers; by Intending Emigrants; by Club-footed persons, or those afflicted with Spinal Disorders, or Ophthalmia; by Invalid Gentlewomen, or Sick Children, or Incurables; by Licensed Victuallers, Butchers, and Bakers. I fling all "the objects of this association" to the wind. I will not be a steward though tempted by a dinner-card gratis: I will not put down my name for a handsome donation, though quite aware that I never shall be asked to pay up: I will cut my tongue out rather than acknowledge a toast: I will mount the scaffold sooner than the chair; and I will perish before I pay for a ticket. I am ready to enroll members in an Anti-Public Dinner Association, the foundation of which shall be celebrated by a public — Good gracious!—How difficult it is to shake off the habits of the prison-house! Men who have long worn fetters will ever after, we know, walk as if the iron was still about their ancles.

"I and my association were on the verge of self-destruction, about to be rendered up again by this hand of mine to the tough mercies of MESSRS. BATHE and BREACH, and the tortures of TOOLE! Not that the tyranny of these men is ever openly protested against. There is either a hollow submission to it, or a callous courting of it, and an

exultation under it like that of French *galériens* singing in their *chaine*. There are few things sadder than to see a prisoner insensible to his shame. To hear JOHN BULL talk, you would imagine he looked upon the public dinner as a privilege and not as a punishment.

"We English"—he will tell some poor, eagerly-assenting, smiling, galvanic foreigner, who bows affirmatives to every sentence before it is well spoken—"We English are cold—shy—stiff; but at bottom we are a social people, Mosoo. We can do nothing without a dinner. When our hearts are warmed with a good meal and a social glass of wine, Mosoo,—Gad—we are the best company in the world—can't refuse each other anything;—we are full of enthusiasm, Sir,—running over with loyalty and brotherly love;—we think nothing, Mosoo, of collecting a thousand pounds in the room while the singing's going on."

"And the foreigner is amazed at the '*force d'agglomération sociale*' among these English, and goes home and tries to intrude the public dinner on his countrymen, and Government perishes in the attempt."

"How should we like to see introduced among us those Chinese punishments, of which such agreeable representations have been figuring of late in the cheap print-shop windows, of people being sawn to death between planks, planted up to the neck in the ground to starve, with food and drink just out of reach of the lips, and so forth?"

"I look on the introduction of the public dinner into any country where it is unknown, in much the same light as I should the extension to our criminal system of these penal refinements of the Celestial Empire. When I hear a brother BULL cramming such statements as are above written into foreign ears, I blush for my species."

"For whatever outward submission there may be amongst ourselves, I know that I never mention the public dinner to an Englishman singly, but I find him, like myself, glowing with impatient disgust of that infliction, and ready to join in any attempt to put it down. Unless indeed he happen, at the moment, to have been sentenced as a Steward with the aggravation of a list to make up—added, as they add private whippings to a term of imprisonment, sometimes—or—still worse—condemned to the Chair, with hard labour at the toasts. In such cases, instead of responding to one's own impatience, men will endeavour to draw one on into participation in their punishment—as convicts are always found anxious to do."

"But with foreigners it is not uncommon to hear the tone taken which I have described above."

"Now the man who talks thus, knows as well as you or I, that it is all humbug; that there is no sociality in the public dinner; no real kindness of heart engendered by it; no wholesome and blessed charity set flowing by its aid; that the speeches spoken at it are tissues of gross and fulsome flattery; that its enthusiasm is as evanescent and spurious as the bead in its gooseberry champagne; that its brotherhood is maudlin; its philanthropy a sham; its music, generally, the grossest form of the art; its cookery and its wine frequently abominable; its talk either stammering, incoherent imbecility, or fluent balderdash. In short, if I were asked to sum into the briefest expression the spirit of the Public Dinner, I know of no better words than 'SHAM' and 'SNOBBISHNESS.'"

UNCONTROLLABLE BEINGS.

AN Hon. Member, whose name we are sorry our memory cannot catch, said on the debate relating to the expense and non-completion (both being equally endless) of the Houses of Parliament:—

"It was difficult at any time to control an architect, but SIR CHARLES BARRY exceeded in this peculiarity every other member of his profession!"

Parliament must be weak, indeed, when it can no longer control its expenditure. Is SIR CHARLES such a very uncontrollable being that there are no powers that will touch him? The best plan of control we fancy, is to stop the supplies. If SIR CHARLES had not been paid anything until the Houses were finished, we have an idea that their completion would have been celebrated with a dinner and a title years ago. An architect has been compared to the dry-rot—once inside the house, the one is as difficult as the other to get out again. But when you keep paying your architect—at first, it is a fixed sum; then he is to have three per cent.; next his commission is enlarged to four per cent.; and after that he is to receive an additional sum for casualties—so long as these payments go on, it seems to us that you hit upon the very best form of invitation to induce him to remain inside your house. As long as you feed him with means, so long will he go on building "like bricks." SIR ROBERT PEEL could not state the case plainer. But stop the supplies—not one penny more until all the work is done—and we have a shrewd suspicion that you will very quickly bring SIR CHARLES BARRY under the most plastic control.

DESPERATE ATTEMPT.—A dandy, or swell, inquired of his audience, which was the most dangerous part of the Danube, and they not being able to inform him, replied, the mouth they call Kilia.

SYDENHAM STATISTICS.

COLLECTED DURING THE LATE HANDEL FESTIVAL.



MORE than ten thousand sighs were breathed by ladies who came down by railway, in their regret that trains could not yet be run into St. James's Palace as easily and safely as they were into the Crystal Palace.

No less than nineteen hundred nervous people took beforehand the precaution to stuff cotton in their ears, for fear their drums might be deafened by the beating of the big one.

Fifty-five Teetotalers were detected drinking Sherry in the pauses of performance, seventeen of whom had the presence of mind to allege as their excuse, that Sherry was the only liquid handed round to them, and eleven of these added, to extenuate themselves further, that such was their excited state, it tasted just like water.

Sixteen most unsentimental gentlemen were induced by contemplation of the crowds at the refreshment counters, to remark, that if music be the food of love, it seemed plainly inducive of the love of food.

Three-and-twenty waiters were threatened with dismissal by the careful MR. STAPLES, because during the performance their shoes were heard to creak.

Exactly two thousand and twelve country cousins were facetiously informed by their London relations of the fact that the great tanks which they saw upon the water towers were filled with ale and stout for the consumption of the chorus; and learnt also from the same reliable authorities, that the sandwiches were cut and mustarded by steam, and that the contract to supply them had been let out by the acre.

No less than ninety-nine ladies would have fainted with the heat, but that they would thereby have missed some of the music.

Above five hundred *habitués* of both London and provincial Concerts nobly proffered their gratuitous services to the Committee, to act as Special Constables for the preservation of the peace, and to prevent it being broken by the swindlers of encores.

Nearly forty thousand hopes were expressed, either during or after the performances, that their success might be such as to ensure their repetition, and that the hoppers might have all their absent friends then present with them.

Thirteen strict Vegetarians have since privately confessed in confidential conversation, that they were reduced by the exigencies of their appetite to eat of lobster salad without picking out the lobster.

Precisely six hundred and sixty-six engaged couples skillfully contrived to get separated from their party almost directly at the close of the performance, and when stumbled upon afterwards (of course in the remotest corner of the grounds), eleven-twelfths of them exclaimed "O, we've been hunting for you *everywhere*!"

Seventeen wags connected with the press were so charmed with MR. SECRETARY GROVE's plain-spokenness, that they declared, whatever were his family, he clearly was not one of the Groves of Blarney. —(N.B. This is intended for a great compliment, MR. GROVE.)

Upwards of twelve thousand pairs of gloves were split, and nearly nineteen hundred hats were beaten in at the conclusion of the Festival, in the excitement of the cheer which was raised for MR. COSTA.

Over the sunshine of the pleasure of the forty thousand listeners there was thrown with all but three of them a shadow of regret that HANDEL had not lived to hear his music done such justice to as they felt quite sure it never had before been.

Facts that are Much Stranger than Fiction.

THAT FRED. PEEL is not in the Ministry, and yet England still maintains her position amongst nations!

That an opening for darting into print ever could occur without one of the NAPIERS rushing madly into it!

That the English would persist in remaining in the Crimea, when it was evident that the French, as they candidly tell you, did all the work, and won all the battles!

Charity in the Church.

CARDINAL VIALE-PRELA is literally "clothing the naked" at Bologna—only it is the statues, instead of the paupers. This is considered quite a characteristic act of Prela-tic charity, illustrating the only form in which that virtue can at this moment be said to be included among the Cardinal ones at all.



FLUNKEIANA.

Plush Adonis. "I SHOULD OBSERVE, MY LADY,—THAT IF YOU ENGAGED ME, I SHOULD REQUIRE TO BE SIX MONTHS AT LEAST IN TOWN, IN A GOOD NEIGHBOURHOOD,—AND THAT IF YOU SHOULD AT ANY TIME LIVE NORTH OF THE NEW ROAD, I SHOULD EXPECT FIVE GUINEAS PER ANNUM INCREASE OF SALARY!" [Fact.]

VICKERS OF SOUTHWARK.

ONCE more the Editor of the *Morning Advertiser* launches a thunderbolt, and once more a proud and haughty institution goes to the ground before the stroke of JUPITER BEERIUS. A person of the name of "JOHN VICKERS of Southwark," has been blackballed at the Reform Club, and he instantly writes off in fury to the *Advertiser* (after the manner of gentlemen, when their desire to join a society of other gentlemen is for the moment ungratified) proclaiming the fact, and declaring that he owes his rejection to the fact, that he is a Protestant; who has been sacrificed to the bigotry of the Roman Catholic members of the Club. The Editor immediately takes up the cause of JOHN VICKERS of Southwark, and between them, and in large editorial type, they chant a fiery duet.

VICKERS declares that he is defeated by "that un-English system, the ballot." The Editor, forgetting that the paper goes in for the ballot-box, endorses the complaint. VICKERS demands, "whether an English gentleman is to suffer for being a liberal?" No, says the Editor, and we will have "a new Reform Club, really representing the views of the liberals, and expressly excluding Roman Catholics from membership." "I'll put down a hundred guineas," says VICKERS. "That is a princely pecuniary donation," says the Editor. "Let not the hateful name of blackballing be heard within our walls," says VICKERS. "The system has been carried to such an extent that men of sensitive feelings have latterly shrunk from allowing their names to be put up," says that Editor. "I'll come to any meeting on the subject," says VICKERS. "Your manly, well-timed, and courageous letter will do great good," says the Editor. And so they go on agreeing, with a sweetness and brotherly accord that quite brings the tears into one's eyes.

There are only two little points that occur to *Mr. Punch* in reference to this afflicting matter. Somehow, we find it difficult to believe with VICKERS that he was rejected because he was a Protestant, or with the Editor, that "no man who has identified himself with the cause of

HEN CUCKOOS.

USEFUL lessons may in some cases be learned from the inferior creatures, but some of them set bad examples. The Cuckoo, for instance, sets an example which ought to be avoided, and not imitated, by mothers. The Cuckoo puts out its eggs to hatch, and consequently its young to rear, by another bird; and this conduct is copied, with a difference for the worse, by ladies who put their children out to wet-nurse, or who have them wet-nursed at all. The *Monthly Paper of the London Society for the Protection of Young Females* contains a few sensible "Words to Mothers," of which the intention is to show in what manner the practice of wet-nursing interferes with the object of that Society. They briefly demonstrate that the practice in question is one of the causes of our greatest social evil. The writer makes the following emphatic remark:—

"I will point to the custom of hiring wet-nurses as a great evil in this direction, considering that a certain class of young women are generally preferred for that office. A barrier is thus removed which might have stayed their downfall. I mean the loss of character and service."

The only proper persons for wet-nurses are young mothers who have lost their own infants. The number of these is sufficient to meet the natural demand for hired mothers. The demand that produces a greater supply produces a bad supply. If the hiring is a socially respectable person, her employment to nourish the child of another involves a wrong to her own. The baby of the wet-nurse is starved, as the young hedge-sparrow is thrown over. But there are other reasons why ladies should eschew cuckooism. The grub, or worm, which the hedge-sparrow administers to the young cuckoo is simple nutriment. Does not living milk impart something else?—may it not communicate moral and physical, or immoral and morbid, peculiarities? This consideration will perhaps induce all ladies who possibly can, to nurse their own babies, and all those who are unable, to make particularly sure of the health and purity of the rented breast.

Notions of Beauty.

Cook (on area-steps—to another Cook).* "PUT on your bonnet, SUSAN, dear, and let us run to the Park. The QUEEN is to be there, and I'm told the effect will be most beautiful. There are to be from three to four thousand Policemen on the ground!"

* A highly-polished Cook, within scent of Grosvenor Square.

Protestantism has the slightest chance of election." *Mr. Punch* happens to be able to name two gentlemen (who have unfortunately ceased from among us), both of whom had in any one week of their lives rendered more service to Protestantism and manifested more active and damaging hostility to the objectionable portions of the Catholic faith and practice than any noisy Southwark spouter in the whole course of his career. Yet both were elected into the Reform Club. The gentlemen of that association would seem to be guided by other rules than actuate those who would "expressly exclude" men on account of their creed.

But—we are almost afraid to put the suggestion, considering whose wrath we provoke—but, come, the wearer of the Victoria Cross must not be timid—now then. *Mr. Punch* never heard of VICKERS of Southwark, until reading the waked wrath of the *Tizer*. But, on inquiry, he is told—he knows not with how much truth—that the said VICKERS of Southwark, doubtless a highly respectable man and Protestant, is a maker of gin. Is it possible that the haughty aristocrats of Pall Mall did not desire the society of a gin-maker in their stately saloons, and that it was not his Protestantism, but his Gin, that shut out VICKERS of Southwark. However, it was a bad day for the Reform Club when the *Advertiser* swore to put it down, and its humiliation will be complete if, when the members are expelled, the vengeful and victorious VICKERS shall turn it into a Gin-palace, and engage *MR. COPPOCK* as barman.

THE MOTHER'S LESSON.

Daughter. Ma, dear, what is "Capillary Attraction?"
Mother. Running, my pet, after a hair of £10,000 a-year.

SANITARY INTELLIGENCE.

A VENERABLE Matron of the GAMP School has addressed to us an appeal, complaining of the cost of constructing Harbours of Refuge, by which term she apparently means sewers.



THE OLD, OLD BIRD.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

June 29, Monday. The bad news from India brought up speakers in both Houses, but nothing, of course, could be said by the Government, except that it had every confidence in the Indian authorities. The mail next week will show how far that confidence is merited.

In the Lords the EARL OF DONOUGHMORE made grievous grumbling about a smart article published by the *Examiner*, touching an Irish bishop called LORD PLUNKETT, who had opposed the Ministers' Money Abolition Bill. The Earl wanted the publisher called to the bar. LORD GRANVILLE, on behalf of Government, opposed such a process, and said that the motion of the noble lord "would involve the House in proceedings that might be endless, and that THE LORDS WOULD FIND THEMSELVES IN A PERMANENT CONFLICT WITH THAT VERY AMUSING PUBLICATION, *Punch*." The general good sense of the Lord President induces *Mr. Punch* to overlook the levity with which his lordship alluded to the possibility of the most awful collision conceivable in British history. As for the conflict being permanent, it would be about as permanent as a conflict between a locomotive engine, running sixty miles per hour, and a string of empty trucks upon the line. Were *Mr. Punch* but to declare his intention of making war upon the Lords, the *Times* would again come out with the single sentence that did duty for a leading article when their lordships rejected the Reform Bill, "WHO CAN SAY THAT WHEN WE NEXT PUBLISH, THERE WILL BE A HOUSE OF LORDS." The DONOUGHMORE folly was trodden out by the Peers in all indignation and some little terror.

In the Commons there was a discussion whether the Government ought to job with the funds of the Savings' Banks, and there was also a somewhat amusing debate on the vote of about £50,000 for the Department of Science and Art, in the course of which the new museum in Brompton Boilers was rather unceremoniously handled. There is no doubt, however, that it is a valuable, though miscellaneous collection, and its being open to the working classes on two evenings in the week is an excellent feature in the arrangement. The Election Petitions Bill, intended to prevent some of the trickery which enriches Parliamentary agents, and scandalises everybody else, was read a second time, but will be marvellously manipulated before it is allowed to pass.

Tuesday. France has a scheme for supplying the deficiency of negro labour in the French colonies by the importation of free negroes, and our own West India interest desires that our Government should adopt the plan. LORD PALMERSTON is thought to favour the project, but as it is held by many persons to be merely a device for working the slave trade under another name, great and reasonable jealousy is felt upon the subject. The Oxford University Bill was read a second time by the Lords, who also discussed the hardship of the law that transported an Irishman back to his country when his powers of labour here are ex-

APPROACHING MARTYRDOMS.

We have the best authority for stating that more than one mitre will in all probability be shortly at the disposal of the Government. A protest has been entered against the Divorce Bill, and among the dissentients we find the names of S. OXON and W. K. SARUM. The reasons assigned for dissent are, chiefly, that the sanction given by the Bill to the re-marriage of a divorced wife or husband, during the lifetime of both parties, is forbidden by the Bible, and in "direct contradiction to the plain teaching" of Christianity; and that the Bill will cause the clergy of the Church of England to pronounce a divine blessing on unions which they believe to be condemned by Holy Writ, and which are inconsistent with the language itself of that very blessing. Unless, then, the Commons throw out the Bill, there is no choice for OXON and SARUM but to throw up their mitres, after the tremendous protest which they have made against it. CANT., who has expressed similar sentiments, may be expected to resign too. Some indeed think that he is more likely to resign than OXON, who, for all his protest, can hardly be expected to be a Protestant martyr, being, in fact, not much of a Protestant.

"SPOILED FIVE."—"The most unpleasant form of Note and Query," says an intelligent but impatient Ticket-of-leave man of our acquaintance, "is, when you are trying to obtain change for a Fiver, and a policeman demands where you got it."

hausted, and he becomes a pauper. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL announced that he meant to bring in a Bill on the Registration of Titles, but it was not to be passed, only to be considered, which may be considered a very mild and harmless style of legislation, and one on which SIR F. THESIGER is quite prepared to deal with the claims of the Jews, and the BISHOP OF EXETER to treat the subject of Divorce.

MR. HENRY BERKELEY then brought on his Ballot motion, offering to withdraw it if Government would promise that the ballot should be part of the new Reform Bill. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER began a reply by saying, "If my hon. friend is really serious—" and as this was rightly supposed to be the exordium of an anti-ballot speech, MR. BERKELEY went on. Later, SIR GEORGE, at greater length, intimated that Government did not believe in the ballot, and LORD JOHN RUSSELL, suspected of having a private Reform Bill about him, hastened also to declare his antipathy to secret voting. On division, MR. BERKELEY was beaten by 257 to 189.

The Civil Service then had its innings, LORD NAAS very ably stating the swindle of the Superannuation System, under which the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is permitted to rob the family of any unhappy civil servant who dies in harness, of every shilling he has been forced to contribute to the fund, unless he has reached the precise old age at which his allowance begins; a system which is also in other ways most unfair and oppressive to the enormous body of talented and valuable men who do the work of the country. SIR G. LEWIS admitted a good deal of its badness, but did not see how to alter it—actuaries are, however, he said, inquiring into the matter. *Mr. Punch* is by no means sure that a Central Criminal Court may not forestall the actuaries, under SIR R. BETHELL's new act; for if the system be not a fraud on a trust fund, *Mr. Punch* does not know what a fraud is.

Wednesday. The Medical Profession Bills occupied the attention of the Commons, and there was a good deal of abuse of the doctors, the facetious TOM DUNCOMBE uttering some smart clap-trap, tending to show that there is no difference between the bigotry that opposes all innovation, and the wholesome police that interposes between a mischievous quack and his ignorant victims. MR. HEADLAM's Bill was read a second time by a large majority, 225 to 78.

Thursday. LORD REDESDALE's ridiculous little measure, to be tacked to the Divorce Bill, and proposing to refuse the marriage rite to those who have been divorced, and, on account of the alleged scruples of some half-instructed priests, to make such a union a merely civil contract, was speedily thrown out by the Lords by 62 to 23. Some of the Lords have spoiled a good deal of nice paper by entering protests against the Divorce Bill, and *Mr. Punch* sincerely hopes they pay their own stationers' bills, and do not waste the foolscap of the nation on such rubbish. LORD CAMPBELL called upon the bishops to

attend next night, and show their regard for the morals of the people, by helping him with his Bill for putting down Immoral Publications.

In the Commons, MR. LOCKE KING endeavoured to bring to an untimely end the Statute Law Commission, which really seems to be almost upon the point of approaching a period, when it may look forward, at some future time, to discovering a means by which, eventually, progress may be attempted towards suggestions for developing a plan for consolidating the law. Remote as the chance may be, the House thought it ought not to be destroyed. A discussion on the plans for the Public Offices elicited a statement from SIR B. HALL that some scheme for purifying the Thames was being matured. The British Museum grant was taken, and high honour was done to MR. PANIZZI for having originated, and MR. SMIRKE for having carried out, the new Reading Room, of which *Mr. Punch* will only say that it is an apartment almost worthy to be his own private library, and then an acrimonious and diverting discussion arose on the National Gallery Grant, terminated by LORD PALMERSTON giving the House an exceedingly good wiggling, contrasting its meanness with the generosity of the Manchester men, from whose Art-Treasury he had just come up. The House was rebuked, and dutifully voted the sums demanded for buying a PAUL VERONESE for £12,000, and for similar articles of *lure*.

Friday. LORD BROUGHAM dilated, with much ability, upon a subject on which MR. PUNCH has frequently dilated with more ability; namely, the frightful expense which the lawyers compel you to incur in any conveyancing transaction. The CHANCELLOR hoped to be able to do something towards mitigating the evil. LORD CAMPBELL's appeal to the bishops would appear to have been one of his accustomed bits of clap-trap, as he had only to pass his Bill through a formal stage. He stated that he had received hosts of solicitations from Paterfamilias of all kinds to persevere with his Bill, but he explained that he had no idea of interfering with the refined immoralities in literature

and art for which LORD LYNDHURST had pleaded—it was only vulgar wickedness that was to be dealt with.

There has been a perpetual wrangle between the SOVEREIGN and the LORD MAYOR as to the right to the shores and bed of the Thames within the corporation limits. A Bill for settling this squabble is in progress, the SOVEREIGN is to have the abstract right, the MAYOR is to have the actual mud, and the profits are to be divided, a third to go to the Crown, and the rest to be expended by the City in embanking and improving the river. A pleasing little incident showed the amiability of the House, and how easily it is amused. MR. WILSON, having to answer a question upon a subject of importance, rose, taking off his hat, as usual. He might have previously torn up some letter, and a few of the scraps had remained in his hat, or he might have been engaged in some amateur performance in which there was a snow-storm, and fragments of the paper snow had stuck in his hair. Anyhow, there were some bits of paper, and the intellectual House of Commons was so delighted that it roared in such a way as to render his reply inaudible. The House voted a good deal of money for harbours of refuge, consuls, and similar protective institutions, and the good humour of the evening was further promoted by a very good spar between LORD PALMERSTON and MR. WHITESIDE, in which the neat but audacious style of fighting of the Viscount contrasted well with the viciously meant, but blundering blows of the Irishman. PAM suggested that WHITESIDE knew nothing, and WHITESIDE retorted that PAM pretended to know everything. PAM complimented WHITESIDE on his power of invention, and WHITESIDE scoffed at PAM for his power of evasion. PAM urged that, before speaking on any subject, WHITESIDE should try to understand it, and WHITESIDE declined to admit that PAM in the least understood even the question upon which he was addressing the House. The point at issue was whether a charge in the estimates, for Chinese interpreters, was justifiable. Of course, when the fight was done, everybody agreed that there was nothing to fight about.

THE PLAIN CROSS OF VALOUR.

HERE'S Valour's Cross, my men; 'twill serve,
Though rather ugly—take it.
JOHN BULL a medal can deserve,
But can't contrive to make it.



The Right Man (at last) in the Right Place.

MINISTERS, anxious to find some employment worthy of MR. FREDERICK PEEL, have appointed him to the congenial post of Door-keeper and Secretary of HER MAJESTY'S Circumlocution Office. It is surmised that the talents of the honourable gentleman will find suitable development in this office, for which he is, both by nature and acquirements, so admirably fitted. For the future, all petitions, addresses, applications for assistance, wrongs, grievances, are to be forwarded to him. All deputations, also, will for the future be received solely by MR. FREDERICK PEEL; everything, in short, that is reported by Government to be "under consideration," will be referred specially to his department. The Parliamentary Stationery Office has received orders to go on manufacturing Red Tape "until further notice."

THE IRISH BLESSING FROM THE ALTAR.

HOLY FATHER O'BLARNEY he stood at the altar,
And delivered this sermon to DENNIS O'BROGUE:—
Arrah, DENNIS, ye thief! your desarts is the halter,
Ye desartve to be hanged, I say, DENNIS, ye rogue.

I'll larn ye to vote for a heretic thraitor,
Disobeying the holy commands of your praste,
I'll spake the bad word for your sow! to St. PATRICK,
He shall slam Hiven's door in your foul face, ye baste.

I declare if the divil himself—may he fetch ye!—
Was to rise up just now out of this holy spot,
And to ask for my vote, rather he, than the wretch ye
Sowld your mane dirty sow! to, should have it, ye sot.

Whoever gives DENNIS a cup of cowl'd wather—
Let alone the potheen—mate or drhink, bite or sup,
He will be of his own endless ruin the author;
The earth will gape open and swallow him up.

Cursed be DENNIS O'BROGUE in his going and coming,
In undressing himself, and in putting on clothes,
In spache and in silence, in whistling and humming,
In scratching his head and in blowing his nose.

In waking or sleeping, in ating and dhinking,
In snuffing, in chewing, or smoking a pipe,
In buying and selling, in nodding and winking,
May his praties all rot if they get to be ripe!

In dancing or kneeling, in standing or sitting,
May that DENNIS O'BROGUE, that big blackguard, be cursed!
In his breathing, and coughing, and sneezing, and spitting!
May the vagabond's portion be hunger and thirst!

In smiling and sighing, in laughing and crying,
May the curse of the Saints upon DENNIS be hurled!
In swearing and lying, in living and dying,
Och, bad luck to ye, DENNIS, ye thief of the world!

Unfounded Alarm.

HERE is another illustration of the old truism, how "Conscience makes cowards of us all." One of the Directors of the British Bank, who is still at large, was going into the SHEEPSHANKS' Collection, at the South Kensington Museum, when he overheard an artist say that there were "six CONSTABLES in the room." He instantly took alarm, and ran away as fast as he could. In fact, like one of his own bills, we believe he has not stopped running yet.

THE OLD PRINTER'S HAVEN.



THE enjoyment of the intellectual pleasure afforded by these and other pages is greatly enhanced by the beauty and clearness of the type which is the vehicle for the conveyance of our profound, poetical, and facetious ideas, and the like ideas of some of our contemporaries and predecessors, to the human mind. Wit, wisdom, imagination, become reading made easy by means of fine and legible print. The mental feast is served in porcelain and silver: the intellectual venison and turtle-soup are dished up in precious china and choice plate. The green fat is rendered refreshing even to the eye, and the sense of sight itself is gratified by the graces of Alderman's Walk. Native humour has imparted to it a visual charm like that which the native oyster acquires by being elegantly scalloped. The art, however, which makes literary things pleasant to the eye of the reader, is unfortunately apt to wear out that of the artist, and the gratification afforded by nice typography is purchased by the amaurosis of pressmen, and the cataract of compositors. Some working Printers, moreover, as well as some other people, live to be old and infirm, and few who do attain to old age have been able to provide for that contingency. Either their wages have been insufficient for any such provision; or if they have, in themselves, barely sufficed for some such, the Income-Tax, under Schedule D, has run away with the savings which they might have invested to that end by dint of extreme parsimony.

What fate, then, awaits the poor old Printer, who is too much of a Christian to commit suicide, and who probably cannot see his way to do so if he would? Not, necessarily, the punishment of the Workhouse—that punishment, of which, as of capital punishment, the object is simply example. No: the doom of the Workhouse; the condemnation of the pauper, condemned to imprisonment and degradation for not having saved the money which he has been unable to save, is not the inevitable lot of superannuated working Printers. There exists a charitable, and not a penal, receptacle for them, or rather a number of receptacles, called the **PRINTERS' ALMSHOUSES**: an assemblage of comfortable abodes or asylums for deserving workmen past work.

The Sixteenth Annual Report of the Committee of the **PRINTERS' ALMSHOUSE SOCIETY** has lately been published: and from this document it will be seen that the Society is making the most, for the comfort and accommodation of the inmates, of very moderate means. For instance, the Committee reports the circumstance that a pump is in course of erection for the supply of the Institution from an Artesian well; whence will be effected an economy in the article of water. This shows that economy is practised in every element of expenditure, even in the pure element, if Chemistry will pardon the expression. We will now quote as much of the Report as it is necessary to quote—the portion of a sentence:—

"Our List of Annual Subscribers is not so large as could be wished."

All persons addicted to the practice of charity are invited to consider whether the above brief statement may not suggest to them a way for indulging their besetting propensity. To any wealthy individual who has never tried the luxury of feeding the hungry, and clothing the naked, the **PRINTERS' ALMSHOUSES** may be recommended as affording a good case for a first experiment. This may be performed by sending the Society any amount of money, which will be received with rapture by the Treasurer, Trustees, Secretary, any Member of the Committee, or the Collector, Mr. C. POPE, 14, Derby Street, King's Cross, London.

How to Ruin your Health.

1st. Stop in bed late; 2nd. Eat hot suppers; 3rd. Turn day into night, night into day; 4th. Take no exercise; 5th. Always ride, when you can walk; 6th. Never mind about wet feet; 7th. Have half-a-dozen doctors; 8th. Drink all the medicine they send you; 9th. Try every new quack; 10th. If that doesn't kill you, quack yourself.

A SUPERSTITION REMOVED.

A "SUB-EDITOR OF TWENTY YEARS' STANDING" (for the Editor's shoes?) says that when LUTHER threw the inkstand at the head of the Devil, it must have been the Printers' Devil, who had doubtlessly been for hours dancing about his elbow, bothering him for "Copy!"

THE BATTLE OF THE PICTURES.

WHY here's the House of Commons, by way of pleasing variety, On ELCHO's and CONINGHAM's summons, turned Dilettante-Society; Where the one with playful railery, the other with sterner strictures, Falls foul of the National Gallery—its management and its pictures. The newly-elected of Brighton, stout and strenuous WILLIAM CONINGHAM,

Declares he'll throw a light on "a certain high person's" cunning game,

When (excuse the feeble witticism) he drives his German WAAGEN With a load of German criticism to prop up each German bargain.

Whether of a KRUGER Collection, whereof, Brighton's stern truth-teller

Declares, all but a selection by the buyer's been hid in the cellar, Or else a GALVAGNA treasure, on which HERR MÜNDLER blundered, And for fifteen daubs with pleasure forked out two thousand five hundred;

All to bag one fish in the haul—the GIAN BELLINI Madonna—Which is no GIAN BELLINI at all, MR. CONINGHAM vouches his honour.

Then there's ELCHO, better known as late HON'BLE FRANK CHARTERIS.

A Connoisseur full-blown, who to EASTLAKE a perfect Tartar is, Who puts spokes in WAAGEN's wheel, and assails poor agent MÜNDLER,—

With that stress on the dotted "u" which makes the name rhyme to "swindler,"—

Declaring of English Art-wonders that MÜNDLER is the greatest, And that all one can say of his blunders is, the worst is always the latest. That his presence drives up art-treasures, as a hot hand does a thermometer,

To a price beyond all measures, save of JOHN BULL's purse-pedometer. And that, when he comes in a place he's straight sucked in the feelers

Laid out for him by the race of polypus picture-dealers: And from old daubs in old shops you may hear some such midnight cry as

"Here's MÜNDLER! Here he stops! Hooray! he's a-going to buy us!" So he closes his disquisition, with a peroration of stricture

Upon our last acquisition, the fourteen-thousand pound picture: Whereon WILSON of the Treasury, though in art-matters somewhat hazy,

Boldly describes the pleasure he has had from that Veronese.

And, for further satisfaction, calls our more artistic CHANCELLOR,

To declare that of "this" transaction the House ought not to be cancellor.

And so the House comes to a vote on the Gem of the Casa-Pisani, Varnished, henceforth, with a coat of double official blarney.

But *Punch* holds to PAM's conclusion, that the Commons don't do themselves credit,

By this sort of art-discussion, or the speeches of those who led it:

And makes bold to consider it placed beyond doubt that SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE,

Of knowledge and judgment and taste can't be proved to have shown the least lack;

While, as for the few hundreds' salary of Secretary WORNUM,

The Trustees of the National Gallery have no doubt he means to earn 'em:

And as for MÜNDLER and WAAGEN and their patrons and protectors, Let's wish ourselves joy of our bargain—both Nation, Trustees, and Directors!

"PUT OUT THE LIGHT."

It appears that a sort of controversy is waging, in the *Jewish Chronicle*, on the subject of Proselytism to the Jewish faith, the members of which are accused of rather giving the cold shoulder to a convert. An idiot, who writes to proclaim that he was converted to Judaism, eighteen years ago at Rotterdam, (after Scheidam, we suppose,) alleges, however, that he has been very kindly treated. More geese the Rotterdam Hebrews. We consider that the Jews, in disliking converts from Christianity, are quite right. A man may not choose to alter his habits so far as to travel by railroad, light his candle with a lucifer, or read *Punch*; but he must feel the utmost contempt for another man, who, having known and tried those improvements, falls back on the old coach, tinder-box, and *Morning Herald*. A real convert to Judaism is almost an impossibility, but we are happy to say that our Missionaries announce hosts of daily converts to Punch-and-Judyism.

INVALUABLE ADVICE FOR PARLIAMENT.—Fewer words, and more Acts.



THE CIVIL CABMAN.

Cabby (to Old Party, who has been to the Crystal Palace). "WANT A CAB, SIR!—SORRY I'M ENGAGED, SIR!—WERRY 'APPY TO TAKE YOU NEXT WEEK!"

"ARMA VIRUMQUE CANO."

THERE is progress still in Paris. A grand victory has been carried, and without a single barricade! Henceforth, a visitor is allowed to enter the "Exposition of Painting," and carry his cane with him. He is not compelled to leave it at the vestibule, nor called upon to pay two or three sous for the guardianship of it. The value of this victory must not be underrated, for it has taken no less than 1857 years of hard grumbling, diplomacy, squibs, *bon-mots*, and rhetorical fighting to bring it to a successful issue. There is but one regret—the *Moniteur* neglects to furnish us with the name of the HANNIBAL, who is the conqueror of this new *Bataille de Cannes*—or, to speak like a French Classical stick, *de Cannes*. Perhaps it is LORD BROUGHAM, for he is generally looked upon as the great Hero of Cannes? In the meantime, who is to abolish a still greater folly in England? Where is the conquering genius who will put down in this country all the Gold Sticks, and Silver Sticks, in Waiting?

WHERE IS THE SERVICE GOING TO?

Or the Linesman's Lament.

I CAME into the Army,
To idle, dress, and dine;
Oh, wasn't I a dummy,
To go into the Line!

First you pay for your commission;
But that is all a sham;
Before a chap's Gazetted,
He must bolt no end of cram.

And when that he has bolted it,
With sorrow and with pain;
He must go and be examined,
And spit it out again!

And when that humbug's over,
Do you think you're free? oh no:
You're ordered to Fort William,
On instructional depot!

Fort William—just fancy!
In Scotland—far away!
They might just as well send fellows
At once to Botany Bay.

If they'd let one take a moor, now,
It wouldn't be so bad—
But bless you, leave for stalking
Or shooting, can't be had.

I asked that stiff old fogey,
(Such a muff) our Major, STERN,
And what do you think his answer?
"Sir, you are here to learn!"

So one's drilled and schooled and hum-
bugged,
And if one tries to shirk,
There's SIR COLIN down upon one,
As savage as a Turk.

And when one's done with Depot,
And expects to have one's play,
One's ordered off to musketry,
At Hythe with COLONEL HAY.

When with that—hem!—Enfield rifle,
One must practise till, at nights,
Instead of sleeping soundly,
One keeps on taking sights.

I didn't join the Army,
For this sort of life at all—
But for dress and lush, and larking,
And the other style of ball.

But as for togs—they tell us
We're to dress for use, not show!
There's no end of row, in mufti
If a fellow dares to go.

And in short they mean to swamp us
With snobs, that's very plain;
For they've cut down the messes
To two bob, and no champagne!

They seem to think an officer
Is not for show but use;
In fact, it's clear the Army
Is going to the Deuce!

What we may Expect.

THE Coming Comet has gone in search of the Coming Man. As soon as they meet, it is expected they will visit the Earth together—the Coming Man on the back of the Coming Comet! This twin-phenomenon, this double "blaze of triumph," will amply atone, it is to be hoped, for any little disappointment that the sanguine and superstitious may have felt at their late shortcomings.

TO THE
TREASURY



HEARTLESS ROBBERY.





"BOTHER THE NASTY FLIES!"

REVIEW.

The Director's Own Cookery Book: containing plain and practical directions in the Art of Cookery, as applied especially to Joint Stock Companies' Accounts. London: SWINDLE & SCAMP, Seven Dials.

To traders of exhausted credit, and gentlemen who have more time than money on their hands, this would doubtless prove a highly serviceable work, were it not for the prevention we shall presently allude to. In addition to containing many hundreds of recipes for the culinary treatment of the cash-books of a company, it is furnished with a copious preliminary treatise on the rise and progress of the Art of Dishing, as applied both to shareholders and to the public generally; together with full details of the most approved and recent methods which have been employed in dressing up and garnishing Reports. It contains also much useful information on points connected with the general management of the *cuisine*, giving some most serviceable hints to the *chefs* of the establishment as to how, by the judicious employment of catspaws, they may contrive to get through a great amount of dirty work, and yet succeed in coming out of it with tolerably clean hands, and leaving very little stain upon their private reputation.

Perhaps, however, we shall best acquaint our readers with the character of the work by citing a few passages by way of sample of its merits:—

"To dish a Shareholder.—In order to do this, you must first catch your Shareholder: an operation which requires a somewhat skilful handling, although it is by no means attended with much difficulty. It may be generally effected by throwing out some catblines by way of a prospectus, and the bait of a good dividend is pretty sure to prove a taking one. As soon as you have caught your Shareholder, the process of dishing him becomes extremely simple. The best thing for the purpose is what in chemistry is known as an evaporating dish, by which, as soon as you have done your Shareholder quite brown, you can evaporate yourself, and leave him nicely dished."

"To Cook a Dividend.—When your profits have been less than usual, declare a larger dividend, and cook it out of capital. Garnish it in your Report with flummery and soft sawder: and of course take care, first of all, to help yourself. As the pious CAMERON was wont to quote, Heaven will help him who helps himself."

"Recipe for making Royal British Stew.—The stew in this case does not differ much from Irish stew: such as was invented by the *chefs* of the Tipperary Bank. With the way of making it every one who reads the newspapers, and even those who (like Sir RICHARD BETHELL) don't, must have long ago become so very familiar that it would be superfluous to publish the recipe. It is thought, however, there will soon be some additions to the stew, and that some of the head cooks may find themselves in it. There is little doubt at any rate that they will be well roasted when they are put before the fire of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S address."

"Bubble and Squeak.—This is too well known a dish to need much explanation. All you have to do is to make the Bubble Company, and leave the Shareholders thereof to make the squeak. This they will be sure to do when they are done to

rags, or in less culinary language, when they find they have been done by you and brought thereby to rags and ruin."

It will be observed from these few extracts that the work under review is only suited to those *chefs* who are accustomed not to mince matters, and whose cookery is what one might expect from a thieves' kitchen. This being the case, we should have certainly seen reason that the book should be suppressed, but that we think few will be inclined to take a leaf from it, now that all such cookery, it is intended, shall be dealt with as a criminal offence.

The book we see is dedicated "with the profoundest respect" to MR. INNES CAMERON, to whom the author, in his preface, states that he is indebted for considerable assistance in the compilation of the work. This we can in no way feel surprise to learn, for we have had sufficient proof of MR. CAMERON'S ability, displayed in nearly all the branches of account-cooking, to regard him as being a top-SOYER in the art.

UNION AMONG BIGOTS.

(To the Mawworms of England).

MY DEAR FANATICS,

THE saying that two of a trade can never agree, has too long been illustrated by two classes of enthusiasts: yourselves, and the rabid portion of the Roman Catholics. Now kiss and be friends: and for good reason why you should fraternize, read the subjoined edifying account, extracted from the *Times*, of the late proceedings of the CARDINAL VIALE PRELA, ARCHBISHOP OF BOLOGNA:—

"His Eminence has ordered that a portion of the statue *Gigante di Piazza* shall be covered to avoid scandal. This statue was the work of JOHN OF BOLOGNA, and had remained uncovered for many years. The same regulation has been enforced with respect to all the *puttini*, so much admired in the churches of Bologna. The Cardinal has forbidden any more singing in the churches. By this measure, the chapel of St. Petrona, so renowned for its vocal music, will be deprived of its celebrity. All servile work is strictly forbidden on Sundays and holidays, and should any person be found in the streets carrying the smallest parcel, the police have orders to arrest him, and force him to pay a heavy fine."

Here, my puritanical friends, you have a Popish Archbishop and a Cardinal to boot, actually putting statues into shorts and longclothes, and stopping profane singing in churches. Of course he has not altogether prohibited singing, but only that species of vocal music that excites other emotions than those of gloom and melancholy. He cannot have forbidden priests to sing through their noses, and he has in all probability allowed choristers to continue to assist them in that melodious exercise. The sacred music, therefore, in the churches of Bologna, is probably as dull and slow, if it is not as ludicrous, as the majority of your own devotional tunes. But what will still more recommend—may I not say endear?—the holy Cardinal to you, is the circumstance that he has forbidden all servile work on Sundays. That is to say, he has forbidden cookery; and the Bologna people must, consequently, content themselves with cold dinners on the Sabbath. Better still, a fine is enforced for the offence of carrying a parcel in the streets on that day; so that, in point of fact, CARDINAL VIALE PRELA is as thoroughgoing a Sabbatarian as you would like to see invested with despotic authority for every Sunday over the British public.

In the meanwhile, you have English and Irish Roman Catholics at home combining with yourselves in the endeavour to exclude the Jews from Parliament. In view of the attitude now openly taken by their priesthood all over the Continent, they see that it is idle to pretend any longer to be the friends and champions of religious liberty. They are fast coming to an agreement with you in essentials—that is to say in the essentials of fanaticism: in bigotry, intolerance, the love of domination, and the anxiety to incommode and annoy the public. Being thus practically of one accord, you and they may as well cease to contend about speculative trifles, and no longer suffer your little differences of opinion concerning truth or falsehood to stand in the way of your friendship. Put your horses—or donkeys—together, and unite in endeavouring to make yourselves as troublesome as possible, and in actually making yourselves exceedingly ridiculous—for the love of

PUNCH.

P.S. The Divorce Bill affords you a nice bit of common ground, and I rejoice to see that the asses of your respective breeds meet on that common.

A Westminster Colloquy.

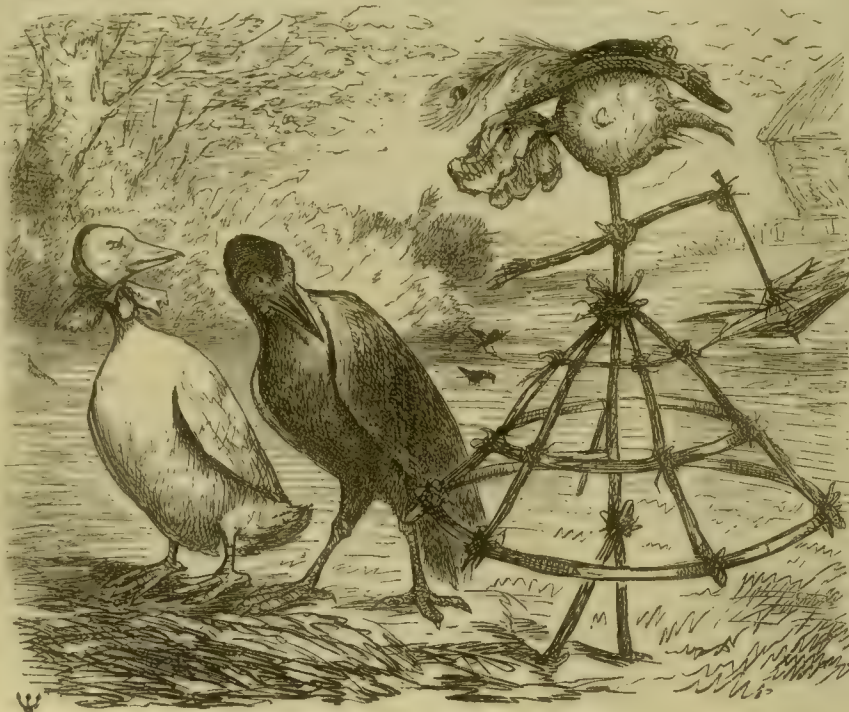
"TALK of the murrain upon Cows!" exclaimed an intelligent Broadway milkman, "Blest if I don't lay all that 'ere murrain upon SIR BENJAMIN 'ALL."

"Why?" was the mild interrogatory.

"'A cos he's bin and gone and ruined one of the finest milk-walks in Westminster."

"How?" was the imbecile rejoinder.

"Why, bless my 'eart, 'a'vent he bin and gone and dried up all our pumps!"



TRUE, BUT NOT OVER POLITE.

"What a Guy that Old Thing has Made of Herself!"

THE MEDICAL PROTECTION BILL.

CONSIDERABLE fear is entertained by the several medical corporations, that although MR. HEADLAM's Medical Bill has passed its second reading by a large majority, he will not be able to get it through Committee this session. They may, however, be thankful that LORD ELCHO's was withdrawn, as that measure was framed chiefly with reference to the public good, and with very little consideration for their peculiar advantage. To be sure, had it passed, it might have failed to accomplish its object, for it vested the construction of the medical educational body in the Crown, that is to say in the Government, which can be no competent judge of scientific merit, and is not fit to nominate professors of the science of healing as it nominates bishops and other doctors entrusted with the cure of souls, the exercise of whose functions requires no particular skill or knowledge, and in whose hands the spiritual lives of their patients are not perhaps altogether placed.

MR. HEADLAM's Bill preserves for the medical corporations their most valuable vested interests—those from which they derive money. It proposes to continue the compulsion of students, before admitting them to practise, to pay handsome fees to those fine British Institutions. Nobody, therefore, can be astonished that the Bill of MR. HEADLAM should be stamped with the cordial approval of our liberal associations for the advancement of medical learning.

The Bill appears also to give much satisfaction to many respectable medical practitioners. By the retention of large diploma fees it narrows the entrance into their profession. It performs for them the same function as that which what they call the *pylorus* performs in the digestive organs—lets nothing pass that would be injurious. Too many competitors would be injurious. MR. HEADLAM's *pylorus* tends to shut out competitors. To this end it is framed with singular solicitude, inasmuch that it actually contains a clause prohibiting a practitioner, removing from one part of the kingdom to another, to practise there till after the expiration of two years. This clause is eminently calculated to protect the established practitioner from the nuisance of having some enterprising young man come and set up next door.

The Registration system which the Bill proposes will also highly benefit established practitioners, if only the fee for registration is put, in Committee, at a sufficiently high figure. The fee will conduce to the exclusion from practice of poor clever fellows, who, if they were not prevented from exercising their abilities, might prove dangerous rivals to thriving medical men. Attorneys stand an annual tax for licence to practise without much grumbling, precisely because that impost limits competition in attorneyism; and it might answer the purpose of a medical practitioner well-to-do to pay the like tax for the same species of protection. This protection is, in fact, the only use of registration; all the benefit of which, as far as the public are concerned, would be secured by obliging the existing medical corporations, and the one to be created, to publish easily accessible lists of their members.

If anything so absurd as the good of the community at large were contemplated by the framer of a medical bill, the tenor of his measure might be somewhat to the drift ensuing. The bill would be based on the principles of Free Trade. Everybody presumed to have arrived at years of discretion would be at liberty to be quacked, with the option of being treated by a

legally qualified practitioner. That option would be provided for by a Medico-Chirurgical Titles Act. The name of every legally qualified practitioner would be posted on the church-door of his parish. Any unqualified practitioner procuring his name to be placed there would be liable to be hanged—or visited with some secondary punishment. All existing corporations would be deprived of all their privileges except the right to examine candidates; but, by way of compensation, would be allowed to grant diplomas on their own terms. A new medical examining board would be appointed, exacting the highest degree of attainment from all candidates, and the minimum standard of professional knowledge would be defined to be that required by the College of Physicians.

THE MAHOGANY DOOR.

MR. PUNCH finds the following Poem in his letter-box. Not having the remotest idea as to what it means (a remark which he used once before, namely, in speaking of another extraordinary poem, the *Lily and the Bee*, to which it bears a striking resemblance,) he prefers printing it to giving the subject any further consideration.

Is m^r so and so within
I've come by rail to speak to im,
And must do such I do declare
Before quitting this West-End square.
So baffled and shaffled
I've been before now
I'll break the magoghany Door
Seise the plate, Break
the Glass
Make a stew. Likewise a Ash.

My Master his perplex just now,
See cares deep Furrows on his Brow
Then Leave in At his Ease I pray
Call again some other day
So baffled and shaffled &c.

Is it mune that You whant
Goods, chattels, or rent,
The same you'll have (in Good time)
When he takes that Something off his mind.
So baffled and

I come determined and will not go
No ill not be cheeted so,
Is I.O.U. his in my hand.
And cash for it I do demand
So baffled and shaffled
I've been before now
I'll break the myhagony Door
Size the Plate,
Break the glass
Make a stew—likewise a Ash.

I. P. II.

Early Days for Driving.

THE *Court Circular*, the other day, astounded us by the information that—

"PRINCE LEOPOLD and the PRINCESS BEATRICE took a drive in a carriage and four."

Our courtly contemporary, to the above momentous intelligence might have added the remark, that the united ages of the Royal drivetakers amounted to four years, four months, and a few days.

Courage in Common Life.

MR. PUNCH requests to know whether or not it is intended to confer the Order of Valour on firemen who rescue others' lives at the imminent peril of their own, and on medical men who expose themselves to any extraordinary risk in attending cases of an infectious or contagious nature.

ADVICE TO MR. BUCKSTONE.



THE Bills of the Play announce that MR. BUCKSTONE takes a benefit on the night of the day on which exulting London receives this number. He has a new comedy and other things to offer, besides an address on the 1124th night of the season. All very well, and MR. BUCKSTONE is a party in every way deserving the patronage of *Mr. Punch*, and consequently of the world. But why is he not bolder? Why did he not get up a Shakspearian play for his benefit? He will reply that he could not "cast" it strongly. But this is a frivolous answer. He could cast it a good deal more strongly than the Princess's management can do, which does not allow such scruples to prevent "Shakspearian revivals."

Why not use SHAKSPEARE as MR. KEAN uses him? If the company cannot speak the language, cut it out, or transpose it. MR. BUCKSTONE should have taken *Macbeth*, and treated it as MR. KEAN has cleverly treated the *Tempest*. He should have reduced *Lady Macbeth* to silence, and let the *Witches* sing her speeches from under the stage, or from the wing, which would have been quite justifiable, as they are really his tempters, though his wife is made by the poet to set him on. He should have played *Macbeth* himself—when he recollects that MR. KEAN does so, surely there can be no charge of presumption against MR. BUCKSTONE.

As for the other parts, they might be all cut down to lines, first, out of reverence for the author, whose words ought not to be feebly delivered, and next, to make room for effects. The BATTLE, in which *Macbeth* muscums *Macdonald*, is only described by the bloody officer in the play, but this description should be cut out and give place to the actual fight, a splendid scene, with real armour. In the Second Act, the CAROUSE TILL THE FIRST COCK, would afford a contrasting scene of revel and debauch, with Highland flings of the period, and then the King's MURDER, never before shown on the stage, with the thunder roaring, and ghosts looking out from under the beds. The Fourth Act should comprise the APPARITION SCENE, in which all the *Freischütz* horrors might be concentrated, and by means of the magic lantern, spirits might appear all over the house, and frighten the audience out of their senses. The Fifth Act could end all happily with the magnificent CORONATION AT SCONE. There, now, MR. BUCKSTONE, why not do this sort of thing, and take credit for "reviving" SHAKSPEARE? You will be well puffed, (only you are not to vaunt that you pay £500 a-year for such puffing,) and in due time you may be made SIR BALDWIN BUCKSTONE. Meantime, though you lack the courage which some possess, *Mr. Punch* wisheth you a bumper benefit.

DOMESTIC HARMONY.

It is now some years since *Il Fanatico per la Musica* can have been performed—and *Notes and Queries* only knows whether it ever was performed—in this country; but that the hero of the opera has a representative in actual life, is obvious from the subjoined advertisement extracted from the *Musical Times*:—

WANTED A COACHMAN, a man having a tenor voice and fair knowledge of music, so as to be able to take part in a choir, preferred. Also, a boy, to milk and take charge of cows; he must have a good voice.—Apply, Library, Walton, Norfolk.

A tenor voice may be an excellent thing in a coachman, but will, perhaps, in the opinion of most people, be a recommendation of secondary importance to a faculty of driving, enabling him, when on duty, to keep the even tenor of his way. We cannot well conceive any use for a musical coachman, as coachman, except that of singing an additional part, which ROSSINI might please to write for the performer who appears on the box of the heroine's carriage in *La Cenerentola*. A musical cowboy can be the want of none but an extremely Arcadian mind. Perhaps the choir, in which the coachman, and presumably the cowboy also, are desired to take part, is an ecclesiastical one: whence we hopefully infer that the musical coachman will occupy a seat in the singing gallery of the church at Walton, and not the box of the coach in which he has conveyed his employers to the sacred edifice.

Thought on the Oaths' Bill.

WE deprecate compulsory oaths; but for the prevention of accidents by firedamp, we do think that every miner who descends to work in a coal-mine ought to be compelled to take his Davy.

PUNCH'S LAW REPORTS.

MR. PUNCH is happy to state that he has made arrangements with a most eminent, and most extortionate, Law Bookseller, for the publication of a series of Law Reports, of a condensed character. They will be taken, with perfect recklessness, from the proceedings in the Court of Chancery, House of Lords, Common Law Courts, Assize Courts, Criminal Courts, Police Courts, Sessions, and every other place where injustice is administered, and *Mr. Punch* has engaged a large corps of briefless and useless barristers to supply him with the necessary information. He pledges himself, only and solely, to the Truth of each report, but as for the manifestation of the least respect for the Judge who may give the decision, that is entirely as it may happen. The Reports will appear, originally, in these columns, and when enough have been collected to make a book, in close type, of two volumes, fifteen hundred pages each, an event which will probably precede the opening of the twentieth century, they will be published, in law-calf, for the guidance of the lawyers of that day, should lawyers not have been abated. *Exempli gratia*—

Wife Beating.—If one cruelly beats his wife, thrashing and kicking her in an unmerciful manner, he shall have two months' hard labour. *Seemle* that if he have been for years drinking himself into *delirium tremens*, he shall be leniently treated.—*Burcham*.

Watch-Snatching.—If one take a watch, which is got back, and he has a first-rate character for honesty and sobriety, he shall be imprisoned for six months, with hard labour. *Seemle* that a good character makes the crime more heinous.—*Combe*.

False Cheque.—If one, with solemn asseveration that a cheque is good, cheat an illiterate and confiding friend into giving change for the same, and it is worthless, and he lieth as to the mode in which he obtained the same, he shall have one month's imprisonment.—*Pashley*.

Preaching.—If one getteth drunk, and proceeds to preach, insisting upon the advantage of temperance, and offering an example to his hearers, he shall go to prison for fourteen days.—*Elliott*.

Silver Robbery.—If two, being boys of twenty and seventeen, steal some silver, value six pounds, and plead guilty, they shall have each, six months' hard labour.—*Pashley*.

Bathing.—If one, being undraped, swim from a boat to the shore, in an unfrequented place, and is seen of casual passers-by, he shall have three months' imprisonment and hard labour.—*Brighton Justices*.

Cab-driving.—If one, being a cab-driver and drunk, taketh the Conservative Club for Brookes's, he shall be fined Twenty Shillings. *Seemle* that the offence is increased if the fare be SIR BENJAMIN HALL, or other Whig minister.—*Beadon*.

Wife Beating.—If one, being a powerful labourer, violently assaults his recently married and creditable looking wife, knocking her about the head, and making her bleed profusely, it is a good plea that "whenever he goes home he finds her in her mother's room," and he shall have but two months' hard labour.—*Arnold*.

Wrong Arrest.—If one, being a bailiff, having an execution against one sister, do arrest another instead, and do swear at her when she alleges the mistake, and do, as she stateth, threaten to take her to the police-station and give her two years' hard labour, if she do not pass herself off at prison for her sister, and so she goeth to gaol and lieth there, she shall have for damages Five Pounds.—*British Jury*.

Railway Van.—If one, being a little boy, be knocked down by a Railway Van, have his leg broken, and be a cripple for life, by reason of the driver of the Van taking the same up a narrow street, improper for such traffic, and there being no negligence on the part of the little boy, he shall have no other damages, and shall pay his own costs.—*British Jury*.

Report of the Mayo Committee.

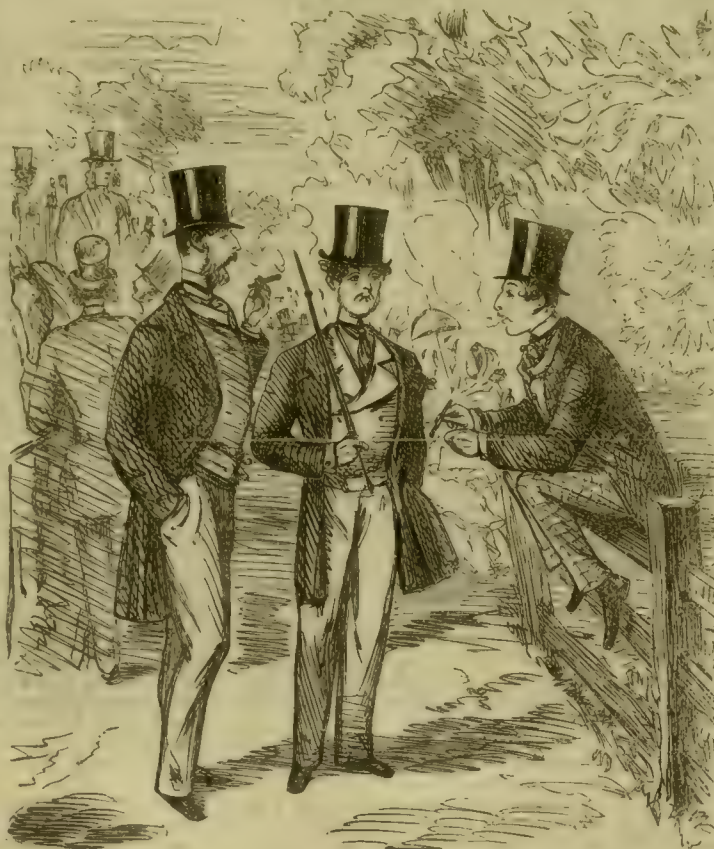
(By Anticipation.)

ARCHBISHOP MAC HALE
And his clerical tail
Did batter the voters for HIGGINS;
And no good, not the least,
Will be done, till each priest
Is warned off all electoral diggins.

London Labour and the London Rich.

(An Elegant Drawing-room in the centre of Belgravia.)

Lady Jane (gaping). Oh dear! I'm tired of doing nothing. I say, BESSY, what are you doing?
Lady Elizabeth (lying on the sofa). I'm doing nothing, dear.
Lady Jane. Well, then, as we are both doing nothing, suppose we go out shopping?



THE NEW REGULATION MESS.

Swell Soldier. "WHAT, DINE OFF WOAST AND BOILED, JUST LIKE SNOBS—No!—
BY JOVE!—I SHALL CUT THE ARMY, AND GO INTO THE CHURCH!"

THE PEERS AND THE PRESS.



THE falling of a bombshell into the House of Lords, could have hardly caused more consternation among several of their number, than was occasioned lately by the motion of the EARL OF DONOUGHMORE, that the printer of a Newspaper should be brought into their presence. The EARL OF DERBY shuddered through at least five sentences at the bare idea of having such a creature face to face with him; and poor LORD MALMESBURY has scarcely yet recovered from the fright it gave him, to hear it was proposed to confer upon the "person" the "distinction" of calling him to the bar of the House. In the most pathetic of duets they both sighed forth their protest against such contamination, and were loudly echoed by a chorus of "hear! hear!"

As well introduce a sweep into a drawing-room, or allow a Casino gent admission into ALMACK'S, as let a common newsprinter be brought into the Peers' chamber. No amount of fumigation would be able to exterminate the smell of the wet broadsheet which—it was not to be doubted—the animal would bring with him; and all the laundresses in London would fail in effecting the removal of the stain which the printing ink would leave upon the ermine of their lordships.

Yet one would think it could have hardly been the simple fear of contact with a creature of such low organisation as a printer, by which alone their lordships' nerves were so much shattered. As the voice of the people—to whom now even Peers have to render their account—the Press is to be dreaded, even by a DERBY; and the appearance of a Newspaper in the person of its publisher would have much the same effect upon the mind of a MALMESBURY, as the shadow of a cat upon the instinct of a mouse. Even as the owl delights to sit in darkness,

MOVING THE HOUSE.

It seems that the stone of the Houses of Parliament is crumbling to pieces. If the decay is not quickly put a stop to, Parliament will no longer be in a position to face the country, for every bit of its face will have peeled off and tumbled into the water. It will become a most bare-faced Legislature, worthy to stand by the side of the old Barebones Parliament, or the present French Chamber of Deputies. Bit by bit, the Houses will be dissolved, and the Dissolution will be one not unsuggestive of Stony-Batter. Members will be rather astonished to be met some night with an announcement like the following:—

"NO HOUSE THIS EVENING!"

"THE HOUSE HAS ADJOURNED TO THE MIDDLE OF THE RIVER!!!"

An adjournment like that would be somewhat difficult to withdraw. Members might move the rising of the House in vain. We doubt if any of our illustrious representatives—not even those for Cork, or Bath, or Poole, or Waterford—would like to take their seats in a Parliament that could offer them nothing but a watery bed to sit upon. The Peers would probably feel the inconvenience of being in the water considerably less.

However, there must be something very rotten in our Legislature, when we see the two Houses gradually losing their hold upon the country, and thus falling fast away in the estimation of its own supporters.

St. Saul—of Tuam.

DR. MAC HALE, on examination before the Mayo Committee, said that he did not consider himself precluded by his office of archbishop, from exercising the rights of citizenship. "ST. PAUL," he modestly added, "exercised his right as a Roman citizen when he appealed to Cæsar." Yes, and was instantly packed off to Rome, a process of deportation which the Mayo evidence would perfectly justify in the case of DR. MAC and his fellow conspirators against the tranquillity and liberty of Ireland. MAC HALE, however, is decidedly like ST. PAUL—before conversion.

so would certain of the Peers perhaps be not a little pleased if the light of Press-publicity were never thrown upon the sittings. *Obscurum pro magifico*—of what splendid bursts of oratory the nation might account them capable, were there no reporters to destroy the fond delusion!

No doubt, many of their lordships agree perfectly in thinking that Newspapers are of the things which in France, it has been said, are under better management. And doubtless many sighs are breathed upon the night air of St. Stephens', for a champion to rise in the defence of dull debaters, and annihilate their enemies the penmen of the Press. Still PUNCH sleeps in quiet, and has not the least idea of finding his shop shutters up. Yet, were a massacre of Editors decreed, who but he of all would be attacked the soonest? Nevertheless, *Mr. Punch* continues easy in his mind, even with this thought upon it. For he concurs with HENRY BROUGHAM in thinking it were "useless contending with the Press." JOHN BULL may submit to many Paris fashions, but it is quite certain that he never will to gagging.

Apropos.

SCENE:—*The Entrance to the Committee room of the National Fine Art Commission. The Commissioners just breaking up.*

Lord Eicho (in the disguise of a linkman, calls). "THE PRINCE CONSORT'S GERMAN WAAGEN stops the way!"

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In answer to scores of Correspondents *Mr. Punch* begs to state, most emphatically, that he does not intend to buy another new hat until after the launch of the *Great Eastern*, inasmuch as he has now by him seven beautiful hats, on the top of which are seven red rings caused by the paint from that preposterous steamboat's bottom, under which seven beautiful ladies have been separately escorted by the said *Mr. Punch*. It is of no use pestering him with further interrogatories on the subject.

THE SOCIAL TREAD-MILL. No. 10.



As there are degrees in blackness, so there are differences in public dinners. At Greenwich or Richmond there is at least the few hours' escape from stifling, dusty, steaming, midsummer London; the look out over the green woods, or on the bright river, which, when the tide is high, at least, has lost the common-sewerish look it wears above bridge; the peculiarity of the fish-dinner—though, alas, that, too, begins to grow sadly stale; the temporary hilarity which bright sun, flowing water, and iced champagne are sure to produce;—and, lastly, but above all, the absence of that peculiar public-dinner infliction—the toast-master.

Happily, too, Greenwich and Richmond rooms have not yet expanded into the awful dimensions of those vast dungeons in Russell Street, and St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, where the punishment of the public dinner is administered in its severest form.

In dinners 'down the river,' or 'on the Hill,' the sentence is carried out in a mitigated form—without hard labour, as it were. Indeed, they are only semi-public dinners—the worst of those which are given at Greenwich or Richmond. Sometimes the muster is one of friendly guests under the wing of a host whose heart is larger than his house; sometimes it is an assemblage of old friends, scattered all the rest of the year, but gathered annually here by the bond of some old association, to reknit half-loosened ties, to rub half-effaced memories bright again to be once more boys at the same school, or men at the same university. Or occasionally the entertainment is of that class which brings together a peculiarly easy-going style of men, and an especially becoming style of pink *capote*, worn with the airiest grace and crowning the freshest and prettiest of summer toilettes. Such parties are merry enough generally, and free from at least that curse of formality and dullness which broods over the public dinner proper. Indeed, they are not, as a general rule, penal inflictions at all, except on the purse of the entertainer.

"And did we look on ourselves in the light of social turnkeys and prison officials—oh! FULGENTIUS, chum of my soul, sharer with me of chambers in the Temple, partner in the same scrubby clerk, sufferer under the same liquor-loving laundress—when we broke out, in that memorable July, and entertained a round dozen of the pleasantest of our male, and the prettiest of our female acquaintances at the Trafalgar? Surely that dinner was far enough removed from dullness, or humbug, or excess. But you would insist on bouquets, you remember. And as for even the bill—didn't you win your charming little wife and her nice little fortune by that identical dinner? Her Cerberus of an aunt, for whom you had till then in vain tried to invent a sop, was the one woman there above thirty-two. Seeing only the bright faces and pretty toilettes about her, and there being no mirror in the room, she fancied her own face as bright, and her own bonnet as becoming as the rest, was beguiled into the best of tempers, and then there admitted FULGENTIUS to her heart, as 'a most delightful, well-bred young man,'—which he is, and was, and ever will be,—and raised no opposition, when in the barouche on the way home, he confided the state of his affections to her unguarded ear just before passing Kennington Gate. No—all considered, I feel I have no right to class Greenwich or Richmond dinners among the performances on the Social Tread-mill. Their own humbug, their own vanities, their own absurdities, they may have, but they are among the least dreary forms in which JOHN BULL foregathers with his kind.

"Only, I think it is time that the fish-course should be brought within more reasonable dimensions, and that those very obliging persons, MR. QUARTERMAINE and MR. HART, should insist on their cooks devising something new for this part of the dinner. Why this perpetual sameness of *souche* of carp, flounder and salmon—the same everlasting fried slips and lobster-balls, and whiting puddings, and stewed cel, and *turbot à l'Hollandaise*, and *sole à la Normande*, and salmon-cutlets, *sauce piquante*—and all the rest of the enormous but unvarying round, which we are all so tired of?

"The poor little whitebait are smothered beneath the weight of these, which were once their accessories. Scarce even the hottest devilling can sharpen up the languid appetite that has run the gauntlet of fifteen fishes, before the whitebait appears. So far as I can see, most people at a Greenwich dinner appear to eat the brown bread and butter with more appetite than anything else.

"Can't anything new be struck out? It is to be feared that the fish-dinner is growing, as everything in this country is, so apt to 'grow, into an institution—with regular forms, which it gradually comes to be thought profane, not to say indecent, to meddle with, or even complain of.

"I do not think that in France any *chef* would have consented to serve as many dinners of precisely the same pattern as the cooks at the Ship and Trafalgar have gone on sending up year after year.

"Then again, why do we all think it our duty at Greenwich, to take more liquor,—or rather more kinds of liquor,—than is good for us? The mixture of drinks which I see thoughtful men give way to at such dinners is appalling. There is the cold punch with the turtle, and the hock they hand round with the *souche*, and the champagne, and the intermediate sherry,

and the claret after—to say nothing of *intermezzi* of fancy wines. Of course it is intelligible that landlords should encourage this kind of thing, but why do well-intentioned hosts tolerate, or sensible guests give way to it?

"Let no mixture of drinks during dinner be allowed. If a man likes sherry, let him stick to it; if he prefer hock, give him hock, but let him understand he is to be debarred from sherry. Champagne is an exception: that may be allowed to every man—and woman. It is potable exhilaration: JOHN BULL requires its magic gas to lift his ponderous mass out of the clouds and fogs and mists that hang about him when unelated.

"And let some patriot give himself to the study of fish, considered as an article of food, not as a branch of natural history. Let him acquire by reading and experiment the mastery of all known ways in which every kind of fish may be dressed; and then let him boldly adventure upon new ones. Let him, thus informed, take one of the Greenwich Taverns, and give us something novel in the way of a Fish Dinner. We will promise him unlimited custom."

OUR FRIENDS WHO BLESS THEIR ENEMIES.

THE *Univers* rejoices at the mutiny of the Sepoys in India, and gloats over the imagined prospect of England's ruin. It, and the *Tablet*, and all the rest of the ultramontane Press, always exult whenever they see old England in a scrape, or likely to get into one, and they abuse us with a rancour which is quite funny. Suppose we are heretics, we don't know that we are so, and we are born what we are, so that at any rate we are not worse than Turks, or Buddhists, or Brahmins, or Fetichist blackamoors, or, anyhow, than the Yezidi or worshippers of Old Scratch. We are very much to be pitied by the self-styled faithful; not to be hated: according to their professed principles. Poor heathen that we are, by their account, why do not Messieurs the Priests and Friars, and their Scribes and Editors, love us rather, and mourn over us, and pray for us, instead of vituperating us, and taunting us, and crowing over our misfortunes with the malice of cockatrices?

Curious Coincidence.

It has been the subject of agreeable comment that the week which witnessed the promotion of PRINCE ALBERT was remarkable for two events of an equally harmonious nature. As it is a pity this coincidence should be lost, we may as well state, if not too late, that the two events, which, singularly enough, occurred during the same week, were:—THE PRINCE CONSORT, and BENEDICT'S Concert.

Name and Nature.

THE foreign intelligence of a contemporary contains the statement that—

"His Holiness received his royal visitors next morning with his accustomed urbanity."

The present POPE's pontifical nickname or *alias* is PIUS, however, not URBAN.

A SENTIMENT.—"The right men in the right place:" the British Bank Directors in the Old Bailey dock.

THE MERCENARY LOVER'S MAXIM.—"On ne s'aime que pour récolter!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



THE Hero of Balaklava (it may be as well to say that LORD CARDIGAN is meant) inquired (*Monday, July 6,*) whether it was true that the troops just sent out to India had been despatched in sailing vessels. To this LORD PANMURE replied that it was so, and that it was considered that sailing vessels would reach their destination as soon as steamers, or sooner. LORD SHAFTESBURY gave an unqualified condemnation of the French plan for taking out "free" negroes to the colonies, a scheme which he declared would be tantamount to a revival of the slave-trade, "the most accursed crime ever perpetrated." As LORD PALMERSTON notoriously gives his confidence to LORD SHAFTESBURY, the PREMIER is as likely to take the opinion of the latter about blacks as about bishops, and therefore the Viscount probably speaks through the Earl. We hope so. There was another discussion about the right of the

Crown—a right that is undoubted—to the soil between high and low-water mark. LORD BROUGHAM intimated that in many cases the agents of Government were careless in enforcing such right, a statement for which *Mr. Punch* was not prepared. He would have thought that they were always in charge of that property, considering their habit of sticking in the mud.

In the Commons, MR. SALISBURY wanted correspondence about the river Dee, but what connection there is between the river Dee and Salisbury we are unaware; though, as MR. S. is a remarkably sensible gentleman, we presume that his geography is not at fault. SIR B. HALL said, that it had not been decided where the BARON MARCHESETTI's statue of RICHARD THE FIRST was to be erected. It, or rather the model, used to be behind the cab-stand in Palace Yard, with uplifted sword, hailing all the cabs at once; but SIR C. BARRY thought that it somehow interfered with the clock-tower, so it was ordered off. WISCOUNT WILLIAMS is said to have made the most execrable joke ever heard, while the statue was there. He remarked that an unfortunate cab-horse, looking at it, might exclaim, "O, RICHARD! O, mon *rao*!" The Wiscount must have forgotten that whatever kind of animal may speak, in or near Parliament, horses don't.

The House went into Committee on the Wills Bill, and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL went on swimmingly until the fortieth clause was reached. This limited the operation of probates, to be granted by district registrars, to personal estates under £1,500. MR. WESTHEAD—who ought to understand the question, his Christian name being PROCTOR—proposed to do away with all limitation. SIR R. BETHELL opposed this suggestion, but the Committee liked it, and LORD PALMERSTON's Government was beaten by a majority of 31. MR. HAYTER snatched up his whip, and ran round the clubs and other resorts, slashing violently at the legs of the absentee members, and he drove a lot of them into the House, when BETHELL thought he would make the Committee eat humble-pie, so he took another division. MR. HAYTER's whip had not been used quite enough, and LORD PALMERSTON's Government was again beaten, this time by a majority of 2. The Committee cheered; but LORD PALMERSTON jumped up, and put a stop to that sort of thing by having progress reported. At the end of the week, SIR RICHARD made another attempt to impose a limitation, and tried to frighten the House with the threat of giving up the bill, but the House not being frightened, LORD PAM gave way.

Tuesday. The case of whippers of another kind, namely, coal-whippers, among the most useful of hard-worked men in London, came before the Peers. Much good was done by an Act passed in favour of these men, who were temporarily delivered from the tyranny of the publicans near the river. These persons get the business of engaging the coal-whippers to unload the ships, and the man who drinks most, is, of course, the pot-house-keeper's favourite, and obtains work, while a better fellow is hindered in every paltry way. The Act, which MR. GLADSTONE passed, expired, and the poor fellows are again in the hands of the publicans. LORD KINNARD moved that a Bill for their protection should be referred to a Committee, and *Mr. Punch* is glad to say that the motion was carried.

In the Commons it was announced that Government had not yet come to the determination of turning the Royal Academicians out of the National Gallery, whose apartments they really have no more claim to than *Mr. Punch*. Indeed, if He demanded them for his printing and

publishing office, Government might plead, as the excuse for giving them, that he performed great services to the nation, but the most impudent of the painting corporation will hardly assert this of the Academy. But the R.A.'s will have to go, one of these days, for the National Pictures are to remain in Trafalgar Square, and the rooms will be wanted for the presents which *Mr. Punch*, and other proprietors of collections, intend to give to the nation.

LORD PALMERSTON then smashed, as he conceived, the Isthmus of Suez Canal, declaring that the scheme was a bubble, and also that, for political reasons, our Government would always oppose it. Some years hence, the chief cabin passengers of the *Bulbul*, a steamer plying along the Suez Canal, will read this record in *Mr. Punch's Thirty-Third Volume* (a complete set of his works being among the necessities of the voyage), and will smile indulgently, and remark how Egypt has improved since England accepted her as a present from the SULTAN, with the consent of the Republic of France.

MR. ROEBUCK brought on a motion for abolishing the LORD LIEUTENANT of Ireland. The debate was not a very amusing one, and the House shirked a decision, by negating the "previous question," numbers 266 to 115. A good deal of praise was lavished on LORD CARLISLE, especially by MR. DISRAELI, who, in his pleasant scoffing way, hinted to the House that LORD MORPETH had been somebody in a Parliament in which there were other somebodies, men of mark, and not the insignificant lot he had the honour of addressing. His praise is of the order which, alone, SIR PHILIP JUNIUS FRANCIS held to be tolerable, namely, praise *in odium tertis*, or (to make ourself clear to railway members and the military), when one praises BROWN in order to show one's hate for JONES.

Wednesday. The Bill for dividing the Thames, right to the QUEEN, mud to the MAYOR, passed. SIR G. LEWIS brought in a little bill of £500,000 for the Persian war, about which there was a row, on the ground that he had no business to bother with his bills on Wednesdays. MR. ADDERLEY's useful Bill for sending criminal lads to industrial schools, and making parents who had neglected to educate their children pay the expense, got through Committee. The first victim to an election petition was then thrust from his seat. This was MR. NEATE, member for Oxford city, whose place *Mr. Punch's* old Contributor, also advantageously known to the world at large as the author of *Vanity Fair*, and, in fact, as WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, proposes to do the constituency honour by filling, should they have the sense to elect him. *Mr. Punch* could, of course, return him by a word, but, true to his Liberal sentiments, disdains to use coercion. MR. W. M. T. has addressed Oxford, in a capital speech, in which he avowed allegiance to the ballot, and to the extension of the suffrage, but not such extension as in France permitted an Emperor on Horseback "to ride cockhorse over the whole country, one Tyrant ruling over the people." All hands, save one dirty one, went up for TITMARSH.

Thursday. LORD CAMPBELL, after a well-deserved condemnation of the foulness known as French novels (evidence that one of which books had been seen for three minutes in a married woman's hand ought to be ample ground for divorce) advanced his Immoral Publications Bill. LORD MALMESBURY gave notice that the eminent horseracing Christian, LORD DERBY, meant to demolish the Jew Bill, next evening, and the REVEREND RABBI ADLER proceeded to compose an elegant Hebrew hymn in his lordship's honour. We should quote it, but our only compositor who says he understands Hebrew is gone to a Wey-Goose, and by this time, is, we hope, joyously contemptuous alike of ALEPH, BETH, TSADDI, SHIN, and TAW.

In the Commons it was announced that the Mayo priests, in their fury at the exposures before the committee, could not wait for the decision, but immediately on the return of some of the witnesses, set a mob upon them, and caused the most ruffianly outrages to be committed. *Mr. Punch* emphatically lays these crimes at the doors of the priests, and hopes that the IRISH ATTORNEY-GENERAL, who has gone over to inquire into the subject, will be able to convict, not the wretched tools, but their blasphemous instigators, who invoke the holiest names in order to incite to the foulest brutalities. The Bill for dealing with Fraudulent Trustees was discussed, and in some respects improved.

Friday. LORD DERBY kept his word, and demolished the Jew Bill. LORD GRANVILLE moved the second reading, ably. The other EARL then went to work, and rattled away merrily, hitting at everything and everybody. He settled for ever the question of MR. DISRAELI's orthodoxy, by declaring that no Hebrew ought to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. His great objection to the Jews was that they all intend to be off to Palestine some day—to Levant, in fact, if one may borrow a word from the Jockey-club to which LORD DERBY has been writing so piteous a letter of complaint that our racehorses are getting into the hands of our rascals. LORD LYNDRUST, of course, made short work with the turf logic. The DUKE OF NORFOLK, laying aside the grievance of the Catholic voted to redress that of the Jew. The BISHOP OF LONDON supported the admission of the Jews, believing that the religious position of the Legislature rested, not on oaths, but on the religious feeling of the country. The BISHOP OF

OXFORD sneered savagely at LORD SHAFTESBURY'S owing to a conscience—some priests hate non-professional religionists. HENRY BROUGHAM'S voice was again raised for the Jews. But LORD DERBY'S threat was no vain one. Of the Lords in presence, 91 were for the bill, 109 against, of the Lords in pocket 48 were for the Bill, 44 against. So that the doors of Parliament were once more slammed in BARON ROTHSCHILD'S face, the majority being 34 against the PREMIER and the Jew.

BEAUTY IN ARMOUR.



THE Crinoline-mania is blazing more fiercely than ever—witness the following statement in the Times:

"CRINOLINE.—A firm in Scotland has taken an order for 40 tons of rolled steel for Crinolines, and a foreign order has been given for one ton a-week for several weeks."

Ladies are now, according to the above intelligence, encasing themselves in armour—wearing Crinolines of mail, or, if we may be pardoned the expression, of femal. We suppose these steel Crinolines will be called *Jupons à la Jeanne d'Arc*. What ever protection these petticoats of proof may afford under circumstances of peril, such as those inci-

dental to a Royal Drawing Room, there is one occasion on which the wearing of them would be dangerous. The occasion alluded to is that of a thunderstorm, when every sensible young lady, if any young lady who wears such preposterous garments can be called sensible, should divest herself of her steel Crinolines, lest they should attract the lightning; which is the only way in which they can render their wearer at all attractive.

Latest at Lloyd's.

A PAINTING of *Niagara* by CHURCH, not the Church of England or Rome, but one of the many American Churches, is at present to be seen at MESSRS. LLOYD'S in Gracechurch Street—a locality more appropriate to the artist than accessible to his admirers. For if the work, as here shown, does Grace CHURCH, its painter, it is quite beyond the limits of a shilling cab-fare from any known locality.

It is a wonderful picture. The almighty water-power, as the Yankees call the cataract, is represented with almost equal oil-power by the painter. And we can only say, that the CHURCH of America should be visited by all worshippers of the Beautiful.

A Page from Cook's Voyages.

SOYER the Saucerer has returned to England, and has forwarded a sample of his latest production, which he calls "the Sultana Sauce." It may possess all the pungency which it professes to do for anything we know to the contrary; but the richest *Sauce* with which we are acquainted is that of TOM BLISTER, driver of Hansom Cab, No. 7,777, when any country gentleman offers to pay him at the rate of sixpence a mile.

"Alas! regardless of their fate,
The Little Victims play."

HUGH INNES CAMERON, late Manager of the British Bank, has surrendered to an adjudication in Bankruptcy as a dealer in sheep; having had a sheep-walk in Scotland. It must have been in this calling that he acquired his propensity to fleecce.

SERENADE TO THE COMET.—Comet gentil.

AN EXCEPTION TO EVERY RULE.

THE Man who as a rule, thinks everything and everybody "a Bore!" always makes an exception in favour of—himself.

JOHN'S WARNING TO JONATHAN.

OH! listen, JONATHAN, to me; I am, as true as my name's JOHN, Particularly vexed to see how some of you are going on; Not only, too, as your sincere, albeit your mistrusted friend, But on my own account, I fear to what a goal your rowdies tend.

Of Justice to the loud appeal with ear and heart stone deaf and dead, They strive with headstrong wicked zeal the curse of slavery to spread. The Filibuster and his gang they greet with infamous applause, And in absurd and shocking slang defy divine and human laws.

Your Border Ruffians' horrid deeds all civilised mankind disgust, And your account my own exceeds for swindling, fraud, and breach of trust;

I for my PAULS and ROBSONS blush, I take their shameful facts to heart;

But you don't seem to care a rush; you grin and call your rascals smart.

The many in your States appear to be, in point of ethics, dense. Your population is, I fear, deficient in the moral sense; And senselessness of what is good, and heedlessness of what is true, Are, by the wise ones, understood to level Human with Yahoo.

A race demoralized retains Freedom's high privilege not long, The upper hand some brute soon gains than all the tribe more sly and strong.

So therefore mind what you're about, or your Republic I shall see, In no long time, beyond a doubt, an Empire or a Monarchy.

You'll have Lord Chamberlains and Grooms-in-Waiting, Gold and Silver Sticks, Leves, Court Balls, and Drawing-Rooms; and you'll be in a pretty fix, When in a flunkey's brodered suit, adorned by Etiquette's commands, I at your sovereign master's foot shall see you kneel and kiss his hands.

Then I shall have to keep alone the spark of Liberty alight, Against the world to hold my own, and singly Freedom's battle fight, When over the United States a crowned and sceptred despot reigns, And you, both whites and blacks, are mates, all fellow-slaves in equal chains.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

EMPLOYMENT FOR THE BLIND. The Directors of a Joint

Stock Company, of well established reputation, and above a fortnight's standing, are in want of an experienced and skilful person, to act in the capacity of Auditor of the accounts. The duties of the situation will be found extremely light, consisting merely of the regular routine of making the half-yearly inspection of the books, and supplying a certificate (the form of which is stereotyped) that the figures there contained are perfectly correct, and entirely coincide with those named in the Report. In looking over the accounts the Auditor will simply have to overlook whatever may be wrong in them, and will be required to turn a blind eye to anything that may appear to him suspiciously defective or fraudulently false. Moreover, where there seems the danger that some extensive piece of cookery may by some means come to light, he will be expected to assist in the keeping of it dark. Still, in order to give somewhat the appearance of reality to his labour of inspection, he will be allowed now and then to mention his discovery of a mistake of some odd shillings, or to record that he has doubts if this or that security will not prove some halfpence short, which errors, the Directors will of course take credit to themselves for having rectified.

As the employment will be one of anything but trust, no pecuniary guarantee or surety will be requisite. But inasmuch as it is part of the Directors' policy to give a high tone of morality to each branch of their establishment, every applicant must be furnished with the regulation testimonials as to his spotless and unblemished reputation; and must in addition be provided with certificates to prove his constant attendance at his Sabbath place of worship. Moreover, as it is the custom to commence the day's business with a short religious service, it is expected that each gentleman engaged in the establishment shall be able, in rotation, to officiate as Chaplain, for which some knowledge of the Scriptures will, of course, be requisite. It is likewise a rule, that on Board Days and on occasions of the Meeting of the Shareholders, every Clerk and official (inclusive even of the door-keepers) shall be uniformly dressed in a black suit and a white neckcloth; while, to preserve an air of decent piety throughout the whole establishment, any one committing so much as a smile, wit, or detected, to be summarily dismissed. Every applicant, therefore, must provide himself beforehand with suitable apparel, and the possessors of long faces and the recognised odour of sanctity will be preferred.

For further particulars, and terms as to the participation in the profits of the Company, apply in person (after nightfall) at the office of the Agents, MESSRS. SAKHILL and BOLT, No. 1, Fleece Street, Handover Square.—N.B. No Sheriff's Officer or Policeman need apply.

Superfluous.

LORD BROUGHAM, last week, charged LOUIS NAPOLEON with an intention of reviving the slave trade under the disguise of free African immigration. Surely for LOUIS NAPOLEON to bring slaves into the French territory would be very like carrying coals to Newcastle. A man who makes slaves can have no occasion to import them.

NORMAN MAC DONALD FECIT.—The proper name for the receptions at St. James's Palace should be Levies en masse.



Small Sweeper (to Crimean Hero). "Now, CAPTAIN, GIVE US A COPPER, AND I'LL SEE YER SAFE OVER THE CROSSING!"

SOLDIER'S FARE.

THE excitement occasioned in the Army by the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF's sumptuary regulation limiting the cost of gallant officers' dinners to 2s. a-head for the Cavalry, and 1s. 6d. for the Infantry, increases. The resolution, put by our Artist into the mouth of the "Swell Soldier," delineated in his admirable sketch on page 20 of our last number, to "cut the Army and go into the Church," for the sake of a better sort of living than the military, would be adopted to an alarming extent, were it not for a fortunate little difficulty. Going into the Church is more easily talked about than done, by gentlemen whose boots and manners may be polished, but whose Latin and Greek are rusty, and whose theology, at the utmost, is bounded by the Church Catechism.

We understand that, with a view to meet the objection entertained by officers of the fashionable and expensive classes to the cheap and Spartan fare prescribed for them by authority, some new regiments are about to be created, for the express purpose of suiting their exquisite and refined tastes, and peculiarly privileged to eat and drink *ad libitum*, under the general designation of Dining Regiments. A necessary qualification for a commission in these corps will be the possession of an ample income. They will be distinguished by titles expressive of the principle of their formation—and among them rumour has already named the 1st Diners, the 11th Millionnaires, the Eaters and Drinkers, and the Royal Epicures. In none of these will officers be limited to the kitchen wines, Port and Sherry; and one of them is, we believe, to bear the appropriate denomination of the 3rd Light Claret. A troop of Light Horse, in which the luxury of horse-flesh, cooked after the French fashion, with adjunction of the finest French wines, will be a standing dish, is also spoken of. The winners of the Derby and the other principal races will be bought up for the mess of this ultra-crack regiment.

By officers of the line generally the circumscription of mess expenses has been hailed with high glee, and measures are in course of being taken to carry the principle of cheap dining thoroughly out. A gallant officer orders his plate of veal-and-ham, roast beef, saddle of mutton, stewed rump-steak, and so forth, at nine-pence the plate; his one ox, his mock, his pea, or his bouilli, at an equally moderate

tariff. In Cavalry messes, however, the system of a cut off the joint more generally prevails, and the mess aspires to the character of a two-shilling ordinary. Some messes in both departments of the service have been reformed on the chop-house model; and we may state, as an authentic fact, that one of the waiters at the Cheshire Cheese has been had down to a certain dépôt by a particular regiment, in order that he might teach the mess-table attendants to cry "Cook—single mutton!" and "Two Mutton down together!"

RE-CHRISTENING THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.

A YOUNG friend of ours, a regular good Bohemian,—one who is often out of luck, but never out of spirits,—has rechristened the Days of the Week. This is his new nomenclature:—

Sunday	he calls	Cramday.
Monday	"	Coldmeatday.
Tuesday	"	Noday, or Blankday.
Wednesday	"	Borrowday.
Thursday	"	Pawnday.
Friday	"	Spongeday.
Saturday	"	Tinday, or Chequeday.

Our friend's notion of the Millennium is a year full of nothing but Saturdays—i. e., every week to have seven Tindays in it.

Riddle for the Peers.

WHAT Conveyance is worse than the worst Omnibus? is a question which LORD BROUGHAM might have asked the House of Lords the other evening, when he introduced a Bill to amend the law relating to the conveyance of estates, which is the slowest and most awkward and inconvenient conveyance in the world.

THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. CHARLES KEAN, it is advertised, has acquired the right to add to his signature F.S.A. The public is requested to observe, that these initials do not mean Fair Second-rate Actor.



THE PATENT SAFETY RAILWAY BUFFER.



"LET US JOIN THE LADIES."



HOSE who are fond of "the Society of Ladies" will rush to No. 315, Oxford Street, and there enjoy an exhibition that is the result of female handiwork. It is not an exhibition of stitching or embroidery, such as shirts made at home, or anti-macassars, or floral smoking caps, or butterfly braces, or sporting slippers with a series of foxes running helter-skelter over the toes. It is not an exhibition of Berlin-wool work, or potichomanie, or any other mania that occasionally seizes hold of young ladies' fingers, and makes them, for the time being, excessively sticky to squeeze, as though you were shaking

hands with a Sub-Editor in the full agony of paste and scissors. It is not an exhibition of jams, or jellies, or marmalades, or preserves, or much less, pickles. You must not expect you are about to be invited to a choice collection of pies, or tarts, or cakes, or puddings, of a most marvellous sweetness, such as is generally imparted by white-looking hands that are more in the habit of playing with the keys of the piano than the keys of the store-room. Nor is it wax-work with its mossy baskets of blooming fruit, such as would certainly tempt birds to come and peck at them, nor vases of paper flowers, so faithfully rendered as actually to cause maid-servants to water them. It is nothing to eat; nothing to play with, nothing to wear, nothing that you can adorn your magnificent person with. It is simply a collection of 358 works of art, that have been contributed exclusively by the talent and genius of English Ladies. A Frenchman would nickname the Exhibition: *Les Femmes peintes par elles-mêmes*—though it must not be surmised that the painting is in the ungallant sense that a Frenchman would satirically convey. If cheeks are delicately coloured—if lips are strung into the precise shape of Cupid's bow—if eyebrows are splendidly arched into so many *Arcs de Triomphe*—if eyelashes are artistically pencilled—the pencilling and the painting are not upon their own fair features, but on the faces of others; and there is no law as yet laid down, we believe, by the tyranny of Man, that a Lady, though she may not colour her own adorable physiognomy, is forbidden to paint the face of another.

The Society, to which we have just introduced the reader, numbers none but Ladies. The only doubt of that fact is the extraordinary silence that reigns round the room; though, in opposition to that ungenerous sneer, we can state that the likenesses of the ladies are all so perfectly true to their sex, that every one of them is a speaking likeness! Thus, there is a compensating balance in all things, which, *en passant*, makes us only regret that there is not one at our banker's. But away with regrets in the presence of such delightful company! You are communing with the works of ANNA, JULIA, KATE, AGNES, FLORENCE, FRANCES, and fifty other pretty names. Not a man's ugly cognomen is to be found in the whole catalogue. It is a *Book of Beauty*, into which the admission of the whiskered sex is rigidly prohibited. The visitor involuntarily takes his hat off before so much unknown loveliness. That *Brigand*, who is taking your honey captive, first reared his musket in the Byronic imagination of HARRIET. Stand with respectful awe before that tender *Brigand*, for who knows, HARRIET may one day be your wife? That *Bivouac in the Desert*, which is glowing before you with the crimson light of a hundred blazing Havannahs, was encamped originally in the snug parlour of LOUISA—that very same LOUISA, that probably you flirted with last week at a picnic at Birnam Beeches; halt and warm your hands lovingly before that *Bivouac*, and admire it, if it is only for the primrose glove you stole on that occasion. Be careful of your remarks. Drop not an ugly word, lest you do an injury to the memory of some poetic creature, who at some time or other handed you a cup of tea, or sang you the songs you loved, or conferred on you some bright fleeting happiness that or the moment deluged your heart with Italian sunshine. With GEORGIANA on your right, MARIA on your left; with EMMA gazing from her gorgeous frame right at you, and SOPHIA peeping from behind that clump of moon-silvered trees over your shoulder, be tender, be courteous, be complimentary, be everything that is gentle, and devoted, and kind. Not that there is any necessity for courtesy or compliments; but still, we fancy, that every gentleman, who goes to an Exhibition, carries always a little bit of the RUSKIN with him, and fancies he is "nothing," unless he is "critical."

There is an Emigrant Ship of Mrs. M'IAN's, that many a R. A. would have been proud to have launched into fame. There are some Teneriffe views by Mrs. FURRAY, that are so beautiful, and seem so true, that you may almost swear for the remainder of your life, and maintain stoutly too, without suspecting even you are committing perjury, that you have been to Teneriffe, and know it thoroughly,

from its curious-coloured houses, its hanging vineyards, its luxuriant fruit down to the rich tawny gipsy-looking beauties that sell them. How you hate the unpicturesque applewomen and orange girls when you come into Oxford Street afterwards!

There are, also, water-colours, and copies from the Old Masters, and a Tennysonian picture by Mrs. WARD, and a *genre* subject by Miss BREADSTREET, and wonderful portraits of lace collars and Crinoline dresses (look at the HON. MRS. RASHLEIGH! No. 180), that would send our *Châtons* and *Dubufes* into fits of envy; and oil paintings, large and small, modest and ambitious, and such suctorious birds'-eggs and glorious odoriferous flowers by Mrs. HARRISON, that you suspect she must have borrowed the palette and brushes of HUNT to have painted them! Besides these, there are little pieces of sculpture, and an infinity of agreeable pictures, the majority of which are ticketed in the corner, "Sold." And, for a picture, many consider the height of criticism is to be "Sold!" and, in truth, but few artists go beyond it, while hundreds of poor struggling fellows never get so far. However, we must reluctantly leave the "Society of the Ladies." Agree with us, reader, that as in most societies of the same kind (and it always is kind), that there is plenty to admire, plenty to praise, and very little to condemn.

However, we have one great fault to find. We do strongly object to the Secretary and the Checktakers. We have nothing to say against those gentlemen, excepting that they are gentlemen. They should have belonged to the opposite sex. That round collar, that black coat, those Wellington boots, have no right to be in a room that, as they write over railway carriages, is "Engaged for Ladies." They are an intrusion, a living anachronism, two black spots on the uniform beauty of the picture. Away with them! Turn them out!

This is the "Ladies'" *début* in the artistic world. Of course, they will go on improving (if any improvement is possible in the sex!) year after year! And, who knows, but in time the Royal Academy may have a female President? Not so very improbable either, considering that SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE's predecessor was well known to be a SHEE!

The River and its Rulers.

THE Conservancy of the Thames was formerly the brightest jewel in the civic crown. This jewel, by the Thames Conservancy Bill, will be torn from the diadem of the City Monarch, and split into fragments, which will be distributed between him and certain of the magnates of his Court. That too many cooks will spoil the broth in this case is not much to be feared, as the river flows with a gruel thick and slab, which can hardly be rendered more nasty than it is. It is to be feared that the new Conservators of the Thames will not find their charge a conserve of roses.

O, Sham, where is thy Blush?

"Sham—a word, the English of which I doubt, and the Parliamentary use of which I would almost deprecate."—*Mr. Disraeli, July 7.*

"THERE is a word I'd never use,
'Tis SHAM," remarked the Asian Mystic:
Henceforth, who'll venture to accuse
Dizzy of being—egotistic?

Body-Armour for the Ladies.

Forty thousand tons of Swedish iron have been imported for the manufacture of Crinolines! The metal which used to be converted into mail-coats is now appropriated to female petticoats. Among the tortures of the Inquisition of Avignon was one called "the maiden"—a fair figure, into whose arms unhappy prisoners being pushed, found themselves clasped by strong steel springs, and so squeezed to death! Every lover will risk the same fate, under our present régime of steel *jupes à ressorts*.

COMFORT FOR THE HIGHER CLASSES.

A CROWDED Dwellings Prevention Bill is in progress through Parliament. If this measure becomes law, surely St. James's Palace will be no longer used for Drawing Rooms.

SELF-CONSTITUTED BEADLES.



O one more than ourselves can venerate the office, respect the person, and admire the dress of a regular parish beadle, but we scorn and despise all amateur beadles. By amateur beadles we mean Paterfamilias and other meddlers of his class, who, under their own, or assumed names, constitute themselves the maintainers of petty decorum, and the enforcers of small proprieties. These officious asses are perpetually occupying themselves in trying to get little restrictions on personal liberty, and especially sumptuary laws, enacted or put in operation to the annoyance of other people. They would, if they could, regulate your food, your drink, your habits and employments, the cut of your clothes and of your hair;

they would make you shave yourself after their model: they would offer you every species of impertinence that deserves a kicking, if they were not afraid of getting themselves accordingly kicked. Not being able to tyrannize over men, they are accustomed to gratify their contemptible lust of dominion by coercing, and constraining, and checking, and thwarting boys, curbing their inclinations, interfering with their tastes and amusements, and spoiling their sports in various particulars which are beneath the notice of any respectable mind. One of these meddlers, calling himself "A MEMBER OF CONVOCATION," has lately been writing letters, complaining of the free-and-easy style of dress, and the lively sports and pastimes of the Oxford undergraduates, and calling for the restraint of those young bucks in regard to the fashions and diversions at which he carps. Their check-shirts, loose coloured caps, and "American style of dress" in general, and their indulgence in tobacco, are denounced by this absurd old pedagogue with all the gravity of beadleism.

The disciplinary propensities of a little and mean mind, exhibit themselves in our censor's ensuing observations on smoking:—

"Smoking in the streets and in public, may in a great measure be checked by a steady application of fines, by which a proctor well known to me was very successful; he used, by the way, always to fine twice as much for a pipe as for a cigar."

Did he—the snob! Why? The objection, if there is any, to a pipe of tobacco, relates surely, not to the pipe, but to the weed. Tobacco, if bad, is no better when formed into a cigar than it is when it forms the contents of a pipe. Who is to prevent a man—Oxford or adult—from smoking in his own room? and since that, for the Oxford man, ought to be appropriated to study, the very fittest place for him to smoke in is the street.

If a proctor wanted to break undergraduates of wearing preposterous coats, waistcoats, trowsers, collars, neck-ties, or other articles of apparel, his best plan would be to summon the offenders before him, have a photographic artist in attendance to take their likenesses, and set up those ridiculous portraits to be exhibited in some convenient public situation. It would be, however, much better to leave all such matters to our own artists, whose province it is to deal with them, and the attempt of anybody else to meddle with them is an invasion of that province. As to the "MEMBER OF CONVOCATION," he, at all events, had better let comicalities of academical costume alone, for there can be no doubt that his own attire is remarkable for peculiarities more ludicrous than the most absurd shirt-patterns. We have every reason to believe that, even during the present weather, he wears gaiters. We wonder what, in their undergraduate days, was the style of costume sported by the old noodles who now babble against fast fashions and wear gaiters with their great shoes. What sort of a *larva* is it, in *statu papillari*, that expands into this queer old black beetle?

The Patronage of St. Vitus.

THE British Public, with an incredulity resembling *Betsy Prig's*, may generally disbelieve that there is any such Saint as St. VITUS. There exists, however, a church, dedicated to a personage of that name and title in sunny Italy; of which edifice the roof, according to telegraphic intelligence from Milan, lately fell in. Nobody can be surprised at this intelligence, who considers that such a structure as the Church of St. VITUS would be likely to be very shaky.

BEWARE OF STEEL TRAPS.

THE following opinion is borrowed for the occasion from PROFESSOR KNOTZ:—

"It is extremely probable, that whatever conducts the electricity of the body from it will occasion direct debility. With this view, I have long been in the habit of causing females, who used steel supports in their stays, to lay them aside altogether."

Now, supposing this theory to be correct, if steel stays are full of danger, how much more dangerous must steel hoops be! Not only do they debilitate the body, but the mind, also, of the beautiful creature who is weak enough to allow herself to be steel-trapped into this absurd circle of folly. Against all these hoops and similar abominations, *Punch* raises a regular war-whoop, nor will he be satisfied till every one of them is exterminated.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

"WHAT nonsense! I'm tired," exclaimed an Old Bachelor, with boiling indignation, "of hearing that old question mooted over and over again! Why, the Women (bless the dear creatures!) always are right! There never was an argument, or a quarrel, or a grievance, or a dispute, or a spoiled child, or a missing button, or a separation, or a divorce, or an unbecoming bonnet, or an overboiled leg of mutton yet, but a woman was invariably in the right! I'm sure all her Rights are divine—as divine as herself—and as, of old, one of the Divine Rights of Kings was 'a King can do no wrong,' so now-a-days one of the Divine Rights of Woman is, 'A Woman never is wrong.' And it's my belief, Sir, that she couldn't do it, not even if she were to try!"



Incendiary Publications.

THE cause of the late fire at the War Office, by which one of the desks was destroyed, is no longer a mystery. The conflagration originated in the desk containing the NAPIER correspondence, obviously by spontaneous combustion. All letters from that fiery family are henceforth to be deposited in MILNER's fire-proof safes, each letter having pinned to it one of PEEL's official replies; that being the most effectual kind of damper known.

QUITE THE REVERSE.

WHEN the POPE was at Bologna, he expressed the greatest joy at finding himself in the midst of the Austrian army: and declared he owed much gratitude to the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, and therefore to his soldiers. We can only say to such an opinion, "No—no—Pio."

A VOICE FROM THE MUTE.

SIR G. B. PECHELL, the other night, in the House of Commons, presented a petition against the Vaccination Bill, from certain inhabitants of Brighton. We presume that those were the Brighton undertakers.

SIX PAIRS OF TURTLES.



THE *Morning Post* "believes it is correct in announcing" (the phraseology smacks a little of down-stairs, but let that pass) "that the preliminary arrangements have been agreed upon for certain marriages in high life." Now, "preliminary arrangements" we hold to mean that the young gentlemen have asked the young ladies and have been accepted, with the approbation of parents and guardians, so that is all right. And as the only possible object of publishing such "arrangements" in the *Morning Post*, to be republished by the world-read *Observer*, whence *Mr. Punch* takes his information, is to obtain public opinion upon the subject, (which might otherwise be supposed to concern only the happy couples and their friends) *Mr. Punch* hastens to express His opinion upon the various matches thus heralded to the universe.

THE MARQUIS OF LOTHIAN is to marry LADY CONSTANCE TALBOT. He is just 25, and she is not of age. We see no objection to this marriage. The *Junce* has four names, WILLIAM, SCHENBERG, ROBERT, KERR, so LADY CONSTANCE has choice of a pet household term for her husband, and we should respectfully suggest "BOB." He is a Liberal, and will therefore be liberal in the matter of settlements, but he is also a Conservative, and will therefore take great and affectionate care of his wife. As he has voted for the Jews, he may like Palestine soup—a hint her ladyship had better remember when ordering dinner. If we had any doubt about the match, it was because on hearing the announcement read we thought it somewhat presumptuous for a CUB to seek alliance with a TALBOT, but on reading for ourselves, orthography relieved us of this ridiculous notion.

VISCOUNT GREY DE WILTON marries LADY SUSAN PELHAM CLINTON. The lady is not related to MR. CLINTON, the celebrated flute player, but is daughter of the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, who has, upon occasion, performed with much success upon another favourite instrument, his own trumpet, with no great response from the popular echo. Her young hero is in the Life Guards, and being heir to an Earldom, may reasonably look for due promotion. We are by no means disposed to forbid these banns.

LORD ASHLEY marries LADY HARRIET CHICHESTER. Any happiness to any member of LORD SHAFTESBURY'S family must give pleasure to society, but the deplorable conduct of the *Morning Post* in spelling DONEGALL (the name of the lady's father) with one "L" instead of two, is one of those lamentable instances of frightful ignorance or reckless malignity which naturally incense the aristocracy against a free press.

LORD ROBERT CECIL marries Miss ALDERSON. The founder of the bridegroom's house was BURGHLEY, but we trust that LORD ROBERT will take care of his figure, and not let himself also become burly. The lady is the daughter of one of the best judges that have worn ermine, and we doubt not that LORD ROBERT, in seeking the alliance, has also shown himself a good judge. Although his elder brother is LORD CRANBOURNE, we do not recommend the bridesmaids to go to Cranbourne Street (Alley as was) for their bonnets.

THE HON. MR. NORTH marries Miss COCKERELL, and as he will inherit £10,000 a year and a peerage, not another word need be said, except that as "on account of the youth of the bride the marriage is to be deferred for some months," *Mr. Punch* hopes MR. NORTH will be a very good boy while on his probation. We recommend him, when not in his bride's company, to spend as much of his time as possible on the top of the Monument, reading *Punch*, as he will thus be out of harm's way, and will be preparing his mind for the responsibilities of wedlock. He may take his cigar-case with him.

Lastly, MR. W. H. REEVE marries Miss WELBY. We do not know MR. REEVE, but we knew the late JOHN REEVE, and we also know the present SIMS REEVES, though (as the latter spells his name differently) this fact may have no immediate connection with the marriage. The seat of the WELBY family being at Grantham, we are happy to congratulate them upon the recent opening of the railway to Stamford, as well as upon the intended junction with the REEVES. The only obstacle to the marriage may arise from the editor of the *Morning Advertiser*, who, if he looks into the Peerage a thing (to do him justice) which he seldom does when writing upon aristocratic con-

nections, may see that MR. WILLIAM WELBY was born at Rome, a circumstance that may induce the *Advertiser* to behold in the marriage another blow at our Protestant Constitution. But we trust this may be got over.

Really and lastly, as dissenting ministers say, *Mr. Punch* would not have taken the liberty to make a single allusion to matters with which he and the public have nothing to do, but for the *Morning Post's* having availed itself of its down-stairs intimacies to reveal all these interesting arrangements, and to make them topics of town and club talk. He wishes the utmost happiness to the six couples about to pair off for the remainder of the session of life, and trusts they may never take part in a single division.

MARY THE MANY-FACED.

OH MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, you're a myth, a sphynx, a mystery!

Chameleon, who will tell us what you looked like, what you were?

Will o'the-wisps about you are the lights of British history,

Conventicle says one thing; another thing consistory:

Till 'twixt LINGARD'S Romish glosses, and FROUDE'S assaults so blistery,

You look half fiend of darkness, half angel of the air.

But, at last, behold the Institute, veiled Archaeological,

Calls fidelity of pencil to check flightiness of pen—

To correct both bias national, and influence theological,

By giving the originals of HOUBRAKEN and LONDEZ a call,

And showing MARY as she was in paint paleological—

But Sussex Street has left me the most mystified of men.

I really feel as puzzled as a 'possum in a hollow tree,

With a fire-stick at the bottom and a tomahawk a-top;

Among these various images set up for Mariolatry—

However to the female sex upon the whole consolat'ry,

As showing that no woman's too ugly for idolatry—

For of grimmer, ghastlier faces I never saw a crop.

Oh, give me back my vision—of the saint that gently took her woes,

My MARY of the witching smile, the eye of violet grey;

And take away your JANETS, your POURBUSES and ZUCCHEROS,

Who black her eyes, and friz her hair, and swell her cheeks and hook her nose—

A rose may smell by any name, but with any name should look a rose;

But what these MARYS look like, I really dare not say.

Though of Good QUEEN BESS's treatment of her rival no upholders,

We would fain ourselves turn headmen, and with ruthless stroke and firm,

Strike all these heads of MARY off their ugly pairs of shoulders,

For the interest of posterity, that subsequent beholders

May be saved from foul injustice to the lovely head that moulders

In its cerecloth, in Westminster, sore fretted by the worm.

PROTECTION FROM ROBBERY.

FRIEND of ours has hit upon the following expedient, which he assures us has answered with the greatest success for the last eight or nine years. He declares that it is infinitely more efficacious than bars, bolts, alarums, dogs, bulldogs, man-traps, fire-arms, or anything else. He lives in a remote part of the country, and all he does to ensure his safety is to erect in front of the house a board with the following inscription conspicuously painted upon it:—

NOTICE!!!

BURGERS, THIEVES, ROBBERS, TRAMPS, POLICEMEN, SERVANTS, and others, are respectfully informed that every piece of PLATE used in this establishment is

ELECTROTYPED.



The above friendly piece of information has been responded to in the same liberal spirit; for the gentleman states, that ever since he has been a resident in his suburban house, which, by the way, is in a very lonely district, he has not lost even as much as a teaspoon, nor has he been disturbed with the smallest nocturnal visit.



EFFECT OF SIXPENCE FOR SEVEN-EIGHTHS OF A MILE.

Cabby. "WELL! WE AIN'T ALLOWED TO SAY MUCH, BUT I'M THINKING A DOSE OF A LOT!"

MEMS. OF A MOTHER-IN-LAW.

[Mr. PUNCH conceives he has a perfect right to print the memoranda following, having found them jotted on the fly-leaves of one of his own pocket-books. *Mr. Punch* will not stoop to explain how it was the book in question fell into his hands, nor can he allow himself to feel the slightest twinge of conscience in thus making widely public what was obviously penned solely for the private perusal of the writer. In his position of purveyor of amusement to the nation, *Mr. Punch* must sometimes sacrifice his delicacy to his duty; and even where, as in the present instance, a lady is the victim, he feels that in the Editor he must sink the Man, and hold the interests of his readers paramount to his politeness.]

"*Mem.* As soon as the young couple are comfortably settled, to write to invite myself to come and spend a week with them.

"*Mem.* To take my easy chair and poodle and spring mattress with me, and all the other household comforts I am used to.

"*Mem.* To sell the rest of my furniture, and give my landlord notice that I shall not require to be his tenant any longer.

"*Mem.* To take an early opportunity of convincing EDWARD that, with an experienced person in the house, it is quite as cheap to provide for three mouths as for two.

"*Mem.* To give JEMIMA some instruction in the art of household book-keeping, and to show her how to put down a new bonnet now and then under the unfathomable head of "Sundries."

"*Mem.* To maintain his character for being quite an invalid, because one is thereby certain of receiving such attention.

"*Mem.* To be ordered by my doctor to take hot suppers, and to get him to prescribe a glass of port wine negus after them, to be drunk, of course, medicinally.

"*Mem.* To lose no opportunity of persuading EDWARD to go out shopping with me, 'because he knows the way about so well;' and to be careful upon such occasions always to put on my very oldest shawl and bonnet.

"*Mem.* To take the active management of the visiting department, and only keep up those connections who repay our dinner invitations with good interest.

"*Mem.* To relieve JEMIMA of her culinary cares, by taking off her hands the command of the *cuisine*, and not to be too scrupulous about

MY STARS AND GARTERS!

MY DEAR MRS. GRUNDY,

THE sum of Pensions charged upon the Civil List is limited, Madam, to £1,200 per annum. This sum represents the national liberality as exercised in the relief of the aged scientific and literary poor, their widows, and orphans. HENRY CORT's representative gets £50 a-year out of this fund, Mrs. G., and that is about the average of the allowances granted therefrom. Now, my dear lady, a few nights ago, Lord HOTHAM moved, in the House of Commons, for an account in detail of the sum of £4,625 10s. 7d. charged in the Civil Contingencies—for what do you think? Robes, Madam, collars, badges, &c.; and &c. means, I suppose, gold and silver lace, and, peradventure, plush—for knights of the several orders. So, you see, we expend £4,625 odd upon the flunkeyism of the country, and £1,200 0s. 0d. on its literature and science.

MRS. GRUNDY, what do you say to that?

I am, Madam, most respectfully yours,

PUNCH.

P.S. Collars, you see, are among the rather expensive items charged for in the Civil Contingencies—"braw brass collars," as the Scotch poet sings; if not collars of more valuable metal. The name of JOHN BULL, Esq., England, is probably engraven upon them, and perhaps their wearers may be Knights of the Kennel.

Too Bad.

THERE is a proposal to convert St. James's Palace into a National Gallery. But, surely, if we consider the interests of Academy students, apartments so unsuited for drawing-rooms will make bad painting-rooms; while, if we think of the pictures, accommodation admitted to be insufficient for our fashionable young Misses, cannot be good enough for our glorious Old Masters.

"HONOUR WHERE HONOUR IS DUE."

THE "principal performers" in MR. CHARLES KEAN'S *Tempest* having been called for by the audience, there was an immediate rush of the hundred-and-forty carpenters from behind the scenes.

ordering the dishes which I am most fond of, because they happen to be somewhat expensive:

"*Mem.* To be careful always to be present at the monthly settlements for housekeeping; so that should EDWARD ever 'wonder how the money goes,' I may be at hand to silence him with my 'experience,' and to convince him that he cannot possibly expect to live cheaper than he does, while he will persist in ordering such quantities of walnuts (which my dentist has lately forbidden me to touch).

"*Mem.* Not to forget to have my old deafness come back to me, whenever there are any hints thrown out as to two being company and three being none.

"*Mem.* To remember always to make EDWARD some small present on his birthday—such as a bead purse or a pair of knitted muffatees—as of course he will be forced to return me the compliment; and to save themselves trouble, men generally give one a *carte blanche* at SWAN AND EDGAR'S.

"*Mem.* To go out shopping with JEMIMA on the slightest provocation, and make any little purchases I may require at the shops she has a regular account at.

"*Mem.* Not to forget to tell the shopmen that, to save themselves trouble, they may as well make out one bill for the two.

"*Mem.* To insist on sitting up for EDWARD whenever he dines out, and to be careful upon such occasions to have him leave the brandy out—that being the best thing for keeping one awake.

"*Mem.* To persuade EDWARD that Smoking is injurious to his health, and to get the money he thus saves put into the Missionary box.

"*Mem.* To keep the key of it, and——"

(Here the MS. suddenly breaks off.)

"Dirty River, Dirty River."

THE Thames Conservancy Bill, we are told, is introduced to settle disputes as to the rights of the Crown, and those of the Corporation to the shore of the river. Surely there ought to have been no such dispute about what everybody admits to be "a common shore."

THE SOCIAL TREAD-MILL. No. 11.



PAINFUL thing is the public dinner, but it has its object—generally a useful and kindly one. It is not easy to believe, perhaps, that the almsgiving which blows its own trumpet in an after-dinner subscription-list ushered in by Mr. TOOLE, and read out amid the jingling of sovereigns by a blatant Honorary Secretary or Treasurer, can carry much blessing along with it; but still, there stand our hospitals, and asylums, and institutions for the relief of all sorts of ghastly human ailments with their proud inscription, 'Supported by Voluntary Subscriptions,' and we know how far that may be interpreted 'kept going by public dinners.'

"The toilers on the Social Tread-mill, at the Freemasons', or the Albion, or the London Tavern, have at least, the consolation of knowing that the machinery they set

in motion so painfully, is grinding charitable corn, or drawing water of comfort, or working bellows of balmy air for one or another class of fellow-sufferers elsewhere. But what are we to say of those cases where the Social Tread-mill grinds nothing—where the weary cylinder is kept going to no end at all but vanity and vexation of spirit—where all our 'getting up-stairs' leads no whither?

"How many times this season have the convicts of society been condemned to this most heart-breaking form of the Mill—in the shape of rout, drum, *soirée*, *conversazione*, or whatever we call those evening assemblages, when unhappy crowds are gathered together, without aim, amusement, or gratification, except such miserable enjoyment as the sufferers may get from the sight of each other's wretchedness? Where is the social HOWARD to expose the over-crowding, the foul air, the enforced idleness, the contagion of these drawing-room penitentiaries? It makes little difference whether the presiding gaoler be a duke of twenty quarterings or a parvenu of yesterday's dunghill—whether the prison be situate in Belgravia or in Bloomsbury. The bigger the building, as a general rule, the more painful the punishment. Piccadilly suffers by hundreds, where Pentonville groans and gasps and struggles by scores. The prison-fare of the one may include plovers' eggs and champagne, where the other is content with rooks' eggs and gooseberry. The prison-dress of the West-End may be *moiré-antique* and Honiton, when that of the North and East is *barège* and machine lace; but these are minor distinctions. In the essential features of the punishment—and excluding number—there is not a pin's point to choose between the two.

"Let me play the benevolent part of prison-visitor, at one of these sad scenes of human woe. The night is close and sultry. Under the open sky scarcely a breath of air is stirring. I pass along Piccadilly painfully, though the Park with its free sward and darkling trees stretches at one side of me, and I can see the stars twinkling over-head. Suddenly I am conscious of long lines of various vehicles. One string is creeping drearily, at a snail's pace, towards a lighted edifice. On the other side of the road empty carriages are driving more rapidly away from the same building. It is one of our more aristocratic prisons. The MARQUIS OF CARABAS receives to-night. These are the vans setting down prisoners. The others have delivered their freight.

"Let us make our way through these jingling, grinding wheels, these cursing, cringing, hoarse, ragged link-men, this double file of street-vice, and vagabondism which has collected before the door to see the prisoners pass in to their place of punishment,—just such a hedge of houseless iniquity as forms about the doors of Bow Street Police Station, or the Old Bailey, while the Central Criminal Court is sitting. Do not be afraid of the crowd and the confusion; let us enter as HOWARD did, calmly confident in the nobleness of our purpose. These men in gorgeous liveries are the turnkeys. That pompous personage, in the black coat, white waistcoat, and breeches, is not the chaplain, as you might suppose, but the head warden—groom of the chambers, they call him here. I have a card, and my name is pompously announced. We are in the prison; in its outer-court or vestibule, at least, for to penetrate its inner wards—where the prisoners are—is a difficult matter, so dense is the crowd, so insufficient the space assigned to the unhappy criminals. They are hatched into doorways: they are squeezed on the steps of staircases: they are lining corridors. Don't be surprised if you feel faint. You will soon get used to the short supply of oxygen, and breathe the vitiated atmosphere of these black holes of Piccadilly as freely as the poor prisoners themselves. But you may see its effect, in the pale cheeks and dull eyes of the hardened offenders, who spend most of their lives in such confinement. About the younger criminals there is a febrile excitement—a bravado, which resists for a while, the depressing effects even of carbonic acid. But the time will come when they too will be as pallid, and fishy-eyed, and limp, and feeble, and flabby, as the old social gaol-birds who have lured them hither.

"The thermometer outside stands at 84°; what it registers in this suite of rooms I dare not guess—probably about 106°, for every cluster of lights, every flower-stand, every overheated piece of humanity, is giving off caloric and carbonic acid, and absorbing breathable air. If the prisoners had only some work to do—were it but oakum-picking or

mat-making! But, alas, they are utterly without occupation. There is a buzz of conversation, it is true: such conversation as is possible in a crowd of four bodies to a square yard on the average; hurried greetings of old companions in iniquity: bits of prison scandal: inquiries after the fate of those who are missing: snatches of what passes for wit in such societies: even a chuckle, now and then, of that joyless laughter, which is so profoundly melancholy. For the most part, however, the mirth of the place stops short at a sad stereotype smile, or grin rather, about as like a real smile as the agonised *ricius* of a ballet-dancer.

"Oh, how tired all these poor souls evidently are of always seeing each other's faces! Now and then you may see in the countenances of two of the younger criminals—a male and a female convict—a sudden lighting up of genuine fellow-feeling: a quick look and hasty flush, which tell you that even in this sad place there are hearts not altogether steeled against human emotion; but the crowd bears them away from each other: or if they meet it is but for a moment, so many eyes are upon them, so many ears open. With the proverbial quickness of prisoners at communication, such a couple often manage to interchange a wonderful amount of mutual understanding, even in this press. Attachments occasionally grow up in this dreary prison-house: even marriages arise out of acquaintances formed under sentence, nay, while the pair are actually on the Mill!

"But what is such an occasional assertion of human feeling to lighten this huge fermenting mass of selfishness, sin and sorrow—not the less real that they hide under hardened masks, and look out, shallow or shameless, from brassy eyes and sit unblushingly on flushed cheeks? Do not let us be unjust, though. There are as many shades of criminality here as in Pentonville or Milbank. But there is no distinction of age or sex: no classification of offenders; no separation of the hardened old sinner from the novice in social iniquity. The innocent girl, fresh from her first drawing-room, must work out her time side by side with the old haridan hardened by the sentences of twenty seasons. The callow guardsman, who has not yet waxed the down on his upper lip into the visible semblance of a moustache, is ruthlessly condemned to associate with the hard featured old *roné* who has stood in the pillory of WHITE'S bow-window every day from three till five for the last thirty summers. Who can wonder that the tendency of even the young and comparatively innocent is to the same dead level of social hollowness, unbelief, evil speaking, evil living, idleness and frivolity, at which these old offenders habitually live and move and have their being? We must remember, too, in charity, that of these poor prisoners there is a large proportion who feel the weight of their sentence severely; who would give anything to be released from their enforced idleness; to exchange this aimless, objectless toil of the tread-mill, for honest work, however hard, under the open heaven; who pine and pray for the end of that yearly recurring term of punishment, which in prison-slang is called 'the season,' that they may get off to the country—to the trees and fields; to the school-house and the village; to blessed freedom from the nightly roll of the prison van, the daily donning of the prison dress, the stifling breath of the prison air, the crush and crowd, and dreary flatness, and drearier mirth of their brothers and sisters in captivity. We little know how much good there is striving fearfully to expand and find expression, even among these poor convicts!"

TRANSLATION BY A THIRSTY CLERK IN SOMERSET HOUSE.—*Semel in Saevius omnes.*—We've all been in to SAINSBURY'S once this morning.

THE LATE MISUNDERSTANDING.

To Mr. Punch.



IR.—Oblige me by publishing the enclosed correspondence.

Yours, DIZZY.

"DEAR DERBY,—You are reported to have said in the House last night, that 'you would rather not see a Jew Chancellor of the Exchequer.' You will scarcely be surprised at my asking for an explanation.

"Yours, DIZZY."

"The Right Hon., &c. &c., July 11."

"DEAR DIZZY,—You do not seem to be aware that you are a Christian.

"Yours, DERBY."

"The Right Hon., &c. &c., July 11."

"DEAR DERBY,—So I am. Your explanation is most satisfactory. I presume you will not object to

my forwarding this correspondence to Punch.

"The Right Hon., &c. &c., July 11."

"Yours, DIZZY."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

July 13th, Monday. SIR COLIN CAMPBELL goes out to take the chief command in India. He could hardly have refused, for FIELD MARSHAL PRINCE CONSORT (in imitation of the speech of FIELD MARSHAL THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON to SIR CHARLES NAPIER) had said to him, "Either you must go, or I." But so far from wishing to refuse, the gallant COLIN was almost off before LORD PANMURE could tell him he was wanted—the India Mail was stopped at Marseilles that he might catch the steamer (Scotland may like to know that her hero started on Sunday night), and about the time that *Mr. Punch's* record is read, SIR COLIN must be cutting across the desert with all his might. Woe to the Black Beetles when the Highland Hedgehog gets at them! The above information, of course in a stuper form, came out in the Lords to-night, and also in the Commons, with the important news brought by the last mail; namely, that poor GENERAL ANSON had succumbed to disease, that Delhi was not taken, but that the mutineers had fought, and been beaten, that more disaffection had manifested itself, that one way and another the Bengal army had lost 26,000 men.

LORD CAMPBELL's Immoral Publications Bill has passed the Lords, the last discussion having been enlivened by LORD LYNTHURST's telling LORD CAMPBELL that he was such a pachydermatous peer that he really did not know when an insulting thing had been said. LORD MALMESBURY is still unhappy about the other geese that were in St. James's Park, although he has been repeatedly told to calm his fraternal feelings, for the geese are as safe and happy at Kew as he could be at Heron Court. He took an opportunity, in the course of his maundering against SIR B. HALL, to call LORD PALMERSTON a daring and rollicking party, which LORD GRANVILLE thought rude. LORD CAMPBELL brought up the Select Committee's Report as to whether Newspapers are to be permitted to give with impunity accounts of public meetings. It is recommended that they be allowed that awful licence, provided the meeting be called by an official and responsible person.

The Commons went into supply, and the eternal Map question came up once more, and was discussed for a great while and to no result. LORD PALMERSTON's announcement that 14,000 troops had been ordered to India, that more were to go, and that the troops on their way to China were also to be used in India, was received with satisfaction.

Tuesday. Nothing of consequence in the Lords except the reading of some despatches from India.

In the Commons LORD GONERICH carried a resolution affirming the principle of competitive examination for the Civil Service, and MR. CHARLES BUNTON carried an address against the African Slave Trade, for which LORD PALMERSTON thanked him, and explained that Spain was the European sinner against human liberty.

Wednesday. The Irish malcontents have defeated the Judgments Execution Bill, justly regarding it as a new link in the chain which the Saxon is ever seeking to rivet round the limbs of unhappy Oireland, which it unquestionably is, its tendency being to assist creditors and prevent fraud. SIR ERSKINE PERRY's Bill, for securing the property of married women, was read a second time, but is doomed to mutilation, if not to death. It appears to *Mr. Punch* that it would be as well to legislate in this matter without exactly assuming that all husbands are spendthrifts and tyrants, and that the best measure (and some measure is undoubtedly wanted) would be one simply enabling a woman to obtain, in the hour of need, some such protection as she now obtains against personal violence. Because really, as far as *Mr. Punch* has seen, most husbands are inclined to be obedient and docile, and to let their wives have quite as much of their own way as is good for them, and the law, instead of interfering with unobjectionable people, should provide remedies in the exceptional cases.

Thursday. LORD ELLENBOROUGH again spoke about India, and proposed that five millions should be lent her, to aid her out of her present difficulty. With less generosity he mentioned that he had acquaintance with great numbers of gentlemen connected with India, and they all had the most thorough distrust of VERNON SMITH.

MR. O'FLAHERTY has been turned out of the representation of Galway, and *Mr. Punch* is still more happy to state that ARCHBISHOP MAC HALE and his clerical tail have received a signal blow, the Mayo Committee having extruded MR. GEORGE HENRY MOORE, and having denounced the system of spiritual intimidation by which he was returned. The respectable Roman Catholics of Mayo must now rally round MR. HIGGINS, who deserves all credit for dragging MAC HALE, MOORE & Co. into the Parliamentary dock.

MR. ROEBUCK then brought on an utterly useless discussion on the Persian war, and endeavoured to get the House to "reprobate" the conduct of LORD PALMERSTON in not having consulted Parliament before falling upon the Shah. Some smart speaking took place. In the course of the debate MR. ROEBUCK said that we might lose India. There burst from the Conservative benches such an indignant "No" that MR. ROEBUCK's own plucky heart was touched, and he declared that it was a most "English" expression of resolution, and that he sympathised with it cordially. LORD JOHN RUSSELL, MR. GLADSTONE, MR. WALPOLE, and MR. DISRAELI each took a shot at old PAM, but all stood by him on division, and MR. ROEBUCK was beaten by 352 to 38.

Fraudulent Trustees will please to accept this intimation, that the Bill for bringing them to book has passed the House of Commons.

Friday. LORD BROUGHAM came out nobly in the cause of African freedom, and against the proposed system of exporting black emigrants—true to the work which he has been doing for sixty years. LORD HARROWBY read a letter from an African king, which showed what were his Majesty's notions of the plan. This Anointed sovereign (whose anointing far exceeds that of European monarchs, with their one dab of oil, he oiling himself all over every day) writes from old Calabar Palace, and says, in curious orthography, that no free emigrants will come, but that he and other "gentlemen" will be happy to supply "emigrants" at the price of four boxes of brass and copper rod per head. An Anti-Slavery address to the QUEEN was agreed to.

The Commons were chiefly occupied with the renewal of the Hebrew question. The Lords having again rejected the Bill for admitting the Jew, his friends have held meetings on the subject, and the result is, that LORD JOHN RUSSELL proposes to introduce a Bill, enabling persons in all cases to take oaths in the form most binding on their consciences,—whether wearing a hat, breaking a saucer, or kissing a volume, be the outward and visible sign that the swearer intends a solemn appeal to Providence. He tried to bring the Bill in on Friday; but, the Opposition, emulous of the obstructive reputation of the Peers, set themselves against him in array, stopped his address in the first part of the evening, because he went to work too early, and hours afterwards resisted him, because he went to work too late. They divided four times in favour of adjournment; and, as this process, if pursued, is always successful, he was obliged, at four in the morning, to give way, and announce the Bill for the next Tuesday. The Opposition game will, of course, be to postpone and protract the discussion as much as possible, so that the measure cannot pass in a Session whose hours are numbered. LORD PALMERSTON might beat their tactics by refusing to prorogue; but dares he ask the territorial aristocracy to give up Grouse for Jews?

A personal row between MR. HORSMAN and some other Members came on, HORSMAN, who is Chairman of an Election Committee, being accused of procuring its adjournment (causing expense to the parties) in order that he might attend the Jew-claim meeting. He denied, very elaborately, that he had done any harm; but another Member of the Committee, LORD GALWAY, declared, that had he known why the adjournment was asked, it should not have taken place, and HORSMAN does appear to have rather "managed" the thing. LORD PALMERSTON made another demolition of the Isthmus of Suez Canal project, explaining that the real objection to it was, that it would give other powers a great start of England, in the event of hostilities in the Indian seas. The Persian War Vote was taken in Supply, and

the PRIMER declared in answer to some alarmists, that this country was perfectly protected against any enemy that could assail her. This is doubtless true, but everything ought not to be thrown on Mr. Punch—ships, forts, batteries, and so forth, ought really to be looked after. Suppose he chose to travel—to take command of the *Great Eastern*, or anything of that sort, where is the National Defence then?

FAIRY-LAND.



GLIMPSE of Fairy-Land is always to be had about summer time. Sometimes you catch it at Rosherville, or else it breaks out with "ten thousand additional lamps" at Vauxhall. The latter view, however, is very much in the nature of a railway break, for it very quickly comes to a stop. However, Fairy-Land does shift about terribly. We have known it at North Woolwich—we have witnessed bright visions of it at Shoreham—we have heard gaudy accounts of its dazzling wonders that have illumined, for "positively the last season," the seedy vistas of Tivoli. The two principal characteristics of Fairy-Land that have always been associated in our mind are ham sandwiches and fireworks. We have visions of fairies, too, dancing before our eyes.

They are all dressed in white—for that seems to be the Fairies' favourite colour—and are flinging their arms and legs about in the maddest fashion. What strikes us particularly is the extreme shortness of their garments, for we never saw a Fairy yet but she had extremely short petticoats. The Fairies generally dance on the borders of a lake—and so, for what we know, the shortness of their muslin garments may be a matter of prudence to prevent the water taking the starch too much out of their Crinoline. Their hours for dancing are mostly a little before midnight. A round silvery moon takes a delight in following their steps. It will fix its brilliant light full upon a particular Fairy, who is reclining at full length on a cowslip bank, and all of a sudden she will start out of her sleep, and begin dancing playfully, backwards and forwards, round, and round, and round again, with her shadow. What a bright burnished silver her whole figure is! She looks as though she had been electrolytised, and had come spinning spick-span-new out of ELKINGTON'S shop.

The whole body of them dearly love dancing. Their entire life seems one bounding *entrechâs* steeped in moonbeams. They dance so much, that they have no time apparently for anything else. You seldom hear them talk. They are all women—and yet, strange to say, it is rare indeed that you hear them say a word. This preference on the part of Fairies for the female sex is most unanimous. Who ever heard of a Male Fairy? If such a monstrosity ever intruded into their happy circle, we believe he would be pinched to death in less than five minutes. The Fairies are generally under the command of a Queen. You know her at once by her dancing so much better than the other Fairies. The affection her subjects show her is very pretty. They weave triumphal arches with their arms for her to pass under. They cluster round her affectionately, and form picturesque groups, of which she is always the bright centre; and when she is about to perform a grand *pas seul*, they fall into a semicircle, and look on in the most smiling, complacent manner. It is their nature to smile, and they will smile unintermittently throughout an entire evening, without appearing in the least tired. These aerial creatures float to the sound of music. They are never without a provoking tune that sends them flying in all directions, as though they had been bitten by so many Tarantulas. They nearly dance their legs off, for when they have finished, they are obliged to lean for support against a tree, or a pillar, or the door of a house, or whatever the side-wing may be, and you see them heaving and panting in a manner that makes you pity them. Your pity, however, is not much needed, for after arranging the fall of their muslin skirts, and giving themselves a shake or two, they are ready to begin again the next minute. They delight in scarfs, and garlands of roses, and sometimes they carry about baskets of flowers, which they scatter recklessly, pelting any beloved object that comes in their way.

A certain view of FAIRY-LAND may at the present moment be seen in Walworth, in some Gardens that are called SURREY. The scenery is certainly most beautiful. It is so beautiful, you could almost swear it was painted by DANSON. You see large round, velvety mountains, swelling away into the distance, until they almost overtop the red chimney pots of the houses at the back. There are coral caves, and Turneresque bays, and rainbow recesses, with mossy arches, in which the Fairies love to disport themselves. The water, too, is real, but the Fairies are heavy, flat, and move too slowly, as though they were worked by machinery. They look like painted Fairies, and not like Fairies of real flesh and blood, such as we have so often admired at the Princess's Theatre, and other notable places of resort for the Fairy Kingdom. It is true they look better, when lighted up about eleven o'clock with a brilliant display of fireworks; but they are not the gossamer, lithesome, winged beauties that usually haunt a theatrical ABODE OF BLISS. However, supposing the Fairies are not exactly the butterfly creations of our early pantomimic recollections, still it must be confessed that the music they float to at the Surrey Gardens is of the very best. When sung by a MADAME GASSIER, or a MISS DOLBY, it is so good as to justify almost the encomium of "What Fairy-like Music!"

SONG OF THE CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST.

To Medical Bill Framers.

OVER the counter and into the till,
Over the counter I practise,
Dealing out mixture and powder and pill,
Doctoring patients, the fact is,
Says an old woman, "What's good for the bile?"
Vainly you'll bid me not tell her;
All prohibition defying, I smile,
Whilst I a remedy sell her.

Over the counter for colic and cramp,
Over the counter for phthisick.
Now MRS. HARRIS and then MRS. GAMF,
And their connections, I physick.
How is a Medical Bill to force me
Not to dispense cream-of-tartar,
Sulphur, and senna, and salts, whilst I'm free
Still to ply pestle and mortar?

AN ORGANIC CURE.

"SIR, "THANK you for that little cut of the Organ-Fiend, dancing and grinning as he grinds your soul out. But I write chiefly to tell you that some of us out here, who live in a sort of *cul-de-sac*, into which the organs used to come all day long (encouraged of course by the abominable mothers and servant-girls), have hit upon a way of crippling the rascals, without doing them any harm. We privately hire three or four smart sharp *gamins*, glad to earn an honest shilling, to keep watch. An organ comes, and they fly to the fellow, and while one or two dance, and chaff, and amuse him, another slips out a sharp pocket knife and quietly cuts the strap that holds up the organ. Next minute the whole lot have vanished, and the brown beast is left perfectly helpless. The cure was soon effected, for the wretches tell one another everything (as where there is a sick person who will pay for silence, or where a man who writes will give anything for peace), and we have not had an organ here for weeks and weeks. Recommending the invention,

"I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

"OLD MOROSE."

"Rhododendron Square, Baywater. W."

THOUGHTS FOR ANY WEATHER.

(Taken principally on the Shady Side of Life.)

Art is sugar to the vain, even the praise of fools.
The Man of Honour makes no vow, but acts as if he had made one.
To the Epicure "living well" means "good living."
Shame of Poverty is almost as bad as Pride of Wealth.

A Man must feel his own strength, before he can make an impression with it upon others.

Envy is a glutton that is never at a loss for a meal, and a glutton, too, that let it feed as grossly as it will, is sure to leave off with an appetite, and ready to begin again.

One may show tremendous courage for another, and yet be a great coward for oneself—as you will frequently see a man put his name to a Bill for a friend, who would not, on any consideration, do it for himself.

If men would take as much care of their characters as they do of their clothes, they would show fewer stains, nor would there, probably, be so many holes picked in them.

Vanity is mental dram-drinking.

When parents spoil their children, it is less to please them than to please themselves. It is the egotism of parental love.



THE COURSE OF TRUE, &c., NEVER DID, &c.

HERE'S POOR YOUNG WIGGLES ANXIOUS TO MEET THE BEING HE ADORES, BUT CANNOT DO SO, BECAUSE THE NEWLY-PITCHED BOAT UPON WHICH HE HAS BEEN SITTING, HAS CAUGHT HIM ALIVE O!

A BOY'S PETITION.

"DEAR PUNCH,

"You are a jolly old chap, and a friend to boys. Now I say, old fellow, will you just give the governor a hint not to bother us with Latin and that, out of school hours? I don't think it's fair to a fellow. Look here. I had come home on Saturday to go with the girls to see the *Frozen Deep* (and capably well it was acted too, I can tell you), and on Monday morning we were all at breakfast. The governor was reading the paper, and he comes to a Latin inscription to be stuck on some hospital for the orphans of soldiers. 'Here, Charley,' says he, 'what's *orbas*?' Well, *Mr. Punch*, one doesn't remember everything at a minute's notice, so I said 'worlds.' 'Ah,' says the governor, in his dry way, 'they are building an hospital to put worlds into—sick worlds, I suppose. Perhaps, worlds the Comet has hit; and so he went on, looking at me, and the girls giggling like idiots as they always do when he says anything, never mind whether it's good or not, of course they must laugh if the governor says it. Presently he hands me over the paper, and requests me to give a free translation of the inscription. Well, I felt sulky, and a chap oughtn't to be asked such things when he's at breakfast; but the girls all kept laughing, and mother looked as if she'd like me to come off creditably; and, as there was the English inscription below, I squinted at that for a crib. But I was sold, for the Latin began—

"Ne quas paterni consilii
Et tutelæ orbas
Reliquit mors patrum prematura
Juventute inculca,"—and so on.

and the English began about the Orphan daughters of soldiers, seamen, and marines of the realm now and henceforth. So I boggled a bit, and then a good thought struck me, and I said that I could give them a general notion of the meaning, but the Latin was so shy that translation was out of the question. Well, they all laughed, and the governor, who is not a bad fellow, saw how it was, and let me down easy, saying he wanted the paper. But I say, wasn't it *prime* when a letter came out on Thursday cutting the inscription all to

pieces, showing that *æde* was wrong, and *ac* was cacophonous, and the words did not explain what class of people the hospital was for. Jolly, wasn't it, and didn't I cut out the letter and send it to the governor? But this was all luck. I say, say a kind word for us, and tell the old ones not to trot us out when we come home, that's a good chap, as it makes a fellow look like a fool before the girls. All of us take you in regularly.

"I am, my dear *Punch*, yours truly,

"BLOBB SECUNDUS."

TURNPIKE TRICKS ON TRAVELLERS.

GENTLEMEN taking cabs from the theatres to any part of the suburbs so far from Town that they will have to pass through two turnpikes to reach it, are recommended to set their watches accurately at starting. Watches thus set will be traps to catch turnpike thieves. For the first gate will clear the second, if the second is passed before 12 at night, but not otherwise; and at the second of two gates on one particular road, *Mr. Punch*, from personal experience, is very much afraid that it is customary to put the hand of the clock on at midnight for the purpose of extorting an undue threepence. There can be no harm done, at any rate, in seeing that your watches are true, even if that precaution should not issue in proving a turnpike man false, and getting him sent to the House of Correction for having swindled you.

A HERO'S JOKE.

If brevity is the soul of wit, SIR COLIN CAMPBELL, when in answer to the question, how soon he could start for India, he answered, "To-morrow!" uttered one of the smartest recorded pieces of ready wit.

SIMILIA SIMILIBUS.—They are treating the *Oidium Vincarium*, or vine disease, successfully with sulphur—probably from the very general use of brimstone in bad cases of "*Oidium Theologicum*."



EVERY INCH A SOLDIER.

PAM (BOOTS AT THE BRITISH LION). "HERE'S YOUR HOT WATER, SIR."
SIR COLIN. "ALL RIGHT. I'VE BEEN READY A LONG TIME."

PUPPYISMS FOR THE DOG-DAYS.

By One who is extremely Cool.



THE Future is the Land of Promise to all such poor devils as prisoners, exiles, bit-holders, paupers, creditors, heirs, and lovers.

Stupidity must be contagious, for if you notice, a witty fellow is always less happy in the company of fools.

Love is a heart-complaint, of which the cure, by Jove! is frequently more painful than the disease itself.

A Coquette only jilts herself when she marries the fellow she has promised to marry.

A Frenchman has two kinds of Love—his *amour* and his *amour-propre*. The latter is *proprie a tout*, and it is so called to distinguish it from the other *amour*, which, generally speaking, is *proprie a rien*.

When you hear a drunken man vowing temperance, you may be sure his vows are written only in water—effervescent water, with a very strong proportion of brandy in it.

Ridicule is like mud—the chap must be clever indeed, who, let all his ways be picked as gingerly as possible, doesn't come in for some small portion of it. Frequently those who try to avoid it the most, receive the most.

There are men, whose elevation in life only tends to lower them in the social scale. Their rise is, seemingly, from the Pit only to the Gallery.

Love is such a beggar, that when you have given him all you have, he still goes on begging for more.

Too much zeal is suspicious. The man, who cries "Stop Thief!" the loudest, not unfrequently turns out to be the Thief himself.

BLACK PLUSH.

THE Clergy are dreadfully alarmed at the prospect of being obliged to celebrate the marriages of divorced persons, contrary to what many of them believe to be the rule of Christian doctrine. Very hard, no doubt, it is to compel them so to violate their consciences, and to oblige them to profane the matrimonial service, as they must do if they read it over those who, in marrying, actually break their marriage vows. But there is no occasion to be terrified by the prospect of being obliged to do any such thing. They are obliged to do it already, and always have been from the time when divorces *à vinculo* were first granted by the House of Lords. The mischief is done; they have acquiesced in the wrong and the profanation. Their conscience is lost mutton and gone goose. They have partaken in iniquity, and known it not. As long as they had to marry none but fashionable and wealthy sinners divorced by the House of Lords, the wickedness which they were compelled to commit in so doing never struck them. Now that it is proposed to oblige them to do the same office for vulgar transgressors, separated from wife or husband by a common tribunal, the hardship of the obligation, and the sinfulness of the performance, for the first time occur to them. They remarried LADY FITZDRAGON that was, LORD FITZDRAGON being yet alive, to COLONEL GALLIVANT, in unconscious innocence; but now that they see a probability of being obliged to do as much for her that was the wife of SMITH, but is not his widow, and her paramour JONES, they are horrified at the bare idea. Surely, a very considerable portion of the clerical body should cut their cloth, and induct themselves into plush.

The fact is, that the Reverend Gents have committed *laches* in this matter, and what they ought to petition the House of Commons for is, that they may no longer be held under that necessity of profaning the marriage service, and disobeying the commands of Christianity, which they have so long submitted to.

FLOWERS OF FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

A SWELL was married the other day—of course at All Swells Church; that is to say, St. George's, Hanover Square. The case was reported, as usual in such cases, by the *Morning Post*, with a description of the bride's and bridesmaids' clothes, and the customary statement that the touseau was of the most complete and *recherché* character. It took only one person to celebrate this "Marriage in High Life," as the *Post* called it in Flunkeyish—to buckle Swell with Belle it generally takes two; but our fashionable contemporary informs us that—

"The bridal group having formed around the altar, the service was impressively read by the REVEREND TALBOT BAKER."

We should like to know what the chroniclers of fashionable life mean by saying that the service was "impressively read," as they generally relate it to have been on the occasion of a marriage between a couple of the superior classes. We are very much afraid that mouthing and moaning the service is the manner of reading it which is styled "impressive" by the journalist who describes the touseau as *recherché*.

"MERRILY WE LIVE THAT SOLDIERS BE."

MR. PUNCH is happy to find that the determination of the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, Commander-in-Chief, to have the expenses of the mess-table reduced, meets with so much approbation from the Service. Everywhere the dinners are now concerned in a spirit of economy. LUCULLUS did not roast turnips on his Sabine farm, frugality not having been the order of his day, but our military LUCULLUS are prepared to submit to the most severe privations rather than infringe the rule of their chief. In proof that this is no idle boast, Mr. Punch has pleasure in subjoining the copy of the *carte* at a mess-dinner recently eaten by the officers of one of the most gallant regiments of the line.

The document, for the authenticity of which Mr. Punch has the best possible voucher, demands the attention of ALEXIS SOYER. The dinner, it should be mentioned, was the one which immediately followed the receipt of H.R.H.'s admonitory circular.

VOLAIL VENT D'HUIRES.	FISH.	FACONNET DE POULET.
	TOURROT.	
	SOUPS.	
LAMBES TONQUES.	OYSTER: JULIEN.	OUBRIED FISH.
	FIRST COURSE.	
	BOILED BEEF.	
COTILETTES A LA SOUDINE.	BOILED LAMB.	RIZ DE VEAU SAUCE TOMATE.
	FILLET OF VEAL.	
	HAM.	
BEEF OLIVES.	TETE DE VEAU, Sauce Piquante.	OYSTER PATITES.
	BOILED TURKEY, Celery Sauce.	
	ROAST HAUNCH ENGLISH MUTTON.	
JELLY.	FISH.	BLANC-MANOE.
	SOLES.	
	SECOND COURSE.	
CUTARDS.	DUCKS.	TISSE GARE.
	GALANTINE DE POISSON.	
	ROAST RABBITS.	
CAQUET PUDDING.	GALANTINE DE POULET.	CREME A L'ITALIENNE.
	SCOLLOPED OYSTERS.	
	POULET AU CUSON.	
GATEAU DE RIZ.		GELÉE DE MARRON.

ECCLESIASTICAL GAMES.

A MOVEMENT has been set on foot among some of the clerical body for the revival of a pretty mediæval pastime. Parliamentary intelligence includes a statement that:—

"THE BISHOP OF OXFORD presented a petition from the clergy of the rural deanery of Oxford, praying that the use of excommunication be revived, and that the burial service of the Church be not read over persons who died out of the pale of Christianity."

The good old sport which the Oxonian ecclesiastics wish restored, is the game of Bell, Book and Candle. Should Parliament accede to their request, these gentle shepherds of that Arcadian district the rural deanery of Oxford will doubtless want to revive a little more of the fun of Merrie England in the olden time, and perhaps their next request to the Legislature will be for the renewal of Fire and Pagot.



WHAT AN ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

"O! look'ee 'ere, Jane, 'ere's one of them Hacrobats a-goin' to do the ladder-trick!"

THE MORAL OF MAYO ELECTION.

FAREWELL, MR. MOORE,
At the back of the door
Of St. Stephen's I see you delighted.
I'm glad that the hope
Of the priests and the POPE,
In your loss of your seat, has been blighted.

Your priests find the plan,
To curse and to ban,
And threaten excommunication,
Is best let alone;
You're ousted, och hone!
Because of their intimidation.

Of them there are two,
Still worse off than you,
Which my satisfaction doth double;
Their scandalous tricks
Have put them in a fix;
They're likely to get into trouble.

So now, MOORE, begone;
A new era will dawn,
Of freedom for PAT from subjection,
To such rabid beasts,
As those pretty priests,
Who tampered with Mayo Election.

A Libel on the Sex.

WE see a book advertised under the scandalous title of "A WOMAN'S STORY." Now it is a notorious fact that women never do tell Stories. They may tell "a fib" occasionally—but as for "a Story," it's a moral impossibility. The worst is, the Story must be a thumping big one, for we see by the advertisement that it fills 3 Vols. It pains us to say that Mrs. S. C. HALL (the delinquent in question—and, without question, a very great delinquent) ought to be ashamed of herself! The libel on her own sex is so outrageous, that we cannot help saying, with the greatest indignation—"FIE!"

QUITE A NEW CRY.

ONE of our contemporaries, describing one of the Royal visits, says most gushingly:—

"There came into our eye an involuntary half-tear."

We have heard many persons say that they had "half-a-mind"—we have also heard many a person called "half-a-fool,"—but "half-a-tear" is a decided novelty in this "Vale of Tears!" For ourselves, we little suspected that a tear could be torn in two, like a Bank-note. Perhaps, our crying correspondent kept the other half himself, so that the two halves may be matched together on some future cry? or it may be, that the other half was in the other eye; for if you notice, the poor fellow, who fathoms his grief with such an accurate plumb line, only alludes to *one* eye. We suppose a half-tear is shed when one has had only "half-a-dinner"—or, perhaps, it appropriately occurs when one is "half-seas-over!" Anyhow, the absurdity is too "good by half" not to be further encouraged. We hope our semi-lachrymose tear-shedder will next favour us with expression of sorrow as nicely subdivided as the following:—"Our bosom heaved with a three-quarter sigh," or, "We couldn't well speak for the $\frac{3}{4}$ emotion that oppressed us."

Stooping for Strawberries.

In some of the suburbs admission to strawberry beds, with right of eating at discretion, may be had for 1s. or 1s. 6d. These may be remunerative prices to ask from persons whose liberty to eat as many strawberries as they please is accompanied by the necessity of having to steal into his manly eye, as he said in a tone of the deepest despondency: "Ah! ah! A sad mistake—it should have been Red Tape!"

The Thing that should Bind the two Nations together.

FREDERICK PEEL, when he was taken to the Atlantic Submarine Telegraph Company's Office, and saw the miles upon miles of iron-wire cable, shook his head most ominously, and a tear was observed to steal into his manly eye, as he said in a tone of the deepest despondency: "Ah! ah! A sad mistake—it should have been Red Tape!"

GOLDSMITH'S GOLD.

SUBSCRIPTIONS for the remotest descendants of great men being now so common, we have no hesitation in soliciting the public attention to a young lady who is evidently one of the posterity of the *Vicar of Wakefield*.

She is a native of Hamburgh, and advertises that she would like

"To engage herself in a respectable English family, to teach the French and German languages, in exchange for board and lodging, and the opportunity of learning English."

The eldest son of the *Vicar of Wakefield* went to Holland to teach English to the Dutch, but forgot, until his arrival, that he could not speak to them. The amiable young advertiser is clearly of his kith and kin.

Let all who have admired the *Vicar of Wakefield* send their contributions to Mr. Punch, 35, Fleet Street. He will take care that they are applied with the utmost delicacy; in fact, nobody shall ever hear of them again.

The Harrow Turn-out.

LORD PALMERSTON, in acknowledging his health, drunk in his original character of "a Harrow boy" at the last annual festival of the Harrovians, declared that no other public school in the Kingdom had had the good fortune to turn out such men as LORD ABERDEEN, the EARL OF RIPON, and the late SIR ROBERT PEEL. LORD PALMERSTON is modest; he did at least as much as his school to turn out two of the three statesmen mentioned.

A Resource for Some Sovereigns.

PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM, of Prussia, was presented last week with the freedom of the City of London. We sincerely hope that the husband of our Princess, at least, will never have occasion to make any use of the rights and privileges conferred upon him in making him that present. Some Continental monarchs would perhaps have a real boon granted them in being empowered to set up shop, in a possible contingency, within the jurisdiction of the LORD MAYOR.

JURY TORTURE.



KEEPING clear of the folly which too much disparages the proverbial "wisdom of our ancestors," we must say we think that in some of their proceedings—and more especially perhaps their legal proceedings it cannot be denied they showed themselves great fools. We will not instance their creation of that famous pair of myths, JOHN DOE and RICHARD ROE, for what was once common law has given way to common sense, and we have now ejected from our law courts those twin heroes of ejection. Nor need we speak of their concoction of such manifest absurdities as have been handed down in many of their legal maxims, such for instance as the proposition that "a king can do

no wrong;" an assertion which our railway kings, not to mention higher potentates, are constantly refuting. We would rather cite as one example of ancestral want of wisdom, the prescribed mode of treatment of non-agreeing jurors, to which our notice is directed by a recent case in point.

What can be more absurd than locking up twelve hungry men until they think alike, and expecting to elicit a true verdict by starvation? Who could give his mind to the merits of a case, and calmly weigh the evidence in the unbiassed scales of justice, when his brain is half distracted by the gnawings of his stomach, and all that he can think of is the prospect of his dinner? As for carefully discussing the facts and probabilities which by witnesses and counsel have just been laid before him, he feels only fit for the discussion of a beef-steak and potato. A verdict so obtained is the result not of conviction, but of physical concession. Agreement of opinion is produced by sheer exhaustion of the powers of discussion. As confessions were extorted by the pinchings of the thumbscrew, so are verdicts still extracted by the pinchings of the appetite. Englishmen cry shame upon KING BOMBA and his silence-cap, yet their own law sanctions even now the appliance of a torture hardly less unbearable. We think with horror of the time when men were forced to speak by the loading of the chest, but the same thing still is done by emptying the stomach.

Now we will not waste our wonder on the fact that jury torture has outlived the application of the thumbscrew on our countrymen. Although a proved absurdity, and as little in accordance with the spirit of the age as the wearing of chain armour, or of dress-coats with bright buttons, we cannot feel surprised that the practice still exists. The uncertainty of law has passed into a proverb, and in nothing is the law more capriciously uncertain than in the manner of its bit by bit amendments. What surprises us, however, is that lawyers do not take more advantage of the means which jury starving offers to divert the course of justice. It is obvious that while the lock-up system lasts, any trial may be made with the jury a mere trial of strength; and one robust and well-fed juror might starve eleven others, if in less good plight, into certain acquiescence with his way of thinking. As a good case may be lost through a bad constitution, jurors fairly might be challenged for looking weak or hungry; and clients might insist on those who try their cause being put in proper training to endure continued fasting. Means too might be thought of to supply concealed refreshment, which would ensure still more a favourable verdict. A dip into a sandwich tin could hardly pass unnoticed, but in a pinch, a snuff-box might afford some sustenance. A furtive quid of grated beef could scarcely be detected, even by the sharpest-eyed or sharpest-nosed attorney; and nutrition might be taken in a grain or two of curry powder, which the DUKE OF NORFOLK found so exceedingly supporting. It would be feasible, moreover, for a juror with a cough (which, like that of *Traviata*, might be very easily got up for the occasion), to carry into Court with him a quantity of jujubes: or he might even be provided with a pocketful of portable soup, chopped into little bits so as very readily to pass as being lozenges. In this way, being hunger-proof, he would easily be able to hold out against his colleagues, who to escape starvation would eventually of course be driven to agree with him.

Knowing what we do of legal ingenuity, it surprises us, we own, that some such hints as these have not long ago been acted on. We

really cannot see that there would be much want of principle in putting them in practice. "All's fair in love," and in law not less so; and to gain the suit in either case all stratagems are sanctioned. Besides, a verdict now becomes the mere result of chance: depending in great measure upon how the jury slept the night before the trial, or upon what sort of a breakfast they have eaten. A strong case may be lost through the accident of some of them having a weak appetite, and a bad night's rest must certainly conduce to the pronouncing of an unconsidered verdict. It seems to us, therefore, that what we have suggested would reduce to a system what is at present chiefly chance: and moreover, it would have the further merit of mitigating somewhat the ordeal by famine to which every juror is at present subject. On which account we cannot but expect by the next post an official intimation from the heads of the Humane Society that they intend forthwith to invite us to a dinner, and present us with a medal for our merciful suggestions for the relief from hunger-torture of all non-agreeing juries.

BAD CARTRIDGES OF THE CONTINENT.

WITH superstitious fury fired
By provocation slight,
Our Sepoys mutiny—required
Greased cartridges to bite.

Soldiers, the POPE's detested reign,
The Austrian's hated yoke,
And cruel BOMBA, who maintain:
Like cause might you provoke.

That Italy may still be chained,
And Tyrants govern wrong,
Will you, with brethren's murder stained,
Bite cartridges—how long?

(The right of translating the above lines is not reserved by the Author.)

WOLF!

DR. ALDIS writes thus to the *Times*:—

"I venture . . . to call your attention to the open state of the King's scholars' pond sewer near Lupus Street, Pimlico, which is a great public nuisance."

The doctor proceeds to describe the subject of his complaint as emitting an "intolerable stench." For one street in the metropolis, Lupus Street is appropriately, if not happily, named, because Lupus is not only Latin for wolf, but is also the nosological term for an affection of the olfactory organ.

A Very Pretty Sentiment.

(For which we expect no end of pretty presents.)

BETWEEN a Man's Love and a Woman's Love, there is all the difference between lending and giving. With woman, Love is a gift,—with man it is only a loan. The loan is for the moment, or for that particular evening, or it may be for six months, or, perhaps, as long as six years; but with woman, the gift is one that lasts all her life.

Teaching the Young Idea How to Shoot.

MR. HENRY DRUMMOND, M.P., was never more eccentric than in his Speech at the Harrow Dinner, ridiculing "neologies, zoologies, and all such trash from Germany," and advising us Britons to "stick to our longs and shorts." It is clear MR. DRUMMOND thinks that the only mode of mental culture is by Harrow.

A COMPLIMENT.

ONE of the Four-in-Hand Club, who happened to be standing by as the late Member for Oxford drove away from the House of Commons, exclaimed with more smartness than we had given him credit for, "What a NEATE turn-out!"

ISRAEL IN ST. STEPHEN'S.

REALLY, noble Lords ought to consider that if the Jews were admitted into Parliament, they would be very serviceable, in expediting public business. They would discount so many bills!

TUMID THINGS.

CRINOLINES appear to have been so generally adopted by ladies with a view of acquiring the title, hitherto engrossed by dandies of the stronger sex, of Extensive Swells.



Young Lady. "NOW THEN, GIRLS, JUST LET ME—"

Girl (interrupting, before the word, "PASS", can escape the lips of the fair Pedestrian). "OH! IT AIN'T NO USE YOUR TRYING A TURN, MISS. THERE ISN'T ABOVE ROOM TO TAKE IN BETSY SIMMONS."

THE FOOL'S HEAD OF HAIR.

From the advertising columns of a contemporary, we extract the following rather comic appeal to the vanity of simpletons:—

NO MORE GREEN, RED, OR PURPLE-DYED HAIR.—NOTICE.—

Any Lady or Gentleman who has been so unfortunate as to have their hair dyed any of the above-named colours now so common, by the use of spurious imitations of ———— a TYRIAN LIQUID HAIR DYE, can have it restored, free of charge, to a native brown or black to defy detection, by applying at his Subscription Hair-Cutting and Hair-Dyeing Rooms, ———— Hair and whiskers dyed on the most reasonable terms by an annual subscription. Price, per case, 5s. 6d., 8s., 12s., and 1 guinea.

We suspect that our friend, the proprietor of the "Tyrian liquid hair dye," must have been induced to distinguish it with the splendid epithet connecting it with the city of Tyre, by the recommendation of some classical wag who wished to hoax him. If he had known with what colour Tyrian is synonymous, he would have called a dye intended to transmute that colour Anti-Tyrian. The imitations of a dye truly Tyrian can hardly be spurious if they really turn hair purple: and we cannot understand the kindness of the advertiser in offering gratuitous remedy to the victims of impostors who counterfeit his invention.

If it is a fact that green, red, and purple are now, in consequence of the use of hair-dyes common colours of human hair, it is a melancholy fact; for the contents of that head whose exterior has become discoloured by any artificial process, must be very scanty or very weak. In fact, we consider dyed hair to be one indication of softening of the brain, the consequence of inflammation of that organ. We regard the mere idea of using hair-dyes, as a symptom of incipient phrenitis, and advise all persons beginning to feel dissatisfied with the colour of their hair, to get their heads shaved. They will thus procure removal of the outer complaint and relief of the inner disorder at the same time.

REFORM YOUR LAWYERS' BILLS.—There is one consolidation of the statutes that would be very useful—to make them so solid that no lawyer could drive a coach-and-six through them.

NO ART-NONSENSE!

MR. RUSKIN has been delivering a lecture at Manchester, in which, by the account of the *Times*, he "contended that what was wanted to foster Art was a truly paternal Government." Now MR. RUSKIN is a great critic in his way, but, though we will not offer him an old piece of advice in the following new words;—

"Let not MR. RUSKIN
Judge above the buskin:—"

we must request that he will not attempt to carry more canvas than that which he understands. Fine Art is a fine thing; but the reality of Liberty is much to be preferred to any statue or picture, or any number of pictures or statues, of anything in Heaven or Earth. Liberty and *Gog* and *Magog*, and the sign of the *Marquis of Granby*, before the *Moses* of MICHAEL ANGELO, and the *Transfiguration* of RAPHAEL, or even, we will say in deference to MR. RUSKIN, before all the pictures of RAPHAEL's predecessors—and a paternal Government. Representations of leaves, and flowers, and bark, and pebbles, and excrescences on the extremity of the human nose, are admirable things in their way, but we trust that Britons will ever regard them as matters of infinitely less consequence than Representative Institutions.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

MR. PUNCH has an announcement to make which will burst upon the world like a thunder-clap. It is of too tremendous a nature to be launched upon society without some warning. Whatever may happen in India, Jewry, or elsewhere, this will be the event of the year. Is the world ready—are its nerves composed? Well, then, the fact is, that Mr. PUNCH is — No. The announcement is of too solemn a character to be made at once. We will reveal the mighty secret next week. Meantime, let every one be as calm as he can after such an intimation. Next week all shall be told.

PHŒBE AND THE PICNICS.



Now all you young folks, hear this story of mine,
'Tis the tale of Miss DARBY and HAL HAZELDINE,
And the he or the she who the warning despises
Like them may show up at the Summer Assizes.

'Tis now two years back, when as blooming as HEBE
She went to a pic-nic, the beautiful PHŒBE,
And who cut her chicken, and poured out her wine,
O, who but young HENRY, the bold HAZELDINE?

To see was to love her: to see him, to love.
But this was no match that's constructed above:
For her father objected, and kicked up a shine
At the thought of her marriage with young HAZELDINE.

But PHŒBE was plucky, and stood by her HAL,
Despite her papa, like a true-hearted gal;
And wrote him sweet letters, and soon did begin
Rehearsing the conjugal grab at the tin.

Her heart being open, it gushed like a founting,
She wrote for ten pound and for "kisses past counting,"
And, amid her affection, of business still heedful,
Again in her postscript she asked for the needful.

In October that followed, she fancied her shape
Would be nicely set off by an elegant cape,
But Pa, being stingy, allowed her to pine,
So for "ten pound or twenty" she asked HAZELDINE.

Once more, it appears, she appealed to the purse
Of him she was pledged to, for better for worse;
And concluded a letter both kindly and clever
With the statement that PHŒBE "remained, his for ever."

The marriage was fixed, and the bridesmaids were caught,
And PHŒBE's sweet dresses were chosen and bought;
But Love's a queer boy, and he cuts rummy capers,
And why did he send her to VERNON, a draper's?

And why did he cause at a pic-nic to rally
Some folks in the Happy—no, Habblerley—Valley,
And why to make wretched poor HAZELDINE's lot,
Was PHŒBE invited and HAZELDINE not?

And why (O you Cupid, you ought to be stamped on,)
Did PHŒBE encounter one SAMUEL HAMPTON,
And who poured her wine out, and who sliced her ham,
O, who but the Rival, the conquering SAM?

The HAZELDINE star from that hour became pale,
HAMPTON Court-ing's so pleasant, 'tis sure to prevail;
And HENRY, thrown over, deplored, with a tear,
The loss of a wife with £100 a-year.

Not long with a tear his distress did he bear,
For the witnesses prove him accustomed to swear;

And he goes to old HAMPTON's, Miss DARBY to meet,
And he uses bad words, which I shall not repeat.

And he acts very coarse, and a chain that did deck
Our pretty young PHŒBE, he tears from her neck,
And in struggle unmanly he makes her hands bleed,
And (I'm sorry to write it) he bids her be d'd.

She pays back his loans, to the utmost, poor lamb,
And straightway she weds the affectionate SAM;
When HENRY the wrathful, whose rage grew more grim,
Brings an action for breach of her promise to him.

'Twas tried down at Worcester by one you can't bam well,
That excellent, keen-sighted Judge, BARON BRAMWELL.
If ever I'm tried, being innocent, O!
May B. be my Judge; but if guilty,—why, no.

And HAZELDINE's brief fell to one, who in muddle's tone
Spoke never, the winning and elegant HUDDLESTON,
And could tactics have managed the merits to smother,
One H. would have carried the verdict for t'other.

But the HAZELDINE star, as aforesaid, was pale,
And no HUDDLESTON eloquence then could prevail,
For the case came out badly, as badly could be,
When witnesses came, called by SKINNER, Q.C.

And down came JUDGE BRAMWELL, like Cedron in flood,
And trampled the case of the plaintiff to mud;
Called his conduct, as proved, both unmanly and mean,
And the action the weakest his lordship had seen.

Then the jury looked happy at getting their cue
From the Judge on the bench, so should I, would not you?
And quickly agreeing, of concord made sign,
Refusing one farthing to fierce HAZELDINE.

And that is my story. I know we shan't quarrel
If I venture to leave out the evident moral:
Let's hope that H. H. will get mild, and a wife,
And PHŒBE and SAMUEL be happy for life.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

July 20, Monday. LORD CAMPBELL, ever eager to rout up the poor CHANCELLOR, gave him notice to be ready next night upon the Jew question. The Thames mud was put into the hands of the Lord Mayor by 44 to 5, and a Bill for making the Liverpool corporation apply the Mersey dues to their original object, the improvement of the harbour, was carried by 23 to 15, the outcry, usual when robbery or jobbery is assailed, being raised about the rights of private property.

Government has allowed so much chattering in the Commons, that it is now necessary to throw over the Savings Banks Bill. Mr. BENTINCK complained that the country was not adequately defended, and that LORD PALMERSTON was neither omniscient nor even omnipotent, also that no one could say what might happen in the next few weeks. There was some desultory talk on all these propositions, and PAM assured the House that, as far as he saw, all was serene, and that he was sending 20,000 men, of all arms, to India. A dull debate on the Chinese war followed, and SIR C. WOOD seemed rather to take credit to the Government for that war, as it had caused troops to be sent to China, which troops were collared, *en route*, and would be most useful in India. On the Wills Bill debate the persevering BETHELL made another but an indirect attempt at the limitation of country probate, but the Committee would not hear of it, and he had to abandon his clause. The Chelsea New Bridge Bill (the Bridge to Battersea Park) was read a second time. It imposes no tolls on foot-passengers, but it is thought that those who can afford vehicles can afford the two-pence to go over.

Tuesday. LORD ST. LEONARD's introduced a plan for simplifying, as he called it, the title to real property, but at best, (*Punch* speaks with all deference to the preternatural conveyancing knowledge of the author of *Vendors and Purchasers*.) his reforms are mere tinkering, and what is wanted is a system cognate to that on which the Encumbered Estates Courts in Ireland sell a title that is good against all the lawyers in and out of Pandemonium.

CAMPBELL catechised CRANWORTH touching the Jew penalty case, but got a very short answer. The L. C. J. impressively warned the House of Commons against trying to seat a Jew by resolution, as it would expose him to penalties which he, CAMPBELL, would assuredly enforce, and then, if the Commons sent him to Newgate or the Tower, "he hoped the people would rise in his defence." BROUGHAM, also, trusted that the Commons would attempt nothing of the kind. If CAMPBELL should wish to hide himself, for a time, from the fury of the

Commons, let him come to 85, Fleet Street, where he shall be safe against all comers; and we would not give much for the seat of the nether garment of the Serjeant-at-Arms after *Toby* shall have been apprised of his unconstitutional errand.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL moved for leave to bring in his device for seating M. DE ROTHSCHILD. It was, of course, opposed vigorously by the Conservatives, but on division, triumphed by 246 to 154, majority 92, at the announcement of which numbers the opposition began shouting, because 92 is a smaller number than 140, the majority by which the Oaths Bill was carried. Meantime the BARON takes the Hundreds (it must seem a paltry operation to one who ordinarily takes the thousands) in order to re-election by the City. The old attempt to get at agricultural statistics is revived, but MR. CAIRD'S Bill is not compulsory. The B. F. is to give you information, if he likes.

Wednesday. The LORDS have inserted a clause in the Great Northern Railway Bill, making the "preference" Shareholders as liable as the common ones to bear the losses occasioned by REDPATH'S swindling. The Commons struck it out, on the principle, that the rights of the preference people were sacred. MOORE, of Mayo, being ejected from the House, his Sham, the Tenant Right Bill, followed him, to-day.

Thursday. CRANNY, wishing to show that he could say something, came out with a bit of Latin. *Interest reipublice ut sit finis Litium.* This was the satisfactory answer to a poor man who was utterly defrauded of justice by the last Chancellor's having delayed judgment for fifteen months, and then giving it, in forgetfulness, in an opposite direction, on an important point, to that in which he had decided at the hearing. The unhappy petitioner will probably translate CRANNY'S Latin, "It's for the Interest of the Public that judges should Sit and Finish, even if they're obliged to order Lights." BROUGHAM brought in a Bill for improving the Bankruptcy Laws, the chief use of which seems to be (like that of a gentleman's country house) to "make improvements" therein.

The Superannuation Swindle came up at the morning sitting, and MR. WILSON laboured vehemently, and with a profuse expenditure of figures, to show that the civil servants had no ground for complaint. He, however, remarked that by new taxation, the salaries might be increased, a piece of impertinence which is not likely to be forgotten by MR. WILSON'S devoted admirers. The debate was adjourned.

The miserable-looking device which is given to English Military Members of the Order of the Bath was unfavourably contrasted with the Silver Star given to the French *decorés*, and LORD PALMERSTON thought there might be improvement. The evening was devoted to discussion on Money Votes, and the Government fenced and shuffled with questions as to the site for the National Gallery, LEWIS saying he had not seen the Commissioners' Report, and GREY that he had not had time to read it. MR. CONINGHAM pledged himself to expel the Royal Academy next year, unless Government saved him the trouble.

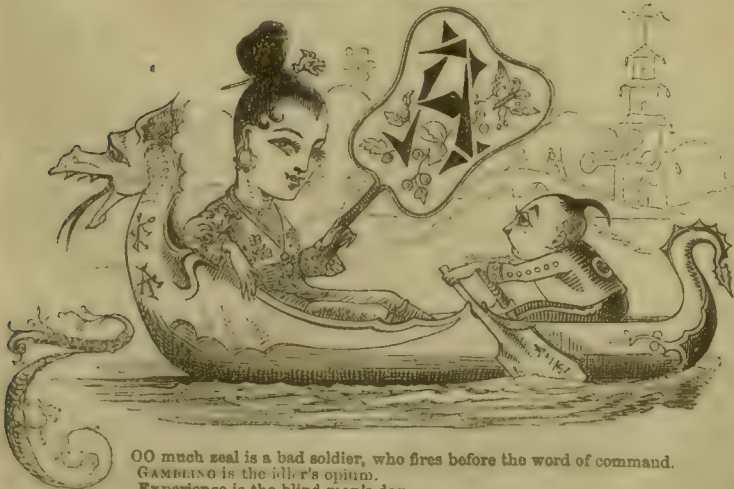
Friday. LORD RAVENSWORTH complained of the metropolitan toll-

gates. Most of them, he said, were in the hands of one LEVY, a Jew, who as his Lordship wittily remarked, Levied contributions on travellers. He was about to make other epigrams, such as that this check upon gadding about showed that the tribe of LEVI hated the tribe of GAD, and so on, but LORD GRANVILLE stopped him, promising that the subject should receive an attention not merited by the jokes. LORD FORTESCUE then demanded that Government should erect a monument to LORD RAGLAN. LORD PANMURE thought that precedent was opposed to the erecting public monuments to any naval or military man who was not slain in battle. It is difficult to read such trash with patience. LORD RAGLAN was as much killed in the discharge of his duty as any of the heroes who died in the Balaklava charge. We can almost excuse LORD DERBY for having lost his temper, and, for the sake of annoying PANMURE, having aggravated him into petulance, and then scolded him for being petulant, as he did, after which the DUKE OF BEAUFORT reminded the Lords that LORD PANMURE had always behaved ill to LORD RAGLAN, and so the matter ended.

A thousand and eighteen electors of Oxford city voted for WILLIAM THACKERAY, but as many, and sixty-seven more, having supported their old Member, MR. CARDWELL, the latter took his seat this evening. MR. DISRAELI refused to wait until the next Indian mail should arrive before discussing the Indian question, being justifiably afraid that the probable arrival of good news might give Government an advantage. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER stated that Government was not bound to carry out any one of the prize designs for Public Offices, and would do nothing in the matter this Session. We hope, however, that the prize-money will be at once handed over to the gallant (drawing) Boarders. The Divorce Bill was then moved, for second reading, and MR. HENLEY opposed its coming on this Session, mentioning among other reasons that 6000 Clergymen had petitioned against it. We attach their due weight to professional petitions against alteration in established forms, and remember that thousands of Attorneys petitioned against County Courts. SIR G. GREY saw no reason for delay, the Bill having been thoroughly discussed. MR. GLADSTONE felt no difficulty as to the principle of the Bill, and therefore, with Gladstonian logic, deprecated its being proceeded with, as did MR. BOWYER, for the Catholics. LORD JOHN MANNERS justly remarked that marriage was an Awful thing. LORD STANLEY thought that the objection of the Clergy was not so much to divorce as to their having to marry divorced people, which was a generous but Quixotic defence of those whom LORD ALBEMARLE declared to be grossly ignorant persons. The Crown lawyers and those who desire to be such, had a set-to, the noticeable point whereof was SIR R. BETHELL'S calling the attention of the House to the fact, that MR. GLADSTONE perspired a good deal in speaking, and then PALMERSTON apprised the House that the Bill *should* be proceeded with, late as was the period of the Session, adding that *he remembered sitting until the middle of September.* After these terrible words, it is not surprising that MR. HENLEY was defeated by 217 to 130, and that the Second Reading was ordered for the following Thursday.

A SMALL PACKET OF CHINESE TEA LEAVES.

Kindly sent over by SIR JOHN BOWRING.



OO much zeal is a bad soldier, who fires before the word of command.
GAMBLING is the ill-r's opinion.
Experience is the blind man's dog.
Memory is the tax-gatherer of the past.

Ignorance shuts its eyes, and believes it is night.
Conquerors are like fires—the greater their brilliancy, the larger the ruin they leave behind them.

Advice, like water, takes the form of the vessel it is poured into.
There is a policeman in every man's conscience—even though you may not always find the policeman on the beat.

SOUND AND SENSE.

AMONG other items of recent intelligence, we find it stated, that the annual letting of the "celebrated Babraham rams" took place the other day. This statement contains a pretty example of the poetical and rhetorical figure onomatopœia; and if the fashion of writing pastorals should be revived, we would strongly recommend the selection of Babraham for the scene or *venue* of an eclogue between shepherds and shepherdesses. How suggestive is the sound of the word! how touchingly it recalls the lay with which the infancy of everybody was familiar; commencing with the line—

"Baa, baa, black sheep!"

One magic word has awakened the echoes of that old, old song, and recalled the scenes of other days. There is the old house at home, with the old faces; the nursery, the little toys, the sugar-plums, the brimstone and treacle, the grey powder. Again we view the green meadows wherein we used to play with the young lambs. Where are they now? They were eaten, long, long ago, with mint-sauce. We called them baa-lambs then—as we remembered with a sigh, whilst the bleating of rams rang on our mental ear, and whilst, in gasping accents, we spasmodically exclaimed, "Babraham!"

A Convenient Cloak.

MR. HUNCKS (familiarily known as OLD HUNCKS) refuses to buy his wife a fashionable mantle, on the plea that it must necessarily be accompanied by so much trimming and up-braiding.

A NOAH'S ARK OF A HEART.



we should not have laid ourselves open to its penalties every time we had the cruelty to quizz WISCOUNT WILLIAMS.

However, there is not the toss-up of a doubt that the Bill would have had the effect of entirely sweeping away the Zoological Gardens. Poor MR. MITCHELL! he would not have had so much as a Cobra left him to play with. You have no right, says our sensitive lord, to keep any animal under confinement, so as to irritate him. What, then, is to become of all the bears, lions, tigers, and box constrictors that are confined in their cages in the Regent's Park? What are you to do with the rhinoceros? How are you to get over the two hippopotami? Are they all to be let loose upon the neighbourhood? or must you destroy them? But here, again, is another difficulty; for LORD RAYNHAM says, you have no right to inflict pain on any living creature. However, there is no more chance of the Bill passing, than there is of the Master of Mint passing a bad shilling; so our cooks need not alarm themselves at the prospect of being taken up for smashing a blackbeetle.

The Animals' great friend has, hitherto, been MR. RICHARD MARTIN. LORD RAYNHAM is a worthy successor, for we should say that the clauses of his absurd attempt at legislation must have been written under the ocular and joocular supervision of MR. MARTIN'S Elizabethan namesake—the celebrated MISS BETTY MARTIN. The Bill can only have been the result of the wildest outbreak of animal spirits, and the next time his Lordship tries to take the bull by the horns, he must do it with a less cruel hand, or else he will infallibly find himself stuck on the horns of a dilemma by being the first person punished under his own enactment. For his overweening sympathy for beasts, we can only say, in the borrowed words of a Frenchman, that it is:—*"Bête!—très Bête!—tout ce qu'il y a de plus Bête!"*

"HERE WE ALL ARE!"

THESE marrying people give us a great deal of trouble. The other day we were obliged to offer opinions upon no fewer than six matches in high life, on which the *Morning Post* consulted us. (By the way, the footman, who told the *Post* that LORD CASTLEROSSE was going to marry a certain lady, humbugged our contemporary, as the latter has been obliged to own in penitence and tears.) Now we find thrust under our superhuman nose the following advertisement of a marriage in humble life:—

"On the 14th inst. at Shenfield, Essex, by the REV. C. J. YORK, Rector, MR. ALFRED BARTON, Auctioneer and Estate Agent, Nottingham, to CHARLOTTE, eldest daughter of THOMAS BARTON, Esq., Winthorpe, near Brentwood, *only daughter* of the late WILLIAM WARREN, Esq., Hampden House, near Romford, *only* of the late JAMES WARD, Esq., Wilby Park, Farnham, Surrey, and *only* to THOMAS SANDERLEY, Esq., late High Sheriff for the county of Sussex, the late HON. LADY STANHOPE, and LIET-GEN. EZEKIAL BARTON, of the First Native Infantry of the Hon. East India Company."

As Hamlet says, "what imports the nomination" of all these people? Why has this respectable auctioneer presented the public with this catalogue of his wife's relations, lumped in one Lot? What on earth have we to do with them? The problem, combined with the heat, disturbed us so much, that we took off our coat to consider the case more deeply, but we can arrive at no satisfactory conclusion. It certainly occurred to us that the advertisement was a delicate way of hinting to various persons that they might send in wedding presents. But it is not an ordinary custom for deceased parties to perform this act of politeness and generosity, and no fewer than three of the people enumerated are defunct. Well, then we fancied that the advertisement might be a burst of pride and glory on the part of the auctioneer, who might exult in alliance with the aristocracy. But auctioneers are usually smart men, and know that connection with an Ex-Sheriff and a General of Sepoys is no such marvellous thing for a prosperous man of business (which we hope BARTON is) to make a fuss about. Lastly, and this is only a guess, and may be all wrong—is the bride's family "highly genteel" and opposed to commercial pursuits, and has the lady had more sense than all her friends, and is this the bridegroom's pardonable taunt to the Stuck-ups? If so, we applaud BARTON, and so we do it is so, because we really see no other excuse for the publication of such a string of names at the end of a wedding announcement.

THE BURIAL OF BÉRANGER.

Al! BÉRANGER, you brave old singer,
Of all the things you hated worst,—
That felt your lash's lustiest stinger,—
Tyrant and Jesuit were first.

At Jesuitry, whate'er its robe,
Kingly or Priestly, still you scoffed:
Stabbed it with laughter round the globe,
Exposed each mask it donned or doffed.

Imprisoned under CHARLES THE TENTH,
Imprisoned under "MR. SMITH,"
Your pen but gathered greater strength,
More salt, more gall, more point and pith.

Then came the days of 'Forty-Eight:
Grown wiser still as you grew older;
You stepped not out to serve the State,
But only shrugged the coldest shoulder.

Smiling beside your modest fire
At poets grey, turned statesmen green:
Heard HUGO vent rhetoric ire,
And sighed o'er poor old LAMARTINE.

You saw the social bubble burst,
As kingly ones had burst before;
But still your green old age you nurs't,
And poked your fire, and shut your door.

Against the nephew of the man
Whom in your youth you made a God:
By whose triumphal car you ran:
Your Attila—Heaven's scourging rod.

The nephew had giv'n gold for laud,
Hard francs for flattery's hollow ring;
But his mixed reign of force and fraud
Was not the reign that you could sing.

So, while you lived, you sat aloof,
As one late-fall'n on evil days.
Equally fear and favour-proof:
Not venting blame: not feigning praise.

Defiant thus you died: once dead,
Alas, the nephew has his way.
Presumes to crown the lifeless head,
Which, living, frowned his hand away.

And, bitterest lot, old bard, for you,
Scarce cold, they earth your hurried bier,
With hollow show of honours due,
That serve to mask the tyrant's fear.

"Mournful and Patriotic rites!"
Sabres and bayonets line the way:
The flag, that graced the Uncle's fights,
Droops sadly o'er your captive clay.

Jesuit and Despot, both in one,
Usher you to your hasty grave.
Sad closing of a course so run—
Death that frees most, makes you a slave!

Making Game of a Friend.

"WELL, what do you say to the Lords' division?" asked BARON ROTHSCHILD, the other day, of MR. BERNAL OSBORNE.

"Say?" replied OSBORNE, unfeelingly:
"why, as the croupier at Baden says, *Le Jeu est fait!*"



THE ROUND HAT AT A REVIEW.

Officer (blandly, but with firmness). "WE MUST TROUBLE YOU, IF YOU PLEASE, LADIES, TO TAKE YOUR HATS OFF. THE GENTLEMEN BEHIND COMPLAIN THAT THEY CAN'T SEE."

THE SOCIAL TREADMILL. No. 12.

"FROM my own social experience I should be inclined to say that 'a little music'—like 'a little knowledge'—is 'a dangerous thing.' I suppose we shall all agree that of the many varieties of the evening-party-punishment, none can well be more severe than that to which one is sentenced by a card, with the apparently innocent word 'Music' at the bottom of it. Let me enumerate the different inflictions of social torture included in this insidious dissyllable.

"*Imprimis.* It means crowding four hundred people, of both sexes and all ages, into a space sufficient to accommodate about half the number.

"*Secondly.* It means that all these four hundred unfortunates are to be planted in chairs, so placed, that not one of the four hundred can get up without disturbing all the rest—Like WORDSWORTH'S cloud, the mass must 'move all together, if it move at all.'

"*Thirdly.* It means, either, enduring trash vocal or crash instrumental, which it is pure waste of time, and degradation of human ears, to listen to, or,

"*Fourthly.* Hearing sweet melodies and noble harmonies under conditions of discomfort and distraction, which utterly destroy the exquisiteness of the one, and the grandeur of the other.

"*Fifthly.* It means conversation prevented.

"*Sixthly.* It means confining one's view of the ladies to their back-hair, or the floral and leguminous ornaments which embellish the female *nugue* now-a-days.

"*Seventhly.* It implies, in nine cases out of ten, an insufferable display either of amateur impudence, or artistic mediocrity.

"*Eighthly.* It shows JOHN BULL in some of his most offensive phases of snobbishness, and purse-pride.

"*Ninthly.* It is tedious.

"*Tenthly.* It is costly.

"And to conclude, it encourages bad music; keeps up the mischievous delusion that the English are a musical nation; and brings over annually to these shores a set of impudent and incapable pretenders, who degrade a divine art, and laugh at the British beard. Music!

This a musical party! These four hundred bored, *blasé*, over-heated, over-crowded, sufferers—and at the upper end of the room that knot of dark-whiskered, blue-chinned, black-moustached, short-cropped men—looking like the lately discharged cargo of a continental convict-ship—and that cluster of hard-featured, hollow-eyed, foreign women, entrenched behind the rampart of an ERARD'S or BROADWOOD'S grand pianoforte, much bethumped by the long-haired Teutonic or Gallic, or Italian accompanist, at a pound for the evening, and refreshments! No, you deceive yourself, MR. BULL. This is *not* music. What musical appreciation there may be in this audience—what musical utterance there may be in the soul, or throat, or fingers of these vocalists or instrumentalists—finds no outlet in this place under these conditions. The man who bought Punch from the puppet-show-man and thought he would squeak, and speak, and break everybody's head, without the ingenious artist in the show-box, was not more out in his calculation than my LORD DUKE OF DREARYCOURT, or HIS GRACE THE MARQUIS OF CARABAS, or MR. MONEYPENNY, the great City capitalist, when he hires HERR BLAUSENBALG, and SIGNOR SQUALINI, and SIGNORA DANARI GUADAGNA, at ten guineas per song, in the expectation of getting music out of them. These people have a contempt for their magnificent employer, as they sit there, in their scornful isolation, behind the grand piano. Their music ought to translate itself—both for them and for you—into the clink of sovereigns. '*Sing a Song of Sixpence*,' is the motto of both employers and employed. They give their notes in exchange for yours. Hear them talk of England; they are at no pains to conceal their contempt for every thing in and about the country,—but its guineas; and you have no right to blame them. You buy their songs, just as you buy your pine-apples, and your plate and your pictures: because opera-singers and pine-apples, and plate and pictures, are types and symbols of wealth and consequence.

"There have been times when England was musical. But they came long before the epoch of operas, and 'nobility's concerts,' and 'musical evenings.' Those were the days of good QUEEN BESS, when scarce a man or woman, high or low, but could bear a part in glee or madrigal or part-song—when in manor, and farm, and village ale-house,



SCENE FROM IVANHOE.

(LATEST EDITION.)

GRAND MASTER (E—L OF D—Y). "BACK, DOG! I TOUCH NOT MISBELIEVERS, SAVE WITH THE—BETTING-BOOK.
WHAT WILL YOU DO ABOUT *BLINK BONNY*?"



and rustic church, cunningly blended voices went up continually, 'in linked sweetness long drawn out'—when the maiden of high degree sung at her virginals or lute, the minstrel at the market-cross to his viol or crowd, the milk-maid to the birds over her pail—when music was a part of every man's education and of every woman's accomplishment.

"You musical! You might as well call the Mussulman fond of dancing, when he hires his troop of Almehs, or Ghawazies, or the Hindoo, with his Nautch-girls rattling their bangles before his lazy eyes.

"There can be no music on these terms of a crowded and uncomfortable audience in front of the piano, and a batch of hired singers, sulkily and separate, behind it. It is at best a weary, dreary, serving up of operative scraps—a meal of musical broken meat, flung as contemptuously to those who sit down to it, as the orris of yesterday's table are flung to a crowd of beggars at a rich man's door. Music demands for its real enjoyment, ample room, silence, genuine intercommunion of performers and listeners. It is the most social and select of all amusements, in its minor forms. In its grander ones it is the most passionate of all utterances of emotion, or the most sublime and awful of all acts of worship.

"I understand a part-song of MASTER WILLBYE'S in Elizabethan days. I understand the Vinedressers' Chorus in an Italian grape-ground. I understand the rude round in the fore-castle of an Indianan, or the chant that times the heaving of the anchor in a North country coaster. I understand the lyrical swing, and passion of the Opera, heard from a curtained-box, with room for one's legs, and a pleasant companion opposite. I understand the Hundredth Psalm, rung from the thousand children's throats under the dome of St. Paul's. I understand BEETHOVEN at Exeter Hall, or HANDEL at the Crystal Palace. All these are music. But I do not, and I pray Heaven, I never may understand, your drawing-room concerts. There is weariness in them: there is vanity in them: there is money-power in them. But music there is not."

WIGGY-CUM-COCKY.



THE Women of Bristol once upon a time—there is no harm in mentioning it now,—were so singularly unfavoured by the deity who confers the gift of Beauty (we apologise for not naming her, but our *Lempiere* has been borrowed by a contributor to the *Saturday Review*), that in order to help them to those necessities of feminine life—husbands, it was decreed that the freedom of the City of Bristol should be given to any man who would go into conjugal slavery with a Bristol girl. Now, of course, a Bristolian would toss you over St. Augustine's Back, or into the Severn, did you assert that the ladies of the place are not perfect angels.

We, even did not truth and gallantry forbid it, should scorn to advance any allegation against the loveliness of Bristol. The city of the marvellous Boy produces marvellous girls. But there is another town in whose favour we are disposed to think some such matrimonial bait will one of these days be wanted. This town is Leicester. We say it sorrowfully; for we had good hopes of a city that, at the last election turned out a very pretentious and useless personage, SIR JOSHUA WALMSLEY. The Leicester women, however, seem to lack the brains of their lords and masters.

The other day we read that the women of Leicester, in flat defiance of their duty to their superiors who had ejected JOSHUA, went to that individual with an address, in order to console him. They had perhaps heard from COWPER (though it is doubtful whether such fast females could condescend to read a mere virtuous, namby-pamby, moral writer) that—

"The tear that is wiped with A little Address,
May be followed, perchance, by a smile."

This little Address ought to have cheered JOSHUA, who was himself proverbial for the little address with which he took up any political question. But, not satisfied, the Leicester Women have been holding a meeting in the Town Hall, in favour of Woman's Rights.

MRS. WOODFORD was in the chair, and MRS. COCKAYNE, MRS.

WIGFIELD, and MRS. KING, were the principal speakers. It is stated in the report that though the active people in the matter were of the humbler class, the ladies of Leicester promoted the movement. The account of what WOODFORD, COCKY, and KING said is brief, but MOTHER WIGGY came out astonishingly. She set forth that woman was taken from man's rib to show her equality with him, and that had he been meant to trample on her, she would have been taken from his foot. This is highly superior logic, but why was she not taken from his head, to make the equality still more clear? Equal provision was made for her, Mrs. WIGGY says, in the Ark. This is true, but we are unacquainted with any evidence to show that NOAH's wife and female relatives did not dust up the Ark and keep it tidy, offices which the Orientals have an old habit of confiding to their women. WIGGY also complained that though MIRIAM was allowed to go about with a timbrel, "our women are not permitted to speak in public." This, we admit, is a grievance, but as regards MRS. WIGFIELD, we do not see any objection to her going about with a tambourine, if the musical instrument-sellers find any difficulty in supplying her with a timbrel. Evidently, some such occupation is her mission. She then denounced Primogeniture. How the law of primogeniture interferes with woman's interests is not clear, inasmuch as if Mrs. WIGGY has sisters, and an estate devolves on her and them, they will all take alike, by the rules of descent. But the arrangement by which one child is born after another, is, we admit, a question for the ladies, and if they can settle it in any other way than at present, we see no objection.

But the grand allegation, and that which the meeting chiefly cheered and relied upon was this: "Woman is man's equal in everything—EXCEPT PHYSICAL STRENGTH."

O WIGGY! O COCKY! O all you women of Leicester, and everywhere else, will you kindly consider, only for a minute, what this little extra gift of Physical Strength, of which you speak so lightly, means, and what are its responsibilities? It means, getting up every morning, whether you like it or not, working one's hardest at what work one can get, pleasant or hateful, fighting for the pay thereof, beating off all who would touch that pay, and taking it home to buy food and clothes for you and your children. It means building the houses you live in, the carriages you ride in, the steamers you go pleasuring in, and being fined, imprisoned, or transported, if the houses fall, the carriages run off lines, or the ships go down. It means ploughing and sowing and reaping, that you may have bread for puddings and poultices. It means sailing the ocean to fetch you tea to chatter over, and silk to flirt in. It means paying your debts while one can, and when one can't, going to prison for 'em. It means keeping you, from wedding-ring to coffin-rings, and being scoffed at by the world, and kicked at by the law, if, during that period, one neglects the work. This is a little of what Physical Strength means—that little exception to perfect equality. And O COCKY! O WIGGY! O all of you! we are very happy that it should be so, if you will just dust up our Arks, and keep them tidy, comb the hair of our little children, and sometimes see to a button. Come, girls, come, it's not a hard bargain for you, after all.

But catch us marrying a Leicester woman—at least unless Leicester, female, repudiates the WIGGY-CUM-COCKY demonstration. Let Leicester get a name for this sort of thing, and its spinsters will find it no easy matter to get any other names than those they now wear. The Mayor will have to bait the trap with freedoms.

Election Committee Bulletin.

MR. MOORE,
Is shown the door;
MR. NEATE,
Has lost his seat;
MR. MERRY,
Is downcast, very;
And MR. O'FLARTY,
'S a flabberghasted party.

There you have the decisions (condensed in a small way),
For Mayo, and Oxford, and Falkirk, and Galway.

Cause and Effect.

A PARAGRAPH has been going the round of the newspapers, about a rat which trotted across the floor of the House of Commons, during one of the late very miscellaneous debates. It is not generally known that MR. ROEBUCK was the first to perceive the intruder. "Ha! that reminds me," said the honourable member for Sheffield, and immediately put his "He-rat motion" on the paper. This quite explains what some have called the strangely inopportune character of the motion.

MISANTHROPY, BY DOUBLE ENTRY.—To escape from the boredom of ourselves we fly into the world—and to escape from the boredom of others we are only too glad to fly home again.

ALL-WORK AND SOME PLAY.



to genteel people for writing a book to servant, but you begin boldly:—"Much of the comfort of numerous households depends upon that very useful person, the Maid-of-All-Work." You proceed to show how everything is expected from her, and nothing is taught her, or how a cookery-book, prescribing expensive processes, described in inexact language, is given her for her discomfiture and for quarrels with her mistress, and how she blunders through servitude to become the blundering wife of a poor man, whom she will always keep poor. Then, M'm, you set to work to help her and her mistress also, and you give, in plain language, and with practical advice, instructions for some thirty dinners, to the preparation whereof comes in almost every article likely to be cooked for the class that employs the Maid-of-All-Work. You will observe, MRS. WARREN, that we have read your book.

Your book is by no means perfect, M'm, and before it reaches a third edition (our copy is from the second) you will be good enough to go carefully through every page, and revise it. For instance, M'm, in the Boiled Leg of Mutton dinner, you are pleased to observe, "Weigh the mutton, place it in scalding water enough to just cover it; after it bubbles, allow a quarter of an hour to every pound it weighs, and eight minutes to every half pound." What do you mean, woman? At this rate, a leg of six pounds must be boiled six quarters of an hour and ninety-six minutes. You don't mean that, dear lady? At least, if you do, don't ask us to dine with you off your Boiled Leg.

In the Peas and Bacon dinner, MRS. WARREN, you remark, "Another way of dressing peas, and where there are children they go much farther," &c. How much farther do the children go? And farther, from what? From the table? Then, you know, they drop their orts on the carpet, and when getting down, tread the mess into it. You should tell the Maid to push their chairs close up to the table—Eh? You meant that peas go farther. We beg your pardon.

Don't let us catch you putting common vinegar into the salad, as proposed at page 33, that's all.

We applaud your politeness even to a pig. "Send with it to the baker's a quarter pound of butter, and request it to be frequently rubbed with this." No pig of good breeding could refuse a request so urged. And it is a very good reason for cutting up, before sending up, boiled rabbits, that "otherwise they look somewhat like cats." The same thought occurred to us at a Parisian restaurant, last year, while eating a pseudonymous cat, disguised as a rabbit. "A table-spoonful of BROWNING to the calf's-head soup" (p. 51) may be tried, but we never found that gentleman's writings at all suited to a calf's head.

Fresh as a country girl's song comes the Boiled Mackerel receipt. "April and May, when the fennel is springing,"—why, MRS. WARREN, you are a poetess yourself. MRS. BROWNING (darling of the above, and of us) might have written—

"April and May is the time for this fish,
When the Fennel is springing,
Put into hot water (some salt) and then dish,
When the fourth of an hour has elapsed—I could wish
No boiling—but simmering and singing;
And O for the sauce-boat (there's no rhyme but Fish!)
Where Fennel and Butter lies clinging."

You may have these beautiful lies for your next edition, M'm, welcome as the flowers of mackerel month.

MRS. WARREN, please to come here, M'm. No, SAM, not you, we have castigated you, our boy, Now and Then (*ha! ha!*), and may have to do so again; but we never called you a woman. It is MRS. WARREN, "editress of *Drawing-Room Magazine*, *Books of the Boudoir*, *Time-thrift*," &c., whom we want, and 'specially in her character of authoress of the only one of her works which *Mr. Punch* has had the honour of seeing, *Cookery for Maids of All-Work*. Come here, M'm, and don't be frightened. You have tried to do a good thing, and you have succeeded, M'm.

We picked up your book at a railway station, and desire to see it at all railway stations. The Address gave us good hopes of you. You do not apologise

folks who keep but one

About Scalloping Oysters, M'm. You would lead a stupid girl into a blunder for which an Irish oyster eater of a hasty temper would very justifiably throw her out at the window of his apartment. You say, "Take off the beards, set them in a dish or tin, rub crumbs over them," &c. Pray, be quick with a new edition, ere some wretched girl fall a victim—remember, oysters are all but in.

"Where children are." A simple phrase, but one with immense significance, and we are glad to see it occur very often in your book, in company with advice how to render eligible for the olive-branches the dish of which you are treating. Specially, we note on p. 29 the hint that suet pudding will please and satisfy them more than bread. After a good help of the former article, we certainly believe that the affectionate remonstrance, "More? why, my dear, you must have got a wolf inside you," will be superfluous.

Well, M'm, we don't know that we need detain you. We have picked a few holes in your book, but as KING PEDRO said to MARIA DE PADILLA, when he had gone and married somebody else, "it all was for thy good." Let us add that your gossip with young mistresses is very sensible, but you should give some more of it, and in a separate book. This one is for the Maid, and your preface might set her educating her Mistress, a salutary process, no doubt, but one which from what we have observed of lady-temperament, is not calculated to promote long connection between the parties.

And now, M'm, we have said our say. Knowing how much domestic comfort has to do with domestic morals, *Mr. Punch* aids any effort to teach our women, of all ranks, and accidentally discovering you as his fellow-labourer, he has generously given you this Thundering Puff.



SILVER SUPERSEDED.

PASTEBOARD, tinsel, and spangles, according to LORD HOTHAM, constitute the star of the Order of the Bath; and GENERAL CODRINGTON thinks that it ought to be formed of silver instead, and that Parliament would not begrudge paying for a few stars which would be given for distinguished naval and military services. In the event of another war, the stars which would have to be given would, we trust, be not a few; but both Parliament and the country would, no doubt, be regardless of expense incurred by making those stars out of proper metal. The question is, whether in the adoption of that metal, cheapness would not be combined with economy. What metal could be more proper for the star with which BRITANNIA decorates her warriors than BRITANNIA metal?

ORIENTAL PROBLEM FOR PARLIAMENT.—If the East India Board of Directors is one stool, and the Board of Control is another stool, what is our Indian Empire, and whither do we expect it to go?

HINTS TO THE HOT.



THE delightful heat is an excuse for almost everything. The thermometer is at 119°, and may be at 200° for aught we know by the time we publish. We are perfectly calm. We dictate every line of our own, and keep a stupid young man to read all contributions and correspondence; but, as humanity to the inferior creation is our forte, we allow him to stand in our water-butt with an umbrella over him, and to drink as much stout as he can without subsiding down among the tadpoles. He has just bawled to us, that he makes neither head nor tail of an article sent in by MR. DISRAELI. We can't be bothered with writing to DISRAELI—he must take this notice to be brighter, or we shall curtail his salary.

The heat is an excuse for

almost anything. But not quite. We hear that divers people of our acquaintance are going extreme lengths. This is to signify that they must pull up.

AUGUSTUS DE MONTMORENCY will oblige us by resuming his waistcoat and cravat, and by putting on his gloves before he goes out. Walking about Berkeley Square with his naked hands hanging down, no collars nor vest, and a great cigar in his mouth, is conduct which his father the Viscount would not approve, nor do we.

JACK WIGGLES has only £150 a-year in the Post Office, and certainly cannot afford to take a Hansom there and back every day, especially when he considers the state of his laundress's book. Let him breakfast early and walk slowly to his duty. It is not of the slightest consequence what time he gets home.

If HERBERT WATKINS, of Somerset House, drinks twelve large glasses of iced Seitzer and Sherry every day, he will do himself harm. We limit him to five.

We have a strong notion that MISS MARY WILTON comes down to breakfast without any stockings. She shuffles to her seat in a hurry and never moves from it till everybody else is gone. We forgive the past in consequence of her being only fifteen years old, but she must complete her toilette for the future.

There is no objection to FRANK SOMERS's lying on the sofa all night instead of going to bed, but there is great objection to his keeping that bottle of Inverness whiskey and a cigar-box beside him.

The Reverend IGNATIUS LLOYD was engaged to write by the year, without reference to weather, and we will trouble him for "copy" instead of feeble observations on the enervating influence of the atmosphere. He will look precious queer if it enervates us so much that we can't take out our cheque-book on Saturday next.

MATILDA WALTERS will not push her hair behind her ears, or braid it either, but will wear her ordinary curls, in which she looks almost pretty.

We heard of the sham telegraph message that fetched DICKEY BROWN from a family party to Brighton, to see an aunt who was described as dangerously ill there, the old girl being perfectly well all the time, at Worthing; but, as Mrs. DICKEY has also heard of it, we need not add to BROWN's penance. And Wednesday was an awfully hot day to listen to one's relations, and their relations.

ALFRED VOPPS may think that the Club does not notice the way he walks into BADMINTON; but there are bets in the smoking-room as to whether he will do his four jugs in a day.

If it was "so hot" that HENRY POPPLES could not take his wife to hear GRIST and MARIO in the *Trovatore* on Thursday, how did it happen that he could be seen at midnight at EVANS's, hazily asking Mr. GREEN whether CHARLES THE SECOND had ever been in Mr. G.'s concert room?

Our contributor, ROBINSON, may write to us from his hip-bath if he likes, but he ought not to splash the paper all over. We thought at first, that it was tears of penitence for his shortcomings, until we were disabused by the flippancy of his mode of address, and we decline to be called "Old Cock." We are not an old cock.

LORD PALMERSTON has not come to ask for orders for two days. If he makes it three, we shall give them to his successor.

SUCCESS; A SONG OF VICIOUS INDIGNATION.

BY A HEBDOMADAL CRITIC.

AIR—"Home, Sweet Home!"

WHAT rage and what rancour, what wrath and distress,
I feel at a popular author's success,
With malice and fury it makes my heart flare,
And rends it with pangs too atrocious to bear.

Oh yes! I confess

There's nothing I hate like another's success.

Curse that man whose genius wins fortune and fame,
When I by dull prosing cannot do the same.
How gladly I would, if I could, pull him down,
And throw him, and all his, to starve on the Town!

Oh yes! &c.

How long will his tedious prosperity last?
Oh! when will the day of his credit be past?
Ah! when, with the rapture of hate, shall I gloat
Upon his lean figure and threadbare worn coat?

Oh yes! &c.

As staunch as a hound ever stuck to a deer,
In vain I pursue him with slander and sneer.
The more I abuse him, the more folks admire,
To madness which stings me, with envy on fire.

Oh yes! &c.

The heat of my passion is such, that it bakes
My blood, which by nature is cold as a snake's,
Till that bubbles up in an impotent hiss:
I spring and I snap—but my object I miss.

Oh yes! &c.

Yet still will I dog him with diligent spite;
I'll snarl and I'll snap, though unable to bite;
As long as he lives, I'll rail at him and rave;
Then yelp o'er, and scratch, the fresh mould on his grave.

Oh yes! &c.

THE SPURGEON ADVERTISER.

MR. SPURGEON must be greatly annoyed by the snobbish greediness with which his name is appropriated and turned to purposes of puffery; as in the advertisement following:—

REV. C. H. SPURGEON and the REV. W. VERNON.—The Sermon referred to by the latter gentleman, in his Letter to the *Morning Post*, on the 16th instant, forwarded amongst twelve preached at the Surrey Gardens before 10,000 of the nobility and gentry, out of 140 published, for 14 stamps by Judge for yourselves.

This abuse of the name of MR. SPURGEON for commercial objects is, he must feel, vexatiously calculated to impede his ministry. It drags him and it into association with sordid and ludicrous ideas. If his mission were that of another gentleman who shares his sphere of action, if not of usefulness, the case might be different. If, instead of lifting his forefinger, and suiting words to the action, it were his business to wave a music-staff at the Surrey Gardens, and regulate quadrilles, his vocation would have reference to time rather than to eternity. Then his name might be placarded and paraded in large letters, to the increase of the effect which it would be his object to produce on his hearers—the excitement of a rampant levity. But MR. SPURGEON's eloquence is supposed to have a serious aim, to which puffs and posters stand in ludicrous relation.

The other side of the river is not like the other side of the Atlantic, where if a preacher took occasion, in the course of his sermon, to advertise his own store, or stuck bills relative to his merchandise on the outside of his pulpit, he would probably in no degree diminish the impression of his discourse by resorting to those dodges in connection with it. It is a great shame to corrupt the reputation of MR. SPURGEON into the celebrity of PROFESSOR GULLAWAY. To vulgarise a preacher's good name is almost as bad as to rob him of it; and a remedy ought to be provided for such damage to reputation. What next? We shall perhaps have some irreverent and impudent tobacconist advertising SPURGEON Cigars!

Daft Objects.

A PETITION was presented the other night by COLONEL SYKES, from the Parochial Board of St. Nicholas, Aberdeen, approving of the objects of the Lunacy (Scotland) Bill, but disapproving of its enactments. This appears to mean, that the petitioners approve of idiots and madmen, but disapprove of the obligation to take any care of them.



COOL SUMMER DRESS.

"WHY, FRED, MY DEAR FELLOW, WHATEVER HAVE YOU GOT ON!"

"WHY, DON'T YOU SEE?—A PORTABLE REFRIGERATOR: DEUCED COMFORTABLE THIS HOT WEATHER, I CAN TELL YOU!"

AN ART-WELLINGTON.

THE Duke *passant*, the Duke *rampant*, the Duke *regardant*, the Duke *couchant*, the Duke in almost all manner of attitudes, may be said to have been designed by the competitors for the new Wellington Statue. A few more conceptions of the great Duke might be modelled—the Duke eating; the Duke drinking; the Duke washing his hands; the Duke shaving himself; the Duke mending a pen; the Duke cutting a cedar pencil, or, at an early period, scraping a slate one: the young Duke, then MASTER WELLESLEY, doing a sum. These would be simple designs; but if a more complex composition were desired, the Duke might be represented as receiving the congratulations of BUSINESS—the figure of BUSINESS being that of a grocer in an apron, and BUSINESS having a pen behind his ear.

Awakened, at last, to the fact that we cannot make a statue ourselves, we have invited foreign competition for the design of the Wellington Monument, but with indifferent results. The fact is, that the statue of a modern hero is a statue of clothes, which are comical, and make the figure invested by them a comic hero. Such a hero is no more a fit subject for sculpture than he is of heroic poetry. The hero in ADDISON'S *Campaign*, to be sure, rode on the whirlwind and directed the storm in a great wig; but an illustration representing him as he appeared on that occasion, would be funny.

The face of a statue in the modern costume, constitutes—when unusually well executed—the only difference between a work of art and a dummy. In the German slang of the day such an image might indeed be called an art-dummy. The only reason why, in criticising such a statue, a cobbler ought to confine himself to the *chaussure* is, that a cobbler is not a tailor. But in the case of the very best statue of a WELLINGTON that could be made, a cobbler would be a competent judge; for that statue would be a boot. Such was the monument which the contemporaries of our great Chief erected to him in leather. The cobbler would perhaps hold that, for the proposed memorial, there is still nothing like leather—but there he would be a prejudiced man. Let us endorse the taste and judgment of our predecessors, and per-

A MIDSUMMER MORNING'S DREAM.

A MORE than commonly interesting "Marriage in High Life" was reported the other day by our fashionable contemporary. This affair came off, not at All Swells', but at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge. The reporter mentions a remarkable feature of the entertainment—for such it really appears to have been—in stating that

"MENDELSSOHN'S 'Wedding March' was played upon the organ as the procession moved up to the altar, and until the bride and bridegroom had taken their places in front of the communion table."

In addition we are informed that—

"The service (performed with choral music) was unusually impressive."

The bride and bridegroom on this occasion will perhaps be surmised by some who know no better, to have been his GRACE, *Theseus*, Duke of Athens, and HER MAJESTY, *Hippolyta*, Queen of the Amazons. The altar up to which they moved to MENDELSSOHN'S "Wedding March," may be imagined to have been the Altar of HYMEN; whose torch may, for the nonce, have been placed upon it in lieu of tapers. The choral music with which the service was performed, and which was "unusually impressive," may be supposed to have been borrowed from the same work as the "March," and in being unusually impressive may be conceived to have been unusually jolly.

Immediately on the conclusion of the ceremony, the happy pair may be conjectured to have adjourned to the mansion of the noble bridegroom, where, after partaking of the customary collation, they witnessed a theatrical entertainment, consisting of a mock tragedy, composed by a humble dramatic author, and performed, in honour of the occasion, by a company of amateurs of the working classes.

A Shave.

MR. MUNTZ leaves Parliament from ill health. We hope he is not seriously ill or too unwell to enjoy the wittiest thing that has ever been said in our time; but which, if his indisposition is grave, we withdraw, with regret—namely, that he wants change of hair.

HOW TO GET A LADY TO SHOW HER FOOT. — Praise the foot of some one else!

petuate their idea in marble. We can make a decent boot, and may perhaps, make a tolerable statue of one.

The highest honour that we pay to our most illustrious personages is that of applying their names to boots—we denominate our highlows BLUCHERS, ALBERTS, COBURGS—and our boot of boots is the WELLINGTON. The most noble Order of the Boot is conferred on none but Princes and Warriors; there is the NEWTONIAN theory and the DAVY Lamp; but there are no NEWTONS at 14s. 6d. or DAVYS at 12s.

Indeed, the honour of the boot is very properly decreed only to those who have won their spurs, and the recollection of this circumstance may animate many a youthful private and predestined Field Marshal, whose feelings may be faintly expressed in the following lines:—

Said the bravest of young recruits,
I go where the cannons rattle,
My name with the names of boots
Shall shine for my deeds in battle!

Enough has probably now been said to convince everybody at all conversant with the subject, that the new WELLINGTON statue ought to be a WELLINGTON Boot.

OUR IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT, LAST WEEK.

WE had hoped to be in a condition to make, this week, the astounding revelation to which we referred in our last. We are. But we have reason to think, from communications which have reached us, that the world is not in a condition to receive the intelligence. A few days more of preparation seem imperatively demanded. We solemnly pledge ourselves, however, that nothing shall defer the announcement, in all its fulness, beyond our next number. In the mean time we earnestly implore all, all, without distinction of age or sex, to BEWARE OF THE ———!



"A CASE FOR THE POLICE." SCENE IN OXFORD STREET.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

July 27th, Monday. The relief of Divorce was afforded in three cases, but Mr. Punch is happy to state that the parties were rich, as was shown by their having paid a thousand guineas and more, a-piece, to obtain the Bills to which the QUEEN's assent was this day given. Such persons, of course, have a right to Parliamentary aid.

A little Indian debate was got up in the Lords, while a large one was raging in the Commons. LORD CLANRICARDE adduced some instances of the utter contempt with which young officers in the Indian service are taught to regard regimental duty. The DUKE OF ARGYLL thought it premature to discuss the question of India at all.

In the Commons LORD PALMERSTON was perpetually questioned as to whether he had heard from India, the telegraph being due. He had not, up to the close of the sitting at two in the morning, but on Tuesday private people received the tidings, published on Wednesday, that Delhi had not fallen, that the mutiny was spreading, that there was no Bengal army left, and that English soldiers were fast arriving. All this was unknown during the debate. MR. DISRAELI, himself not a bad representative of a mutinous Asiatic, denounced everything that had ever been done in India, and poor VERNON SMITH, to DIZZY's extreme delight, reproached him with being mischievous. DISRAELI wanted a Commission sent out to inquire into the grievances of the rebels, but this was too much for the English spirit of LORD JOHN RUSSELL, who moved as an amendment that the House should address the QUEEN, and assure her of every assistance in putting the rebels down. MR. THOMAS BARING, also, who might be the Tory Chancellor of the Exchequer if he chose (and LORD DERBY happened to come into office), pitched into his fellow Conservative very severely. MR. AYRTON, of the Tower Hamlets, who appears to have taken a vow to speak upon all occasions whatsoever, but who, having practised as a barrister in India, had some right to be heard to-night, tried to get the debate adjourned, but was beaten by 203 to 79. There was a good deal of speaking besides, and DISRAELI's taunting reply, when he had only to be personal and sarcastic, was evidently so much more in earnest than his speech, which dealt with grave interests, that he was very successful. He nicknamed LORD JOHN RUSSELL the Halcyon, brooding on bright waters, and (he added, with a little confusion of metaphor) playing a conciliatory card to assist Government. A halcyon at whist is a notion worthy an Asian mystic. Finally, the Halcyon's amendment was unanimously adopted.

Tuesday. The Liverpool people petition for Courts of Reconciliation, wherein quarrels may be settled at once, and the lawyers be prevented from plunder. The Liverpool people are sensible men, except in

petitioning for such things to two chambers, in one of which, almost the only men with brains are retired and enriched lawyers, and in the other the same noxious element is about ten times as prevalent. Why not establish such Courts for themselves, making compact to be bound by the decisions? The Fraudulent Trustees Bill was read a second time, LORD BROUGHAM telling a good story of a boy who, choosing a trade, begged to be brought up an "executor," having noticed that it must be a good business, as, ever since his father had been one, there had always been meat in the house.

SIR GEORGE GREY proposed to hand over the powers of the Board of Health to a Committee of the Educational Council, but finally gave it up, and arranged to take a continuance of the powers of the Board. The Metropolis and all the provincial cities being now so thoroughly drained and cleansed, the Thames being so completely purified, and every precaution being everywhere in readiness, should epidemic or disease break out, (the stench which happens to poison the House of Commons every day is a trifle not worth mentioning,) the health of the people—none of whom now live in crowded lodging-houses, without water and other conveniences—may be considered as perfectly cared for, and the "local" folks are right in asking to abolish a Board for which there is no further use.

The evening's debate was on Military Education, and when the bean-ideal which the House proposes to itself as the model of a British officer shall be realised, there will no longer be anything unreasonable in the sentiments of the females who reside in the neighbourhood of the Misses KENWICK, and behold in the wax image in the spirited young hairdresser's window that conformation found only in Military Men and Angels. A resolution that the military angels, especially those on the staff, ought to receive a higher education than now, and that competitive examination should be one of its elements, was agreed to.

The writs for Mayo and Galway were refused, and instead, the Irish Attorney-General was ordered to prosecute the priests CONWAY and RYAN. Some of the Irish members, of the anti-English party, opposed the prosecution, but were beaten by overwhelming majorities on three divisions, and indeed may be charitably supposed to have shown fight only to please their masters, the Irish priests.

Wednesday. Mr. Punch has but to put forth his influence in earnest to secure a glorious victory for any party into whose scale he may throw his sword. But as he would sooner be torn to pieces by wild horses, or talked to death by VISCOUNT WILLIAMS, than lend any aid, save in the cause of virtue and humanity, there is no fear of his gigantic powers being misdirected. This modest statement of his position and character will scarcely be deemed irrelevant (not that he cares whether it is thought so, or not) when he announces that on this day, Wednesday, the result of his exertions in favour of the Civil Servants of the Crown was the defeat of VISCOUNT PALMERSTON's strong Government by 171 to 111, on the Superannuation Bill. Mr. Punch thus secures to every Civil Servant who has more than one hundred a-year an increase of five per cent., and an increase of two and a half per cent. to every such servant with an income under that amount. Of the banquet which the Sixteen Thousand Servants intend to offer to Mr. Punch, in testimony of gratitude, full details will be given in due time.

MR. BERNAL OSBORNE delivered a rather amusing and abusing attack upon some people who had petitioned against his return for Dover, and two more victims were sacrificed at the altar of Purity of Election, the two members for Yarmouth. We thought something would come of the shower of Herrings announced the other day. These signs and tokens ought not to be neglected.

Thursday. LORD ELLENBOROUGH argued with much justice, that the Government of India was not directed by the GOVERNOR-GENERAL in person, but by secretaries and clerks. The old frumps in Leadenhall Street like a large batch of dispatches, because they look fussy and business-like, and so everything is done in writing, instead of officials being brought face to face, and settling matters in ten minutes. Some of these India House people make their servants address them in letters on all occasions. One Director insists on this sort of thing from his footman,—"Sir,—I have the honour to apprise you that Tea is ready in the drawing-room, and I am further directed by my Lady to ascertain from you, whether you prefer Buttered or Dry Toast. Awaiting your reply, I have the honour to remain, Sir, your very obedient and very humble Servant, JOHN THOMAS.—1st August, 1857." This old fool docket, marking on the outside, "Answered, Dry," and puts the whole away, under lock and key. And on this system the Company makes its servants act, and then wonders that nothing is done.

In the Commons, MR. ADDERLEY complained of the pestilential stench which comes every evening into every window of the river-front of the Houses of Parliament. SIR BENJAMIN HALL very properly explained that for the non-drainage of the Metropolis the parties responsible were the chattering Do-nothings of the Central Works Board, itself almost a greater nuisance than any of the nuisances it neglects to abate. We shall have to abolish this Board, we see that.

The Divorce Bill came on for second reading. It was proposed by SIR RICHARD BETHELL, and then opposed by Eleven gentlemen. This

opposition Eleven would not give the Government another innings all night. Reasons as follows:—

SIR WILLIAM HEATHCOTE, because he is member for the University of Oxford.

MR. HENRY DRUMMOND, because he likes to talk scholarly theological mystification.

MR. LYGON, because marriage is a venerable institution.

MR. PULLEN, because many parsons oppose the Bill.

MR. WIGRAM, because he is member for the University of Cambridge.

MR. HATCHELL, because the Irish peasant girls are very virtuous.

MR. BOWYER, because he is the tool of the Romish priests.

MR. MALINS, because he is an Opposition barrister.

LORD JOHN MANNERS, because he is incapable of understanding the question.

MR. GLADSTONE, because he wanted to make a long speech at an hour when the House would listen.

MR. NAPIER, ditto.

The last two demanded adjournment, to which PALMERSTON had no objection, but the House had a great one, and opposed it by 183 to 125. Anybody, however, can force an adjournment, and therefore one was ultimately agreed to.

Friday. The battle was renewed. MR. GLADSTONE delivered an enormously long speech against the Bill; cited Latin, and Greek, and the Bible, LORD STOWELL, ORIGEN, LACTANTIUS, and the *Quarterly Review*, and made some amusing hits at the expense of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, who had invented a new beatitude, "Blessed is the man that trusts the Received Version." SIR GEORGE GREY rebuked MR. G. for his subtle exertions on texts which may be made to mean anything, and recommended common sense in preference, common sense teaching you that where the essence of marriage has been destroyed,

the parties ought to be enabled to separate. LORD LOVAINNE opposed the Bill, and urged the remonstrance of the Clergy. The new SOLICITOR-GENERAL replied that the weight of authority among the heads of the Church had already been thrown in favour of the Bill. MR. HENLEY grumbled about having more time. MR. WALPOLE spoke ably in favour of the measure, and was indeed the only speaker who could or did worthily tackle MR. GLADSTONE. MR. NAPIER, as a University Member, took the clerical view, and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL in reply taunted MR. GLADSTONE with opposing in 1857 the same Bill which the Cabinet of 1854, of which he was a distinguished member, had introduced. The second reading of the Divorce Bill was then carried by 208 to 97; majority for it, 111.

Having told the story of the Divorce Bill, Mr. Punch will further remark that on Friday night LORD ELLENBOROUGH had another shot at the alleged inaction of the Indian authorities, and LORD GRANVILLE brought up an unexpected ally in the person of LUCIUS ÆMILIUS, who remonstrated in the Roman Senate against criticisms in war-time. Rather a smart debate followed, just enough to give their Lordships' an appetite for dinner at 7:30.

In the Commons, before Divorce, LORD JOHN RUSSELL gave notice of a new project for asking M. DE ROTHSCHILD—a Select Committee to consider whether the last act touching oaths affected the Parliamentary oaths. A brief debate on the Indian Army brought out the most explicit denials from the Government that they had ever the slightest idea of spreading Christianity in India—they were indeed quite indignant at so injurious an imputation.

"Pray let us see as much of you as possible, there's a dear, between this and the 24th, on which day we are going to Scotland," one of the Princesses writes to Mr. Punch. Less than three weeks, therefore, will again vest the kingdom in the Dictator, PALMERSTON. But all is serene,—PAM is King, but Punch is Viceroy over him.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO WHOLESALE DEALERS IN BRUTALITY.



had never seen before, as she believed, came suddenly in front of them, and, without saying a word, or anything occurring to induce him to do so, struck her a heavy blow upon the bosom. She had previously suffered much pain from her neck, but the blow the prisoner dealt her had made it worse than it had ever been, and even while giving her evidence she was suffering great pain from it.

"The complainant's husband deposed to the unprovoked nature of the attack, the prisoner running away the moment he had made it; and LAMBERT, a constable attached to one of the theatres, deposed to seeing the prisoner striking and kicking three officers who had secured him, and that, on his advising him to go quietly and not resist the constable, the prisoner broke away from the officers, and knocked his hat off, and on his stooping to recover it, dealt him such a violent kick upon the temple that he had been unable to rest all night, and could not touch his face from the pain he endured."

The dénouement of this is considerably more farcical than seems to be appropriate, for we find it next recorded that, after pleading drunkenness as an "extenuating circumstance,"

"The prisoner having declared that he had not the slightest recollection of anything that had occurred, MR. D'EYNCOURT sentenced him to pay penalties to the amount of £3, or, in default, to undergo six weeks' hard labour in the House of Correction."

What most puzzles us in this, is to find that the police assaults were leniently dealt with. We are prepared to find a Magistrate awarding a light punishment for the trifling offence of knocking down a woman, but when a policeman has so much as a whisker even ruffled, we

expect the heaviest sentence for the dastardly attack. Yet have there was clear proof that the prisoner had savagely assaulted four policemen, and, by a most mysterious blindness on the Bench, justice takes no heed of the quadrupled enormity, and passes sentence only for the feminine assault.

For we cannot bring ourselves to the belief that MR. D'EYNCOURT included in his £3 penalty all the five assaults. This would have him charging them at twelve shillings a-piece, which would have been obviously much too low a figure. Or are we to infer that in the fines which are imposed at our Police Courts there is allowed a reduction to those who take a quantity? Certainly if WARLOCK's case be made a precedent, the British ruffian will find it every bit as cheap to commit a score of outrages as only one or two. It will be to his advantage to deal his blows and kicks in a more wholesale way than formerly, for the more assaults he is charged with, the more discount he will get: and if his brutalities be priced by MR. D'EYNCOURT, he will find it save his pocket to have gone the entire brute.

THE MEDICAL MAN TO HIS MISTRESS.

UPON one "fringed curtain"

Of thy so lustrous eyne,

Hath come, 'tis but too certain,

A residence for swine,

That eye, with tears suffusing,

Is plaintive in eclipse,

My tardy hand accusing,

Accuse me, too, thy lips.

Dearest, my willing lancet

Must yet delay its lunge;

Somewhat thou may'st advance it

With poultice and with sponge.

One cut, a little later,

The blinding sty shall heal,

And make a new Spectator

With the gentle touch of Steel.

A STRONG-MINDED WOMAN'S SNEER.—What in a Woman is called "curiosity," in a Man is grandiloquently magnified into the "spirit of inquiry."

THE STRAW STIRRED IN THE AUGEAN STABLE.



BEFORE we get rid of the practice of locking travellers in railway carriages, SIDNEY SMITH used to say, some railway company must burn a bishop.

On the same principle, we may hope there is, at length, some prospect of the Thames being purified, now that it is beginning to poison the House of Commons. Mr. ADDERLEY, on Friday, inquired of the First Commissioner of Works, what was the meaning of the stink that pervaded the House when-

ever the windows on the river front were open—whether there was any power to enforce better trappings of the drains, or a removal of the deposits of bones and other refuse on the opposite bank—and so forth.

It is to be hoped the House was satisfied with Sir BENJAMIN HALL's answer, which showed that, if bone-boilers were free to create stinks it was because the House had altered the law introduced to prevent them, and that if local authorities neglected their duty, the Commons had themselves struck out the section of the Nuisances Removal Bill, which empowered justices to compel them. So long as bone-boilers only poisoned the poor Lambeth householders, it was no doubt too much to expect that the collective wisdom would interfere with the great bone interest, or limit the vested rights of stinks and stenches. But now that the smell is brought home to the Legislative nose, let the bone-boilers look to it! That local authorities should be allowed to neglect their duty, to the poisoning of the rate-payers, is one of those proud privileges of local self-government, which cannot be bought too dear, at whatever cost of preventible disease or excessive mortality. But, now that the neglect incommodes Mr. ADDERLEY in his place, or the SPEAKER in his chair, Bumbleton totters! As somebody said of religion, so Mr. Punch exclaims, "Oh, Self-Government, Self Government, what iniquities are perpetrated in thy name!"

Scotland demands an improved police.—"Centralisation!" exclaim the parrots of Bumbleton. England asks for powers to cleanse her towns and make her villages healthy.—"Centralisation!" squeaks the same choir of ill-omened birds. Talk of Aristocracy, Democracy, and Plutocracy, as the contending forces of modern society! There is one force more than a match for them all, that is "Job-ocracy." Its seat is the Parish Vestry, or the Town Council: its livery is the Beadle's uniform; its cry is "Self-Government;" and its aim, end, and interest is "Number One."

How long is JOHN BULL to groan under the apathy, selfishness, and penny wisdom of the almighty Bumble?

Second Election Committee Bulletin.

WISE MR. MCCULLAGH
Looks duller and duller;
Good MR. WATKIN
For once, to luck's not kin;
JOHN MOYER HEATHCOTE
Must (Parliament saith) cut;
Gay PADDY SOMERS
Seeks comfort in runners;
And ARCHMUTY GLOVER
Is turned out of cover.

Difficult rhymes, but we've managed 'em cleverly.
For Yarmouth and Huntingdon, Sligo and Beverley.

The Sight of Netley.

"MASTER PUNCH,—What do um mane by complainun o' the Zite o' Netley? The Cockneys be alwuz a gwinn to see't; and by all accounts I hears, moast on 'em considers the plice about as purty a Zite as they ever zin.

"Yourn, Trewly. ZOW-WESTER."

THE OLD LADY'S EUREKA; OR, DEATH TO THE FLIES!

So oft I've said, Ah, drat the flies!—and now at last my prayers is granted;

For at the chemists' shops you buys the very thing I always wanted: That Papier Moure; and blessed be whoever found out that invention, Which is a secret as you see the shopkeepers decline to mention.

Like blotting paper it appear—a sort of greyish reddish tinted, With wopses, flies, and insects queer, and foring language on it printed. You takes and puts a little bit into a saucer or a basin, A drop of water pours on it, and sets it some convenient place in.

They buzzes into it, bizwiz, attracted by the hopes of suction; And I can truly tell you 'tis their certain death and sure destruction. No dirty dauby plaguy mess, all smeary, treacly, fulsome, sticking, Nor none of that unpleasantness to see they nasty creturs kicking.

They comes and drinks, away they flies; you sees no more of them there ribels,

Out of your sight they goes and dies, like mice and rats that pison nibbles.

"Catch-em-alive-o-s?"—fiddlestick! I say let them speak as have tried 'em;

To kill the swarming devils quick, they ain't forto be named 'longside 'em;

Which also, though they 're pison rank to flies and all siehlike Philistians, Don't injure cats, which goodness thank, and hasn't no effect on Christians.

At least they says so—as to that, they may or mayn't hurt one or t'other:

I wouldn't try 'em on my cat if I could try 'em on another.

THE GROTTTO NUISANCE.

At this time of the year, anybody remaining in Town, will do well to attire himself for walking out in the oldest clothes that he has got. Most of his acquaintance are at the sea-side; and the oyster season has just commenced. Therefore he will be seen by few who will notice him with displeasure or derision, and he will perhaps avert the importunities of the children who pester the pedestrian with entreaties to "remember the grotto." This is a great nuisance to everybody, but it is peculiarly irritating to persons who are expected to take everything coolly—namely, philosophers. The peripatetic philosopher is interrupted in his meditations by the demands of the little imps who annually, at this time of the year, torment the London public like those other emissaries of BEELZEBUB, the flies.

No philosopher, moreover, has any money to throw away; and to meet the annoyance with concession, would involve a constant and progressive distribution of halfpence. This would be disbursement to a pretty tune—not that of "*Sing a Song of Sixpence*"—for many sixpences would be needful to constitute the required amount, and a pocket full of halfpence would very soon become empty. Any one who, absorbed in thought, is going along with his eyes uplifted cloudwards, and not taking particular cognisance of things that are sub-lunary and passing beneath his nose, will very probably walk over several of these brats, for they throw themselves right in the way of the fastest and fattest walker, without the slightest regard to his momentum, or consideration of his corpulence. He therefore runs so many risks of squelching an infant or breaking his own shins.

It is a case in which the police ought to step in and interfere; but as they will not, the only plan to avert the applications and attacks of the youthful bores, is the expedient of dressing shabbily. But, to be effectually defensive, the dress must be very seedy indeed, so as to bespeak a very near approximation to abject poverty. Those who make a point of wearing new, or comparatively new, and well-made clothes, would be astonished to know what a very old and extremely cheap coat, with other habiliments to match, is required to secure the wearer from being pestered by mendicants. A suit of fustian, a blouse, or a smock frock and corduroys, would perhaps be requisite for sure protection against the little beggars who make the return of the oyster, and the pretence of building a grotto with oyster-shells, an excuse for begging.

Destructive Habits.

It is said that the early bird picks up the worm: but gentlemen who smoke—and ladies who dance—till three or four in the morning, will do well to consider that the worm also picks up the early bird.

A WELL-EARNED TITLE.—The atrabilious *Record*, from the recklessness of many of its statements, is now, by all lovers of truth, always spoken of as—*The Random Record*.



NOT A BAD IDEA FOR WARM WEATHER.

Frederick. "Now, GIRLS, PULL AWAY—DON'T BE IDLE!"

BEER BARRELS v. SUNDAY BANDS.

A REMARKABLE statement was made the other day in a letter to the *Morning Post* by "A FRIEND TO HARMLESS ENJOYMENT." This individual cited the report of a recent meeting of the Protestant Defence Association on the subject of the People's Sunday Bands in the Parks, containing "terrible denunciations of the wickedness of the Government in permitting the performances of those bands on Sunday evenings," followed by a suggestion by a Mr. HANBURY that all measures should be taken for their suppression. This Mr. HANBURY, the correspondent of the *Post* represents as one of the celebrated brewers. We should think he must have been somebody else. No respectable or sensible brewer would surely be such a stupid humbug as to go and abuse Sunday Bands, well knowing that an immense number of publicans were selling his beer, and known to be selling it, all the while the bands were playing, and during a much greater part of the Sabbath besides. Such a hypocritical goose would be unworthy of the name of HANBURY, which is associated with that of TRUMAN. He would subject his personal genuineness to doubt, and draw suspicion on the integrity of his own Entire.

No measures for the suppression of Sunday Bands could be contemplated by a consistent brewer, except pewter measures, which, with their contents, might be put into competition with musical allurements; pots and pothouses against parks and subscription-bands for the people. Of course Mr. HANBURY, of HANBURY & Co., would not attack the Sunday orchestra with any other weapons than pints and quarts; unless, indeed, all MESSRS. HANBURY & Co's public-houses are obliged by them to remain closed during the whole of Sunday. It may be that such is the case. We do not know that it is not. We will look next Sunday and ascertain what is the fact: many others will perhaps do the same. If Mr. HANBURY the brewer was really the HANBURY alluded to by the *Morning Post*, we should take the liberty of saying to that gentleman, "HANBURY, don't talk any more of that nonsense, but go and mind your beer. If the stuff you brew is as bad as the stuff you talk, it must be extremely bad beer. Were you to take a duck on the banks of the Serpentine, and stick a hop on the tip of

its beak, and fix a barley-corn on the extremity of its tail, and start it to swim over that sheet of impure water, the bird would convert the whole of it into a description of beer infinitely superior to what we should imagine yours to be."

MERETRICIOUS RELICS.

WILL not the POPE call the Franciscan monks of Porsovenere to account for their alleged maintenance of an imposture, which His Holiness must needs regard as impious humbug? According to a letter from La Spezia, quoted by the *Opinione* of Turin, the above-named friars, having been forced to leave their convent the other day, by the law for the suppression of monastic establishments, walked off with a quantity of sacred utensils, and other valuables, among which were "the ear-rings of the VIRGIN MARY!" The idea of even any commonly sensible and right-minded lady wearing ear-rings! Is there any other article of female vanity preserved by these monks as a companion relic?—a pot of rouge, perhaps; or a *sous-jupe bouffante*? But there may be a slight mistake in the statement in the *Opinione*. Perhaps the Porsovenere Franciscans are impostors a little less profane than they are represented to be by that account. Peradventure the ear-rings of which they are in possession, are pretended by them to be merely those of St. MARY MAGDALEN—before her conversion.

For Export to India.

We never, as must have been remarked, make a joke upon a name, but we happen to know a person who made one the other day. MAJOR GENERAL JOHN HEARSEY is a gallant and skilful officer, and as Colonel of the Sixth Bengal Light Cavalry, was a perfect Bengal Light to the Indian army during the Infantry Mutiny at Barrackpore. Well, the QUEEN has very graciously made him an Extra Military K.C.B. The person to whom we referred says, that he is glad that some of the attention always bestowed on General Rumour has also been shown to General Hearsay.



THE ASIATIC MYSTERY.

As Prepared by Sepoy D'Israeli.



REFORM YOUR RAILWAY CALLS.

WE lately noticed the extreme economy of speech which is practised upon most, if not on all our Railroads, on the part of those officials whose vocation it is to shout out to every train that stops there the name of the respective station at which they are stationed. As hints thrown out in *Punch* are invariably acted on, it is no surprise to us to find that at the places which we instanced, there has been since our remonstrance, a decidedly more liberal supply of language. We have more than once been gratified by hearing the entire pronunciation of "New Cross," and twice at least we have been treated with the missing syllables which expand the abbreviated "N'am" into "Sydenham." The spirit of improvement, too, appears to be infectious, and its effects are evidently spreading to adjacent stations. A month ago we never should have dreamt of hearing anything but "Nor" when our train pulled up at Norwood, but yesterday we heard the word in its complete dissyllability; and this very afternoon we have positively had no less than thirteen hairs turned grey, by the shock of joy it gave us to hear the proper aspirate prefixed to "Forest 'ill;" a feat that not the oldest passenger can, we fancy, call to mind that he has ever heard accomplished.

We trust that this example will be generally followed, and that on all our railways the process of articulation will be more attended to. Even on the Eastern Counties there is room for some reform in this respect at least, if not in any other. We were lately travellers on this delightful line, and the tediousness of our journey was most pleasantly beguiled by the excitement of endeavouring, when we reached a station, to recognise the name of it in what we heard bawled out to us. In the first thirty miles of Eastern Counties travelling there are no less than four stopping stations having names of two syllables, the last of which is "ford;" and as the prefix Strat-, Il-, Chelms-, or Rom-, is very rarely audible, a nervous passenger is kept in an unceasingly excited state, lest in this quartette of "fords" he should be carried past the right one, the chances being three to one at least in favour of his being so.

Now the accident of having thus got out at a wrong station, although it cause no damage to the person of a passenger, further than perhaps the postponement of his dinner, still cannot but be somewhat detrimental to his mind; giving rise to feelings which no relieving expletives will easily calm down. And to prevent as far as may be the recurrence of such accidents, we suggest that every railway should start an elocution class, which every station-caller engaged upon the line should, once a week at least, be expected to attend. Moreover, it might be as well to have some special auditors of stations' names appointed, whose duty it should be to travel up and down the line, and weekly certify that every one employed had been attentive to his calling.

Should these not prove sufficient means to ensure in Railway calls a more distinct articulation, we would recommend that the utterance of clipped words which will not pass as current English should in future be considered an indictable offence; and that, if needful, a special Act of Parliament be passed by which this wilful mutilation of the language may be punished. Because a Jew considers "clo'" an equivalent for "clothes," there is no reason why a Christian should be similarly stingy in his speech; and as our railway men are not Bornese, their language does not force them to the use of only monosyllables. Such brevity as theirs can in no way be regarded as the soul of wit, and only serves to raise a laugh upon the wrong side of one's mouth, when one finds it has induced one to overshoot one's station. From hearing such continual contractions of speech, a passenger might almost fancy that the calling out at stations was a work performed by contract; but as this is not the case, we see no reason why these speech-contractors should not be compelled to furnish a more liberal supply of syllables. As it is, one really cannot go a dozen miles by rail without hearing a good deal of what in its curtailment may be called bad language; and although our better nature may instinctively recoil from the unenlightened principle of giving tit for tat, still we cannot help suggesting that officials must expect to be called names themselves, if they will not take the pains to call names more distinctly.

Distracted Orders carefully Attended to.

In the *Times* of a few days back, there was an advertisement, appallingly headed "INSANE ATTENDANT WANTED." Without indulging in speculations as to the sort of person who can desire a lunatic servant, we will merely mention that he can have plenty of choice, for all the Civil Servants went perfectly mad with indignation at the impudent emptiness of the Government excuse for diddling them. In fact, MR. WILSON curiously, made every one of them as mad as a Hatter.

QUESTION FOR TURFITE PEERS.

WE take the Oath of Abjuration "on the true faith of a Christian." Why can't the Jews?

SMITH O'BRIEN'S STUDS.

An Irish Melody.

THE studs that SMITH O'BRIEN lost
When he was apprehended,
How heavy must have been their cost!
Their brilliancy how splendid!
Whilst ERIS's sons bewailed their Chief,
And nothing could console them,
Those shirt-studs vanished, for the Thief,
The Warrior's Captor, stole them.

The Caitiff dared his base Champagne,
The fettered Patriot offer,
The Hero hurled it back again,
And scorned the dirty proffer.
Then from his manly eyes big floods
Of burning tears began to
Flow for his country, and the studs
Purloined from his portmanteau.

He took their memory o'er the sea,
Where Saxon minions bore him,
And fetched it back when Tyranny
Was driven to restore him.
His long worn bonds, that now were burst,
His knee had ne'er make flexible;
He spoke the wrong which he had nursed
In slavery and exile.

Nine summers had disclosed their buds,
And still the Chieftain thundered
Against the stealers of the studs,
Of which he had been plundered.
He boldly wrote words all might read,
Denouncing their abstraction,
And censuring that paltry deed,
And blaming that mean action.

Those studs, which if he loved too well,
The noble weakness pardon,
Were gems of Munster's crown, that fell
In Boulagh's cabbage garden.
He bore them in the battle's brunt,
Against the foeman craven.
They now are gone from his breast-front,
But on his heart engraven!

WANTED, A SAW-PIT.

THE Brighton Town Council, always an irascible body, had a good set-to the other day, about the Drainage. A MR. SAWYER, who was accused of having "a prejudice against drainage" is the Chairman of the Highways and Works Committee. He did not seem at all discomposed at this charge—most men of ordinary brains and humanity would almost prefer to be accused of some legal crime—and said, (according to the report in the *Brighton Gazette*) that "if he died to-morrow, he would not wish a better epitaph on his grave than that he obstinately opposed draining the sewage into the sea." Without expressing any undue haste for the apotheosis of any gentleman, *Mr. Punch* must say that if the health of Brighton can be secured only by the demise of SAWYER, the immediate execution of that party had better be entrusted to a committee of excursionists, who will go down for the purpose, suspend SAWYER from the centre arch of the Chain pier, and afterwards dine together in celebration of the auspicious event. By all means let him have the memorial he proposes.

"And be old SAWYER'S epitaph on he.
'He would not put the sewage in the sea.'"

Now, if SAWYER has anything to urge as a reason for suspending his suspension, he had better be quick about it, as, this hot weather, we cannot wait to squabble about trifles. SAWYER to the Sewer, or SAWYER scragged—which is it to be?

Case for the Jockey Club.

RACING news from Nottingham apprises us that *Miss Nightingale* has beaten *Barbarity*. The race was not fair, she has had so much practice—she was at it all through the Crimean war.

IN FORMA PAUPERIS.

No wonder MR. RICH opposed the second reading of LORD NAAS'S Superannuation Bill. It was, pre-eminently, a Bill for the Poor.

A HALF-HOLIDAY AT DIEPPE.



It on Sunday July the 26th, the health of Dieppe had been proposed at a public banquet, that watery town, placing its hand on the bosom of its ocean, would have declared, in a clear rippling voice, "This is the proudest day of my life." The old town on that occasion was as gay as it could be made. It had been washed from head to foot. Its complexion was almost white, and glistened with a radiant polish not unlike the ivory toys that are sold in its shops. It was dressed in its holiday suit. Over its head there towered a triumphal arch. Round its brow bloomed a gorgeous wreath of flowers. In its button-hole, in lieu of a bouquet, you beheld the brilliant colours of a flag, that on one side looked like a Tricolor, and on the other bore a bright resemblance to the Union Jack; thus flowerily expressing that both sides of the coast were equally near and dear to its heart. The gems it wore, you may be sure, were rich and rare. There were stars and crosses more than sufficient to stock a dozen jewellers' shops, whilst its innumerable rings gave out a joyous sound, that you heard at every step, not unlike the clatter of bells. But conspicuous above all was a monster breast-pin, modelled so as to resemble a kind of crystal establishment for baths, and which Dieppe sported for the first time on the occasion of these *Fêtes*.

This ornament, it is said, had cost the town £30,000. The design had been drawn out by EUGÈNE herself! Certainly Dieppe was very proud of it, and kept dancing about with it, night and day—now flashing it in the sun, now allowing a thousand gaslights to play upon it, so that you should have the best opportunity of admiring it in every possible point of view. In outline, it appeared to us to be a most happy combination of the various styles of the Crystal Palace, and the Pavilion at Brighton, with a slight touch of the architectural beauties of Cremorne. However, it was excessively neat, and not at all gaudy. The design does the greatest credit to EUGÈNE. We suggest that she be requested to draw out the plan of our new Public Buildings.

The *Fêtes* resembled very nearly every other French *Fête*. The streets flowed with flags and military music. Garlands stretched across the street, as though the houses were going to perform a country dance, and were giving their hands to each other. There were some pretty illuminations, consisting of vases of lighted flowers, and a transparent fountain that overflowed with streams of light. It was a cascade of a kind of liquid rainbows—a kind of Harlequin's shower-bath. The effect was very pretty, and delighted the *bonnes*, and the curiously-dressed children, and the pigmy red-breeched boys of soldiers, as they paced to and fro, bending under the weight of muskets three times as long as themselves. At the Hôtel de Ville, you beheld a glimpse of the *ancien régime*. Round the courtyard were gibbeted certain gaunt skeletons of dirty lights. They were huge unsightly triangles of tallow and stench, from which rose raging billows of smoke, whilst at the base might be discerned a very small ripple of flame. These are your *Lampions*.

We thought they had been blown out long ago. You only see them outside Government Offices. They are bound up, we imagine, with the Red Tape of France.

There was a concert and a regatta also,—the latter consisting of little walnut-shells of yachts that would not sail, and rowing-matches of rowers that could not row. Every now and then roared out a lusty cannon, that fairly deafened you. In the evening, there was a wheezy spurt of fireworks. This was the only damp part of the business. They were not enthusiastic fireworks; or else they were sulky, and would not come out as they should have done. All the blowing-up in the world would not make them explode. This was a pity, for the French, generally, are a great fire-working people. The crowd, however, took it all in good humour, and made up for the disappointment by letting off an additional number of private squibs.

At half-past ten the streets were clear,—all but two *Cafés* closed! Returning home, smoking our *unsoutella*, we espied in the *Grande Rue* a family party playing at cards on a table drawn out in the middle of the pavement. There, in the centre, was the *modérateur* lamp; there, at the corners, were the glasses, filled apparently with *eau sucrée* and *sirop de groseille*. The *messieurs* were in their shirt-sleeves—the *dames* without their bonnets. Heedless of the cannon, careless of the fireworks, philosophically *insoucians* of the hubbub elsewhere, they were quietly enjoying, opposite their open shop-door, their humble game of *chiste*. Simple-minded *épiciers*, they looked so happy, we quite envied them! It was a glowing cabinet picture of contentment. We should like to have joined them, and have lost valiantly a whole pocketful of *sous*. How different would it have been in London! Fancy such an incident taking place in Baker Street. In less than ten minutes they would have had a thousand blackguards round them, grinning and jeering at their simplicity. This primitive *tableau* moved us more than the cannon, and all the thundering *discours*. We left the innocent *partie carrée* with a brooding heart, that bounded again, as high as *AURIOL*, if not higher, as in the distance we heard the *gros papa* throw out these words:—"Allons—du Cœur—c'est à vous!"

We must not omit to mention that, of course, there was a ball. No French *fête* would be complete without a ball! We confess that French balls do not particularly "enchant" us. A public ball in France is too wild, too dishevelled—a private one too tame, too insipid. Their *orgue* has no charm for our vitiated palate—their *petits gâteaux* have no taste for a pampered stomach that has been too long petted and spoilt with good English suppers. It always seems to us to be no better than a Dancing Academy of young ladies who are on view to be married. The young *demoselles* in white muslin never take their beautiful eyes off the wax-polished floor, and the young "*dandies*" in black coats never dare address to them any but the most childish common-places. Their conversation consists of a timid "Yes," varied occasionally by a bashful "No." No one laughs—the only bit of nature is round the card-table. Everything is false, restrained, inanimate—a kid-gloved mockery of pleasure, made all the more distasteful by the lynx-eyed *espionnage* of the mothers, as, seated round the room, they watch suspiciously every little movement of their daughters. Where is the freedom, the independence, the open laughing enjoyment of an English evening party? As it was, we amused ourselves by admiring the handsome decorations of the *établissement*, that have been executed under the direction of the great CAMBON, the STANFIELD of the Grand Opera. They are in richness and effect fully worthy of the artist, to whom Paris is indebted for the magnificence of *Robert le Diable*, *Le Prophète*, and other *opéras de l'ère*.

The *établissement* is so well conducted that, as MADAME DE GENLIS would have said, "*La mère pourra y conduire sa fille*." There is no gambling, either, as at German baths, so that the father need not be afraid of his son having all his pocket-money engulphed by the inevitable Mæstrom of the roulette-table.

The Mayor gave a grand breakfast, to which the well-known *Pâté de foie gras*, that had come specially all the way from Strasbourg in order to be present, was invited, as well as every delicacy of the season. The health of the French Press was proposed. It seemed to us to be a bitter mockery to propose the health of an institution that in France was notoriously dead. Several gentlemen in black stood up, and we suppose they were Mutes that were in attendance to do honour to the defunct. The *Rédacteur des Petites Affiches de Paris* said a few words of condolence

over the loss of their respected friend, who had done so much for France, and had died in serving her. The toast was drunk in solemn silence.

The English Press was responded to by the Editor of BRADSHAW'S *Guide*. We expected to hear from him a very confused speech, divided into three trains, and bristling with figures, from which you would not be able to make out arrival, or departure,—neither beginning, middle, nor end. However, we were agreeably disappointed, for he gravely began with "My name is NORVAL," and recited that exciting speech at full length. As not a Frenchman present understood a word of English, the speech had the happiest effect. The eloquent orator put his hand every now and then upon his breast, gesticulated largely, and, in due course, was vehemently applauded.

To wind up:—we must say we enjoyed our trip to Dieppe mightily, and beg to thank all, from the Mayor down to the Steward, each of whom was polite enough to put his *basin* at our disposal. The same pleasure is open to all who like to make the same trip. Henceforth, England numbers one watering-place the more. Even the statue of DUQUESNE, who figures in the Place Royale in the melodramatic attitude of a pirate of the Ambigu, relaxed a little in its nautical ferocity, and we fancied a smile came over his bronzed features as he quietly surveyed the invasion of the English, ransacking every hotel for something to eat. Dieppe, through Newhaven, is now only seven hours' distance from London. Let Ramsgate look to its bathing! We should advise Boulogne to put its seedy old *établissement* into better order. Dieppe, thanks to the Empress, has risen, like a second VENUS from the sea!

A STAND UP FOR THE STUMPS.

By BOWLER, SENIOR.

SIR, I am one of the old school,
Perhaps you'll say that means a fool:
I don't care sixpence if you do;
And shall reply—The same to you!

Sir, you must know that I've a brat
Of a young nephew. What of that?
Well, Sir; I am his guardian too:
He has his studies to pursue.

To school I did at first intend
This youthful charge of mine to send
At Eton or at Winchester,
Uncertain which I should prefer.

Of neither, Sir, at present, I
Approve: and let me tell you why;
At both they're changing that old plan
Which bred a boy to be a man.

The Masters have, I grieve to say,
Of late forbidden manly play;
The cricket-matches, heretofore
At LORD'S Grounds played, must be no more.

Discouraging a noble game
Is just the way to make boys tame.
And in the holidays!—why, what
Right then to meddle have they got?

Let lads play cricket—let them box,
That system gave us PITT and FOX,
THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, and PEEL,
The mind such contests nerve and steel.

Sir, I won't have my Sister's child
Taught to be spoony, meek, and mild.
No, I wish that young dog, by rough
Amusements, rendered hard and tough.

Train up a child as he should go;
Not as a milksop: no, Sir, no!
As for my chap, I rather would
See him a pickle, than too good.

A schoolmaster's good boy turns out
A humbug, mostly, or a lout.
In after life you don't see such
A sort of fellow come to much.

The spirit of restraint that aims
At checking hardy sports and games,
A bias shows to certain views,
The most pernicious to infuse.

All true religion I respect,
But to wild notions do object;
Your Pusey, Irving, Mormonites,
Your Popery and all new lights.

Instead of which, I would instil
Determination and firm will,
With good old cricket, and I won't
Support that School whose Masters don't.



BRITISH ART AND FRENCH HORSEFLESH.

THE Goodwood Cup has been actually won by a French horse! *Monarque* has covered himself and France with glory. What next? We shall have a French poodle beating a British *Billy* in the destruction of rats, and who can say that some Gallic champion may not some day crop the laurels of the Tipton Slasher.

The "Cup" is decorated with two medallions representing scenes from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. More appropriate embellishments might have been derived from *Richard the Third*. One of them would of course have been the battle scene, wherein the desperate usurper makes the celebrated offer of his kingdom for a horse, and the other that in which the *Duke of Norfolk* apprizes *Richard* of the no less celebrated warning which has been addressed to him with the appellation of "Jockey."

Reverting to the subject of *Monarque*, we would congratulate that successful animal on the superiority of the destiny which awaits him in his native land to that which is here usually reserved for the "high-mettled racer." *Monarque* never will go to the hounds; the Parisian love of horseflesh will prevent that: he will have admirers who will be fond of his very remains, and when he dies he will go to M. ISIDORE DE SAINT-HILAIRE and the hippophagists.

Here a War, There a War.

To JOHN BULL, ESQ.

HERE a War, there a War, wondering JOHNNY,
When you've done wondering, pay for the game:
Come, tell us frankly, you, JOHN, think it dear, eh?
Punch must inform you that he thinks the same.

Well, and Why Not?

MR. WHITESIDE—who appears to have a peculiar talent for seeing the dark side of every liberal proposition—declares LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S Oaths Amendment Bill to be "the most unprecedented and unconstitutional" of all measures ever submitted to Parliament, because, "if it is carried, the House of Commons will be able to admit a Jew; but, if it change its mind, will be at liberty to reject him."

MR. WHITESIDE prefers the present plan, by which, when the Country and the Commons wish to admit a Jew to the House, the Lords "are at liberty to reject him."



A DELICIOUS DIP.

Bathing Attendant. "HERE, BILL! THE GENT WANTS TO BE TOOK OUT DEEP—TAKE 'IM INTO THE DRAIN!"

A HOUSEKEEPER ON HEROISM.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"WHAT a blessing it is, with all these horrid goings-on in India, we have a man like SIR COLIN CAMPBELL, ready to start off to put down the rebels at a moment's notice, without, I may say, packing up his things! LORD RAGLAN the same—that might have been spared many years and then died comfortably in his bed, instead of wearing his life out there in the Crimea. How thankful we ought to be that we have such men as LORD RAGLAN and SIR COLIN CAMPBELL to take our troubles upon them—for such very little return, if you come to think of it. A judge's or even a bishop's income wouldn't pay anybody, I should think, for the hardships and danger of a soldier's life; and then how comfortable judges and bishops, especially bishops, live compared to commanding officers! How those generals can be prevailed upon to put themselves out as they do, and at their time of life, I really wonder. They have no motive except honour; and what is honour when you've got it? I'm sure I shouldn't enjoy my tea and toast, and warm bed, and other little comforts, a bit more for all the honour in the world, and all the honour in the world wouldn't console me for the loss of them; to say nothing about losing legs and arms, and how dreadful that must be I can well imagine, knowing what I feel when I lose a thimble. Besides, they are not sure of the honour. They don't get it, that they know of, if they die, and then they may get abuse instead, though of course they're not aware of that neither when they're dead, and what signifies? They talk of erecting a monument to poor dear LORD RAGLAN, and certainly he deserves one, if it would do him any good; but those who know best say that nothing that you can do in this world can either please or displease anybody in the other; therefore, if the monument is to cost sixpence, that will be sixpence thrown away, unless the sight of the statue or whatever it may be should encourage somebody else to sacrifice himself for our peace and quiet, the safety of our homes and the security of our money, which is so very necessary. In that case one wouldn't begrudge the expense; but I wish we could know whether monuments really have the use they are supposed to; for if they are not useful,

I'm sure they're not ornamental, ours at least in this country, and here, *Mr. Punch*, I know you will agree with your affectionate old admirer,

"MARTHA CADDY."

"P.S. I do hope if we are to have so many wars and so many heroes as we always do in war time, that we shan't have to pay a Monument Rate; for the Paving and Lighting, I am sure, is quite bad enough."

THE SECRET REVEALED!!!



ND NOW—NOW we are at liberty to reveal the secret, which from motives of wisdom so profound as to be inappreciable by the mass, we have held back with imperturbable reticence for weeks. As SIR BULWER LYTTON beautifully remarks,

"From vulgar eyes a veil the Isis screens,
And fools on fools still ask what *Toby* means."

The veil shall be removed from the Isis, and the fools (only April fools a little post-dated) shall know what we mean. Listen—World!

Had you supplied the unfinished warning of last week, when we wrote "BEWARE OF THE —!" had you supplied it, we say, with One Word, you would have discovered the grand truth. That word, like the immortal name of *Punch* himself, is spelt with five letters. It is—Paint.

Mr. Punch has Painted his Office, 85, Fleet Street!!!

THOUGHTS LYING ON THE SAND.



DIVERSITY brings to light many a hidden beauty. It is like a handsome lag revealed for the first time on a showery day.

The charms that Fashion lends to women would be considered positive defects if Nature had given them.

We are never astonished at any happiness that drops into our lap, for we always fancy we are deserving of it; but if any piece of ill-luck falls down upon us, we cannot imagine what we have done to deserve it.

We fancy we are becoming wiser, as we grow older, when it is simply our incapacity to commit the same follies as when we were young.

Envy lashes principally the fortunate. It is like the ragamuffins in the street, who cry out, "Whip behind!" directly they see one of their comrades who has got a lift.

To appreciate a free country, you must travel in a despotic state. It is like coming into the open air after visiting a prison.

PLEASE DON'T REMEMBER THE GROTTTO.

To the cry of "Remember
The fifth of November"

Mr. Punch long accustomed has got,
But the street-urchins' motto,
"Remember the Grotto,"
With anger oft makes him wax hot.

They dirty one's boots,
And pursue one with hoots,
As their oyster-time war-cry they yell out:
And they frighten poor swells
Until into their shells
Odd coppers or even they shell out.

Now *Punch* has no mind
To be harsh or unkind,
Forbearance is ever his motto;
But he'd silence the noise
Of small dirty boys,
Screaching, "Please to remember the Grotto!"

POLITICAL DISTINCTIONS.

ONE grows a Liberal—one is born a Tory.

As for a Whig, he is either a Liberal who has failed, or a Tory who has been snubbed.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

August 3rd, Monday. Having to re-conquer India, we send the Army thither, but as it will not do to be without gallant defenders of some kind, the War-Secretary obtains powers to embody the Militia.

LORD BROUGHAM favoured the Lords with his views upon Parliamentary Reform. Not, however, in the tone in which he addressed the Commons on the same topic, and at the time when he politely exclaimed to the late SIR ROBERT PEEL, (in reference to the DUKE OF WELLINGTON's declaration against reform); "Him we scorn not, it is you we scorn, his mean, base, fawning parasite." To-night his lordship, being a nobleman, behaved as such, and while desiring that certain defects in the last Reform Bill should be corrected, deprecated any general or sweeping measure. Considering in whose hands the measure is, *Mr. Punch* thinks his lordship does well to be afraid, as a more dangerous radical and leveller could not exist than the fiery ultra-democrat now our Premier. LORD HENRY advocated the giving the franchise to respectable men, though only lodgers; he stated that our artisans generally treated the ballot with contempt; he spoke favourably of the Educational franchise, and made a protest against our constitution being rendered more "democratic" than it had seemed good unto JOHN RUSSELL and himself to make it when they finally and eternally settled it in 1832. LORD GRANVILLE was much obliged, but begged it might be understood that LORD BROUGHAM knew nothing whatever of the intentions of Government.

The Australian post question came up. Some of these days we shall have our able-bodied colonists coming over in force to thrash all parties concerned, for not sending out the letters, or taking means to have them delivered when they arrive. The present plan seems to be for the Post-Master General to toss the Australian letter-bag on board any vessel in the river that looks as if it was as likely to go to Australia as anywhere else. That matter is then off his mind. And if the vessel should go, the letters sometimes go also, unless the sailors want the sack for anything else, in which case they are emptied into the sea. The colonists object to this system, and although, of course, we should discourage colonial complaints as much as possible, the present course seems to have its inconveniences.

In the Commons LORD JOHN RUSSELL brought up his new device in favour of the Hebrews. As the Lords won't open the door, and the Government don't like to break it open, JOHNNY proposes to pick the lock. There was an Act of Parliament passed in the 5th year of KING WILLIAM THE SAILOR, permitting All Bodies authorised to administer or receive oaths, to substitute a declaration for the same. JOHN's notion is that the Commons is one of these bodies, and that it may let in M. DE ROTHSCHILD on a declaration. So he has obtained a Committee, consisting of a set of 25 Members of his own selection, and also all the gentlemen of the Long Robe (this shut out the attorneys HADFIELD and Cox, to their wrath) who were to consider the matter. The opposition lawyers ridiculed the idea, and the PREMIER reserved his sentiments, but, it appears, ordered the ATTORNEY-GENERAL to support LORD JOHN's view. The Committee discussed in secret. *Mr. Punch* has not the faintest hesitation in saying that the framers of the Act in

question had not the slightest idea of including the Parliamentary oath in their provisions, but if this legal loophole is large enough for the BARON to come in at, he had better do so, as one of these days he must come in somehow or other. The Conservatives talked against the Committee, but did not divide.

Compensation to the Proctors occupied the House the rest of the evening, and a great deal of good money was voted away to these black namesakes of HARRY CORNWALL.

Tuesday. LORD BROUGHAM presented a petition on Education from the parish of ST. GEORGE'S, Hanover Square, a district in which the grossest ignorance is understood to prevail, and whose prayers for teaching ought not to be disregarded.

And, *à propos* of ST. GEORGE'S, Hanover Square, we now come to the story of the week, namely, the Divorce discussion. The Commons gave Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday nights to the subject. *Mr. Punch* has no intention of filling up his golden pages with an analysis of the sense and nonsense that were talked, or to trace the various important or trumpery amendments and alterations. He pledges himself, when the Bill shall have become law, to explain to Persons about to Marry what possibility there is of escaping the consequence of their rashness. Meantime, suffice it to say, first, that the proposed abolition of the suit for Jactitation of Marriage was prevented. Therefore, if any young lady, no matter how beautiful and rich, goes about Jactitating, that is, boasting, that she is *Mrs. Punch* (when she is not) *Mr. Punch* has a remedy against her. Secondly, that SAMUEL WARREN made a remarkably piteous and perfectly unavailing speech against the Bill. Thirdly, that, up to the end of the week, the whole legal and lay wisdom of the House was taxed in vain to devise a clause for protecting from a husband the earnings of a woman whom he had deserted; but finally SIR R. BETHELL promised to strain his intellect to the utmost, and produce such a clause in the following week. Fourthly, that the Government were beaten on a proposal which, though made by the Tories, is really more for the benefit of the humbler orders than anything in the Bill. This was to create a local jurisdiction in divorce cases, so that a poor man or woman in Northumberland or Cornwall may not be compelled to come to London, and live there while seeking redress. Government sulked, and refused to give effect to the decision of the Committee, by framing a scheme for the local courts, and the work was finally left to MR. ISAAC BUTT, a Conservative. The majority was not large—98 to 87,—and *Mr. Punch* will not wonder if, at another stage, the proposition is smashed. Lastly, MR. HENRY DRUMMOND, the Angel of the Church in Gordon Square, endeavoured to place the husband and the wife on a footing of equality as to the offences for which divorce should be asked, and the Committee, being Men of the World, were mightily amused at so preposterous a proposition, negatived it by 126 to 65, and doubtless have since made, in club-windows, curious comments on the probable changes in London society which such an enactment might produce.

Wednesday. SIR THOMAS WILSON triumphed. The House of Commons "will no longer do an injustice to an individual whose property the public covets." The Bill for letting him do as he likes at Hampstead passed by 77 to 59. But after a Wednesday comes a

Thursday, and then Mr. AYRTON succeeded in stopping the Bill, for the moment, by a majority of 1. The Heath is still unvanquished. Much money was voted away to-day. We regret to add that a new writ had to be issued for Birmingham, the illness of the late member, Mr. MUNTZ, having unexpectedly taken a fatal turn. We mention this the rather that on the faith of the published and authorised denial that the deceased gentleman's indisposition had been severe, it was somewhat lightly alluded to in these pages, but a short time before the subject became one for all seriousness.

Thursday. The DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE entirely approved the Militia project, so to arms, bucolic brave, let your glorious banner wave, fling down the grindstone and the sickle, study to reproduce the step named from the goose, and the toby of all enemies to tickle. Of course LORD SUGDEN's little bill for cheapening conveyancing, a very little, was withdrawn.

The New Zealanders want £500,000, and "merely as a matter of form, you know," ask JOHN BULL to guarantee the loan. When did he ever refuse such a trifle? In the present case, however, it would have been unfatherly to do so, as "imperial legislation" has helped them into difficulty.

Friday. The BISHOP OF LONDON pronounced an eloquent eulogy on the prelate who recently bore that title, and who, as BISHOP BLOMFIELD, has quietly closed a life, many incidents of which gave cause for the censure both of his theological and political contemporaries, but which was adorned by numerous social virtues and literary graces.

In the Commons Mr. VERNON SMITH, whom *Mr. Punch* begs to congratulate upon an interesting family event, calculated to preserve the honoured name of VERNON (not SMITH) to posterity, stated that additional troops had been sent to Madras and Bombay, and as there is nothing too large or too little for the House, another Minister stated that he did not know as yet whether the new chimney-pots on Somerset House would answer or not, because this is not weather for fires.

The Election Petitions are all disposed of. There were originally 71, but only 9 members have been unseated. The last, Mr. GLOVER, seems to have been reserved for a frightful example—to be blown from the gun of the House—for not only is he turned out of Beverley, but the mode by which he got in is referred to the consideration of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Mr. GLOVER bawls that he is "persecuted."

DR. BIRCH AND DR. PUNCH.



Is there be one virtue more than any other for which *Mr. Punch* is eminently famous, it is for the intensity of his respect and reverence for all who are in any way regarded as "authorities." From an Emperor with his crown to a Beadle with his cane, *Mr. Punch* is always notable for the profoundness of the awe with which he is impressed by the insignia of government; as well as for the marked and deferential homage which he pays to every potentate, from a policeman to a Pope. It is therefore with no ordinary feelings of reluctance that he feels impelled, for once, to cast a doubt upon the wisdom, and, in some degree at least, to question the authority of certain constituted powers.

It appears that the head-masters of our chief public schools, to prove (it is assumed) that their establishments are match-less, have forbidden the recurrence of the contests in LORD'S Cricket Ground, which for nearly half a century have been a yearly-coming pleasure to very many more than merely those engaged in them. The step was taken on the ground that LORD'S was nearer London than was good for the morals of a school-boy in the holidays: an assumption which, if proved to be well founded upon facts, would prevent *Mr. Punch* or any other parent from sanctioning the presence of his sons as players. But the assumption being yet unsupported by such proof, and there being a preponderance of contrary opinion, *Mr. Punch* has doubts if the assertion be worthy of belief, and of those doubts he inclines to give the boys the benefit. Moreover, sooner than resort to the extremity of ordering that the fifty years' old custom must be wholly given up, *Mr. Punch* conceives that the authorities might at least have tried to hit on some

expedient, whereby their pupils might, unharmed, have breathed for a few days the baleful air of the Metropolis.

Tempting though the theme, *Mr. Punch* will not dilate upon the virtues of a well-contested cricket-match; nor plagiarise those recent correspondents of the *Times*, who, with a warmth quite in keeping with the weather, have been praising and appraising the excellence and value of this "truly English game," both as a physical and as a mental stimulant. *Mr. Punch* regards cricket as a national institution: and although the modern round-shot bowling plays sad havoc with his legs, he still stands firm to his belief in the national necessity of keeping up the stumps. Conceiving there is truth in the paraphrased assertion, that the games a nation plays are hardly less important to its welfare than its laws, *Mr. Punch* will frankly own that he has little wish to see his fellow countrymen in general descend to handling dominoes in the stead of cricket-bats: and as he views the forbidding of the public-school matches as a step not unlikely to lead to such descent, *Mr. Punch* is an advocate that it should be retraced.

As the classic has remarked, *longum est numerare*: or *Mr. Punch* could cite a score of other reasons why his view of the matter is, as usual, the correct one. For instance, might he not contend that the course which has been taken, directly violates the principle of non-interference of the masters out of school, which has been claimed as the chief merit of our public system? And might he not be bold enough to raise the awful question as to whether DR. BIRCH has any lawful right to claim allegiance in the holidays, when his subjects have been handed to their natural "governors," or to such as stand to them *in loco governoris*?

Mr. Punch need scarcely state his willingness to credit that the Doctor and his brethren have acted for the best; but he cannot yet believe that the allurements of London are a sufficient ground to justify their arbitrary act. *Mr. Punch* will grant that perhaps the immorality of smoking a cigar, or swallowing an extra glass of shandy-gaff or ALOP, may sometimes have resulted from going to a match; but such outrages as these will occasionally happen, even with the very best regulated schoolboys, and to prevent their occurrence it would need the constant presence of an Argus-eyed BRIAREUS, with an eye on every action and a birch in every hand. Constituted as the world is at the present, there may be contamination elsewhere than in town; and since it is unwise to do things by halves, our sons should have a master at their elbows all the holidays, to keep them from the scrapes which schoolboy flesh is heir to. But with this continual benefit of clergy (for almost every master now-a-days is pastor likewise), it may be questioned if our sons would be very greatly benefited, even were each tutor blessed with forty parson power of protective moral influence on those committed to his charge. It would not much advantage boys to live tied always by the leg, even were they tied to a bishop's apron-string.

THE BOTTLEHOLDER ON BUSSORAH.

The Isthmus of Suez it's no use to gabble on,
The way is by Belis, and Bagdad, and Babylon.
While there's ships in the Euxine, and ships at Marseilles,
Confound water-transit—we'll stick to the rails.

No pilot, not even the great MR. BULPH
(MR. CRUMMLES's landlord) shall steer for the Gulf:
But a railway bang down to Bussorah we'll take,
And its Sleepers shall prove that old PAM was awake.
What, give Russia or France such a chance, in a shindy,
As a start for their fleets, down the Red Sea, to Indy?
Not I, if I know it; and floored every Jew is
Who's dabbled in shares in the project for Suez.
Them there is my sentiments—look at this biceps:
I think that would bother a bigger than LESSERS.

[He squares scientifically, punches the imaginary head of a hypothetical Frenchman, bonnets MR. WILSON, and exits cheerfully.]

INGENIOUS TORTURE.

THE Chinese have invented a new species of Torture. They fasten round the neck of a malefactor, the "all-round collar," such as is worn by swells and fashionables in England. They then take the malefactor out to some public place, and make him promenade up and down for several hours at a stretch. The effect is not only painful, but extremely ridiculous, and, inasmuch as the poor devil cannot move his head either to the right or the left, the infliction excites the risibility of the populace to such a degree that it is as much as the unfortunate victim can do to submit patiently to the sarcasms of the mob without resenting them. Criminals dread this form of punishment a thousand times worse than the ordinary pillory, or the wicker cage, or the huge wooden collar that is usually suspended over the shoulders of offenders that are exposed in public. It is called the "ENGLISH TORTURE," and causes a shudder every time it is exhibited.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF THE BRITISH LION TO MR. PUNCH.

It's well bekown that old I'm grown,—ain't the Lion as I used to be;

What with Free-trade, and Foreign bread, a tame beast I'm reduced to be;

And up and down both field and town I've been trotted by all parties;
Till I'm muddled quite, and queered outright, and nigh broken my old heart is.

Bow, wow, wow,
I only wants a quiet life, and not to have no row.

In stucco base, I takes my place, a-top of each shop-front, Sir,
Red, blue, and green, of sign-boards mean I'm druv to stand the brunt, Sir;

Rampant I grow, when Heralds go at me to take their flings, Sir,
'Cos 'twixt my jaws, and in my paws, they sticks all sorts o' things, Sir,

Bow, wow, wow,
Was ever Lion so abused as the British Lion now?

And there I am at Buckingham front door—I means, the palace—
At him as cut the figure put up there I bears no malice—

But, I must say, that if some day I met him in the street, Sir,
I'd let him know that lions too can carve—a jint o' meat, Sir,

Bow, wow, wow,
If he meets the British Lion, there 'll be an awful row!

But still I'd stop on sign or shop, or perched on palace railings;
Of Herald's book the games I'd brook, nor ever break my palings;
But what will wear—and so I swear—my poor frame to a skeleton,
Is the way they treats a poor old beast, on them there tombs o' WELLINGTON!

Bow, wow, wow,
Was ever Lion treated as the poor old British, now?

They serves me out, both slim and stout—shows me up big and little;
Some opes my jaws, and pints my claws: some makes me a lick-spittle—
A spoony brute, that if you'd shoot, would never turn to hurt ye,
With jobbernowl laid cheek by jowl beside each Christian Virtue.

Bow, wow, wow,
Was ever Lion made to keep such company till now?

Some on 'em cocks me up on rocks, that to climb would queer a monkey;
As if I'd roar, "Hoy, tuppence more, and up'ards goes the donkey!"
Some on all-fours, at tombstone doors, like a mute, has had me planted;
In short, they sticks me in like bricks, wherever a beast 's wanted!

Bow, wow, wow,
Was ever British Lions so cheap as they are now?

Both me and poor BRITANNIA sure, to death them sculptors rides, Sir;
With the Virtues and the Graces, and the dooce knows what besides, Sir;

But dash my wig if I can twig wich is Virtues and wich Graces;
I only knows they all want clothes, and is much like in their faces.

Bow, wow, wow,
Here's your obvious allegories four-score and four a-row!

This many a year in Westminster, and also in St. Paul's, Sir,
I say 't with pride, I have complied with every sculptor's calls Sir;
But if this goes on, my crakter's gone, and there ain't a tig'rish swell in town,

But 'll 'ave his laugh and poke his chaff, at me and my friend WELLINGTON.

Bow, wow, wow,
Blest if I stand these monynments, without a jolly row!

CORRUPT PRACTICES' PREVENTION BILL.

We do not know the nature of the Corrupt Practices that the above Bill is to prevent, but fervently hope it may put an effectual stop to the following practices, which, in our opinion, are more or less corrupt:—

The Practice that persons have of overpaying cabmen, so that when the cabman only receives his just fare, he is sure to be dissatisfied, and the person so paying him runs the greatest risk of being abused for it.

The Practice that ladies have of wearing such corpulent dresses as almost preclude them the *entrée* into respectable society, for the simple reason that it is as much as they can do to squeeze Crinoline petticoats of a circumference scarcely inferior to that of the Regent's Park through an ordinarily-sized door.

The Practice that certain absent gentlemen have of walking in the streets with their sticks and umbrellas protruding half-way underneath their arms, so that the person, who is walking behind them, has a very good chance, unless he keeps his eyes perfectly wide open, of having

one of them seriously damaged, or his face most disfiguratively scratched, by the impertinent forwardness of the ferule.

The Practice that many women have of making an omnibus a gratuitous Parcels' Delivery Company, by taking into it with them as many bundles, parcels, and birdcages as they can carry.

The Practice that certain would-be facetious gentlemen have of telling you "a capital thing" they heard yesterday, when too frequently the "capital thing" turns out to be a hoary-headed Old Joe that the Oldest Inhabitant must have heard in his first infancy.

The Practice that shopkeepers have of carrying the awnings in front of their shops so low down over the pavement that incurable injury is inflicted on the hat of every gentleman who happens to soar ever so little above the height of Tom Thumb.

The Practice that young ladies have of collecting autographs, or a million postage stamps for a charitable purpose, or keeping an album to which you are solicited to contribute, or a pet pauper towards whose relief you are tenderly asked to subscribe—much to the persecution of their male friends, who do not like to refuse for fear of being considered mean, or "a brute."

The Practice that thoughtless persons have of throwing halfpence to Italian boys, and of sending out silver to German bands, greatly to the annoyance of their neighbours who do happen to have cars.

The Practice that young gentlemen about town, who are extremely innocent, have of saying, whenever Cremorne is mentioned, "Cremorne! pray where is that?"

There are other Practices highly objectionable; there is the Practice of *encores*, as practised at public concerts; there is the Practice of speechifying and health-proposing, as practised at private parties; there is the Practice of medical men having themselves called out of church, and of chemists assuming the functions of medical men by giving "advice gratis" to the patients who come to buy their drugs. There is the Practice, also, that lawyers have of sending in long bills, which is a highly corrupt legal Practice; and there is the Practice, likewise, that Income-Tax gatherers are perversely addicted to, of calling regularly four times a year—which is so corrupt a Practice that the sooner Parliament finds a remedy for it, the better, we fancy, the nation will be pleased.

SONG OF THE SPORTING MEMBER.

THE Whitebait in QUARTERMAINE's store-house,

The Grouse on the heathery hill,

Cry, "Ain't Ministers coming to floor us?"

"Is nobody coming to kill?"

The old shooting-ponies wax frisky,

Not brought up for September's campaign;

The Red-deer in distant Glen-Whisky

Look out for the stalker in vain.

My yacht in Cowes Water is frying,

Its crew all ashore getting drunk:

My valet of London is dying,

And asks, "When's he to pack up my trunk?"

The landlords and touters and *laquais*

De place, all the Continent o'er,

Are astonished that business so slack is,

Sighing sadly, "Why lingers Milord?"

My wife and my girls ask what reason

Hot August in London to spend,

With the balls, drums, and routs of the season,

Save PALMERSTON's, all at an end.

Hang all that prevents our escapes!

Hang Probate and Administration!

Hang Divorce—hang all forms and all shapes,

Of Canicular long legislation.

With dividing, reporting, committing,

We're all of us worn off our legs;

Don't they know brains get addled by sitting,

Exactly the same as hen's-eggs?

To bed, after twelve there's no summons

Of BROTHERTON, now, to invite 'em:

Do they fancy, like matter, the Commons

Divisible *ad infinitum*?

There's GLADSTONE, with argument voluble,

Proves a man mustn't part from his wife.

But one union I know should be soluble:

To the House we were not wed for life.

We were not even tied till September:

One Divorce-Bill would have votes in plenty,

And that's the divorce of each member

"*A Vinculo Parliamenti!*"



JONES TRIES HIS NEW HACK, WHICH IS AS QUIET AS A LAMB—JUST ABOUT!

IRISH ANTI-PRIEST PRESERVER.

A PREVENTIVE of broken heads being far preferable to a plaster for them, it is much to be desired that somebody would invent some prophylactic of that nature, tending to moderate the party rage and the personal violence attendant on Irish elections. How would the Ballot answer? It is said to have failed in America, but it does not therefore follow that it should also fail in Ireland, unless the reason why it has failed in America is, to use a form of speech befitting an Irish topic, because very many of the American voters are Irish. Tobacco flourishes on the American soil, and is capable of being grown in Ireland; therefore, if the Ballot does not succeed well on the former, it may, by some politicians, be inferred to be unsuitable to the latter; but though this argument may very probably appear conclusive to that eminent logician, MR. GLADSTONE, to ourselves and others it is not quite satisfactory.

A better reason why the Ballot may be supposed to be ill-adapted for a wild Irish constituency is that it works well in a club of English gentlemen. But, after all, the proof of the pudding is in the eating. Why not test the Ballot by tasting it? An act might be passed for the trial of the Ballot, for the nonce, at the next Irish election. It might succeed; and, if it failed, no harm would be done. Nothing would be spoilt. It might prevent broken heads and take away from priests the occasion to curse and blaspheme, and threaten to deny the sacraments of their church (as if they were charms or amulets) to the savages who are superstitious enough to believe that the denial is of any consequence. The idea of experimental reform never seems to occur to Parliament. Now the Ballot is just the case for that sort of reform, and a body of priest-ridden electors is just the body whereon, according to a beautiful proverb, experiments ought to be tried.

An Unwise Complaint.

SOME of LORD RAGLAN's friends in the House of Lords have been injudicious enough to complain that no monument has been erected to that distinguished nobleman. Let them go to Westminster Hall, look at the designs for the WELLINGTON monument, and be thankful.

ROOM REQUIRED OF COMPANY.

YE Muffs of understanding small,
Housed in the Street of Leadenhall,
Of Indian matters what a mess
You've made through sleepy senselessness,
And indolent cupidity!—
We'd rather have your room than your Company.

Old gentlemen, you unawares,
Caught napping in your easy chairs,
Your army in rebellion find;
And must, unless you're deaf and blind,
From what you hear, distinctly see
We'd rather have your room than your Company.

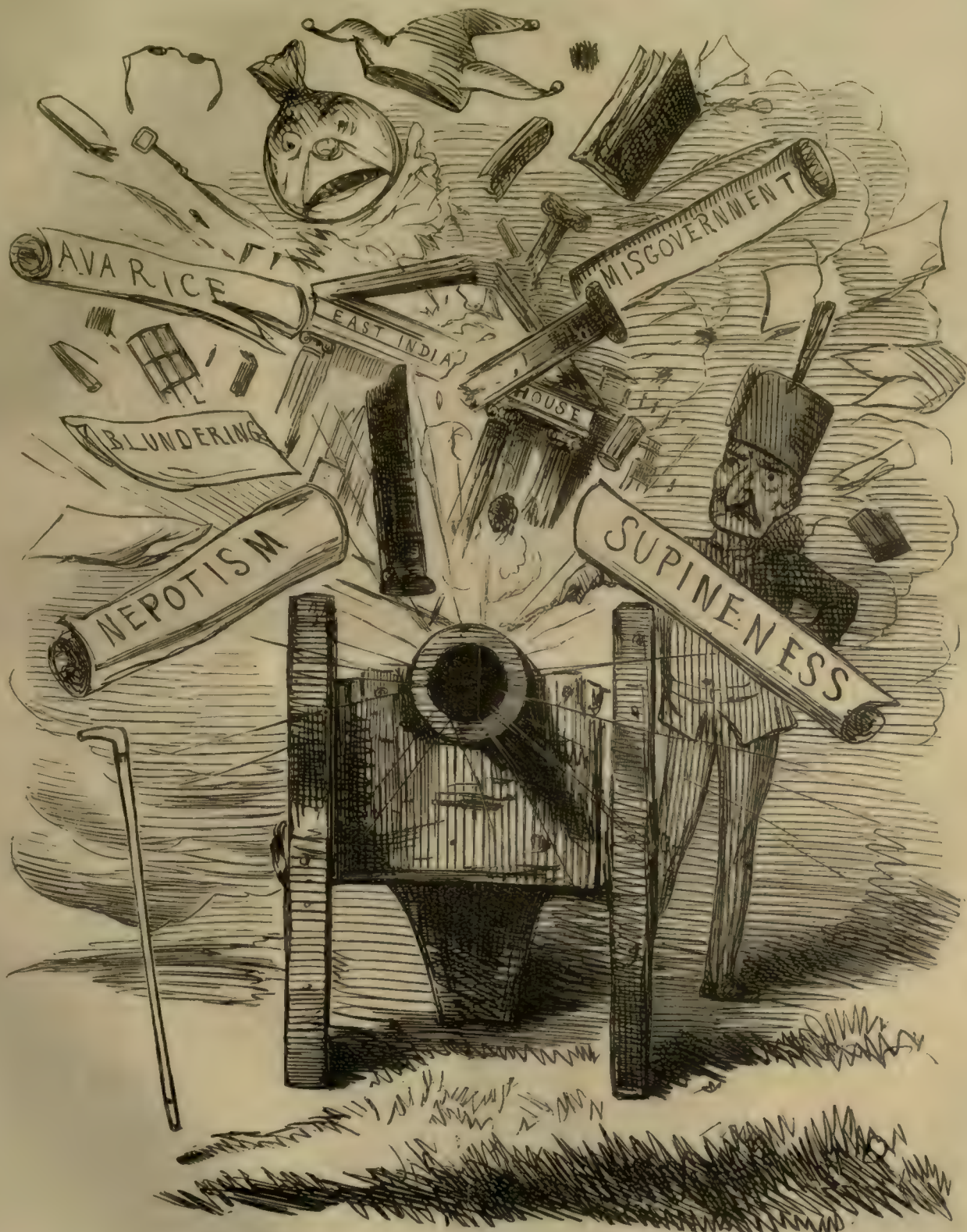
In Parliament your jobs no more
Disguised, and glossed, and varnished o'er,
By interested rogues, you'll get
That House of yours in order set;
For on this point we all agree:
We'd rather have your room than your Company.

Solvent of Gold.

A WAG of the Board of Examiners at Apothecaries' Hall asked an applicant for its diploma, what Government measure was like nitro-muriatic acid? The candidate could not answer the question—gave it up. The Examiner said, "Why the Divorce Bill, to be sure, because it will dissolve a wedding-ring." The postulant went into convulsions of laughter. He passed, of course.

Fortune is not so Blind.

WE accuse Fortune of blindness, when it showers its gifts upon a young prodigal. It is better, we think, that a prodigal should have them than a miser. The prodigal, at all events, invites others to share his good-fortune with him—the miser would keep it entirely to himself.



EXECUTION OF "JOHN COMPANY;"
Or, The Blowing up (there ought to be) in Leadenhall Street.



THE POLITICAL WARBLER.

A WEEKLY contemporary expresses dissatisfaction with the present tastes of the young men of the humbler classes. Instead, he complains, of their attending spouting clubs, and training themselves in democratic politics, they take their sweethearts to concerts, and listen to such trash as "*Minnie*" and "*Bobbing Aboard*." From which effeminacy, of course, he—after the fashion of everybody with a grievance—augurs the ruin of the country.

Mr. *Punch* is unable to share his contemporary's alarm. The spouting club, bad as it was, was better than nothing, at a time when there was no press for the people, and the press which existed was a mere organ of parties. Now, there are plenty of good and cheap newspapers, written by men of education and sincerity, from which a young man may instruct himself in politics, without stewing in a publican's room, and listening to clap-trap. And the probability is, that his sweetheart is a better companion for him than any of the acquaintances he will pick up at a spouting club. We don't make a fight for the two songs mentioned, on the contrary, both are indictable nuisances, but he may hear BEETHOVEN and MOZART for the same money, and either will do his mind more good than the talk at places where "Gents visiting the room are invited to take part in the discussions" with gin-and-water accompaniment.

But all life is a compromise, and why not compromise this question? Let us have the concert-room, but let us have the political information also. Why not introduce a series of songs, in which, coupled with pleasant music, the great truths of the constitution may be taught. We place the following specimens at the service of M. JULIEN.

THE THREE ESTATES.

AIR—"The Pirate of Blood."

By the British Constitution
The Realm hath Three Estates,
Known by the different articles
They wear upon their pates.
The Sovereign sports a Diadem,
A Coronet the Peer,
And the Commons they wear common Hats,
Just like to this one here,
My boys!
Just like to this one here.

A King or Queen does no great harm,
We've hedged them in so tight;
But the haughty aristocracy
I hate with all my might.
And to call those precious Commons
Your delegates, or mine,
Is a way that certain people have,
And it's all uncommon fine,
My boys!
And it's all uncommon fine.

But there's a good time coming,
Its date has been often axed,
When all who please shall be M.P.'s,
And no man shall be taxed.
When we all shall have our soups and jints,
And we all shall equal be:
So here's to the noble Charter's pints,
And here's for a pint for me,
My boys!
And here's for a pint for me.

THE RIGHT OF PETITION.

A GLEE.

The Right of Petition involves no sedition,
'Tis a time-honoured right which all Englishmen claim,
And when discontent with your earthly condition,
Come up to St. Stephen's, and set forth the same.
Nay, never stop there, they detest innovation,
The haughty tax-eaters are deaf to your groan,
Spurn their dust from your feet in your just indignation,
And lay your complaints at the foot of the Throne.

THE HABEAS CORPUS.

AIR—"Maid of Lodi."

I sing the Habeas Corpus
That's always sweet to me,
Because 'twas made on porpoise
To keep the Briton free.

No rascally oppressor
Can on our rights entrench,
While we've a Habeas, yes, Sir,
From the QUEEN'S—the Briton's—Bench.

Of justice no denial
Our limbs in chains shall bind,
We'll have an open trial
In the face of all mankind;
No sophistry shall warp us
To admit the slightest flaw
In the glorious Habeas Corpus,
The Body-Snatching Law.

PARLIAMENTARY AND MINISTERIAL EDUCATION.

"MR. PUNCH,

"I AM anxious to enter the Army. However, an examination stands in the way. I find that before wearing HER MAJESTY'S uniform, I must prove my inefficiency in more things than were ever dreamt of in the philosophy of an officer before.

"Thus says the report that is just issued by the Council on Military Education:—

"The Candidate, after producing medical and religious certificates, &c., will be examined in Classics, Mathematics, English, French, other modern tongues, History and Geography, Geology and Mineralogy, Chemistry, Heat, Electricity, and Drawing."

"There, Sir, I hope the list is long enough? Why, Sir, I doubt if even the talented gentleman who writes the 'Answers to Correspondents' in *Bell's Life*—and he is supposed to know everything—would be able to pass his examination in one half those acquirements! I should like to know how many Members of Parliament, supposing M.P.'s had to undergo an examination, would be able to carry themselves creditably through an ordeal like the above? It is my belief that 600 out of the entire lot would be remorselessly 'plucked.' I ask, is SIR JAMES DUKE well grounded in the classics? What does SIR CHARLES NAPIER, in spite of all the stones that have been flung at him, know about geology? I should like to be informed if MR. SAMUEL WARREN has any profound insight into the secrets of chemistry, and whether MR. ROEBUCK has any extensive knowledge of the mysteries of heat, beyond the heat of temper he occasionally displays in debate? I should like to hear MR. DONALD NICOLL examined in the first four books of *Euclid*, and it would give me infinite pleasure to see MR. WILSON put by PROFESSOR FARADAY through a regular good course of electricity. We all know that LORD JOHN'S knowledge of the French is none of the deepest, and I should doubt strongly if LORD PALMERSTON'S acquaintance with mineralogy went any deeper. And lastly, do you think MR. WISCOUNT WILLIAMS would be able for two minutes to stand an examination in English?

"My dear *Punch*, are we, young officers, such ADMIRABLE CRICHTONS, that we are supposed to have a touch of everything? I wonder when they were about it, that they did not, amongst the other desiderata, include also a knowledge of cooking, photography, dancing, tooth-drawing, and chimney-sweeping?

"An officer is none the better for being a dunce—but I do not think an officer will be any the better officer for being a living Encyclopædia. How many mature public men, I ask, are mentally qualified to prove their strength in one half the attainments demanded *en haut* of a young officer under the age of 21? Nay, as far as that goes, I will put to you this bold question: 'Would PRINCE ALBERT himself, accomplished gentleman as he is, ever have attained his present distinguished grade as Field Marshal, supposing he had been subjected, at every grade, to an examination as stiff as the above?'

"I have my fears, *Punch*, but still I hope to prove myself, in due time,

"A PASS-ABLE OFFICER.

"P.S. Why should not Ministers have to pass an examination? All other persons, applying for Government situations, have to go through that educational ordeal, and why should not *they*? If it is important for us, and other servants of the Crown, I hold that it is doubly important for them. I raise the cry, then, of 'EXAMINATIONS FOR MINISTERS!'

VERY LIGHT READING.

A DUBLIN paper in describing a human body lately discovered in an extraordinary state of preservation in a peat bog near Mullingar, says that—

"It appeared to be that of a strong muscular man, and exhibited no perceptible marks of violence, except that the head was severed from the neck just on a line with the root of the tongue."

The exception seems a rather important one. Our Hibernian contemporary apparently makes light of a somewhat serious mutilation in virtually stating that the deceased person had only had his head cut off.

A PEEP INTO WESTMINSTER HALL.

Being as much as Mr. Punch can recollect of the Descriptions appended to the Wellington Monument Models.



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON supported by Fortitude and the Honourable East India Company, tramples on Misrepresentation and Unconstitutionality; and brandishing the sword of Justice in the face of Ingratitude, plants the Standard of National Liberty under the protection of the British Lion. Motto: *Bonus, bona, bonum.*



The DUKE OF WELLINGTON plucks the Symbols of Despotism from the Lair of Tyranny, and putting to flight at once NAPOLEON and Anarchy, introduces History to the Speaker of the House of Lords, and calls upon Time to take notes of his speeches. Motto: *Verbum sat sapienti.*



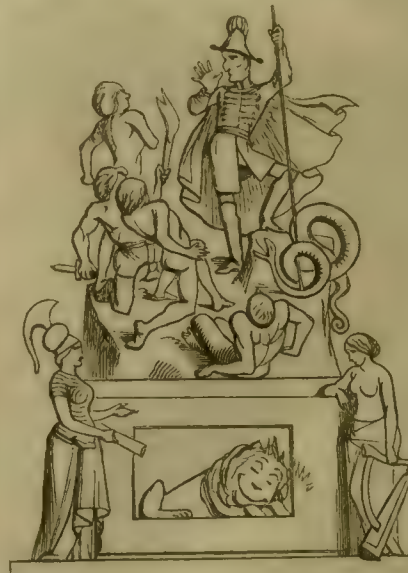
The DUKE OF WELLINGTON between Honour and Glory leads the British Grenadier into action, and pointing to the Angel of Temperance to show the moderation of his proceedings, beckons to Modesty, Economy, and Charity to advance the flag of England. Motto: *Domine dirige nos.*



The DUKE OF WELLINGTON sustains the form of BRITANNIA (who is tottering from the effects of the earthquake of Revolution), and holds to her Nose a restorative vial inscribed "Waterloo," while the discomfited Marshals of France slink away in all directions, pursued by the avenging Furies. Motto: *Bis dat qui cito dat.*



The DUKE OF WELLINGTON at the head of the Cardinal Virtues repels the advance of TIPPOO SAIB, and strikes terror into the Demon of Revolution, while Fame proclaims his deeds through the silver trumpet of Rectitude. Motto: *Go thou and do likewise.*



The DUKE OF WELLINGTON, his foot firmly planted on the Constitution, defies Arrogance, Aggression, and Usurpation; and, hurling the Bible at the Infidel Domination of France, transfixes with the Spear of URIEL the ferocious serpent of Oriental treachery, and by the grant of Catholic Emancipation invites HIBERNIA to the bosom of BRITANNIA. Motto: *There is no mistake.*

Diplomatic Difficulty.

WE are sorry to be under the necessity of suggesting the question why the French and British Ambassadors at Constantinople are not like two peas; because the obvious but unsatisfactory answer is, that there is a difference between them.

Execution in the House of Commons.

It is confidently predicted by certain noble Lords, opposed to the removal of Jewish disabilities, that if the Commons adopt LORD JOHN'S view of the Act of WILLIAM THE FOURTH, they will very soon have Sheriffs' Officers in the House.

A PEEP INTO WESTMINSTER HALL.—(CONTINUED.)

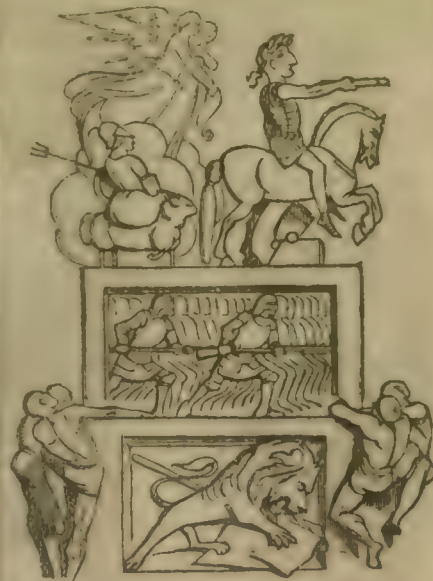


THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, mounted on his charger *Copenhagen*, whose bridle is held by Chivalry, Valour fastening the Hero's spur, while Protestant Religion delivers to him the Sword of Loyalty. Under the horse's feet are Murder and Treason; and Foreign Invasion, mortally wounded, staggers backward against the Boulogne column. Motto: *Arma virumque cano.*



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON as Bellerophon delivers Europe from the clutches of the monster BONAPARTE, places the British Crown upon the Proud Pinnacles of Mercy, Liberality, and Emancipation, while Time breaks his scythe in sign that he will never destroy the good work. Motto: *All is serene.*

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON in classical costume, to show the Simplicity of his Mind, leads



the Charge of the Guards at Waterloo, who are dressed in mediæval armour, to show that their glory was not for an age but for all time. Mercy and the Genius of Treaties fly a short distance behind him, and BRITANNIA follows as Una on the milk-white lamb, while the British Lion frantically rends the Tricolor, and the Fiends of Revolution cling affrighted to the rock of Liberty. Motto: *Such is Life.*

PROTECTION TO JURIES.

THE lawyers, it is clear, must mind what they're about. If LORD RAYNHAM'S Cruelty-Prevention Act had passed, he would have been a bold man who ventured to have anything to do with empanelling a jury. Among the cruelties in common perpetration through the kingdom, his Lordship very clearly had an eye to the barbarities which are being constantly inflicted upon jurymen. By a clause especially devised for their relief, the Bill included as an indictable offence—

"The packing in any basket or box, or in any other manner, or keeping so packed, any fowl or other animal, so as by deficiency of space, air, or provision, to cause distress or suffering thereto."

And that no doubt may exist as to jurors having claim to the protection of the Act, it was afterwards provided that—

"The word 'animal' shall include any animal, whether domesticated or not, and whether a quadruped or not."

It is a fair argument, we think, although perhaps it may not be accepted as a compliment, that the frequent proofs of asininity in the verdicts of our juries should entitle them in justice to be treated as humanely at the least as other members of the long-eared race. And since the owner of the donkey "what wouldn't go" would clearly be condemnable for keeping it tied up, and cutting off its corn or thistles, so should it be made an indictable offence to starve a conscientious jury who "won't go" to a decision. In fact, supposing that LORD RAYNHAM'S Act were passed, and we were so unlucky as to serve upon a jury, we should make a point of begging to be "written down an ass," that there might be no mistake about our having claim to the protection of the Act; which, as it provides most stringently against deficient air and provender, and all "unnecessary restraint," would clearly be effective for the punishment of those who dared to jury-box us up in a hot stifling Court of Law, and to reduce us by starvation to delivering a verdict.

A Change for the Worse.

PRINCE ALBERT'S new title of "Prince Consort of England" was conferred, it seems, that H.R.H. might take his place among "royal" instead of "serene" highnesses, at the marriage of the PRINCESS CHARLOTTE of Belgium with the ARCHDUKE MAXIMILIAN of Austria. We should have supposed it better to be "Serene" in England, than "Royal" on the Continent—as Continental Royalties go.

FASHIONABLE SIMPLICITY.

TALK of the difficulty of an examination at the College of Surgeons! Can the anatomy of the internal ear, can the sphenoid bone, can the reflections of the peritonæum, can the distribution of the fifth pair of nerves, be compared to the anatomy of a complex fashionable costume, when the following is the idea of a simple one, presented by *Le Follet*?

"It has often been said that simplicity is the best ornament for youth; thus, in the country or at the sea-side, we recommend, as morning toilette, small padded quiltings or jaconets, plain tulle skirt, with casaque to match, flat embroidered collars and mousquetaire sleeves. For evening dress, English barge, mousseline de soie, foulard de Chine; in a word, any light or simple material."

We should not like to get up the subject of fashionable dress with a view to standing an examination in it. We would rather attempt the Assyrian language or the Egyptian hieroglyphics. No amount of study would ever enable us to master the mysteries of *Le Follet*; and if we were to cram them ever so diligently, the result would be ignominious rejection. We should share the fate of the rose of loveliness. We should infallibly be plucked. We should never so much as get over even our little-go. There is something terrible in the technical nomenclature of that abstruse periodical, *Le Follet*. It suggests not only an intricacy of construction in female apparel, which is fearful and wonderful, but likewise a dire array of figures representing the cost to be looked out for by anybody on whom will fall the liability of milliners' bills. It is therefore calculated to make the thinking but not opulent lover to start and pause with a shudder at the threshold of the Temple of Hymen, if not to bolt in a fright from the sacred edifice.

PLAYFULNESS IN HIGH LIFE.

A LOVELY Creature had just been warbling, "*Drink to me only with thine Eyes.*" There was a pause. Everybody stared unmeaningly at each other. There was not a sound, save the splash of the gold fish that, with unwearied fins, were carrying on their swimming-matches round the large glass bowl, when LORD EDGAR SWANN (the lineal descendant of the united houses of SWANN AND EDGAR) leant forward, and said lovingly to his partner, "I wonder, by the bye, what kind of tippie it is that the Eye does drink?" "Why, *Champagne d'Ar*, to be sure!" exclaimed the ever-ready AGNES, and, tapping his fingers playfully with her fan, she spilt the coffee over his legs. EDGAR had new trowsers on that evening, but still he could not help laughing at the readiness of her wit.



"A VERY PRETTY QUARREL."

First Nurserymaid. "Me go back, Miss! Oh dear no, not if I'm perfectly aware on it, Miss, which you might a' seen me henter the street fust, if you'd a' been looking straight before yer, Miss, So you're not a-goin' to turn me off the pavement, if I stays here all day, beggin' o' your pard—"

Second Nurserymaid. "Oh don't name it, Mum. I'm in no 'urry!"

"DUST, OH! DUST, OH!"

We have always felt that some signal and terrible vengeance would come upon the inhabitants of the Quadrant. In their imbecile blindness, and greed of gain, they caused the destruction of their Colonnade, one of the few architectural features of London. They did so on the principle on which a man, troubled at night by those insects which are never found in Lodging-houses, M'm, unless you've brought 'em with you, M'm, or they've come with the things from the wash—should, instead of using detergents, burn his bed. The Quadranters complained that objectionable characters congregated under the Colonnade; and so, instead of putting on a few constables, and paying them enough to prevent their taking bribes, the Colonnade was pulled down, and that part of Regent Street spoiled. Ha! ha! Vengeance has come! The Plague of Dust is upon them! These splendid weeks of fiery weather the avenging Dust has been permitted to sweep over Regent Street as it sweeps over Odessa. The costly wares have been spoiled, the disgusted customers have fled—rubbing pounds of dust out of their furious eyes—the carriages have rushed past the shop-doors, and trade has received even a greater injury from the Dust than from the Dissolution. The parish authorities have kept aloof, and the water-cart has scarcely been seen. Ha! ha! Hurrah! We write with our own eyes sore with the dust that has all but ruined the locality; but again we say,—ha! ha! Hurrah! Parish authorities, your health! You have nobly chastised the Goths that destroyed the Colonnade. May you long hold office to afflict and torment Regent Street!

Russian Generalship.

In a very sensible letter on "Our soldiers' dress in India," a correspondent of the *Times* quotes the observation of a military authority who remarks, "that the first duty of a General is to bring his men fresh into the battlefield." The Russian Generals are in the habit of observing this rule after a fashion of their own. On the field of battle their men usually advance so very fresh that they may be said to come up groggy.

QUERY FOR THOSE WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—Is the Indian conflagration the result of incendiarism, and was it kindled by Greek fire fed with Russian grease?

"SEDET AETERNUMQUE SEDEBIT."

To the Air of "Little Bo-peep."

OF THESEUS we read,
That MINOS decreed,
In Hades for ever to bind him;
Till HERCULES' strength,
Released him at length,
With the loss of the part behind him.

But PAM to wrench
From the Treasury Bench
Cease, GLADSTONE, the vain endeavour;
For rather than move
He'll quote HORACE to prove,
"He sits, and will sit for ever."

Even your power of talk,
By a long long chalk,
Is beat by his power of silence;
Speech must run dry,
But if no one reply,
It must come to a vote a while hence.

You must use your own tongue,
And your own power of lung,
For your eloquent orthodoxy;—
But simply to sit,
Requires no wit,
So PAM can sit by proxy.

From the Treasury Bench
You will have to wrench,
Not one man but a party;
Who respect his force
More than your discourse,
"Non tam Mercurio quam Marte."

He's more THESEUS to sit
Than, with all your wit,
You are HERCULES to unbind him:
You must take up your tale,
But he still will prevail,
By leaving his tail behind him.

HOW TO MAKE AN INDIAN PICKLE.

ENTRUST the selection of materials and the whole management of affairs to a commercial company, like (for instance) the East India Company. Allow them to make use of as much corruption as they please. Throw in various green things, such as incompetent judges, cruel tax-gatherers, and overbearing military officers. Stir up the above with a large Spoon of the ELLENBOROUGH pattern. Mix the above with native superstitions, and by no means spare the official sauce. Allow the above quietly to ferment for several years without taking any notice of how matters are going on. When you come to look into the state of things, you will find that you have as fine an Indian Pickle as you could wish. You need not trouble yourself about the jars, for they will be supplied to you afterwards, gratis. For further particulars, inquire of the great Indian Pickle Warehouse, in Leadenhall Street. N.B. No Pickle is genuine, unless there is the mark of "JOHN COMPANY" plainly visible on the face of it.

THE HAUNTED BRIDGE.

In passing, the other day, over Southwark Bridge, we remarked two striking peculiarities of that structure. One of them is its deep and dreary solitude; the other the worn appearance of its foot-pavement. There is almost no traffic crossing it; yet the flagstones on each side of it are as deeply scooped and indented as if they had been laid down in the middle ages, and had formed the only path from the City to the Borough ever since. This convinces us that the Bridge is haunted; and that conviction is confirmed by the melancholy and desolate aspect of the toll-gates. The phenomena of Yankee Spiritualism sufficiently explain how stones may be excavated by the friction of invisible feet. There is some prospect, however, that the ghosts will soon cease to monopolise Southwark Bridge. The Board of Works has commenced a negotiation with the Bridge-house Committee with a view to see if the Bridge cannot be thrown open; when the spirits in possession will have to turn out, or at least make room for the corporeal British Public.

A MUSICAL PROVERB (BY JULLIEN).—Every musician is born with a Conductor's baton in his head.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

August 10th, Monday. LORD CAMPBELL burst upon the DUKE of ARGYLL with a scolding for not making the marks upon posted letters more distinct. The unfortunate postmaster pleaded the great number of letters he had to stamp, but said that he was having a machine made which would help him. Unless Mr. Punch mistakes, there is a pretty story about this machine, and its reception by the authorities, one which would not make a bad pendant to another pretty story that the indiscretion of an Edinburgh Reviewer has recently brought out, *via* Mr. CHARLES DICKENS.

In the Commons there was a debate about the new Public Offices, and Government promised that they would do nothing in the matter but take their coats off in order to think intensely. Then in Supply there was a fight on the £2000 asked towards making a National Portrait Gallery, and the word Picture has only to be mentioned in the House to bring on a storm of abuse on SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE, and then a *feu de joie* in his honour. This formality having been complied with, the vote was carried by 85 to 31. MR. HERBERT INGRAM suggested that a portrait of MR. SPOONER should be placed in the collection. This would be to enrich it with sculpture to an indefinite extent, for if a certain head carried on a certain classic shield turned every beholder to stone, the proposed portrait, especially if a good Anti-Maynoothian expression were thrown into it, would have ten-fold power. MR. INGRAM deserves credit for so cheap and ingenious a plan for creating a hall of statues.

Mr. Punch's intimation, last week, that the Act relative to Oaths (which LORD JOHN RUSSELL thought would make a loophole for BARON ROTHSCHILD), was not intended to apply to the House of Commons, had been shown, before publication, to LORD PALMERSTON. It is hardly necessary to say that the Committee reported in accordance with that intimation, and that the *carth* in question is stopped.

A ridiculous proposal to purchase a place of worship for English visitors to Paris was made, and was felt by the House to be so utterly absurd that Government were placed in a minority of 88 on division. The only excuse for such a thing is, that it is notorious that English visitors to Paris conduct themselves much more like heathens than the Parisians themselves. Folks who, here, are as decorous and stuck-up as possible, do things and go to places, there, which would scandalise Parisian ladies and gentlemen. JOHN BULL abroad certainly wants religious hints, but as certainly would not take them, and therefore the giving him a chapel is simply ludicrous. He likes to go to the service in the Ambassador's drawing-room, because he thus gets into aristocratic precincts, and, by the way, it is quite in accordance with LORD COWLEY's reputed hospitality that he desires to get rid even of the English who come to say their prayers in his *salon*.

Tuesday. LORD GRANVILLE will not legislate about the Sale of Poisons until next session, and meantime will thank the poison-mongers and others to read his Bill, and favour him with their opinions.

LORD PALMERSTON explained that he had been talking over the Danubian question with the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, and on the whole he thought that England and Austria might fairly give way. Does anybody besides LOUIS, PAM, and Punch know what the question was? Well then. PALMERSTON opposes the union of Moldavia with Wallachia, first because it amounts to a dismemberment of Turkey, for whose "integrity" we spent so many lives and millions; and, secondly, because the new state would, he thinks, become Russian. The people themselves, being supposed to have some slight concern in the matter, were asked to elect representatives to signify their views. Moldavia has elected adversely to union. But the elections were a good deal "managed" (French fashion) by VOGORITES and his friends, and the unionist powers, France, Russia, Prussia, Sardinia, declare the voting invalid. They bully the Sultan, and flap their flags in his face, to make him take their view. PAM has two or three trifles on his hands—India, for one—and does not want another; so he has allowed NAPOLEON to persuade him to tell STRATFORD to advise the SULTAN to give way. This, mind, does not prevent our kicking against the union itself, should it be urged. And now you know all about it, and we calculate there ain't a b'hoj in either House as could have posted you up so uncommon slick. No, Siree.

An Indian discussion, including LORD PALMERSTON's assurance that the utmost vigour should be shown in dealing with the crisis, was followed by miscellaneous matters which kept the Commons up till three o'clock. The Pimlico Improvements Bill was passed; but unluckily without the clause for putting down the Cries which have ruined Pimlico, by rendering it uninhabitable except by the lower orders. However, a general clause, putting down all Street Nuisances, including cries, perambulators, organs, round hats on females, Ethiopian serenaders, the carriages of quack doctors, mendicant street-sweepers, remember-the-grottoes, head-over-heelers, fanatic preachers, crinolines, and all other diagrares to the boasted civilisation of the Metropolis, must be part of the New Reform Bill.

Wednesday. MR. ROEBUCK, who is a very clever, but a very vain person, and who likes to hear himself talk, whether he has sense or nonsense to utter, emitted a good deal of the latter about the Bill for preventing the sale of Immoral Publications. He tried to imitate LORD LYNDHURST, but made a ludicrous failure. The Bill is to be amended, and will, we hope, pass.

SIR CORNWALL LEWIS made a financial statement, the chief points of which were that he does not mean to reduce the Tea or Sugar duties for nearly three years to come, and that the East India Company have not yet had the impudence to ask for money to carry on the war for remedying their blunders.

We are happy to announce that the Wills Bill was passed. Let every man who has not made his will immediately do so. He is a great fool, and most cruel and unjust to his family if he does not. Such is Mr. Punch's divine power of extracting a moral from the most commonplace fact.

Thursday. Some bishop delivered a huge speech justifying his conduct in reference to the non-consecration of some place for burying Welsh people. We cannot conceive anybody's being sufficiently interested in such a matter to wish to hear another word about it, but should any one be afflicted with such morbid curiosity, he had better buy Friday's Times.

Parliament in 1855 refused to inflict a penalty on parochial officers who neglected to put down nuisances. Now, members are being poisoned by the stench from the manufactories near the river, and SIR B. HALL writes to the Lambeth Vestry to move in the matter. The Vestry refuses point blank. It is hard that the innocent should suffer with the guilty; but if there are in town any members who voted against the penalty clause, we heartily hope that they are suffering from the nuisance, as they will be all the reader to give, next year, powers to punish the contumacious snobs of Lambeth.

The more Mr. Punch reflects, the more convinced he is that Woman is the great impediment to Man's living in peace and amity with his fellow-man. Look at the House of Commons. Its leaders, with sundry weaknesses, are accomplished, well-meaning, good-natured gentlemen. They will discuss and order a war with half the world, they will revise a whole system of taxation, they will frame a hundred laws of vital importance, and however stupidly they may manage, it will all be done with extreme courtesy and politeness. No man of sense will lose his temper over such trifles. But, introduce Woman into the discussion, and they immediately begin to insult one another. This day the Divorce Bill was debated for ten hours, and nothing but incivilities were exchanged. We do not care to record such instances of weakness, let us rather take the more pleasant course of recording one good thing of PALMERSTON. Among other amenities of MR. GLADSTONE's (who is frantic against Divorce, and made twenty-nine speeches against it this day) he called the ATTORNEY-GENERAL "a hewer of wood and drawer of water." By the way, some people think it profane to quote Scripture history lightly, but let that pass. LORD PALMERSTON, defending his attorney, said that as for hewing, he certainly had cut away right and left at the enemies of the bill, but it was very insulting of GLADSTONE to insinuate that they were made of Wood, and that as for "drawing water," his speeches might well have drawn tears of penitence from the eyes of those who had been offering insincere opposition. This was very good of PAM, and Mr. Punch hereby publicly claps him on the back, adding that he was quite right in saying that he would sit there day by day and night by night until the bill had passed.

Friday. That extraordinary LORD CRANWORTH, who is always doing the queerest things at the strangest times, seized the opportunity when a grave discussion on the Indian crisis was appointed, to break into a eulogy of the Court of Chancery. The business had never been in a more satisfactory state, and when delays occurred it was the fault of the suitors, not of the system. CRANWORTH then got back to his sack, where he was safe, for LORD ELLENBOROUGH looked very desirous of taking him by the ear of his wig, and conducting him to the door.

An Indian debate followed, in the course of which LORD PANMURE said that a militia vote of £200,000 had been taken, with which it was intended to embody 10,000 of the militia before February, when Parliament would be again assembled. These men are to be placed in the garrisons weakened by the dispatch of the regulars to the east. Young ladies in the provinces must make up their minds to the change. It may not be so great as they expect—we assure them that we know several militia officers who are quite as handsome and foolish as any in the army, and what more can a young lady desire?

In the Commons, Divorce again. LORD PALMERSTON and MR. GLADSTONE made some mutual apologies for blowing one another up the night before, and then the wrangle proceeded. At the end of the night the Committee had agreed to the 27th clause. MR. GLADSTONE took an opportunity of denying that he had any share in getting up evidence to obtain the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE'S divorce. Nobody supposed that one of the most high-minded and honourable men in the world had acted as a spy or a delator, but he undoubtedly favoured, and in a measure promoted, a relief to the Duke, which, on principle, he would now deny to other aggrieved husbands.

MR. ESTCOURT made a speech in favour of the Euphrates Railway, and LORD PALMERSTON, again condemning the Suez plan, considered that in all such matters Government ought to be only a Spectator. SIR FITZROY KELLY then inquired, whether the KING OF OUDE were in confinement, and why; and observed that his family here disbelieved that he could have any share in the mutiny. MR. VERNON SMITH made a very mild answer, to the effect that the King was under restraint until an investigation could take place, when, if innocent, he would be liberated. The same day, *Mr. Punch* happened to receive the *Calcutta Englishman*, in which newspaper an officer at Ghazepore states his view of the case in somewhat less delicate terms. He says:—

"What is to become of the King of Oude? I suppose Government will act energetically for once in a way, and hang the fellow, and as many of his adherents as possible."

Mr. Punch has only to add, that he thinks MR. HART, of the Trafalgar, has been unfairly treated by the White-Bait Feast's having been postponed until the fish must be as big as smelts. While this number is being published, the table is being laid for the Dictator's Greenwich Dinner. Who will receive the Penny Mug?



FULL MARCHING ORDER—THE PENANCE OF PANMURE.

THE EARLY CLOSING ASSOCIATION.

THE *Fêtes* of this Association, curiously enough, have been taking place at the Crystal Palace, whilst the adjourned debates on the Divorce Bill have been going on, morning and night, in the House of Commons. Thanks to MESSRS. GLADSTONE, HENLEY, DRUMMOND, COX, and MANNERS, the poor members will be deprived of the *Fête*, with which they generally celebrate the early closing of Parliament, on the Moors in Scotland and other heathery places. Several of the grouse, wondering at the protracted absence of their usual visitors, have begun to pair off for the next season.

THE SONG OF THE HOUSE.

With patience threadbare worn,
With eyelids heavy as lead,
A Member sat in the Commons' House
When he ought to have been in bed.
Sit! sit! sit!

In dog-days, small-hours and frowse,
And as his place he couldn't quit,
He sang the song of the House.

"Talk! talk! talk!

In the morning from twelve till four!
And talk! talk! talk!

At evening for eight hours more!

It's, oh, to be a slave

At words instead of work,
With GLADSTONE and PAM for FOX and PITT,
And BETHELL instead of BURKE!

"Talk! talk! talk!

Till the painted windows swim;

Talk! talk! talk!

Till the lights in the roof wax dim!

Clause and section and line—

Line and section and clause—

Till on the benches we fall asleep,

And dream of making laws.

Oh, men, with incomes clear,

Oh, men, with houses and wives,

What fools we are to be stewing here,

When we might lead easy lives!

Stick! stick! stick!

In the stench of the bone-boilers' dirt;

To hear GLADSTONE's taunts at BETHELL,

And BETHELL's rejoinders pert!

"Talk! talk! talk!

Our labour lasts night and day:

And what are its wages—nothing a-year,

And election bills to pay;

The right to stand on this matted floor,

The right to address that chair,

And the *Times* a blank—for I'm not of the rank

To be reported there.

"Sit! sit! sit!

From weary chime to chime;

Sit! sit! sit!

And to miss a division's a crime.

Amend, divide, and report—

Report, divide, and amend—

Till each section's a riddle, the Act a maze

And a muddle from end to end.

"Talk! talk! talk!

In the blazing midsummer light;

Talk! talk! talk!

Through the sweltering midsummer night:

While all about the House

The bone-boilers' odours cling,

To mock us with dreams of the heathery hills,

Where the grouse are on the wing!

"Oh! but to breathe the breath

Of the heather and gorse so sweet,

With my wide-awake on my head,

And my luncheon at my feet!

For only one short hour

To feel as I used to feel,

After a morning's blaze at the birds,

For an appetite for my meal!

With patience threadbare worn,

With eyelids heavy as lead,

A Member sat in the Commons' House

When he fain would have been in bed.

Sit! sit! sit!

In dog-days, small hours and frowse,

And as the debate he couldn't quit,

He tried to make the best of it,

By singing the Song of the House!

THE FRENCH CLACQUEUR'S MOTTO.—"*Bis dat qui citò dat.*"



ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

NOBBS, HAVING COME WITH HIS FAMILY TO THE SEASIDE FOR A LITTLE CHANGE OF SCENE, COMPLAINS THAT THEY HAVE BEEN TERRIBLY BITTEN BY—(BUT NO, WE WILL NOT MENTION THE HORRID CREATURES)—AND IS ADDRESSED THUS BY THE LODGING-HOUSE KEEPER: "THEN HALL I CAN SAY, SIR, HIS—THAT, IF YOU'VE BEEN HILL-CONVENIENCED BY 'EM, YOU MUST A' BROUGHT 'EM DOWN WITH YOU IN YOUR PORTMANTEL!"

THE CHIEF CASE FOR LORD CAMPBELL'S ACT.

IF LORD CAMPBELL'S Bill for the abatement of the Holywell Street nuisance passes, perhaps it will effect the abatement of a similar, but worse, because more public, nuisance. The nuisance of quack doctors' advertisements equals, if it does not exceed, the Holywell Street nuisance in turpitude, and far surpasses it in magnitude. Instead of being confined to an obscure lane, it is spread over a vast proportion of the newspaper-press, and thus extended upon parlour and drawing-room tables. Immediately under the eyes of the female portion of innumerable respectable families throughout the kingdom, are lying about advertisements unfit for the perusal of the vilest blackguard. The evil is most conspicuous and glaring in the country journals. Most of those London papers that admit these execrable puffs thrust them into a corner—the Holywell Street department of the paper—but our provincial contemporaries, in many instances, parade them in large type, in the most conspicuous part of their columns; perhaps in juxtaposition with the announcement of a missionary meeting.

In many a newspaper, metropolitan as well as local, you find a religious leading article on one page, and a series of these revolting advertisements on another. We have only described one-half of the evil of these nuisances. Not only do they rival, if not beat, the Holywell Street nuisances in demoralising tendency; they are also infamous as contrivances for purposes of fraud and extortion. They are put forth by scoundrels, who pretend to be surgeons, with the object of swindling weak and ignorant people. The dupes, for whose deception they are intended, are nervous patients, who, conscious of having committed some immoralities in the course of their lives, are easily persuaded that their ailments are owing to those errors. Induced to confide their cases to the advertising quack, they are dosed with sham-specifics for imaginary complaints, and charged exorbitant fees, amounting in many instances to hundreds of pounds, which if

they refuse to pay, the quack threatens a public action, and consequent disclosure of their confessions. The *Lancet* has done good service by directing attention to a case in point. Surely those newspapers that lend their columns to the lying professions of these rascals will be comprised in the class of publications threatened by LORD CAMPBELL'S Bill. Even as it is, are they not open to indictment by the Society for the Suppression of Vice? That Society, however, confines its efforts to the Suppression of Vice in the slums, and makes no attempt to exclude it from family circles. Virtue lives in a pig-stye, and complains of a remote cow-house.

Whilst the advertising quacks remain at large, it may be as well to mention some of the peculiarities by which they may be personally recognised. Many of them drive about Town in remarkable equipages. They wear extraordinary and conspicuous beards and moustaches. Their names are mostly assumed; almost every one of them has an *alias*. We grieve to state also—because the circumstance we are about to mention is one that tends to maintain an unworthy prejudice against a particular class of our fellow subjects—that very many of them are distinguished by the same peculiar features as those which denote Sheriffs' Officers and Old Clothesmen.

When LORD CAMPBELL'S measure shall have passed, we shall make a tour of prisons, in the hope of having the pleasure of seeing at least one of these fellows actively employed for the first time in his life, perhaps, unless he has been similarly employed already for buying stolen goods, either in grinding vigorously at the crank, or tripping it nimbly on the treadmill.

The Common Objects of the Sea-Shore."

"WHY publish a book under such a title?" writes a bilious Rams-gate correspondent, "as if everybody didn't know the commonest objects of the sea-shore to be clumsy feet in buff slippers, and pretty faces in round hats."

ANIMAL LONGEVITY.



HE papers have been amusing themselves with giving the ages of various animals. There are in the account, however, several omissions, which we beg to supply. The age of the British Lion is not given. This is an unpardonable oversight towards one, who has made so much noise in the world, and, more especially, as he has lived longer than all the other animals put together. The longest-lived animal, according to BURTON, (we should like to know how he verified the age?) is the Elephant, who is said to live to the age of 100 years. Now, the British Lion is considerably older than that, and is now as young and as sprightly as ever. The way in which he is continually wagging his tail is a proof of this. He will doubtlessly live as long as BRITANNIA herself.

The British Lion's precise age may be ascertained at the Herald's College, where, on the payment of a small fee, you will doubtlessly be able to procure a certificate of his birth and baptism. The reader is recommended to make the trial.

There is the British Unicorn, too, who stands nearly in the same position as the Lion, and, perhaps, in the main, is quite as old.

There are other omissions, which we deplore. There is the Russian Bear, scarred and disfigured as he has been lately, and the French Eagle, and all sorts of Eagles, belonging to Prussia, Austria, and America, either with single or double, or as many heads as a bundle of asparagus. We ought to have been informed of their respective ages.

Talking of America, we find no mention made of the American Sea Serpent, who, first discovered in a printer's fount, has since established a small Serpentine for himself in every well-conducted American newspaper. What is the Serpent's age? We will not make inquiries about Old Mother Hubbard's Dog, nor Little Bo-Peep's Sheep, nor the celebrated Cow who is reported to have jumped over the Moon, nor about any of the clever animals, who have lived for so many ages in Æsop's, GAY's, and LAFONTAINE's fables. Fortunately, they are still alive, and have in them a longer lease of life than any herald can give them. They are "not for an age, but for all time," and will live co-eternal with PUNCH's Dog Toby.

Advice to Angry Men.

Be doubly careful in this hot weather. Resolutions, taken up warmly during the day, should be put out all night, and looked at, when cool, the next morning. Above all, do nothing in the heat of the moment, more especially when that heat happens to be not less than 85° in the shade. As has been pithily said, "The impetuous man, who acts from the heat of the moment, is singularly apt to burn his fingers."

THE ONLY TRUE HISTORICAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.—The cartoons every week in PUNCH.

THE FINE YOUNG ENGLISH OFFICER,
AS HE IS TO BE.

I Sixe of one whom now that we've begun to educate,
The House of Commons lately made the subject of debate:
Whose qualities each Member vied with each to numerate,
And what their fancy painted him I'll now proceed to state;
'Tis the fine young English Officer, as he is to be—in time.

His head so old on shoulders young with knowledge overflows,
Acquaintance with all sciences and arts its stores disclose,
All books and in all languages by heart almost he knows,
And he's able to write legibly, and what is more, compose:
Like a wise young English Officer, the reason of my rhyme.

Italian, French, and Spanish, and Dutch, high or low, he'll speak,
Count Troy-weight like a Trojan, tell the time of day in Greek;
And if to serve in India he be a chosen man, he
Will astonish all the natives in the choicest Hindostanee:
Like a polyglot young officer, fit for the future time.

Nor are his powers of body less than are those of his mind;
Quick eye, strong arm, and foot so fleet as ne'er to lag behind;
Good lungs, and constitution such as no fatigue can feel,
With iron nerves and sinews, and a heart as true as steel,
Has this brave young English Officer, to serve us in his prime.

A Centaur in his horsemanship, an ANGELO to fence,
In every manly pastime he makes way, nor makes pretence;
From battle-fight to fisticuffs good generalship he proves,
In glory's race a winner and a "wunner" with the gloves:
Like the plucky British Officer, of past and present time.

He can draw with equal credit an earthwork or a cheque,
Keeps a spotless reputation, and accounts without a speck,
Knows staff-duties and horseflesh, can out-bargain Greek or Jew,
Has ready wit at his command, and ready money too:
This accomplished English Officer, one of the coming time.

MORAL.

Now all you fine young Officers who'd mind your q's and p's,
The more you're like this picture the more your PUNCH you'll please:
Fight then your best with ignorance, count folly as your foe,
And while not less ornamental far more useful you will grow:
As befits the British Officer, pride of the coming time.

AN ACQUISITION FOR A FAMILY.

A WANT which will not perhaps be readily supplied is announced in the advertisement following:—

WANTED, some distance in the country, a comfortable HOME for an IMPETUOUS FEMALE. A farm-house preferred. Apply by letter, stating terms, which must be moderate, to C. A. B., ———, Royal Exchange.

The ambiguous nature of the description of the female for whom accommodation is desired in the above notification will necessitate any reply that it may possibly receive to be an inquiry as to its meaning. Does the intemperance predicated of that lady mean violence of language and demeanour merely, or addiction to brandy-and-water, or, the union of both these unpleasant deformities of the feminine character? The expectation that an intemperate female, whether irascible only, or drunk only, or drunk and irascible too, would be received as an inmate of any decent, domestic establishment on moderate terms, is rather Utopian, and taken in connection with the preference expressed for a farm-house, is evidence of quite a rural or [Arcadian] simplicity. The reception of the intemperate party, on any terms, could hardly be expected, except of the proprietor of a cold-water-cure concern, or the keeper of a lunatic asylum, or a superintendent of those two institutions combined.

A Question for Sculptors.

THE Statues of SIR ROBERT PEEL are numerous enough. In some, he is attired in the Roman toga—in others he is dressed in his own private clothes. Now, is it not strange, considering how closely his name is identified with the institution of the Police, that no artist has ever yet thought of representing SIR ROBERT as a Peeler?

THE SHOOTING SEASON.

SHOOTING has begun at Homburg, Ems, Spa, Wiesbaden, Baden-Baden, and other places of card-playing resort. Shooting began on the very same day as the opening of the gambling-saloons. N.B. Pistols, on sale or hire, to be had at the different Ball-rooms.

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THE ONLY TRU
every week in *Punc*

OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.



HE drafting off some thirty thousand troops for India has, of course, revived the cry about our national defencelessness, and nervous members have been nightly getting on their legs to ask what measures have been taken for the safety of the country, and to impress upon LORD PALMERSTON the policy of its insurance from the danger of invasion. Perhaps it may in some degree relieve the minds of these alarmists, to know that *Mr. Punch*, far-seeing as he is, does not apprehend that peril to be imminent; and that he, moreover, has a plan at his pen's point, by which we still may sleep in safety in the absence of our troops.

Mr. Punch would suggest that, when its men-of-war are gone, England should rely on the protection of its women. Encased as they are now in whalebone and in steel, they are thoroughly well armed to act on the defensive, and surrounded by their wide circumference of petticoat, it is clear that they are quite secure from close attack. The sharpest bayonet would fail to pierce through their stiff skirts, and except at a long range it would be impossible to open fire upon their ranks, even granting that the enemy were ungallant enough to do so. As for charging them with cavalry, the havoc ladies make with the boldest of dragoons is too well known for any horsemen thus to outdo Balaklava, and rush madly on their fate: indeed, were it attempted, the longest-legged of chargers would fail, there is no doubt, to leap the hoops and other outworks in which the ladies would be found impregnably entrenched.

Moreover, accoutred as they are at present, it is clear that our fair country women are not only suited well to act on the defensive, but are eminently fit for the offensive also: if gallantry permits us for a moment to assume that a lady can in any sense be thought to act offensively. In the case of their attacking, who by any possibility could stand against their weight, now that every lady (it is commonly believed) carries half a ton at least of Crinoline about her: and from the way in which they brush us off the pavement with their skirts, we feel assured that in a charge they would sweep everything before them. By simply taking care to keep a pin or two about them, they would be well armed for the occasion of close fighting: though certainly the notion of their coming to close quarters scarcely seems compatible with the extent of their circumference: and in case of need, each lady would be free to use her tongue, than which she could not wield a more formidable weapon. So long as any woman has a tongue in her head, she may fairly be accounted armed to the teeth; and we believe that the first volley, were it but of small talk, would cause the very boldest-hearted enemy to quail; and induce every man of them to lay down his arms, and run submissive into those of his vociferous assailants.

We have said enough to show that the ladies would be sure to prove as irresistible in warfare, as we are gallant enough to think they are in peace: and we are convinced that in the case of an invasion, they would rise as one woman to protect their hearths and husbands. Our fancy fails to picture a more nobly-touching spectacle than the wide expanse of Crinoline spread out to meet the foe, and ourselves and fellow countrymen all hid from harm behind it. Nor in putting ourselves thus under petticoat protection, should we be exposing our defenders to much danger. A lady's Crinoline may now be regarded as her castle, and she is as safe in it as though she were ensconced in Gibraltar.

Should our hints be acted on (and we have too much self-respect to imagine they will not), we scarcely need suggest that the enrolment of our female troops had better instantly commence, as the recurrence of wet weather might a little damp their ardour. While the present sunshine lasts there would be no lack of volunteering for the field, and the country might rely on seeing its defenders flocking out of town to it. From practising at pic-nics no doubt the troops would show a fair acquaintance with field duties; and in order to familiarise their minds with camping out, it might be found expedient to start a female Aldershot, at which our better halves might now and then take up their quarters. They might there be exercised in military movements, and learn some notion of obedience to the word of command. If smartly carried out, the order "Brandish Bodkins!" would produce a grand effect; and by a sudden movement to the word "Present Parasols!" the troops might safely frighten off a cavalry attack. We should think too that in cases of extreme emergency, a rally to the war cry, "Draw Pincushions—and Charge!" would strike terror to the hearts of the bravest of assailants.

As it would be policy, in the event of actual fighting, for the ladies every one to put on their most killing looks, due attention should be paid to their effectiveness of dress, and each corps should be furnished with a millinery staff. In order to secure the display of the best taste, the clothing Colonelcies should be reserved for competition, and be attainable not by purchase but by merit. For the sake of distinction as well as uniformity, the regiments might each one of them be dressed in uniform, and take its name from its distinguishing costume and colours. The

absent Greys and Blues might be represented by the Lilacs and the Pinks; and discarding as too masculine the words "dragoons" and "troopers," we might more fitly speak of our high-mettled ladyguards as being "Light Balloons" or "Heavy Iron Hoopers."

Impressed as we are always with the sense of our own wisdom, we are prepared to be called fools for the hints we have thrown out. But the severest of our critics must at any rate allow that the plan we have suggested for our national defence would at least save the country from that great loss of labour, which would result from prematurely calling out the militia. These are mostly now engaged in active operations, doing gallant duty in the harvest field of action, and daily cutting down and carrying everything before them. From such service to the state we should be sorry to disturb them; and gallantry forbids our doubting that the ladies would be welcomed as fair and fitting substitutes. At any rate, whatever its defects may be, we feel persuaded that the scheme we have proposed is in no way more absurd than the fears which have suggested it.

ART-APPURTENANCES OF THE STREET.

On a direction board which shows the way to the scientific and artistic collections at South Kensington, is depicted a human hand, as index. The treatment of this subject really evinces a very fair attempt at drawing and colouring, manifest not only in the anatomy and flesh-tints of the hand and fingers, but also in that little bit of costume, the cuff, out of which issues the wrist. The hand is, in fact, to use an outlandish slang-phrase, an Art-Hand, or an Art-Index. The idea involved in this Art-Work might be extended, with great advantage to the Art-Profession in the encouragement of Art-Talent, as well as in the creation of employment affording subsistence to struggling industrious Art-Persons. Why should not every finger-post be, either partially or entirely, an Art-Finger-Post?

The partial Art-style of finger-post might be such as that exhibited by the model at Kensington, or the hand might be carved, or there might be a whole arm with hand and fingers, instead of a mere hand, either carved or painted. The Art-Finger-Post entire might be a statue pointing in a given direction with an appropriate gesture. Room for great variety of expression would be afforded. Thus, for Newgate Street, for instance, the Art-Finger-Post might be a figure of Justice with a drawn sword extended in the direction of the gaol; or it might be the more modern figure of a policeman indicating that edifice with his truncheon. The way to the Opera House, on the other hand, might be shown either by a classic statue of Terpsichore, or by the sculptured likeness of an actual ballet girl—in the latter case the figure might be represented executing a *pirouette*, with a leg outstretched instead of an arm, the index constituted by the great toe, and the Art-Work, instead of an Art-Finger-Post, forming what might be more correctly called an Art-Toe-Post. Bishops, Judges, Generals, Aldermen, and other leading personages might afford designs for Art-Finger-Posts pointing to localities connected with their several professions. To Art-Finger-Posts might be added Art-Lamp-Posts, constructed on the same principle, and likewise Art-Posts at the sides of the street, with spikes on their heads, to prevent the boys from spoiling their Art-Beauty in jumping over them.

The Fault of the Weather.

SIR RICHARD BETHELL was reported by the papers to have remarked upon MR. GLADSTONE's perspiring during his Anti-Divorce Speech. The learned ATTORNEY-GENERAL would seem to have been in communication with the press, as on the fourth day afterwards we find an *erratum*, "For 'perspiration exuding' read 'eloquence bursting.'" The words sound so exactly alike that the reporters might easily mistake. Either way, we take it, SIR RICHARD intended to give MR. GLADSTONE a wipe.

THE LAST TWO SWELLS IN TOWN.

First Swell. You won't believe it—but the Park was quite full yesterday!

Second Swell (tries to say something, but such is his amazement, and languid state, that he cannot utter a word).

First Swell. A fact, nevertheless! I counted not less than nine people in it—on my honour, I did!



VERY ARTFUL CONTRIVANCE.

Clara. "WHY, DEAR ME! WHAT DO YOU WEAR YOUR HAT IN THE WATER FOR?"

Mrs. Wulrus. "OH, I ALWAYS WEAR IT WHEN I BATHE; FOR THEN YOU SEE, DEAR, NO ONE CAN RECOGNISE ME FROM THE BEACH!"

HARVEST CAROL.

HARD though it be to turn your eyes
From India's crimson plains,
Where British blood for vengeance cries
On every fiend it stains,
Yet from those fields, so grimly dyed
With gore by dastards shed,
Look on your own, now far and wide
With what a harvest red!

Instead of those full sheaves, we might
A scanty crop have seen;
Those rich ripe ears could, black with blight,
With mildew white, have been,
Untimely thrashed with storms of hail,
Or sprouting, soaked in rain;
We having famine to bewail,
As well as kindred slain.

At many an early harvest home
Will many a nut-brown bowl,
In many a jolly farmer's dome,
Slake many a thirsty soul
Be that a grace-cup—ere we drink,
My mates, one moment stop,
To say, what every heart must think,
Thank God for this good crop!

A Medical Negation.

SINCE the particulars of the very equivocal trial, that were published at full length in the *Lancet* of August 8th, DR. KAHN has felt himself such a complete negative in the medical profession, that he seriously intends altering the name of his Exhibition to make it suit his new position. Henceforth, he does not wish it to be known as "KAHN'S MUSEUM," but, quite the reverse; to be always honourably mentioned as "THE MUSEUM OF CAN'T."

A PERAMBULATOR-TAX WANTED.



R. PUNCH, SIR.—"Toll-gates are a nuisance, soon to be reckoned with things of the past; but to my mind, Sir, perambulators are beyond comparison a greater. Being a pedestrian as well as an old bachelor, I regard these infantine infernal machines with two-fold aversion. They not only wheel against my corns and make me limp in agony and terror off the pavement, but they bring me into contact with nursemaids and children, from whom it is my constant prayer to keep aloof. You may conceive then with what pain the other morning in the *Times*, I came across the following:—

"TOLLS ON PERAMBULATORS.—The question 'Are Perambulators liable to toll?' has been decided before the magistrates at Totnes. The decision was in favour of the nursery, and the toll-taker was condemned in the costs."

"Sir, on reading this pathetic statement, my emotion, combined with a small piece of egg-shell, nearly choked me. To get up from the breakfast-table, search for pen and ink, and dash off three sheets of condolence with that injured toll-taker, was the work, if not of a moment, at least of not above an hour. If ever man deserved a statue, I consider he does. His noble effort to emancipate the nation from the thralldom of the nursery should win for him a niche between WILBERFORCE and WELLINGTON, and be recorded in the most perpetuating marble. As a national monument the work should, of course, have the sanction of the Government, but as I entertain a wish to live to see it finished, I have no desire that Government should have the execution of it. Besides, their hands are full just now with their

designs upon the DUKE; the carrying out of which may in due course, I suppose, be expected to succeed the completion of the NELSON Column, and be reported as 'in progress' at the end of the next century.

"There is another work, however, which the Government might easily get through with before they go to grouse, and which would do the State—and especially the old foggy state—such service as would amply make amends for an otherwise unproductive Session. An Act for the Abatement of the Great Perambulator Nuisance, would be an Act of Charity for which every street pedestrian would feel ever after grateful, and would add a dozen yards at least to the height of popularity LORD PALMERSTON now stands at. To show how terribly the nation is in need of some relief from these vexatious vehicles, I have a mass of carefully collected statistics at my elbow, which throw a light upon the subject that is perfectly appalling. I find that on one side of Regent Street alone, the daily traffic of perambulators numbers upwards of six thousand; and, through carelessness and furious driving, an average of nine hundred and twenty-seven corns (fifty-four per cent. of them belonging to old gentlemen) have, according to the returns of the last six months, been wheeled over weekly by these juvenile Juggernauts. With the knowledge of these frightful facts you cannot wonder that I cry for a Perambulator-Tax, and the heavier it be laid on the lighter will my heart and spirits be in future. Indeed, were this not so blessedly free a country, I should rejoice to see it made penal to use a perambulator after eight o'clock A.M., and I would dig the deepest dungeons for the punishment of those who dared to disobey this salutary law.

"Sir, these vehicles of misery have too long stopped the way, and every friend to progress must wish for their removal. For safety sake their wheels must now be brought to 'wo'; the nation's weal imperatively, as I think, demands it. As being the Redresser-General of Grievances, it is to *Punch* the nation looks for measures of relief. An Act to impose a Perambulator-Tax, if endorsed with your approval, might instantly be passed, and would be an act of mercy to innumerable myriads of my afflicted fellow-countrymen, as well as, Sir, to

"Yours, without gout, A TOE-MARTYR."

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.—The Ducks have arrived, for the Season, in St. James's Park.



THE HONEYMOON.

Mary. "Charles, dear; now we are Married, you know, we should have no Secrets. So do, like a Love, hand me the Bottle of Hair Dye; you will find it in my Dressing-Case."

PUNCH'S LITTLE POLICE COURT.

JUMPING ON A TRAIN IN MOTION.—A smart little boy, called JOHNNY JONES, not more than nine years of age, was brought up before Mr. Punch for jumping on a Train whilst in motion. A lady, whose name, from a feeling of gallantry, we suppress, said that whilst walking down Regent Street yesterday, she felt a heavy pressure on her dress behind. On looking round, she saw the defendant standing on her train. The jerk had been so sudden, the blow so violent, that her dress had nearly been wrenched off her back. As it was, it was completely pulled out of more than one-half the gathers round the waist. She considered the dress, which was a love of a Barège, only of this last year's Spring Fashions, was completely spoilt. She estimated the damage done at not less than £3 15s.

JOHNNY JONES, upon being asked what he had to say, declared as how he couldn't help it. It warn't no fault of his'n if ladies would take to wearing their togery so long as they did. Why, this 'ere un was at least two yards long, a-dragging ever so far behind the Lady. He was very sorry—that he was—but bless his lucky, if he could help it. He never saw the Train till he was right upon it.

Mr. Punch said this was evidently an accident. Such accidents would not occur, if ladies would not wear their dresses so long. If damage was done, the ladies had only themselves to blame for it. The damage was doubtlessly very annoying, but it might easily be avoided by the dress being curtailed. The present length of ladies' dresses was, to say the least, a nuisance carried to the greatest extreme. It touched on the very borders of ridicule. It was of benefit to no one, excepting, perhaps, the crossing-sweepers, whose birch-brooms it certainly saved a deal of mucky labour; and it must unquestionably entail interminable annoyance, and expence without end, on the fair creatures who wore them. Of the breadth of ladies' dresses, he would not at present say a word; though if called upon to adjudicate between the two evils, he might perhaps venture to remark, that the one was quite as broad as the other was long. If every case of jumping on a train whilst in motion was brought before a Magistrate, the consequence

would be, that at least one half of the lovely beings who were in the habit of attending a QUEEN'S Drawing-room would have to appear at the bar of a police-office the next morning. It was notorious that at Court collisions between trains occurred every other minute, and the expence that resulted from such accidents was doubtlessly such as to cause alarm even to the stoutest purse, but those cases very wisely were never brought into Court. As he said before, the remedy was in the hands of the ladies themselves—or their milliners' hands—though, probably, the latter might object to the cutting-down of the dresses, as it might have the effect of cutting down their bills. It was simply a question of shear comfort. He would suggest to the ladies, therefore, the judicious use of the pruning-scissors.

The case was dismissed.

Mutability of Fashion.

WE think we cannot better prove the mutability of Fashion than by printing the two following interesting facts. They have the further advantage, also, of proving the rapid change that occasionally takes place in young ladies' tastes:—

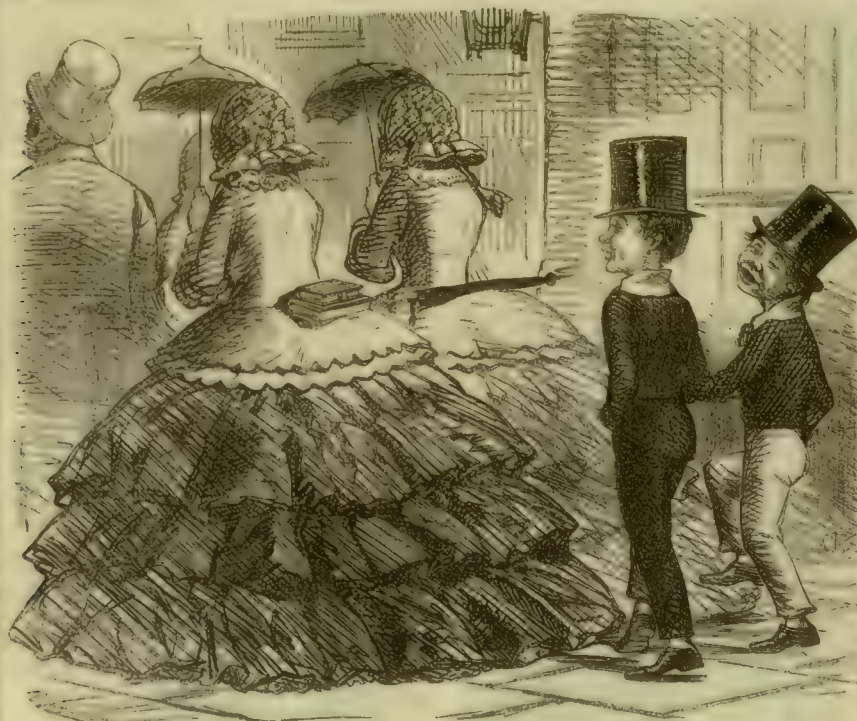
1849. EMILY refuses ALBERT, because he doesn't wear straps!
1857. EMILY refuses ALBERT, because he does wear straps!

AN EMPEROR'S PRIVACY.

THE Visit to Osborne was a private one. None but Policemen were admitted. Are we to conclude, therefore, that LOUIS NAPOLEON'S Privacy consists generally in being surrounded by some forty or fifty Policemen?

JOINT-STOCK SOUP.

A YOUNG Housewife wishes to know whether the conversion of paid-up shares into Stock is not an example of what is meant by cooking accounts.



The Extremely Reprehensible Conduct of those two Podgkinsons, as they Walked to Church with their Papa, Mamma, and Sisters, the very first Sunday last Holidays.

"LES ADIEUX D'OSBORNE."

It is said that the EMPEROR is anxious to have a painting commemorating his visit to Osborne, and that Mr. GUDIN will be commissioned to paint it. We think a capital companion to the "*Adieux de Fontainebleau*" might be made out of the subject. We would have LOUIS NAPOLEON in his old dress of a special constable. He should be taking an affectionate farewell of his faithful Police. On one side there should be the English Police, his former companions on duty; and, on the other side, there should be grouped pathetically the French Police, who accompanied him from France. PRINCE ALBERT would be shown in the background, overcome with emotion. The QUEEN might be elegantly introduced at the back, waving her handkerchief from the balcony. Not only might the Picture, with such strong incidents, be made most effective, but it would also contain elements of truth, which historical pictures do not always possess. The two sorts of veteran Police, admitting of a great variety of costume, would form a most admirable group. An old *mouchard* in tears would tell capitally. The title, of course, must be LES ADIEUX D'OSBORNE. On the top of the picture might be delicately inscribed, "*Strictly Private.*" It would help the story.

Rival to Joe Miller.

BERNAL OSBORNE's *jeux-d'esprits*, jokes, conundrums, epigrams, sarcasms, paradoxes, *cogs-à-l'âne*s, personalities, &c. &c., are to be collected together, and published shortly, in 19 vols., under the title of:—"The Bernal Collection."

THE ZUB-ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH—A SOUTH-WESTERN ECLOGUE.

"TELL US, BILL, if thee bist able,
See 'n as how I can't make out,
This here Zub-Atlantic Cable
As they calls ut, what about?"
"Thee dost know I bain't no scollard,
PETER, that thee know'st full well;
Ziunce never havun foller'd,
Little 'tis as I can tell."

"Tell that there, for thee bist clever
At explainin things off-hand,
And 'twill be as much as ever
I be like to understand."
"Well; to give thee sich a notion
As I feels I'm aqual to—
Under the Atlantic Ocean
This here cable is to goo."

"By the Ocean, as I takes ut,
Neighbour, thee dost mane the Say,
Tell us, now, how fur you makes ut
This here Cable vor to lay?"
"At a moderate calculation
'Tween two thousand mile and dree,
Bringun in communication
Ireland and Amerikey."

"What a stretcher! What's ut made
on?
Tell us what ut's vor, I pray,
Under water beun' laid on
All that there termendious way?"

"This here Cable of the Ocean
Is described, by them who've sin,
Gutter percher, outer potion,
Over 'lectric wires within."

"Ah! what, wires like them inventions
As do carry, in a crack,
Any messidges you mentions
Down from Lunnon here and back?"
"Ees, and by the zame assistance,
True as now I talks to thee,
Words ool vly, all that there distance,
'Tween Ameriker and we."

"Truer words was never spoken
Than that wonders bain't to cease.
BILL, my boy, I sees a token
In that precious link, of peace."
"I should think so; peace 'tween brothers,
Who aloan is Vreedom's hope;
Whilst thee zee'st all them there others'
Servun' Tyrants and the Poap."

"Well; they zinks this Cable, don't
em,
Down away there in the deep?
But the waves ool stir 'un, won't em,
When the storms above 'un sweep?"
"Ah! the storms all sweeps above 'un,
When the winds arise and blow;
But the waves won't never move 'un,
They be still as death below."

"Well; in course I zee that follers,
But, about the holes, old chap?
When a draps down in the hollers,
Dash my buttons! wun't a snap?"
"Naw; cause underneath the biller
What they calls a reef xtends,
Makun' vor 'un one long piler
All the way between his ends."

"Natur's got some strange things in her,
There a Providence I zee;
Though I knows as I'm a sinner,
Which I will confess to thee."
"PETER, in thy observation
I agrees; ut makes us think
Arter all this conversation,
Let us ha' a drap o' drink."

"BILL, I likes that there suggestion;
By the vorce on't I be struck;
In regard to that there question
Now suppose we drinks good luck."
"Hoy! Hallo!—zum beer, young 'ooman—
Quart a-piece—we can't ha' less.
Bring us zum o' your uncommon:
'Lantic Telegraph's success!"

[We deeply regret that our buccolic contributor should have put his enthusiasm into the above beautiful poem before reading the latest news from Valentia. Mr. PETER's inquiry, "Wun't it snap?" is, however, a very sensible one, and Mr. BILL should have replied, "In coorse." But the admirable anti-temperance sentiments at the close, no less than the general merit of the poem, forbid our sacrificing it.—Ed.]

NOTE ON COLOURS.

ULTRAMARINE is the name given to an intense blue. Ultramontane may be suggested as an analogous expression which might be applied to violent scarlet.

"VERY HARD LINES."—Reading *Bradshaw's* in a hurry under a gas-lamp on a very windy night in the street!

SIGH OF THE SPORTING MEMBER.

THE Sporting Member, nailed to the Treasury benches, and dreaming of the grouse-dotted Moors, hums plaintively to himself, "*How happy could I be with Heather!*"

UNPRECEDENTED TRADE ANNOUNCEMENT.—The Pig-Market was quiet.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



AUGUST 17. *Monday.* LORD CAMPBELL pictured Mr. ALLEYNE, the founder of Dulwich College, "starting from his grave," and signifying his approval of the Dulwich College Bill, as framed by the Lords. So solemn an image of course convinced the Peers that they ought to disagree with the Commons' amendments, and they did. The question is, who shall be the governing body—the Commons' plan tending to parochialism. The proposal to admit a few children of Actors to the benefits of the charity founded by an actor who made his fortune on the stage, has been entirely rejected with the lofty contempt characteristic of Respectability. Later in the week the Commons resolved to stand by their amendments, and Mr.

KNIGHT roundly abused all the Dulwich fellows as robbers, and the bill as "a compromise with the Devil."

The Commons began again at Divorce, and gentlemen amused themselves all the morning by conceiving every variety of scandal, and setting each case before poor SIR RICHARD BETHELL, to know what he would do with it. The debate would furnish a variety of invaluable hints to French novelists and their English imitators. The same remark applies to the nocturnal sitting, at which, moreover, by a very large majority, was rejected a reasonable proviso, inserted by the Lords, that cases where the details were offensive to public decency might be heard in private.

Here let Mr. Punch interpolate a word to his contemporary the *Morning Star*, with certain of whose doctrines he is in the habit of cordially disagreeing, and whose Peace-Idols he has had frequent occasion to smash. There can be no question, therefore, of Mr. Punch's sincerity, or of his lofty and superb chivalrous courtesy, when he raises his hat, as he now begs to do, to the *Star*, in token of recognition that the journal in question, on occasion of a recent and most disgusting trial, came forth, alone of all the daily press, divested of a report which made all the other newspapers unfit to be laid upon the table at which *Judy* presides, and her daughters assemble. *Sapiens dominabitur Astro*, by which we mean that every sensible editor ought to take example from the *Star*.

The only other noticeable things in the Commons were, first, that MR. VERNON SMITH, under cover of the battle-smoke, skulks from bringing forward an Indian budget this year. He may go, for it would evidently be, under existing circumstances, a mockery. Secondly, that some canting dabbler about a man's house being his castle was idiotically advanced in opposition to a useful bill for preventing the overcrowding of the dwellings of the poor—a bill for which it is stated that the poor are most desirous. MR. AYRTON, who, though too garrulous, has some brains, (at least for a Metropolitan Member) talked this rubbish. A man's house may be his castle, but if he makes his moat a nuisance, it is all our eye to say we must not take that mote out of our eye.

Tuesday. The world was delighted with the prospect of a row between the two most amiable men in it, SUGDEN and BETHELL, the latter of whom had indulged in some caustic sarcasm at the expense of a bill for protecting honest Trustees, which the former had prepared with much care. SAINT L. expressed his opinion of SIR R., and of his "confidence," (Parliamentary for impudence) to-night, and the retort was expected at the earliest convenient opportunity.

LORD GRANVILLE intimated to some grumbling Peers that they would have to sit until the Commons had done with the Divorce Bill, and then to take the amendments into consideration, as Government meant to pass the measure. There is really dreadful difficulty in getting legislators, born or elected, to attend to their business. They will be clamouring for an Early Closing Movement next, and placarding the walls with, "Please make your Speeches before 7 o'clock."

The Commons on Divorce. The clergy gained half a victory, carrying a proviso that they need not, unless they like, read the Marriage Service over any person who shall have been divorced for his or her offence. They desired to refuse marriage altogether to the guilty party,

but the lay mind saw impolicy and cruelty in this priestly demand, and would make only the concession above mentioned. As there is a Registrar in every district, whose certificate is exactly as good as that given by the smirking parish clerk in the vestry, and generally much more neatly written, the practical result of the alteration is infinitesimal. It is more pleasant to note that clause 54, abolishing the Husband's Action for Damages, was carried by 78 to 46. It is, however, proposed to reserve a power to inflict pecuniary penalty in certain cases.

The Crowded Dwellings Bill came on again, and more clap-trap was talked. MR. P. O'BRIEN gave MR. AYRTON a very smart rebuke for his dogmatic loquacity, and "COX the attorney" talked some insufferable nonsense about LORD PALMERSTON, who, COX said, "wanted to play WAT TYLER with the people of England, but that they would be able to find persons to play the tyrant against him." If one could suspect an attorney of what MR. MACAULAY calls the "generous vice," one would think COX must have been at the Claret, but as natural history negatives such a presumption, we must find another method of accounting for his folly, and this is it:—

"The pert BILLY COX,
He is not an Ox,
Though you mayn't think him greatly above it;
But allow him his fling,
As the next mentioned thing
The commandment forbids us to covet."

Wednesday. The Impure Books Bill advanced, and the Committee on the Divorce Bill finished its labours. SIR R. BETHELL, taking into consideration that a Church belongs in some measure to the parishioners, and is not quite the parson's private apartment, introduced a clause enacting that if one Clergyman did not choose to marry Divorced people, another might be brought into the recalcitrant's Church to do it, and this was carried by 73 to 33.

Thursday. It was explained to LORD SHAPTESBURY that the opinion of the law officers of the Crown, on the Opium question, was, that the East India Company had a right to grow it, and to send it to China, but perhaps they had better not. LORD REDESDALE solemnly pledged himself to oppose the Divorce Bill when it should come up from the Commons.

In the last mentioned place the last mentioned bill received some amendments, chiefly affecting the property of married women, and LORD PALMERSTON made rather a spirited speech upon the national defences, which he considered would be quite satisfactory, provided our big ships were not sent away. The clamour against the Crowded Dwellings Bill, and the evident intention of its opponents to defeat it by delay, induced MR. COWPER to withdraw it for the present, which he did, with contemptuous observations on the character of the opposition.

Friday. Punch is happy to say that his friend LORD CAMPBELL's Bill against bad books passed the Commons in a state which was satisfactory to its parent, who professed his delight. LORD MONTEAGLE took an opportunity of praising the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER most highly, and of declaring that our financial policy was opposed to all common sense. LORD REDESDALE withdrew his solemn pledge to oppose the Divorce Bill, but professed himself in a dreadful rage at the way the screw had been put on by the Government.

LORD PALMERSTON, in answer to WISCOUNT VILLIAMS, (we vary the spelling in compliance with a requisition from some of his lordship's vassals,) stated that no application had been made by France for extradition of refugees, and if it had, we had no power to hand them over.

Mr. Punch cannot more pleasantly conclude his week's résumé than by announcing that, amid loud cheers, the Divorce Bill passed the British Commons.

Superstition.

A WORTHY friend of ours, but who is imbued with very strong prejudices against the Irish, says that the failure of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable may be entirely attributed to the fact of its having started from Ireland. He alludes to the well-known habit of improvidence among the Irish, and asks the Directors, how, with the system of "paying out" that is generally pursued in Ireland, they ever could expect to make both ends meet?

AN OLD SAW NEW SET.

WE venture a new translation of "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*;" "Let us have no monument of the dead but a good 'un." At present we seem capable of anything but a good 'un.

RIGHT FOR ONCE.—MR. VERNON SMITH produces no Indian Budget this year. He is right. We want to hear of only one Indian Budget—the Sack of Delhi.



Dustman. "I don't quite like the looks o' this ere Hingia bisnis, Tommy."

Sweep. "No; but it's jist wot yer might expeck from sich a parcel o' dirty black hignorant scoundrels as them."

RAGGED SCHOOLS FOR SERVANTS.

THE following copy of a hand-bill is recommended to the notice of both mistresses of families and their servants:—

THE TOMOBOHOBOLOALER RAG WAREHOUSE,

Wholesale and Retail,

1, PRINCES TERRACE, KEPPEL STREET,

Four Doors from the "Admiral Keppel."

R. BEECROFT & Co.

Bag to inform the Inhabitants of Brompton and its Vicinity they still give those extraordinary prices for

**Kitchen Stuff, Drippin', Bones, Bottles,
Wardrobes, &c.,**

As enable many of the domestic SERVANTS TO RETIRE AND LIVE INDEPENDENT, having dealings with the largest Bone Crushers and Paper Mills in the Kingdom.

The Market Price for all kinds of Rags, Metals, Bottles, &c.

HOUSE CLEARINGS AND ANY OLD LUMBER BOUGHT.

BE VERY PARTICULAR IN THE ADDRESS.

Lest, with a view to being enabled to "retire and live independent," domestic servants should be induced to avail themselves, at the expense of their employers, of the advantages held out to them in the foregoing announcement, we would advise them to reflect on the unpleasant consequences which the commission of that slight mistake, owing, apparently, to the perusal of a similar notification, entailed on a young woman who bewails her fate in the following

LAMENT OF A MAID IN PRISON.

To think what I am come to from a comfortable place!
Here I ham a pickin' hocom, brought to trouble and disgrace;
And allowanced to bare wittles, that had meat with hevery meal,
Hall along of bein' tempted in a hevill 'our to steal.

ANOTHER NINE THOUSAND.

SUPPOSING the Divorce Bill had taken several months to discuss, and MR. GLADSTONE'S prolific powers of verbosity had given strong hopes for such a possibility, it was the intention, as we are informed, of at least NINE THOUSAND STRONG-MINDED MOTHERS-IN-LAW, to have signed a Petition, indignantly protesting, in the very strongest language, against the iniquity of the measure. Those amiable ladies are terribly alarmed that the new law will have the effect of materially weakening their power, besides sensibly diminishing the amount of prestige that has hitherto been so beneficially associated with the exercise of their authority. "What husband will tremble now, (they ask) when his injured wife threatens to go home to her Mamma?" Is there a man who is likely to quake when he hears the knock of the mother-in-law, knowing but too well that she has come to throw the shield of her sainted protection over her persecuted daughter? "No (is the ladies' answer to this question), the wretches will snap their fingers at us. Depend upon it, they will no longer submit to our interference, for the brutes are cunning enough to know that they have the remedy now in their own hands."

We hope these fears are unfounded, though, on the other hand, we have heard since the Divorce Law has passed, of several cases of a most painful character, in which the husbands, defying all control, have risen, and shown their mother-in-laws the door, sternly forbidding them ever to enter the house again. One melancholy instance has come under our immediate knowledge, in which the knocker was tied up with a white glove, and the mother-in-law was actually refused admission!

Drat that there Rag and Bone warus!—if I'd never sin their bill,
I might have kep in service and have lived in plenty still,
If I to their persuasions hadn't never lent my mind,
And ne'er know'd what hard labour was, which now, a Lass, I find.

I first begun with Kitching Stuff disposin' on the sly,
And then I sold the Drippin' which I ort to have put by;
To melt it down for gravy when I had a jint to roast,
Not content with spreadin' butter upon both sides of my toast.

Bones also I got rid of, which for stock I should have saved,
Which I repents of when I thinks how fool-like I be-aved:
Then bottles to the wine-merchant's that back was to have gone,
And so to towels, napkins, and sich-like, I soon got on.

'Twas very stoopid on me—that much I will confess.
And next I took to priggin' and to sellin' bits of dress.
One thing leads to another, and one don't know where one stops,
When one begins to steal things for to sell to them there shops.

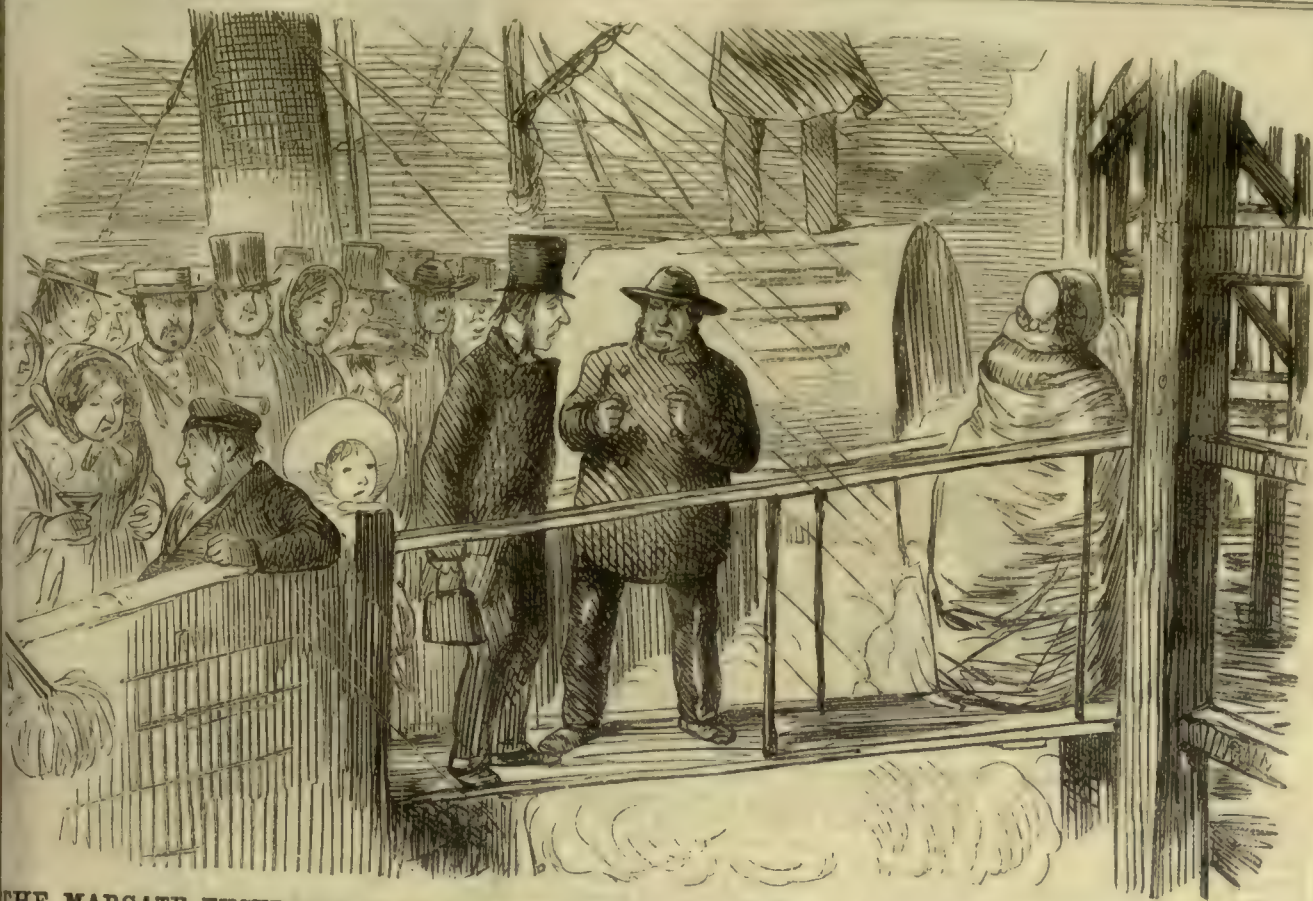
At last, ill-luck would have it, by chance, as I may say,
Some spoons and forks was missin', and our Missus in a way;
The servants all denied it, both the others and me too,
And sore we wasn't capable sich wickedness to do.

But Missus wouldn't listen to a word; and did insist,
And would have a Policeman in to search for what was mist:
He goes into our bed-rooms, and everythink unlocks:
Lo and be-old you! there they was sincreted in my box.

So them dishonest courses by degrees as I pursued,
Has led me from good service to penal servitude.
Take warnin' all you maid-servants that hears my cries and groans,
And don't you steal to sell at shops that deals in Rags and Bones.

Elaborate Folly.

AN acquaintance of ours, one of those precious clever fellows who always find everything out after they have been told it, says that the very names of the Atlantic Telegraph squadron presaged failure. The Cyclops hinted that the directors were half blind, the Agamemnon that they had estimated by Troy weight, instead of taking care avoir due Poise, and the Niagara that there would be a Great Fall. He is an idiot.



THE MARGATE EXCURSION BOAT ARRIVES AT 2'30 p.m., AFTER A RATHER BOISTEROUS PASSAGE.

Ticket Collector (without any feeling). "TICKET, SIR! THANKYE, SIR! BOAT RETURNS AT 3!"

COUNTERPART TO CRINOLINE.

CONSIDERING the great advantage to trade which has resulted from the fashion, now and for so long a time prevalent amongst ladies, of wearing enormously wide and long dresses, certain leading tailors, we understand, combined, or rather conspired, for the introduction of a corresponding style of male costume. Negotiations will immediately be attempted with eminent Swells with the view of inducing them to start the contemplated novelty; of which the following are the principal particulars. The trousers are to be increased six times their present circumference, and to be elongated by several inches below the boots, so that, in walking, it will be necessary for the wearer to hold them up, lest he should be entangled in their terminations, and tumble down. The tail of the coat will receive an increase in length to the amount of several yards, inasmuch that it will trail upon the ground, and this long-tailed coat will be worn not only in drawing-rooms, but also in the streets, without regard to weather. The incompleteness of the analogy of this improved male attire to the costume may not make it ridiculous, the present hat will be so modified as to be brought into keeping with the coat and trousers. The modification of the hat will be two-fold. The hat, on the one hand, will be so reduced in size, that nobody will be able to get his head into it by the crown, and the hat will have to be worn on the side, in which situation it will be confined with springs. The new style of hat will be remarkable for an opposite conformation, differing from the present hat except as to the brim, which will be reduced to a periphery equal to that of a moderately-sized round hat. It is calculated that this new style of dress for men will find no little favour in many quarters: for the swelling of the legs will conceal the tumefaction of corpulence, as also bandy legs, knock-knees, flat feet, corns and bunions. The chief objection to it is that it is not adopted by sensible wives and mothers, who will think it very odd to see their sons and husbands to wear out clothes unnecessarily, by making them made so long as to trail in the dirt, and perform the work of the steam-rollers or street-cleaning machines, hiding good figures, and at the same time being unspeakably cumbrous and inconvenient. But so

prevalent among men is the mean instinct of aping their so-called betters, that the associated tailors have no doubt whatever that they have only to persuade a prince or a distinguished nobleman to wear the draggle-tailed coat, and the huge trowsers, to ensure the general adoption of those awkward absurdities.

A HOSPITAL FOR MANGLED ENGLISH.

HERE is a paragraph, which is flying about the papers. It is but a small gnat, but still it is worth putting out of the way as soon as possible, for fear it should annoy others with a *Lindley Murray* skin as sensitive as our own:—

"The *Lancet* states that a new remedy for neuralgia has been for some time prescribed with success by DR. O'CONNOR, one of the physicians to the Royal Free Hospital, in the cases of patients suffering from that very painful affection under his care at the above hospital. The remedy used is the valerianate of ammonia, &c."

It is scarcely fair to DR. O'CONNOR to say that all the neuralgia patients are "suffering under his care." If the above is a healthy specimen of the English they turn out of the Free Hospital, we do not think, every time "PRISCIAN'S head" was broken, that we should feel inclined to send him there to have it made whole again. The Committee had better contract with the Orthopedic Hospital to undertake the cure and management of their lame sentences, for we never saw a sentence set so badly as to halt and stumble like the above. The worst of its stumbling is, that it trips up most shamefully a noble art, and, with unparalleled brutality, floors a worthy physician. You cannot call it a tripping sentence—although it trips.

VERY NATURAL.

It is not wonderful that a despotic sovereign should restrict the freedom of the newspaper press; the only wonder is, that a despot tolerates any journal; because he must desire to be his subjects' only leader.

FOOTMAN'S FINERY.



dress we conceive to be perfectly realised in some of the costumes from 1750 to 1780."

MR. JENKINS even applauds the wigs of the last century as convenient inventions, saving the time and trouble of hair-dressing, and, on that account, showing sense on the part of those who adopted them. JENKINS thinks that there was wisdom in the wig. He also praises those ugly and clumsy things, high-heeled shoes—with which MOTHER SHIPTON has ridden away on her broomstick. It is rather strange that JENKINS should base his commendation of the female costume on the ground of the distinction which it preserved between a lady and her maid, whereas his admiration for contemporary male attire is evidently due to the circumstance that it was such as to render a man indistinguishable from his master, otherwise than by his manners and language.

We fear JENKINS is a presumptuous footman, and thinks his lady's maid no match for his lady's man. However, we hail the re-appearance of JENKINS in the columns of our fashionable contemporary, which we suppose he will continue to grace with his elegant contributions until his people return from their tour to that mansion in Town which they have left him in charge of.

CONSTERNATION IN THE GREEN ROOM.

JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE, Esq. is in a state of nervous alarm lest the "Crowded Dwellings' Prevention Bill" should act prejudicially to the interests of his theatre. He says if the Bill applies to "Crowded Houses" as well as Crowded Dwellings, he may as well close his doors at once, for he should be infringing the law every night. He declares it is not his fault if the Haymarket is continually crowded: and he is not ambitious to have a body of the Police Force breaking into his Pit, his Gallery, and his Boxes, and turning one-half of the audience out. Overwhelmed with these fears, he formed himself into a deputation, and in that capacity, waited on Tuesday last, on MR. THOMAS SLINGSBY DUNCOMBE, M.P. for all the theatres, for the purpose of laying his apprehensions before him, and to beg of him to use all his theatrical influence to get a clause inserted in the Bill, specially exempting the Haymarket Theatre from the penalties that the unavoidable circumstance of "Crowded Houses" might after night would unquestionably expose it to.

This deputation, consisting of J. B. BUCKSTONE, Esq., was joined on the door-step by MESSRS. WEBSTER, EMDEN and ROBSON, whose breasts were apparently heaving under precisely similar fears. The interview lasted a good hour. The particulars of it have not yet transpired, but we augur that it must have been of a highly agreeable, if not convivial, nature, inasmuch as, not only was the cabman paid most liberally for the time he had been kept waiting, but the faces of the three distinguished dramatic plenipotentiaries were observed to be radiant with good humour, besides being luminously enveloped in fumes of tobacco of the most fragrant description.

Corrupt Practices.

You are not allowed to purchase a seat in the House of Commons, nor to be guilty of bribery, or corruption, in any way, to obtain one. We hope the corrupt practice of purchasing your seat in the dress-circle of a theatre by giving a shilling to the box-keeper will speedily be done away with. It is an underhand bit of bribery that managers ought to be ashamed of allowing their agents to be parties to. Box-keepers should be directed, under pain of dismissal, that they are no longer to fleece playgoers to the tune of "Bobbing Around."

Considering that every play-bill from their hands costs a shilling, it is not too much, if it is not too vulgar, to say that every Bill is a Bob.

THE LAY OF THE SEA-SIDE B*G.

I AM a B*g—a sea-side B*g,
When folks in bed are lying snug,
About their skin I crawl and creep,
And feast upon them while they sleep,
In lodging-houses, where we breed,
And at this season largely feed.

When scorching suns the verdure wither,
From Town nice people come down hither,
I have at my command

The fat of all the land;
An Alderman sometimes I bite,
For weeks together, every night,
Then, oh! then, I'm in good luck;
Essence of turtle-soup I suck,
With extract of full many a haunch,
That oft has lined his worship's paunch.
And goodness of a sea of gravy,
Big enough to float a navy.
Hither a Rector sometimes comes,
Leaving his Curate in the slums,
When he's buried in repose,
I fix upon the Parson's nose,
Oh, how delightful! oh how jolly!
But I may repent my folly.
Giddiness my head doth trouble,
And in the moonlight I see double.
Too much Port I find I've taken,
From the red sonorous trunk,
Then I tumble down dead-drunk,
With a headache to awaken.

Maidens are my choicest treat;
Pretty girls are very sweet,
On those tender lids that veil
Their bright eyes, I oft regale.
Eye-lids, tasted by my lips,
Eyes of light next morn eclipse;
On their cheeks and in their dimples
Do I leave my mark in pimples,
Flowers of Beauty look right funny,
When the B. has sipped their honey.
But, at times, I do, I own,
Wish I had left the girls alone;
Washes used for the complexion
Having poisoned my refection
On their medicated features:
Charming but pernicious creatures!

A rich old lady will, with me,
Occasionally disagree,
And so will an unwholesome fellow,
Whose hide is stained with bilious yell
A babe affords me pleasant diet,
When it will let me feed in quiet;
I revel, in the hour of rest,
Upon the flesh of every sleeper,
But one—and her I ne'er molest,
By her I mean my own housekeeper
Against me whilst she makes no stir,
I'll never interfere with her!

Medical Reform.

We observe that MR. COWPER is to propose Medical Bill, to be introduced next Session. MR. COWPER will find that he has under job, which, for its difficulty, merits the name of COWPER'S Task.

CONSERVE (NOT) OF ROSES.

THE Thames Conservancy Bill vests of the river in a new Board. We are that London will be better satisfied with Thames Board, than it is with its bed.



WILLING H



S FOR INDIA.





COCKNEY FASHIONS FOR THE MOORS.

Binks. "Capital Costume for the 'Ighlands in 'Ot Weuther; will look just like a Plaid at a little distance. Thank the Gals for the 'int."

A RESTING-PLACE FOR RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

BARON MAROCHETTI'S RICHARD CŒUR DE LION has been wandering about town ever since the Great Exhibition. It cannot find a spot on which to rest its aching bones. It is the Wandering Statue of London. At one time it took up its stand in Palace Yard, raising its sword valiantly on high, as though it were going to slash into the surrounding cabmen. But SIR CHARLES BARRY drove the horse and its royal master very quickly away. The poor beast has been trotted, we believe, into every public space in the Metropolis, and trotted out again. It must know every stone round the Houses of Parliament. If it was only paid like a common cab-horse, at the rate of sixpence a mile, BARON MAROCHETTI would have a large sum as mileage to receive. Never has a poor horse been driven so recklessly about the streets! It is very clear mere flesh and blood could never have stood it. Lately, the proposition has been raised to put it on the top of the Marble Arch. We fancy the raising will be limited to the proposition. At the other end of the park, there is already a monster horse outside an arch. That one is quite enough. We cannot believe that the public are anxious to have another horse riding through the air. London would then have, like Yorkshire, its East and West Riding! They may try to put him up, as the Duke was hoisted, by way of an experiment, but we do not want to be exposed to another trial like that. We know that statues, like the price of bread, when once they get up, are exceedingly slow in coming down again. Poor RICHARD had better turn his horse's head in the direction of Burlington House. There is a large courtyard there, in the centre of which he might be allowed to stand, though the mighty sword which "*Richard, 6^e mon Roi!*" is brandishing, might be a little out of place amongst the quiet implements of science by which it would be surrounded. Or, there is Buckingham Palace? In that quadrangle, there is plenty of room for the Statue to stand at livery, and the Prince might have this highly-chased work of art perpetually under his own eye. He would look on the runaway pair from the Great Exhibition with eyes of affection—for the PRINCE, should rumour for once speak true, is rather fond of riding the high horse himself, in all matters relating to High Art. In the mean-

time, will no one find standing-room for this fugitive king? Is there no spot, no royal mews, no academic stable where his over-driven majesty can be taken in to bait?

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND AND THEIR SLAVES.

THAT faithful disciple of the PROPHET, MR. LUTFULLAH, in his autobiography, gives the English people a splendid character—the following sole drawback:—

"Their obedience, trust, and submission to the female sex are far beyond all limit of moderation. In fact, the freedom granted to womankind in this country is great, and the mischief arising from this unreasonable toleration is deplorable."

We quote the above extract because we are sure that it will be with emphasis in many a domestic circle by the head of the family, master, so called, of the establishment. MR. LUTFULLAH saw a deal of life in England, and he may perhaps, have got among a sort of scientific and literary ladies. One would like to have been present at such a party, and to have heard him give utterance to the sentiment above expressed. The consequence would have been—what? He only knows, as the Speaker said. That MR. LUTFULLAH would have caught it in the shape of a good scolding is at least certain, perhaps, in addition, he would have had his ears boxed, and then been tossed in a blanket.

Nemesis in Plaster of Paris.

WHEN the French Ambassador had seen in Westminster Hall the designs for the WELLINGTON Monument, he rushed over to the Electric Telegraph Office, and, in breathless haste, forwarded to L. NAPOLEON the following laconic despatch:—

"*Materiel is Abengé!!!*"

THE LAPSE OF TIME.—The Boy, who was originally on the New Column, is now the father of ten children!

RUFFIANLY ASSAULT ON A CLERGYMAN.

THE columns of a contemporary contain the following cool statement of a ferocious outrage:—

"SALE OF AN ADVOWSON.—Yesterday, at the Auction of Messrs. NORTON, HOGGART, and TRIST, offered to Public Auction the advowson of the rectory of Cold Higham, Northamptonshire, with a glebe farm of 280 acres in lieu of tithes, of the annual value of £500, irrespective of house and gardens. The age of the incumbent, 66. Knocked down at £3000."

The idea of knocking down a man of 66 years of age, and that a clergyman, cannot be contemplated with indignation and disgust. Imprisonment should await the savage assailant, whoever he was, and whatever may be his rank or station. No fine will be any sensible punishment for the bravo—if we may apply such an expression to the perpetrator of so cowardly a deed—who has received the sum of £3000 as the hire of his brutal service to outrage the person of an aged minister. Many years, however, may yet be added to the life of the reverend gentleman, and we hope he will live long enough to disavow the party that has speculated on his decease—notwithstanding that he has been knocked down in so barbarous manner.

NEWS FROM THE RIVER.

THE Directors of the River Thames Steam-Boat Company respectfully give notice, that in order to meet the wishes of the age, and to remove cause for the bitter and sarcastic complaints made by Old Bachelors, Widowers, Men with Mothers-in-Law, and other misogynists, against the incessant matrimonial suggestions offered by the names of the River Steam-boats, alterations will be made next season, in the names of the following boats, viz.:

Bride,	Matrimony,	Spinster,
Bridegroom,	Wedding Ring,	Bascinet,
Bridesmaid,	Bachelor,	Baby,

and that they will be re-christened, as follows:—

Coquette,	Extravagance,	Mother-in-Law,
Nagger,	Pont,	Separation,
Latch-key,	Sulk,	Divorce,



Fast Young Lady (to Old Gent). "HAVE YOU SUCH A THING AS A LUCIFER ABOUT YOU, FOR I'VE LEFT MY CIGAR LIGHTS AT HOME!"

PUNCH'S LITTLE POLICE COURT.

THE SYSTEM OF ENCORES.—Six young gentlemen, of stylish appearance, were charged with the offence of encoring MADAME GASSIER in one of her songs at the Surrey Gardens.

In their defence, one of the offenders (a gentleman of military exterior, with a round collar, and "peg-top trousers" of a pale strawberry colour) hummed and ha'ad to the effect, that they knew perfectly it was vulga-ar—downright snobbish, he might say—to cry out "Encaw;" but the fact is, that in this particula-ar case, flesh and blood couldn't stand it any longer. The temptation was more than they could resist, positively. The fault, so to speak it, was more with MADAME GA-ASSIER than with them, for singing the Va-aria-ations o the *Ca-arnival de Venice* so cha-armingly as she did! She should be charged, he ma-a-ainta-ined, with the offence of inciting gentlemen to break through the la-aws of good-breeding and polished society. He egged most ha-umbly to apa-ologise.

Mr. Punch, with inflexible gravity, said this was a very bad case indeed—for it was an offence against good manners—a direct violation, he regretted to say, of one of the fundamental rules of gentlemanly tiquette. He was sorry to see gentlemen in their position of society so far forget themselves. If they had been hair-dressers—or simply topboys—he might have made allowances for their thorough ignorance of the commonest decencies of public behaviour. As it was, their position in society only aggravated their offence, for they must unquestionably have known better. Now, supposing LORD PALMERSTON was encored in every one of his brilliant witticisms in Parliament supposing WISCOUNT WILLIAMS was called upon to deliver a second one every one of his eloquent speeches, it was plain—as plain as the sun upon his (Mr. Punch's) back—that the business of the nation could never be carried on! As with Parliament, so it should be with any other place of amusement. Encores were a nuisance—a bore—a drag—an interruption—and the sooner the system was doubled up, the better.

The gentlemen, severally and individually, promised that, let the magistrate be what it would, they "never would do so again;" and the Magistrate, after reprimanding them severely on the enormity of

COUNTS AND CRACKJAWS.

A CONTEMPORARY'S own correspondent in Hungary, in reporting the progress of the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA in that country, to prove that his Imperial Majesty is not likely to be received, as his enemies anticipate, with silence and inattention by the Magyar nobles, gives a list of certain of those magnates who repaired to Oedenburg to form a guard of honour for him: and observes:—

"There is some eloquence in this catalogue of proper names:—PRINCE ESTERHAZY, COUNT CZIRAKY, COUNT JOSEPH SOMOGGI, the four COUNTS SZCZERNYI, COUNT ZICHY, COUNT VIZAY, COUNT WALKENSTEIN, the two COUNTS PEJACSEVIES, COUNT NISZKY, COUNT BURY, COUNT JOMISCH, COUNT ERDODY, COUNT CSAKY, and BARON DE TRINIE."

The eloquence, such as there is, in this nominal catalogue, is of a very simple and extremely rugged character. It can be pleasing to those only who delight in uncouth sounds attended with horrible grimaces, for the result of an attempt to enumerate the above list of names, is a frightful discord, and involves contortions of countenance which, to the spectator, present the apparent symptoms of an epileptic fit.

"PLATO, THOU REASONEST ILL!"

OLD PLATO said, "Wisdom crieth in the streets." This may have been the case with the ancients, but with us Londoners it is very different. We are sure that wisdom is about the last cry we hear in the public thoroughfares. If PLATO had lived in London at the present day, he would have said, "the Costermonger crieth in the streets," or if it had not been the Costermonger, it would have been the Manchester Weaver, or the Frozen-out Gardener, or the Professional Beggar, or the canting Psalm-Singer, or the Last-new-and-popular Ballad-Vendor, or those crocodilish gentlemen, who, with clean aprons and vitriolic voices, appeal from the middle of the street to their "Kyind Christeeans." Poor Wisdom, if it does cry, it must be at the cruel way in which it is systematically treated, individually and collectively, by the gentlemen who sit as its representatives in the House of Commons!

OBITUARY.—The Atlantic Telegraph Company (for the present) has thrown off the "mortal coil."

the breach of decorum with which they stood charged, allowed them to be released from custody. Each gentleman thanked Mr. Punch for his liberality, and, before leaving, dropped a handsome contribution into the Poor-Box.

A TREAT FOR OXFORD'S MEMBERS.

THE POPE OF ROME, like a kind Papa, is accustomed to make occasional presents of confectionery to his children, when he considers that they have been particularly good. Considering the persevering opposition which the two members for Oxford have offered to the Divorce Bill, we wonder that PAPA PIUS has not yet given those honourable gentlemen so much as a single blessed penn'orth of lollipops between them. The sole ground of their hostility to the measure has been the Romish dogma of the indissolubility of marriage under any circumstances; and for the homage which they have rendered their Papa in asserting that doctrine, he might have rewarded them with a case of Italian sweetstuff, if not with something better in the way of indulgence. To be sure, Papa has been absent from home lately on an excursion, but when he comes back he will perhaps recollect his dutiful children who represent Oxford and himself, and send a lot of sugar-plums to MR. GLADSTONE, with his love, and orders to give some of them to SIR WILLIAM HEATHCOTE.

"Voices of the Night."

It was 10 o'clock. The stars were shining. HERBERT and PERCIVAL were walking arm-in-arm. All of a sudden, sounds of music were heard. They took their cigars out of their mouths, and listened. There was the drum, and the fife! They stood still. Their hearts beat in unison. A high wall was before them. Soldiers were hurrying past. Nursery-maids were saying "Good Night!" Emotion was in their voices—the big street-door key was hanging round their little fingers. The drums thud—thud—thud—louder—the fife shrieked shriller than before—as though to mock them. "Doubtless, the military Vespers!" timidly inquired the sagacious HERBERT. "Nay," rejoined the logical PERCIVAL, "much too loud for a *Whisper!*" There was an approving giggle, and ere the words "JACK ROBINSON" could leap from the lips of a human being, they had vanished with the slickness peculiar to a flash of greased lightning!



HIGHLY ACCOMMODATING.

Stout Party (rather hot). "Hope you don't find the breeze too much, Sir?"
Fellow Passenger. "Oh! not at all, Sir! I rather like it!"

PEN-AND-INKLE AND YARICO.

THE literary and political world is aware that there is a journal called the *Press*, a Conservative organ, more especially dedicated to the glorification of MR. DISRAELI. It has, until lately, seldom appeared without calling the attention of a negligent world to some splendid feat of patriotism or oratory, alleged to have been performed by that Right Honourable Gentleman. It is true that the paper has occasionally been snubbed by the Conservative Chiefs, and that LORD DERBY thought it necessary to repay much good service to himself and his party by making, in the House of Lords, an offensive and contemptuous allusion to the journal. In fact, it was evident that there were differences in the Conservative camp—DIOMED and THERSITES were at variance—EPHRAIM was vexing JUDAH. But it was with great pain that we perused the following evidence, last week, that the *Press* had gone right round, and was fighting LORD DERBY's battle *ore rotundo*. The cleverness and fidelity of the following description, which we extract verbatim (except as regards compression), cannot be disputed, but the ingratitude of this kind of treatment of a personage who has worked for the Tories as hard as MR. DISRAELI has done, is equally palpable. It is a retrospective sketch or summary of what might be said at the close of his career:—

"About the value of his writings, and upon the estimate of his character, opinions (even amongst Conservatives) are various and opposite. He was bitter and boisterous in his galling denunciation of an adversary; rapid and unmerciful in attack; if a rejoinder were offered, he always showed a determination to have the last word. He was more of a pamphleteer than of a public censor, and more of a debater than an orator. There was a certain malign asperity of mind and fierce propensity to energetic disparagement of individuals in him, which raised him a swarm of enemies. He had a vast stock of personal and defamatory gossip, more or less authentic; he had a prodigious command of damaging personal allusions; he had an innate propensity to sarcasm, accompanied with literary finish in forging his truculent discharges; he had fluent lips, a mordant tongue, and a front of brass. To 'put him down' was out of the question; he existed in being attacked; he liked having a public quarrel on his hands; and he had justifiable confidence in his unflinching stock of vituperation, and corrosive virulence of reply. He was never a popular man at any time in his connection. He was too habitually censorious, and he did not comport himself with sufficient respect towards his rivals, or his allies. He, himself, seemed callous to ridicule and reproof. If he was knocked down in argument, he got up again with the temperament of an Irishman at a fair, who thinks that bumps and blows are only compliments to be returned. His statements must, we fear, be accepted with caution, as he was a jaundiced observer, and the gall-bladder was too active in his atrocious composition. Although sarcasm was his favourite weapon, in its employment he was far surpassed by some of his adversaries; and it would be difficult, even for his best friends, to say in what he ever was first-rate. Yet, undoubtedly he had a mind of extraordinary activity; he was quick in acquiring knowledge, tenacious in retaining it; he was polemical by

LAST FOND LOOKS.

WHEN a Lady (we are talking of a Lady in the full height and breadth of Fashion) has got her bonnet and gloves on, and is perfectly ready with her parasol in her hand, she always goes back to the looking-glass to take a last fond look. Upon our asking "a dear handsome Duchess," if this was not the truth, and the beautiful truth, she had the charming candour to state: "Yes, my dear *Punch*, it is the truth, but not *all* the truth. No woman, take my word for it, is satisfied with *one* look. At least, I know that I am not, for (and here our Duchess laughed, as though she was pleased with herself and all the world) I don't mind telling you, I *invariably* take four—four good ones. The first look in the glass is for myself, that's fair; the second is for my husband, that's nothing but just; the third is for my friends, that's only generous; and the last is for my rivals, that's human nature. If the last look satisfies me, then I know it is all right, and I assure you I never take any more!"

A GORDON SANITAIRE.

It is proposed to buy the unsunk portion of the Atlantic Rope, and to lay it down to India. Certainly, next to gunpowder, rope is the article most wanted in India, but it is rope of the kind mentioned in the nursery song—that which instinctively began to "Hang the Butcher."

ECONOMY IN FEMALE DRESS.

A MISERABLE stingy wretch of a husband complaining of the expense now rendered necessary by ladies' extensive dresses, was very properly reminded by his injured wife that Crinoline is a set-off.

instinct, and controversial by profession; rarely profound in his views, his standard for measuring right and wrong was purely conventional, but his affectation of aristocratic prejudices, and echoing the fashionable cant of the great and high-born, was ridiculous and out of place. He did not at the close of his career enjoy much of the confidence of many of the leaders of the Conservative connection."

The conclusion reads to us as anticlimax. At least we should never make it matter of reproach to MR. DISRAELI that he did not enjoy much of the confidence of such persons as DERBY, MALMESBURY, and SPOONER.

"Their praise were censure, and their censure praise."

But if we consider this article as the effusion of a Tory journal against a man who, with all his faults, fought the Conservative battle with might and main, disputed the ground inch by inch, did succeed in damaging many of his weaker antagonists, and never flinched from the blow of the champions, and who was doing party work almost up to the day of the publication of the attack, we must say that we have seldom seen anything more despicably ungrateful. The Tories are proverbial for neglecting their best partisans, but an excuse can be found for this in the contempt which a thinking man must feel for the kind of men who can long and vociferously proclaim the nonsense called Toryism. But to neglect a used tool is one thing—to throw it away, with insult, is another. However, it is well that men who are disposed to be tools should know how they will be used by Conservative employers—let them be warned by this treatment of one of the ablest of the men who ever dragged literature and politics at the chariot of party.

Halte là! At our elbow growls a Judicious Friend, who says that we have read the article hastily, and that it does not apply to MR. DISRAELI, whose "great faculties" are lauded in another column of the same journal.

That is a relief. That is a comfort. The world is not so ungrateful. We breathe again. And yet the mistake might well be made, for does not every word help to frame a doubtless unfriendly, but still lifelike and photographic image of the Member for Bucks? But our friend is right. It cannot be. The *Press* is still DISRAELITE. Most probably it is graced by an article from the DISRAELITE steel pen. But who then, who is the person, DISRAELI's Double, thus mercilessly daguerrotypied. *What?!!*

JOHN WILSON CROKER!

What? The man who served the Conservatives before he gave them that delicate name—when they were Tories—and was serving them

from his bed of sickness and pain until within a few hours of his death? The ablest advocate with tongue and pen whom they have had during the half century in which he has worn their livery? The man who was dead, but not buried, when the attack in the *Press* was written. The man who had given MR. DISRAELI such mortal offence that he retaliated with all his elaborate fierceness (no matter how feebly as a matter of art) in a political novel? The man dies, and before he is laid in the tomb, the paper sacred to his party and to their plebeian chief, issues this spiteful and ungrateful picture? No, no! Our Judicious Friend is jesting. Let us see.

It is so. *Punch* is dumb. Only this. There is a new Dictionary in hand. The Council who are compiling it will not fail to include two definitions.

TOBYISM. (*noun*.) In employers, convertible term with Base Ingratitude. In employed, (henceforth) with Abject Folly. **AUTHORITIES:** *Disraeli, Croker, Punch, &c.*

HOW ABOUT THE HOOPS?



Since the *Times* the other day began a leading article with the dignified expression "How about the flies?" we shall hardly be accused of using flippant language if we ask our lady readers, How about the hoops? *Quousque tandem abutere, Crinolina, patientia nostra?*—or, in plain English, ladies, to confound you all under the name of your by-every-man-jack-of-us-detested Crinoline, how long, (and how wide) do you

intend to try our patience? We feel impelled to put to you this most momentous question, because we see it stated by a writer on the Fashions in a fashionable paper (we wonder what salary the lucky fellow gets who fills a place demanding such intensity of intellect) that:—

"Wide skirts still continue to be worn, and there is but little apprehension of their going out: it having been decided that the mode is most becoming."

Now, ladies, pray by whom do you imagine this decision has been come to? Do you think it likely that the leaders of the fashion can have somewhere met in solemn conclave, and recorded their conviction, after a fair trial, that the wearing of wide skirts is a "mode most becoming?" or is it not more probable that the verdict has been given merely by the milliners: who, however good their judgment as to what "becomes" their customers, cannot be regarded as quite unbiassed judges? We are seriously inclined, ourselves, to believe that nearly every so-called "leader" of the fashion is in reality herself led by the nose into whatsoever ways of dressing her *Costumière* directs: and our opinion is that, as an ample skirt consumes more silk or satin than a scanty one, wide dresses keep in vogue, because of the long bills they infallibly induce.

SIDNEY SMITH has laid it down, that "the female mind does not reason:" and we are ungallant enough to share his sentiment, or perhaps we should rather say, his want of it. We are also well aware that, as a rule, the female mind has little knowledge of arithmetic: and that it would be useless to expect it to put two and two together, without at least considerable practice in the process. We are therefore not unwilling, ladies, to assume that your extravagance in dress is not a forethought malice, but is indulged in without consideration of the consequences. We dispose ourselves to take this charitable view, because we cannot fancy you would go to such lengths, and widths, in over-dressing, if you reflected on the magnitude of the folly of so doing. Your object in dress, we presume, is to please: and not to please yourselves so much as male admirers. Now you don't suppose hoop petticoats are looked upon with favour by the masculine eyesight? You surely can't imagine there is "metal more attractive" to a man in half a ton of Crinoline than in nature's flesh and blood unsurrounded by steel armour? If you wish to dissipate such fond delusion, empanel a jury of your nearest male relations, whom gallantry will not deter from giving a true verdict. Or even put the question to your partner in a ball-room, and see if he approves of the fashion which makes ladies unapproachable. Whether as waltzer or

as husband, a man likes a woman he can take to his arms; and how is this possible when she is entrenched in an impregnable hoop petticoat, which when he approaches he breaks his shin against.

You will observe, if you please, ladies, that we don't mean to say a syllable about the bad morality—if not the downright vice—there is in over-dressing. We intend to draw no pictures of families impoverished by the richness of wives' wardrobes, and reduced to narrow means by their wide furbelows and flounces. We appeal to you simply on the score of eyesight: and we tell you none but a distempered vision can see beauty in a person, whereof the natural proportions are distorted and deformed by a protuberance of petticoat. Instead of vying with each other who can dress the most becomingly, you now seem striving as to who can make the greatest figure of herself: and in the race for the fashionable championship the favourite is she who is weighted the most heavily. The style now in vogue is a style as inflated as that of a third-rate French romancist's, and ladies who have not a spark of pride about them, yet are so puffed up that there is literally no shaking hands with them. They keep even their nearest relations at arm's distance: indeed it is a painful fact that many a husband now lives separated from his wife (by at least three yards of outskirt), and is moreover haunted by a horrible misgiving lest she be suspected of belonging to the swell mob.

Now, ladies, we are not of a malignant disposition; but when we find it stated that, in spite of all our efforts, there is no abatement in the Crinoline contagion, we are in self-defence disposed to prescribe a harsher treatment than we have as yet ever ventured to propose. Were we an old bachelor, we should not shrink from the suggestion that the wide skirts be referred to the Inspector of Nuisances, with strict orders to take summary steps for their removal. When needful to resort to a surgical operation, we would have the strongest nerved practitioners appointed to the scissorship, and give them full instructions to cut and come again if requisite. As the mania for hoops is as infectious as the hooping-cough, we would have the incurable permanently confined: and considering what frights the Crinoline-afflicted look, we think the proper hospital for their reception would be Guy's!

But—as we have the feelings of a married man to prompt us, we suggest in our mercy, that to work a certain cure there would be no need to have recourse to surgery. Let Crinoline be made sufficient ground for a divorce—if not for life, at least *durante petticoato*—and see how many wives would then persist in wearing it. It would surely be but justice that the use of large skirts should be confined to large establishments; for in purse, as well as person, it is found no easy matter to support a better half of some thirty yards' circumference. We therefore think a husband should be by law protected from the chance of being swamped by an overwhelming petticoat: and that when he finds his wife's wide flounces narrowing his income, he should be entitled to obtain a divorce *ab immenso*—that is, speaking English, from the immense one.

Punch's Gentlemanly System of Cab Fares.

WE do not like cabmen any more than we like culprits, but we would treat them with the same mercy that is usually shown to culprits. In paying a fare, if you have the smallest doubt, let the cabman have, as a culprit generally has, the full benefit of the doubt, and pay him accordingly. Better overpay nine hundred and ninety-nine unjust cabmen than underpay one just one. A curiosity can rarely be seen under a shilling, and surely the rarity of a JUST CABMAN (when you see one) well deserves an extra sixpence.

Hymen Out of Town.

MIGHT we be allowed to call the benevolent attention of the aristocracy to the hard lines, if we may be pardoned the expression, under which two humble persons, employed in the service of a church, are suffering—we cannot say labouring—because their hardship, in fact, is that of having almost nothing to do. Rank and Fashion having gone out of Town, Marriages in High Life are performed in the Provinces, and not at St. George's, Hanover Square. Pity the Pew Opener and Beagle!

A CLERICAL QUADRUPED.

AMONG the horses entered for the Leamington Stakes there was one named *Homily*. The appellation of this animal would seem to indicate that he was a good one for a steeple-chase.

A VOICE FROM WESTMINSTER HALL.

"Si monumentum quaeras, circumspice."
"If you want a monument, look elsewhere."

MAXIM BY A MAN OF THE WORLD.—Find enjoyment for the body, and the mind will find enjoyment for itself.—*Hog's Instructor*.



MALICIOUS.

Flora. "CAN YOU STILL SEE THE STEAMER, LUCY, DEAR?"

Lucy. "OH YES, QUITE PLAINLY!"

Flora. "AND DEAR, DEAR WILLIAM, TOO?"

Lucy. "OH, YES!"

Flora. "DOES HE SEEM UNHAPPY, NOW HE IS AWAY FROM ME?"

Lucy. "EVIDENTLY, I SHOULD SAY, DEAR; FOR HE 'IS SMOKING A CIGAR, AND DRINKING SOMETHING OUT OF A TUMBLER TO CHEER HIM, POOR FELLOW!"

TURKISH PIPES AND BEER.

"MR. PUNCH, ZUR,

"I ZEE a statement t' other day in one of the peepers to the feet as how there's a grownun conumpshun in Turkey vor articles of oun as has never been till now used there afore. What I specially took note on was this here passidge :—

"This remark applies particularly to beer, which the Greeks and some of the wealthier Turks have learned to drink."

"I wants you to publish this here statement, cause I thinks a'll do good by encouragun agriculterl produs. Openun up a markut for malt licker in Turkey, where they dwoan't drink no wine, must be a fine thing for we, as grows the malt, and 'tis well as Turkey merchants should be let know that a cargo o' beer med be a prawfitable specklashun vor um. What I wish you'd instill into um, also, is that teachun of um to drink beer 'ood be the best way towards convertun of um. As to what they temperance chaps med zay to the contrary, that's all stuff—haven't the Turks ben teetotallers ever since they was Turks, and what's the consequence? Why, they ruins theirselves wi hopium, and that are hash—what d'ye call't?—that there hemp stuff. Then they drinks sherbert, I be told, and cawfy—beer 'ood do um moor good by haaf—along wi their pipes. Let um once taste good beer, and they'll zoon begin to zee the error o' their ways. If you knows any o' the missionaries, just you hammer that are into um. There's that chap HANBURY, the member o' Parliament, I should think, now, he, anyhow, must zee the force o' what I sez, if none o' the rest on um dwoan't, cause there he is a gurt Zunday man on the one hand, and a gurt brewer on the t'other. Not but what I prefers home-brew'd to TRUMAN, HANBURY, and BOXTON'S Entire, or any other Entire, or half-and-half either, or any other sart o' licker under the zun. But just you git hold o' that are HANBURY and infarm un how the cat jumps in Turkey, and show un how it's to his interst and all o' our intersts, and the interest o' the methodies into the bargun, to afford the Turks all the sistance we can towards satisfyun their thirst for beer, which is a nateral appetite,

and shows um not to be sich savages as we've took um vor, and looks as if they was comun round. Now they've opened their mouths to beer, there's some hopes they'll open their ears to doctrun—but what I sez is, mind the beer you gives um is good beer; cause if you imposes on um wi a passle o' good-vor-nuthun stuff, o' coorse they'll think that what you preaches to um can't be no better. 'Tis no use tellun of um to mend their ways, and walk in the paths of rightyunuss if all the while they sees we a committun adulation ourselves. Zur, I be, your obediunt umble sarvunt,

"Baconfield, Sept., 1857.

"GILES JUGGINS."

"P.S. They calls the Grand Senior the Sublime Poort, dwoan't um? If so be as he feaks to beer, I spose they'll change his title to Sublime Swipes or Sublime Stingo.

G. J."

A CASE FOR THE WHIP.

A LETTER appeared the other day in the *Morning Post*, under the heading of "Dangerous and Ruffianly Boys," the writer of which, in describing various brutalities practised by young street rascals, makes the following statement :—

"At the corner of Mornington Crescent, Hampstead Road, I have repeatedly seen disgraceful assaults committed upon a blind boy who sits there to read aloud, from the Bible for the blind, when requested by the curious or the charitable to do so. A bevy of ill-looking lads, of from 12 to 18, jostled this blind boy the other day, ran off with his cap, injured his Bible, and knocked about some coppers which he was holding in his hand. I succeeded in scaring them away; but on looking back, as I was getting out of view, I had the mortification to see that the tormentors were again gathering round their prey."

We wonder what the Magistrate of the district would charge for an assault, committed in the form of a good hiding, on the person of one of the young blackguards who amuse themselves by maltreating the blind boy at the corner of Mornington Crescent. The very smallest fine, we should think, that he could possibly inflict, supposing the assault to have been provoked by the outrage committed on the blind boy. If any gentleman could be assured on that point, he might possibly feel disposed to take a walk in the direction of Hampstead, armed with a dog-whip, and accompanied by a friend or two similarly provided. Should he catch any young scamp at the corner of Mornington Crescent, bullying the blind boy, he might seize him by the collar, and, if sufficiently strong, hold him up with one hand and whip him as hard as possible with the other for some time. His companions might follow his example, if they found several young blackguards engaged in the diversion of ill-using the blind boy, and we cannot imagine a more pleasing chorus than that which the simultaneously whipped cowards would perform by howling in concert under the lash.

"A Cruel Parent."

A STERN Papa, being dissatisfied with his little boy, set him to calculate how many speeches MR. GLADSTONE made on the Divorce Bill. The youthful martyr got as far as 2,373 speeches, exclusive of remarks and observations, and then his strength failed him. He has fallen into a deep trance, and the strongest restoratives have been applied in vain. The father's hair has since turned completely grey. It is at his request that we publish the above fact as a warning to parents not to be unduly severe in the choice of punishments they may inflict on their disobedient children.

Cock-a-doodle Doo!

THEY may talk of the cocks of the Hamlet,

So gaily saluting the morn:

But cocks in some Hamlets I know of,

Are really not to be borne.

I allude to the Cox of Finsbury,

With whose crowing I'm fairly outworn!

REMARK BY A DISGUSTING OLD BACHELOR.

THERE is one art which the use of these unmanageable Crinolines is likely to teach the women of England, and that is—Petticoat Government.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, August 24. The unseemly conduct of the Speaker, who in his exaltation at the close of his first Session, kicked his costly wig into the air, reminds Mr. Punch that MR. SPEAKER DENISON has as yet scarcely come up to Speakership mark. He has been too easy. He should take example from Mr. Punch, and never permit any one to presume to answer him, or to controvert his judgment. He has not been quite sufficiently mindful of the fact, that in the first assembly in the first country in the world, he, DENISON, is the First Man. We hope that during the recess he will acquire a little more sternness, and we should advise him to have all his Ossington male domestics into the stable-yard, every morning, and

row them savagely (making compensation in their wages), until he finds that he has attained sufficient powers of rebuke. Or let him take some mastership of hounds for a season, and he will soon learn the art of putting down objectionable people. With these remarks, all for his good, we forgive him for kicking his wig, and we wish him a pleasant holiday.

Parliamentary proceedings during the last week of a Session are usually more formalities, occasionally enlivened by a bit of temper on the part of people who are angry at being detained in town. On Monday, in the Lords, the highly ridiculous conduct of LORD REDESDALE on the previous Friday was brought up again. He had attempted to overthrow the Divorce Bill by a sudden and irregular trick, for which he had been soundly castigated by LORD LANSDOWNE, *apropos* of whose name, we hear (and are glad to hear, if the circumstance affords satisfaction to one whom everybody honours) that the venerable Marquis is to be made DUKE OF KERRY. It is only an act of common justice to LORD CRANWORTH, of whom we have not often been able to speak in eulogistic terms, that on occasion of REDSDALE'S trick, he put himself into the most furious and boiling rage in which an infuriated Chancellor ever seethed. *O si sic omnia!* REDSDALE was obliged to abstain from hostility that night, and this evening he had to make the best of his behaviour, and interrupted business for a long time with his explanations. The Commons' Amendments to the Divorce Bill were then brought forward, and REDSDALE moved their rejection. He was defeated. They were discussed, and all were agreed to, except two, one of which was the introduction of words giving the Quarter Sessions a jurisdiction in divorce cases. The Lords, who live a good deal among country gentlemen, and know their logical habits, want of prejudice, and general fitness for the judicial office, quietly expunged this passage, winking gravely at one another. The story may as well be finished at once. Next day the Government suggested to the Commons not to stick out for these two amendments, and they did not. This, the same evening, was signified to the Lords, and the Divorce discussion closed. And now that the bill is complete, Mr. Punch, in fulfilment of his pledge to that effect, presents, in another column, a masterly explanation of the law of the land in regard to Divorce.

LORD PALMERSTON said that the remnant of the Atlantic Cable was not the property of Government, and he could not think of asking for money to buy it, and lay it down to India. A plan, however, for carrying it from Alexandria to Kurrachee (WISCOUNT VILLIAMS and MR. COX may like to know that this latter place is in India—in Scinde in fact, near the mouths of the Indus) has been laid before the public, and had it been carried out a few months ago, half the misery which has occurred might have been prevented.

Tuesday. LORD PANMURE presented the Report on Promotion in the Army, and begged that it might receive only half the attention it deserves, because it was signed by only half the Commission appointed to draw it up. We should regret to notice inconsistency in LORD PANMURE, and were therefore glad to see him nobly and firmly adhering to his practice of always doing things by halves.

KEATING said that BETHEL had not made up his mind whether he should or should not pitch into GLOVER, lately expelled from Beverley. For some inconceivable reason, the QUEEN has been advised to make

a Peer of LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR. NAPOLEON said that he made a King of MURAT in order to bring the article, King, into contempt. This remark does not apply to LORD ROBERT, of whom, barring that he is a Sabbatarian and a Homeopathist, nothing can be said to his prejudice (to adopt an Irish lady's formula of self-defence), but why should he be made a Peer? We suspect that it is all the weather's doing, and that HER MAJESTY thought that it was too hot to make a fuss about such a trifle as a peerage, and Mr. Punch has the honour to agree with HER MAJESTY. When a Comet has been absorbed into the Sun (SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S theory—*vide* Things Not Generally Known) and the human race is parboiling, and can only keep itself from utterly vanishing by constant infusions of iced claret cup, who is going to be bothered about a coronet? HAYTER moved a new writ for Middlesex, and both Houses adjourned until the Friday.

Friday. Both Houses met to receive their *quietus*. While the Commons awaited the Black Rod, anybody said anything that occurred to him, just as actors, when somebody who ought to come on keeps the stage waiting, approach one another and make serious gestures. MR. M. MAHON complained that the fathers of unlawful Irish babies could not be compelled to maintain them; LORD PALMERSTON mentioned that Government would help the Kurrachee Railway Company so far as it could be done without aid from Parliament; MR. MANGLES said that the East India Company had sent out orders to give ample assistance to all persons reduced to destitution by the rebellion; and SIR DE LACY EVANS began a speech on the Purchase of Commissions, when there was a cry of "Here's the Rod."

The Commons having arrived in the House of Lords, a piece of remarkable legerdemain was performed. A heap of parchment lay on a table before a long clerk. He made a bow, and said *La Reine le Vaut*. At the self-same moment a large part of the Ecclesiastical Court came down with a crash, and disclosed a beautiful new COURT OF MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE, and blazing in Hymeneal saffron-coloured letters the words, *QUIS SEPARABIT*.

The applause having ceased, LORD CRANWORTH read a speech to the following effect:—

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"The QUEEN says, she is much obliged to you, and you may go.

"Europe seems as likely to keep the peace as not, and we hope that some of these days the Danubian questions will be settled.

"The Bengalese have broken into rebellion, and barbarities have been committed. Please Providence, the 'powerful means at the QUEEN'S disposal' will enable her to give a good account of the miscreants. 'NO MEASURE CALCULATED TO QUELL THESE DISORDERS SHALL BE OMITTED.'

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

"Thanks for Supplies and Promises.

"Glad you redeemed the Sound Dues without adding to the debt.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"Very much obliged indeed for your kindness to dear VICTORIA ADELAIDE MARY LOUISA.

"You have really done a good deal in a short Session.

"The Wills Act was much wanted.

"The Divorce Act was particularly desired.

"The Fraudulent Trustees Act was earnestly asked.

"The Transportation Act was loudly called for.

"The Joint Stock Banks Acts was peremptorily demanded.

"The Irish Bankruptcy Act was terribly needed.

"The Scotch Lunatics Act was clamorously required.

"The Scotch Police Act was literally bellowed for.

"And all the other Acts which you have passed were just the things necessary to save the Country until February.

"Hope you'll find the birds plentiful, and just wild enough for good sport.

"Heaven bless you!"

LORD CRANWORTH then declared Parliament prorogued until November. He had mentioned the Fifth, but overhearing a young lady who was looking at him say, "There's a Guy," he laughed and looked down to his paper, and so found that, as usual, he had made a mistake. So he amended his declaration and fixed the day for Friday, November the Sixth, when Parliament will not meet. And now universal space is left to the Dictator to use as he will—to—

"Hang all the sky with his prodigious signs,
Fill Earth with monsters, drop the Serpion down
Out of the Zodiac, or the fiercer Lion;
Shake off the lashed globe from her long hinge,
Roll all the world in darkness, and let loose
The enraged winds to tear up groves and towns."

No, MR. BEN JONSON; no, PALMERSTON is doubtless eager to do all this and more, for the Russian Papers, and the American Papers, and the Penny Papers avouch it, but—*vigilans in oede*—is, as ever,

J. M. PUNCH.

MR. PUNCH UPON PURCHASE.



H R.H., F.M. Punch, never shrinking from any duty, however disagreeable, has read through the Blue Book of the Commissioners charged to report on Purchase in the Army. He has done more,—he has digested it.

F.M. Punch need scarcely say that purchase except of his own periodical is abhorrent to his nature—that he detests *à priori*, *à posteriori*, *à fortiori*, and *ex abundanti*, a system by which a fool, with the requisite sum lodged at his agents, vaults over the head of an embryo WELLINGTON, who does not happen to have the price of a step in his pocket. F.M. Punch is glad to learn from the report, that the practice of purchase began in the reign of CHARLES THE SECOND.

The system savours of its

origin. When the King himself was bought and sold, no wonder commissions in the army were made matters of traffic.

But there the system is. Nobody approves of it in principle; but it will cost £7,000,000 to get rid of it. And nineteen holders of commissions out of twenty—purchasers and non-purchasers alike—are dead against any change. If we get rid of purchase, it must be either for seniority or selection. But seniority will give us captains as grey and gouty as our generals used to be, till the warrant of 1854 set seniority aside in that rank. And selection means, as things go, not the "right man in the right place," but that general predominance of DOWNS, of which a strong illustration is afforded by a JAMIE SIMPSON in the chief command, with a COLIN CAMPBELL at the head of a division under him.

If you promote by seniority, officers will club among themselves to buy out an old boy, who dams the current of promotion—as they do in India. If you promote by selection, either DOWNS will be taken care of, and everybody else neglected; or the Minister, in his anxiety to show that he is not taking care of DOWNS, will fall back in practice on seniority, and appoint the oldest, because nobody will give him credit for appointing the worthiest.

The system of Army Promotion is in fact—as F.M. Punch's common sense tells him—a choice of difficulties. Now, when JOHN BULL has a choice of difficulties before him, his way is rather to make the best of any accomplished fact he can lay hold of, than to rush into the manufacture of new facts. He wisely prefers cobbling his old shoes, to flinging them away, on the strength of the first advertiser, who promises him first rate stuff and a splendid fit for next to nothing. After all, JOHN BULL's concern is less about the price paid, than the article purchased. What the Army is depends upon what officers are, not upon how they get their commissions.

What is a Commission?

A licence to live in barracks, with the liberty of a latch-key, the luxury of a mess, the free and easiness of a barrack-room, constant idle companions in quarters, the run of the best society in the neighbourhood out of quarters, the prestige of a uniform, and the facility of unlimited tick. All this, remember, at an age when most lads are still at school, under the check of bolts, bars, and bounds, with a diet of legs of mutton and stick-jaw, the work of the school-room, the tyranny of the sixth form, the surveillance of the dormitory, and a weekly allowance of pocket-money. *Per contra*, it means drill to learn, parades to attend, guards to mount, court martials to sit upon, and inspections to go through. But the drill-sergeant is so good-tempered! The adjutant and commanding officer are such bricks—such uncommonly pleasant fellows—and as for inspections, the general of the district is a trump and a jolly old cock—and prefers making things pleasant, and spending a cosy evening at the mess to wiggling and reporting fellows, and making a row. Then there's the variety and excitement of travel and change of quarters. In short, a Commission now-a-days—we speak of a time of peace—is the passport to one of the pleasantest and idlest lives a young fellow can cut out for himself—if he has three hundred a-year above his pay. No wonder the article fetches more than regulation price. It is a bad investment if you look at the pay—but think of the pleasure, and where can you get as much for the money. It is unique, in this decorous and common-place country.

But what might a Commission be? What has JOHN BULL a right to insist on its being? The admission—after proof of good sound health, average strength and brains—to a hard-working profession, in which, every man,—besides being able to ride shoot, and speak the truth—should be made to learn the working and details of one of the most minute and complicated of machines—a regimental company: should, be compelled to master his duties on parade, and in the barrack-room—in a word, all of the art of war that can be taught in peace: in which every depot should be a school: every commanding officer an instructor and controller, as well as a friend

and companion: every Inspecting General, a rigid examiner and faithful reporter, as well as a good fellow at the mess-table. In short, we might make our youngsters, when they buy a commission, buy discipline, instead of licence: hard-work, instead of idleness: pride in the studies of their profession, instead of contempt for them. All this is compatible with purchase. But it is incompatible with taking care of DOWNS; with favouritism at the Horse Guards; with the privileges of Household Troops, who are exempted from most of the hardships of service, and absorb an undue proportion of its rewards: with the paying more attention to the lacing of a jacket, or the hang of a feather, than to the lodging of your soldiers, or the quality of their weapons; with lax Colonels, and easy-going Inspecting Generals.

These things are facts just as much as purchase: if we can't get rid of purchase, let us see how much of the mischief of purchase remains when these things are got rid of. Suppose DOWNS—*quid* DOWNS—no longer cared for; suppose high commands well bestowed; suppose the privileges of the Guards done away with; suppose the wings of that predominant bird (the military tailor's goose) clipped; suppose Colonels taught that they must not fear unpopularity, in the cause of duty, and Inspecting Generals made to feel that speaking the truth is better for them than making things pleasant.

Perhaps you will say, suppose the moon made of green cheese.

But JOHN BULL may insist on these suppositions being converted into realities. If he can accomplish that, he may leave purchase to take care of itself.

Can it be denied that these things might continue, if purchase were abolished to-morrow? Can it be denied, that so long as these continue, the article—the Commission—continues the same? You have only altered the way to get it. What you want to alter is the thing. If you can't find buyers for it when transformed as F.M. Punch would have it, purchase has come to an end of itself. If you can find buyers, why, it is worth the money!

HOW TO CALCULATE THE HEIGHT OF THE SEASON AT THE SEASIDE.

WHEN you have to wait an hour for a bathing-machine; when the last new Novel is bespoken ten deep; when donkeys are scarce, and City clerks plentiful; when you have to walk your soles off to get a London Morning Paper; when you meet with an organ-grinder, or a German band, in almost every street; when the Dispensary Ball is given; when chairs are fought for on the sands; when you see more buff slippers in the corridors outside the bed-room doors of hotels than Wellington boots; when one is obliged to send up to town for a piece of salmon; when ice commands a fabulous price; when HERR JONES, "from the Nobilities' Concerts," gives a Grand Musical Festival at the Town Hall; when landladies sleep in the kitchen; when "One Bed to Let" in a dirty by-lane is run after with avidity; when the Sally-lun man makes his tintinnabular perambulations regularly every evening, and wakes up dozing papas with the jingle of his muffin-bell and doggerel rhymes; when the "Third Robber" from Sadler's Wells shines at the little barn of a theatre with all the effulgence of a Star from Drury Lane; when GUSS FLOUNDERS, the comic singer from EVANS'S (more euphoniously christened "the Son of MOMUS"), and MRS. SALLY FLOUNDERS ("the Daughter of MOMUS") "Keep a little Farm" every night at SACKER and FULLETT'S Library, on the Grand Parade; and, lastly, when prices get so high that they cannot possibly get any higher, then you may be sure that it is the HEIGHT of the SEASON at the SEASIDE!

Israelite Movement.

In the City Article of a daily contemporary, the absence of business in the fund-market is accounted for "by the very general exodus of the moneyed public from town." When we remember by what nation the original exodus was performed, and consider of what nation also the moneyed public is largely constituted, we discern a peculiar significance in the description of their departure from Town as an *exodus*.



TOO BAD !

Bertha. "Now, really Charles, you are very provoking. I've been looking for my hat everywhere—and I declare you are sitting upon it!"

A BAD ACCOUNT OF A GOOD MUSICIAN.

EVERY friend of M. JULLIEN will regret with us to hear that the poor MONS. has been again in labour—labouring, that is, under severe indisposition. In answer to a vote of sympathy which was passed "with acclamation" at a recent meeting of the Surrey Gardens Company, M. JULLIEN is reported to have made this touching statement:

"For himself, he had been called to the bosom of his family to rest, but he could not; he had commenced with this and he would sink with it as the last man of a ship should do. (*Cheers.*) He had many times gone into the orchestra when told by his doctor that he would die, but he said it would be an honour to die in his orchestra. (*Cheers.*)"

Now, we say emphatically [*italics please, and capitals*] *THIS WON'T DO*. We cannot have our MONS. look forward thus lugubriously to the, as he fancies, not far distant playing of his own dead march. However great the honour of his dying in his orchestra, it would be but small consolation for his loss. London cannot spare its JULLIEN at present. How dark would be November without the shine of his white waistcoat!

We are unaware precisely what complaint it is that our poor MONS. is suffering; but from words he has let fall, we incline to fear that he is not so strong as we could wish him in his pocket. It would appear that he is much reduced by his connection with the Gardens, which have proved to him the reverse, it seems, of Edens. We also fear that his economy, however much we may, and do, commend it; has been carried to excess. When he tells us that "the cost of himself and family at home is not £2 a-week," we almost apprehend that he has tried too low a diet. We should prescribe him better living, and to try a change of air, if he finds he can afford it. Being a composer, he must do his best in trying to compose himself, and not give way to such excitement as his words appear to indicate. Perhaps a draught for his last six months' salary would, if duly honoured, prove the best composing draught, and we sincerely hope to hear that this has been made up for him. Eminent as a conductor, M. JULLIEN is excelled by no one in the art of conducting himself: and if he has not won success, he has "done more—deserved it." Rich as she may be in musical celebrities,

England can't afford to lose her MONS. if she can help it; and there are few but would be sad to have to join with other mourners in singing as a dirge their "*Farewell to the Mountain.*" We have little doubt ourselves the Maestro's health would soon improve with the improvement of his prospects, and that when in better plight he would be restored to better spirits. Wishing him well—both in person and in purse—it distresses us to hear him speak so ill as he has done lately of himself; and at all hazard we beg of him, Never to say Die—even in his orchestra—however swan-like it might seem to do it.

THE MIDDLESEX PEER.

ABOUT the elevation of LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR to the House of Lords, there appears to be but one opinion. Everybody seems to consider that the honour of a peerage has been very well bestowed upon the noble late member for Middlesex; but some of his lordship's former constituents would have been better pleased than they are if the noble lord had been called to the Upper House by a title somewhat suggestive of his local connection with themselves. EARL OF BRENTFORD, DUKE OF ACTON, VISCOUNT HAMMERSMITH, are some of the titles by which it has been suggested that LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR should have been created a Peer; and there are those who think that he might have been gracefully and appropriately styled MARQUIS OF BROOK GREEN; whilst others wish that he had been called LORD WORMWOOD SCRUBBS. To this last title, however, there is an objection. Wormwood is suggestive of bitterness, which has never existed between LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR and his constituents, except for a brief period, when a rather bitter beer question divided the Middlesex electors from their representative.

DIRT CHEAP.—It is computed that the effective drainage of London would cost five millions. What are five millions, to be expended on drainage purposes, to the many millionaires of London who have drained the world of millions?



“THE ORDER OF RELEASE.”

(With Mr. Punch's Apologies to Mr. Millais.)

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS EARLY CLOSING ASSOCIATION.

TEMPORARY OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET.

PROSPECTUS.

ATTENTION having been directed to the over-worked condition of our Members of Parliament, and the merciless protraction of their hours, and weeks, of business, the humane idea has been conceived of starting an Association, with the object of procuring them an earlier release. It is considered this may be effected without in any way impairing the efficiency of Parliament, or causing any diminution in the annual amount of work transacted by the House. On the contrary, indeed, there is sufficient reason to believe that the legislative body has been weakened by confinement, and that by enjoying greater relaxation it will gain more vigour to discharge its business duties. In confirmation of this view, a collection of statistics is now in course of making, by which it will be shown that (with but one or two exceptions, which may serve to prove the rule) the shorter Sessions have been far more useful than the longer; and the detention of the House to a protracted period, has rarely been attended with much legislative benefit.

It will therefore be the aim of the proposed Association, to devise the means of shortening the sittings of the House without interfering with the standing orders, or curtailing in the least the freedom of debate. By the plan they have in view, every Member will be still allowed to speak as much and as often as he pleases; with this advantage to the nation, that, whatever his prolixity, he will not impede the course of business by so doing. The most Gladstonian of orators will be suffered unrestrained expression of his sentiments; only instead of his delivering his speeches "in his place," he will be provided with a private room until his spouting fit is over. This, it is considered, can in no way be regarded in the light of a privation: for if he were to speak in presence of the Speaker, it is more than probable that he would either waste his eloquence upon deserted benches, or address his arguments to those who, even if they listened, would in no one whit be biased by them. Moreover, any Member who desires it, will be supplied with a reporter, so as not to be debarred the privilege of reading his prolixities in print. Such luxuries, however, like children in an omnibus, must be personally paid for; and to afford relief to constant readers of the Newspapers, the insertion of such speeches will be strictly confined to the advertising columns, and be subject to a duty of certainly not less than fifty pounds a foot.

The Association will discard the Utopian idea that it can ever serve completely to stop the stream of prosy verbiage which, so long as Parliament exists,

"Labitur, et laboratur in omne volubilis Hansard."

But although it would be futile to endeavour to dam up this Niagara of talk, the means above proposed may at least divert the current; and by providing proper outlets, save the House from being swamped by the nightly flood of eloquence which hitherto has overwhelmed it. Members known as fluent speakers will be placed throughout the Session under strict surveillance, and their flow of words will be confined to private channels, so as not to run athwart the course of public business. Thus, instead of the few measures which now yearly escape drowning, there will be in future plenty of survivors, and abundant crops of legislation will be annually housed, without such floods of speech delaying them as heretofore while they are being carried.

Regarding it merely as a humane institution, there is little doubt that the Association will command a fair support. But when it is considered what a saving it will cause to the national Exchequer—for it is assumed that "time is money" as well in Parliament as out of it—of course every economist, political or not, will recognise at once a strong additional incentive for promoting its success. In the event, however, of its becoming ever needful to appeal to the public, there is little question that the call will meet with a most liberal response; and *fetes* may be given at the Crystal Palace, after the manner of those which, in aid of other Early Closing Funds have been lately held there. By consenting once a-year or so to play at politics at Sydenham, Members may rely upon obtaining a good audience; and the "Sports and Pastimes of St. Stephens," if properly placarded, will be pretty sure to prove attractive to the public. The announcement of a Wrangling Match will doubtless draw as largely as a Jangling ditto; and instead of the amusement caused by Jumping in Sacks, a hearty laugh may be got up at the way some speakers have, of jumping to conclusions. The sport of Drawing the Long Bow may also be announced, in which the Leadenhall Street champions will distance most competitors; while doubtless crowds will flock to see an Irish Members' Row, or such sparring as the late set-to between the gladiator GLADSTONE and the bruiser BETHEL. As regards the musical arrangements, there will be no need to have professional

assistance. The anti-Palmerstonians have not yet left off singing small, and MR. DISRAELI as well as SIR CHARLES NAPIER still keep up their practice in the blowing their own trumpets.

The success of the Association being placed beyond a doubt, there can be no question of its proving of advantage. By shutting up those gifted with the gab who now obstruct the public business, the House may put its shutters up much earlier than formerly: and by attending to the maxim "Acts, not Words," it will get through its work in less than half the time now wasted on it. Domestic Members thus, instead of daily choking with their hasty chop in BELLAMY'S, may leisurely enjoy their wives' three courses and dessert, and spend their evenings, as they should do, in the bosom of their families: while the sporting ones in future need be under no anxiety, lest they be forced to spend the twelfth of August in Committee, and be on their legs in Westminster when their hearts are in the Highlands.

To those who know the benefits induced by early rising, it need not be explained how much the House will be advantaged by it. If the Association prosper, early hours will be secured: and there will be an end to those complaints of working over-time which weakly Members have of late been almost daily breathing. Their health will be no more impaired by their too sedentary habits, and thus their lives may be prolonged by shortening their sittings.



CONSIDERATION FOR DOCTORS' COMMONS.

THE sum of £100,000 a-year is to be divided among the proctors, by way of compensation for the business of which they will be deprived by the Probates and Letters of Administration Bill. This information will perhaps occasion some imaginative foreigners to conceive a great idea of the usefulness of proctors, and of the benefits which they have conferred upon the British public. Finding that the parties to whom compensation is awarded deserve it about as much as spiders do when walls are whitewashed, or as rats when sewers are flushed or repaired, or when a granary upon stone pillars is substituted for a barn, what an immense notion the foreigners of imagination must form of English generosity! What enormous superannuation allowances they must suppose granted to clerks worn out in public service; to officers and men disabled in fighting their country's battles, and to their widows and orphans! If those English make such ample provision for ecclesiastical lawyers thrown out of practice, no doubt their charity is very open-handed towards frozen-out gardeners. If they subsidise their proctors at so enormous a rate, at what incalculable sums they must pension their poets! Such must be the reflections of imaginative foreigners, if they are endowed with logic as well as imagination, and know not with how little reason and common sense the affairs of the British nation are conducted.

The Order of Release.

"WHAT a shame that so many millions should be spent every year upon those NAPOLEON *fetes*!" "Yes—but then you must take into consideration the number of persons that are pardoned on those occasions. At the last NAPOLEON *fete* no less than 1,142 prisoners and exiles received their pardons!" "Ah! I see, you would have me consider the extravagance as a pardonable offence!"

[The above was overheard, between two cups of coffee, at the Café Rotonde, in the Palais Royal.]

Domestic Poultry.

"ALLOW me," said ARTHUR, looking pleadingly at ANGELICA, the other morning at breakfast; "allow me to send you a little duck. Unless," he timidly added in a half whisper, "that is like sending coals to Newcastle." The little duck answered, that he was a great goose, but did not altogether look as if she thought so.

THE STREAMS OF MODERN ENGLAND.

A COLLOQUY AFTER WALTON.

PISCATOR.

VENATOR.



smock, which, with colt's-foot and marsh-marigold, doth abound in most of our English meadows. Whereas, your foxhunter, in his course over the arable fields, albeit he lack not for perfume, yet is it of quite another sort. For now-a-days, by reason of covetousness, farmers and husbandmen have taken to force the earth, and do so overdress the surface of their land with liquid compost, that you shall nose an acre thereof a mile off. Which

Ven. Sir, well met. Since our last talk, I have bethought me of yet one more thing to say in commendation of Hunting, wherein it doth excel Angling.

Pisc. Ay, indeed, have you, Sir? I beseech you, tell it me. I would be glad to hear it with all my heart. Pray you, what is it?

Ven. Marry, Sir, this. The sport of your foxhunter lieth mostly on the uplands; and when he gallopeth over the open fields, he doth breathe a sweeter and more wholesome air than the fisherman who pursueth his game in the water-meadows and fens.

Pisc. Yea, Sir, but the angler chooseth for his purpose a day whereon there bloweth a fair fresh breeze, to make a ripple on the water; and, as he walketh, he treadeth upon fragrant herbs, as mint and sweet-flag, to say nothing of cuckoo-flower or lady's

system of tillage a merry fellow of my acquaintance doth use to say may well in sooth be called high farming.

Ven. A mad wag, truly. But, Sir, I shall make so bold as to bid you note the truth of an old saying, which I have heard my grandmother repeat—"That nobody snuffeth the savour of his own shop." To the proof whereof you have just now spoken. For not so many farmers do so overdress their lands as to distribute thereon even a small part of the sewage of our cities and towns. This, therefore, being, by the new Health of Towns Act, required to be got rid of and removed out of the way, there is nothing else for it than to discharge the greater portion thereof into the rivers, which is accordingly done; whence all our streams are now polluted to such a pitch that, but for the truth of the proverb I spoke of, your own nose should, in angling, be in as great indignation as you suppose mine is, whenever I ride over a newly-drest field.

Pisc. Sir, I confess there is reason in what you say; and I wish with all my heart that the drainage of our towns were spread upon our fields, to the end that it might increase the bread, instead of being cast into streams and rivers to poison the drink of Christians, besides injuring all the fish, except the stickle-backs, which are of no use, and the eels, which albeit they live and thrive in foul waters, are yet by far more choice and delicate when they be bred in fresh clear streams, such as the Test and Itchen in Hampshire were wont to be in my young days. But see, here comes a milkmaid. Let us have a syllabub.

Ven. Marry, and so be it; well thought on. A most excellent thing on a summer's day; yea, forsooth, Sir, willingly, and with all my heart.

POKING UP THE SEA-COLE FIRE.

IN accordance with the announcement 'in the *Times*' City Article, "some persons," among whom was *Mr. Punch*, "waited upon LORD PALMERSTON, upon the subject of MRS. SEACOLE's claim on the Surrey Gardens Company." So introduced, the party found immediate access to his lordship, who received them with much affability. The following conversation took place.

Lord P. Well, *Mr. Punch*, how are you? Very glad to see you. I've just come from the Palace with the Speech. Would you just glance over it, and see whether it reads all right.

Mr. Punch. Not if I know it, you artful dodge. So you'd like to commit me to approval of it, would you? You'd like to be able to say to HER M—— that *Punch* has revised it, eh? No, Sirree.

Lord P. (laughing). There's no having you. Well, what can I do for you?

Mr. Punch. It will be in the recollection of your lordship that a series of *fetes* were recently given at the Surrey Gardens in honour of MOTHER SEACOLE, and for her benefit.

Lord P. I know. Very brilliant, very successful, weren't they? Didn't LORD ROKEBY take the old girl to her stall, and didn't lots of Crimeans go. I heard it was a great hit.

Mr. Punch. It was so, my lord, and a large sum of money was obtained.

Lord P. Very glad of it. Most deserving old soul, and it will help to keep her deserving old body in comfort. She was a treasure to the army, and I wish there were more old women like her, and fewer like PANMURE.

Mr. Punch. Then, my dear lord, you will regret to hear, that the poor old lady has never been able to obtain a farthing of the money.

Lord P. By Jove! O, but I say, that's an infamous shame. She ought to have had the money weeks and weeks ago. It's a case for the police.

Mr. Punch. It may be hereafter, my lord. But we think that you could help us to get justice for MRS. SEACOLE.

Lord P. Anything I can do—by the way, the Gardens are gone to the deuce, I believe?

Mr. Punch. My lord, the Gardens were in the hands of a Company which, a little more than a year ago, sacked £32,560, all of which is lost, and £26,000 of additional debts have been contracted. Yet a £10 per cent. dividend was declared in October, apparently in order to delude the public into taking up at par 744 unissued shares.

Lord P. What a splendid figure-head you have!

Mr. Punch (modestly). The ladies have been pleased to say so, in

my time. Well, my lord, M. JULLIEN, the Mons., and a most worthy fellow, at whose little eccentricities I have made good fun in his days of glory, but whom I have always recognised as a true artist, and a true friend to art,—he had the superintendence of their music, and he declares that he has been defrauded and ruined. He says that they owe him £6000, and that he never got anything for it but a bill and a cheque, both of which were dishonoured.

Lord P. But where's the money gone?

Mr. Punch. That, my dear lord, MR. COMMISSIONER FANE, aided by the very clever MR. LINKLATER, and others, proposes to endeavour to ascertain in the Bankruptcy Court.

Lord P. By George, in the old days Seacole Lane was too near St. Sepulchre's to be exactly a pleasant name to a bankrupt who couldn't give a good account of himself. However, I hope M. JULLIEN will get something out of the fire.

Mr. Punch. So do we. But at present we only come in the SEACOLE interest.

Lord P. I fancy it's the SEACOLE principal you want.

Mr. Punch. Very good, indeed, my lord, and very new, like all jokes by Members of Parliament. And we want you to put on the screw in a certain quarter, and then we think we shall get this money.

Lord P. And the quarter?

Mr. Punch whispers to his Lordship.

Lord P. (whispers to Mr. Punch). What! JIMMY?

Mr. Punch nods.

Lord P. But—hang it—he wouldn't collar the tin.

Mr. Punch. I don't say so for a moment. I believe him to be a very good fellow. He wouldn't go into Parliament though he returned half of it—that's in his favour.

Lord P. You be blowed!

Mr. Punch. He, personally, is all right, I've no doubt, but he has been a great man in the Company, and, according to JULLIEN, "they were all like mouses in his presence." Now, if he were to speak, some mouse would probably remember in what hole MOTHER SEACOLE's money has been accidentally laid away, and would very likely fetch it out.

Lord P. We'll see. (*Writes.*) Will that do?

Mr. Punch (reads). "My dear COPPOCK,

"See MOTHER SEACOLE righted.

"Thursday."

"Always yours, P."

That will do. I'll leave it in Cleveland Row as I go by. We are much obliged to you, and so will the old lady be. We will not trespass longer upon your valuable time. *[The deputation rises.]*

Lord P. (aside to Mr. Punch). Don't you go. I'll make MONCK or DUNCAN run with the note. I want to talk to you.

[Exit deputation, and curtain closes as LORD PALMERSTON respectfully asks Mr. Punch's views as to the New Reform Bill.]

MORAL.

"MR COPPOCK said, that the Secretary had been directed to furnish MRS SEACOLE with every information she desired, and that her claim would be satisfied."—*Times' Report, Aug. 28th.*

THE DIVORCE-BILL DISSECTED.

THE Divorce Bill's an Act, the Divorce Bill is Law,
Old PAM has established a clerical law,
Though GLADSTONE protests, and SAM WILBERFORCE groans
That what's good for a Duke is not good for a JONES.

The battle of tangled amendments is past,
The Royal assent is accorded at last;
So, that DARBY and JOAN may be trapped by no fallacies,
Punch begs to offer this little analysis.

The Licence (you'd better have banns) is still bought
Where with greedy-eyed touters your battle is fought:
They state they know single from married men, thus,
He who, seeing them, scowls, hath said "better or was."

As regards divorce questions, Punch gladly reports
We've abolished the Ecclesiastical Courts:
All complaints matrimonial, for kill or for cure,
Are tried in LORD CUPID-PAM's new *Cour d'Amour*.

Its Judge (with £5000 a-year) is a cretur
Whose title's true accent is hostile to metre:
But turn to your Libary—notice whose tongue
May command "other times" when that prayer shall be sung.

Before him may practise a herd of Inquisitors,
Barristers, proctors, attorneys, solicitors.
He takes Separations, and small things of course,
But a Full Court (three judges) must sit for Divorce.

Now DARBY, perpend. Should your JOAN go astray,—
Well, you're right to look fierce—but some other JOAN may.
Her DARBY petitions this Judge (or my Lord
Of Assize) to estrange her from bed and from board.

And if DARBY goes wrong, or he wops his poor JOAN,
Or for more than two years from her household has flown,
The law has decreed, in its wisdom, to fence her
With the same Release-Order, *à thoro et mensd.*

And while she's deserted, if DARBY (the beast)
Interferes with her poor little goods in the least,
She may go to a Beak, whose proceedings are quick,
And Policeman Z 1 will administer Stick.

There ends, we must say, JOAN, as far as we see,
Any special relief that's allowed to the She,
For the Men make the law, and so please to observe
How it stands if you, Madam, from duty should swerve.

He may get a Divorce—that's a grave, solemn thing,
Annulling the marriage and melting the ring:
And though actions like those which disgrace us are barred,
He may claim from LOTHARIO what juries award.

But you have no right for Divorce, JOAN, to stir,
(Save in cases so shocking they rarely occur),
Except he's so base as from virtue to draw
One he must not espouse—say, a sister-in-law:

Or unless he's been dreadfully cruel, so bad
That, (without other sin) a divorce should be had:
Or unless in your note of his conduct appears
"Inexcusable absence for more than two years."

[What the law calls "excuse" must remain to be seen,
It may be much Nagging, or much Crinoline,
Or a constant Piano, a Parrot's vile shriek,
Or Your Mother his guest more than three times a-week.]

That's the pith of the bill, but it likewise provides
That no parson need marry divorced men, or brides,
Where the party divorced was the sinner—but, still,
Any church must be free to a parson who will.

Let LOTHARIO take note, ere with glances and smirk
He addresses himself to his dastardly work,
That he's not only fined for the wrong he has done,
But is mulet in all costs—most infrequently fun.

So much for the Act—the mere naming its name
In one home of ten thousand, in England, were shame,
But while Masculine's vicious and Feminine's weak,
What help for the wronged but appeal to the Beak?

On one point it affirms let us chiefly lay stress,—
That Wrong, and not Gold, gives the right to redress;
And that HELEN, the Countess, no longer can buy
What to NELLY, the Laundress, tribunals deny.

Take heed whom you marry—when married, take heed
That affection's the cue for each word and each deed,
And you'll care just as much for this Act and its cases,
As Punch and his Lady—whom now he embraces.

[Snits the action to the word—gives her a cheque for her milliner, mentions that he has engaged her a house at the sea-side—adds that he will take her and her dear Mother to Richmond to dinner to-day—puts a new bracelet on her white arm—salutes her—and exit dancing, and deriding all the Divorce Bills in the world.]



AN EVENTFUL SESSION.

WE think the Session of 1857 ought to be long remembered. It should for ages be treasured up in the recollection of every "Oldest Inhabitant" as a "*Sessio Mirabilis*." It can boast of one remarkable circumstance, which, probably, never can, never will occur again. That circumstance, more than any other, redounds to the credit of the Legislature. It only proves what our legislators can do, when they are determined to do it! The great event, to which we are alluding, took place on Tuesday afternoon, August the 25th. It occurred at five o'clock, precisely. Let the reader read for himself:—

"At the end of five minutes' sitting, the House adjourned."

There, the great merit of the past Session is wrapt up in those "Five Minutes." Depend upon it, it will be known hereafter, to the lover of *Hansard*, as "the Memorable Sitting of Five Minutes." Were such Minutes ever entered in the Minute-book of the House before? A still more remarkable thing is, that the Divorce Bill was passed in those same Five Minutes. A measure, that had exhausted every one's patience, and every one's eloquence—a measure, that had consumed more time even than the Maynooth Grant and the Jewish Disabilities put together—a measure, that had given rise to more angry words than were ever exchanged between the most ill-assorted couple—a measure, that, beyond all measure, was the longest in being carried, backwards and forwards, from one House to the other, to be quietly passed in a sitting that occupied less time than a lady takes to put on her bonnet! It is incredible—but still it is true!

It is needless to state that MR. GLADSTONE did not speak during those Five Minutes. The reason of his silence is very simple. The sitting took place in the House of Lords!

CURIOUS TASTE.—A Tradesman advertises for a General Servant, and says, towards the end, "A Dissenter preferred." There are persons in this world who have strange preferences!

"FOREWARNED, FOREARMED."

MR. W. WILLIAMS (the incorruptible Member for Lambeth) directly he heard that there was to be a new creation of Peers, rushed out of the House, leaving word with the servant that "he had gone out of town, and it was quite uncertain when he would return." He was most particular in impressing upon JOHN (his faithful flunkey) that, if any one with LORD PALMERSTON'S livery inquired for him, he was, under no threat, or bribe, or persuasion whatever, to let him know he was probably to be found in the Exeter Change Arcade. Up to the last minute of our going to press, we have received no intimation of the honourable gentleman having been the least disturbed in his hiding-place.

Indefinite Parties.

A CURIOUS question might arise under the new Divorce Act. Suppose two divorced parties choose to be married by banns, how are they to be described? They are not bachelors and spinsters, neither are they widowers and widows; in fact they are indescribable. Practically, this difficulty is not likely to occur. Divorce is still too dear for those low people who are obliged to be married by banns.

EXTRAORDINARY LEAP.

ALL the gymnastic performances of the Circus we have ever read of are outdone by the achievement of a young lieutenant, mentioned in the Report on Purchase in the Army—who leapt over the heads of seventeen officers. His name was *not* DOWB.

THE DIVAN.—The place where the Sultan's pipe is regularly put out by the European powers.

**COMMON OBJECTS AT THE SEA-SIDE.**

Boy. "OH! LOOK HERE, MA! I'VE CAUGHT A FISH JUST LIKE THOSE THINGAMIES IN MY BED AT OUR LODGINGS!"

SOAPY'S BRAVADO.

MUCH anxiety is expressed in many quarters to know what the BISHOP of OXFORD will do, now that the Divorce Bill has become the law of the land. What he said he would do is thus reported in the *Times*:—

"They would observe that the clause did not affect the Bishop; and he avowed before their lordships, that if he knew of one of these hired interlopers coming in the way he was here permitted to do to enter a church, he would meet him at the door with an inhibition, and suspend him from his office."

If the bishop is as good as his word, the public will have a fair chance of being edified with a good old mediæval row in front of some church in the diocese of Oxford. The bishop and his retainers will plant themselves before the church-door, prepared to resist the entrance of the "interloper" coming to perform a marriage-service which the incumbent has declined to celebrate. The prelate will be armed, if not with his pastoral staff, with a common walkingstick, and the attendant officers will carry similar weapons; except the beadle, who, we may suppose, will shoulder a mace. Prepared for opposition, the wedding party will perhaps have secured the services of a body of police; and the consequence will be, a collision between the constabulary staff and the crosier. Of course, the secular power will soon triumph, and the vanquished prelate and his discomfited vassals will be walked off to the nearest Magistrate's. If the justice happens to be a Low Churchman, or if his principles are opposed to spiritual tyranny, he may think himself called upon to deal summarily with the case, and, as a fine would be no punishment to the receiver of an episcopal income, to commit the right reverend SAMUEL and his myrmidons to gaol for assaulting the police, and obstructing them in the execution of their duty.

But, though Brag is a good dog, his bark is a good deal worse than his bite, and we do not much expect that the right reverend SAMUEL will verify, on any church-threshold, the warning, "*Cave Canem*," which he has addressed to anticipated interlopers. We shall be very much astonished if he even resigns his bishopric, and refuses to preside any longer over a see in which he will be unable to prevent the performance of marriages which he has declared to be contrary to Christianity. "JOHN OLDCASTLE died a martyr; but this," like FALSTAFF—if we may be excused for comparing SAMUEL to the fat Knight—"is not the man." At least if he is, SAMUEL is not the man we take him for.

PITY THE POOR SEPOYS!**A Lay of Love and Gentleness.**

Oh! be not too hard on the poor mutineers,
Though your women and children with torment they slew,
Though we dare but to whisper their deeds in your ears,
Don't punish them more than 'tis needful to do.

Though they slaughtered your kindred, not wholly like sheep,
Because with fell outrage and fiendish device,
Be content for their errors to sit down and weep,
If tears will to hinder such errors suffice.

If a gentle rebuke, if a tender appeal,
Will render those cruel and cowardly sons
Of Moloch sufficient examples, a deal
'Twere better than blowing them off from your guns.

Do not hang your black brothers—to woman and child
Though they did all that devils could ever invent—
If by means more affectionate, gentle, and mild,
You can others deter, and cause them to repent.

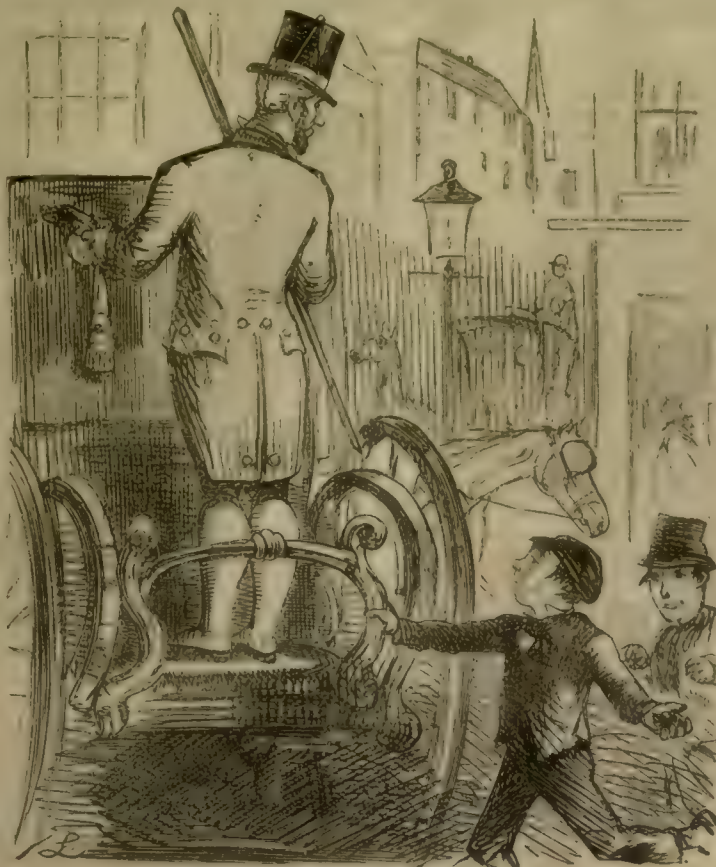
Oh! pray do not hang them, provided they dread
Any doom more than death by the gallows and rope;
If you know any such, it will fall on the head
Of each infamous wretch of a Sepoy, we hope.

Devotion to One's Doctors.

THE amiable homœopathist, LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR, is made a peer. He might have been an Earl, but he stipulated that the Boluses, which are stuck on the spikes of an Earl's coronet, should be reduced to Globules. The heralds would not stand this, so he is only Baron.

THE COMPLETE INDIAN LETTER-WRITER.

Too much letter-writing has been one of the curses of the Indian Government. Nevertheless, to any rebel who can be reached, at the present crisis, we should certainly "drop a line."



IRRESISTIBLE.

John Thomas. "GET AWAY, BOY—GET AWAY, BOY!"

Boy. "SHAN'T! AND IF YER DON'T LET ME RIDE, I'LL SEND THIS 'ERE MUD OVER YER CALVES!"

MISTRUST OF THE MILITIA.

"COME, now, my boys, who'll serve the QUEEN?"
The stout Militia Sergeant cried.
"Whoy, all on us; but how much green
Dost thee zee here, old chap?" replied
A countryman, and, like a clown,
He pulled one lower eyelid down.

"All that you says is very fine,
I dares say you believes 'tis true,
I should be glad enough to jine;
But mind, I baint a gwian to,
Afore 'tis made quite sure to me,
That I be to be kept faith wi'.

"I've heerd o' men as went abroad;
Promus'd they wos, I wun't say what;
But when agin this land they trod,
Ten shilluns was the most they got.
Ten shilluns only was the sum;
And then they said, 'Be off' to 'um.

"No fear but what they made it out
In black and white, all smooth and square,
So much stopped for this here, no doubt;
And so much owun for that there:
The end on't wos that they wus done:
Which I don't mane to be, for one.

Then how about the Transport Corps,
They talks of, and the Army Works,
And I forgets how many more,
As went to help they blessed Turks?
All them have been sarved, up to now,
Except the Jarman Legion, how?

"If I was sure 'twou'd be all right,
I'd list this moment, ees, and willun;
But otherways this cock wun't fight,
Nor never trouble thee to drill 'un.
I'll sarve my QUEEN and country true;
But not if I baint sarved so too."

FIVE WORDS TO THE WITTY.—Never joke with stupid people.

NEWSPAPER CUTTINGS.

Session and season being over, the London Correspondents of the Provincial Press have, of course, left town for their estates, their yachts, or Foreign Courts; consequently the journals are "hard up" for those wonderful and instructive scraps with which a sub-editor, by plundering the "London Letter" of a contemporary, lightens and garnishes a column of heavy matter of his own. *Mr. Punch*, in the most kindly and generous manner, hastens to the assistance of his *collaborateurs*, and subjoins a quantity of "little bits," warranted new and authentic, which they may snip off and stick in whenever they please, and, as usual with most of them, without mentioning the source.

UNDER WHICH KING, BEZONIAN?—As it is nearly one hundred years since GEORGE THE THIRD came to the throne of these realms, few persons now alive have lived under more than four sovereigns, viz.:—the above venerable monarch, his son GEORGE THE FOURTH, well known for his extravagance and obesity; WILLIAM, the Sailor King, and Her present GRACIOUS MAJESTY, now on a visit to the northern part of this island. MR. WILLIAM GOMMERY, of Enfield, is an exception to this rule, having, unobscuredly, lived under six English sovereigns. Thrust into the roof of his house, between the wall and the tiles, was discovered on Tuesday last, what had probably been placed there for concealment, and forgotten, namely, a purse containing the above amount.

LORD MACAULAY.—This nobleman, elevated to the peerage on account of his literary merits, is the only peer of the realm whose father's name began with the last letter of the Alphabet, we need hardly mention the letter Z. LORD MACAULAY's father's name was ZACHARY.

YOU MAY WELL SAY THAT.—The Recess is always selected as the period for repairing London houses, for this reason. The occupants of such houses being usually out of town at that time, they are not exposed to the inconvenience which they would otherwise undergo from the presence of workmen. MR. COX, of Finsbury, walking, the other day, along a street in which several houses were fringed with scaffolding, exclaimed, "I wonder when London will be finished!"

ADVANTAGE OF PUNCTUATION.—Punctuation, that is the putting the stops in the right places, cannot be too seriously studied. We lately read, in a country paper, the following startling account of LORD PALMERSTON's appearance in the House of Commons. "LORD PALMERSTON then entered on his head, a white hat upon his feet, large but well polished boots on his brow, a dark cloud in his hand, his faithful walking-stick in his eye, a menacing glare saying nothing. He sat down."

HER MAJESTY'S WIT.—It is said that during his absence on the Rhine, H.R.H. is under engagement to keep a diary of his adventures, and to transmit it to his Royal parents once a fortnight. The usual packet containing it was brought in to the QUEEN the other morning by PRINCESS ALICE, who exclaimed, "Mamma, here's EDWARD'S Diary." "Better take it to Papa's model farm, my dear," was the QUEEN's prompt and laughing reply.

ANECDOTE OF C. BARRY.—"With whom, SIR CHARLES, after all, does the sin of the delay in finishing the Houses rest?" asked WISCOUNT WILLIAMS, meeting the great architect in Palace Yard. "I don't know about the sin," replied SIR CHARLES, "but," he added, pointing up to the glittering Clock Tower, "there's the gilt." The noble Wiscount has been occupied ever since in trying to understand what was meant, but had not succeeded when our Reporter came away.

YANKEE SPIRIT.—A variety of American drinks are now to be procured at a city tavern. Among them are liquids having the euphonious titles of Gum-ticklers, Neck-twisters, Kangaroo, Brandysmashes, and so on. The Anti-English party in America avail themselves of these inventions to give utterance to their desire of wopping England. They say to one another, "Let's lick her."

CHANGE OF NAME.—We understand that MISS MADELINE SMITH has changed her name to MADELINE VERNON, partly in imitation of her namesake, MR. VERNON SMITH (who has dropped the SMITH in his family), and partly for fear she should be supposed connected with a gentleman who has made such a mull with India.

WONDERFUL HAUL.

FRANK went out fishing one day last week in the neighbourhood of Scarborough.

This is what our friend FRANK caught during ten hours' untiring application:—

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 Grayling, | 1 Dead Cat, |
| 2 Tench, | 1 Haul of Watercresses (alias "Brook Lime"), |
| 25 Sticklebats, | 11 Caterpillars, in Ditto, |
| 1 Old Boot (sans sole), | 3 Worms, in Ibid. |
| 7 Tadpoles, | 1 Cold (in the head). |
| 1 Envelope to letter (much torn—address not legible), | |

In addition to the above, there was also "1 Pint of Boiled Shrimps;" but it is strongly suspected that FRANK bought the latter as he was coming home.

THE SPEECH OF MATERFAMILIAS, AT THE END OF THE SEASON.



As the Season is over, MATERFAMILIAS assembled her beautiful daughters in the Drawing-room, in order to address them, previous to their going to the Sea-side.

Five young ladies, of various ages and different styles of beauty, responded to the maternal call. Their dresses were limp and faded, and looked care-worn, as though the vast amount of work they had gone through, for months past, had been too much for them. Like their exhausted wearers, they scarcely had a bit of colour left.

In answer to inquiries, "Where JULIA was?" the Lady's-Maid-in-Waiting stated that "her young Missus was not dressed yet, for as she had a sick headache, she had had her breakfast that morning in bed."

The Boys having been summoned from the stable, MATERFAMILIAS, taking her seat upon the large yellow damask ottoman,

(which had had its brown-holland envelope pulled off for the occasion), proceeded, after arranging her head-dress, and giving a slight impressive cough, to address her family as follows:—

"My dear Boys and Girls,

"I need not tell you the Season is over. You all of you want change of air. It is not only my opinion, but the opinion, also, of that worthy man and physician, DR. KNIGHTBELL. It is my duty, therefore, as your Mother, to see that you have it.

"The struggle with your poor father has been a long and a painful one. For weeks and weeks he would not listen to the urgency of my entreaties. Ruin stared him in the face. The expense, he declared, would drive him to the workhouse. At last, my tears have prevailed. He has consented to grant you each a six weeks' absence.

"It is almost superfluous for me to state, that no efforts shall be left undone, on my part, to get those six weeks extended to eight.

"It is with profound regret that I cannot congratulate you, as I should wish, on the success of the past Season. The matrimonial negotiations, however, which have been broken off by the suspension of the usual festivities, must be renewed, with additional vigour, next Spring, and prosecuted with amiable firmness, and yet dignified sweetness, until carried to a favourable termination,—which, to my mind, means St. George's, Hanover Square.

"I cannot disguise from you the exalted pride and soothing pleasure I feel in the signal triumph I have gained over MRS. GRUNDY, in having succeeded in breaking off the match between CAPTAIN ALBANY KNIGHTSBRIDGE and her youngest daughter.

"We must be fully prepared to act on the defensive against any retaliations that may be taken against us from that hostile quarter.

"In the meantime, it is my agreeable province to inform you, that the Captain remains our friend. From a *billet-doux*, couched in the most courteous of words, which I have just received from him, I am enabled to state, that he has generously consented to dine with us next Christmas Day.

"His poor respected father, LORD BARON DE BŒUF, it pains me deeply to communicate, still lies in a very dangerous condition. The large estates are fortunately entailed, and our dear friend ALBANY is the next heir in succession. Entertaining the very highest respect for his honourable parents, and expressing, as we do, our undigned regret for his deplorable position, still we cannot help hoping that everything may occur for the best.

"I have entered into a fresh treaty with MR. GUNTER. The terms are satisfactorily in our favour. He has agreed to provide suppers for us next season at One Shilling less per head.

"This reduction, however, is not, as might be supposed, to be purchased at the sacrifice either of quantity or quality. The number of plovers' eggs is to be undiminished. The plate to be provided is to have the same coronet's crest. There are to be prawns, when in season.

"It is with no unusual pride, also, that I announce that there is to be no change in the Brougham. It will be jobbed next year as usual.

"This pride is naturally strengthened by the fact, that stipulations have been expressly made, that the coachman is to have a new livery. This point has been amiably conceded by the Livery-stable keeper.

"My dear Girls,

"It is my fondest wish through life to see you comfortably settled.

"You must do all you can to accomplish that anxious end.

"It grieves me to see that you have lost your beautiful complexions during the past season. You must try all you can to regain them amid the healthy breezes of the sea-side.

"Horse-riding will be provided, when necessary.

"Donkey-riding will, also, be allowed to such of you as are not too proud to partake of it.

"Letters of introduction will be forwarded to you for the wealthy friends and desirable acquaintances you may chance to meet during your stay.

"Round hats for each of you have been placed in your respective bed-rooms. They are of the largest possible size.

"New bathing-gowns, of an elegant ultra-marine French pattern, fresh from Dieppe, have also been placed in your trunks.

"You must be careful not to get wet feet.

"Above all, let me impress upon you strongly to beware how you flirt with strangers, or younger sons.

"Your whole future depends upon your discretion in these little matters.

"I rely on your good sense. I trust principally to the good example your fond mother has always set you.

"My dear Boys,

"It will be your duty during your holiday to take care of your sisters.

"You must do nothing to thwart their plans.

"You must conform to the meal hours they choose to appoint.

"You must accompany them in their walks, and escort them in their donkey excursions.

"You must not, as their natural protectors, allow them to go to the Spa, or the Esplanade, or the Assembly Rooms, or the Library, by themselves. It would never do!

"I beg of you not to introduce to them any of your smoking, or billiard friends, excepting such as, from their high position in life, may be considered worthy of the favour. A Title, of course, is always its own introduction.

"I entreat of you not to add to your sisters' expenses. The cold meat, which is intended for the morrow's breakfast, must not be consumed over-night for your supper. Such an act of greediness, not only will reflect on your selfishness, but will materially tend, also, to swell the weekly bills.

"A pint of shrimps each will be allowed you *par jour*—not one shrimp more.

"I have terminated a negotiation with your dear father successfully to the effect that, during your absence, your pocket-money is to be increased. The rate of that increase will be learnt by yourselves, when you go into the library to wish your anxious parent good-bye. The smallest favour deserves a grateful recognition.

"To that negotiation, there was only one stipulation laid down:—'All cigars are to be paid for out of your own money.'

"It seemed only just to me, that your sisters have no right to pay for your smoking.

"Before leaving, I hope you have settled all your bills, tailors' and otherwise.

"My dear Boys and Girls,

"Go, and enjoy yourselves, with a due regard to economy.

"Write to your dear Mother, as often as you can save the postage.

"Heaven bless you!"

Here MATERFAMILIAS rose with affecting solemnity from the ottoman, and kissed her children all round.

The ceremony was brought to an abrupt close by PLUSH BREECHES appearing at the door, and announcing gravely that "luncheon was on the table!"

We must not omit to mention, that the above speech was delivered in a clear, firm, sound, musical voice, in which the authority of the Matron was not less audible than the affection of the Mother.

It was listened to attentively by all, excepting by the youngest boy (MASTER JOE), who amused himself, during its delivery, by wiping his dirty boots on the cat's (a genuine Angola) furry back.

The House broke up the next day, by taking the Steamer from London to Scarborough.

THE HARP OF THE HEBREW MINSTREL.

A Romance.



Fa little man with a large hooked nose
Chance made me the beholder;
And he bore a bag of cast-off clothes:
He had slung it o'er his shoulder.
And he sang: "The Divorce Bill's
law at last.
That is something like pro-
gression!
But the Oaths Bill overboard was
cast:
We are slaves until next Session!"

He shook his head, and he heaved
a sigh.
Then another mood came o'er
him:
And he winked one bright black
almond eye
At the world that passed before
him.

There was a curl upon that lip,
Where scorn for ever lingers,
And he put his thumb to his nose's tip,
And he vibrated his fingers.

Thus he took a sight at the thoughtless crowd,
Then he felt in his waistcoat pocket.
His spirit, though his head was bowed,
Soured loftier than a rocket.
And his little harp from his vest he drew,
And between his teeth he stuck it:
And the street boys all cried, "Go it, Jew!"
When the Hebrew Minstrel struck it.

A FINGER IN A SLING.

Do you know who *Bessy Bodkin* is? Ask the first young lady under five years of age, whom you may meet. She will tell you that *Bessy* is the sister of *Billy Wukin*, *Long Hester*, and two others, and will point her out to you as the third finger of your hand. Well, somebody has discovered that when *Bessy* was made, nature utterly forgot the noblest use to which the human hand can be applied, namely, the playing on the pianoforte, and in her negligence, so tied up *Bessy* with ligaments and tendons, that she cannot come down on the keys with the *aplomb* of her brothers and sisters. And somebody, aforesaid, has contrived a thing called the Trito-Dactylo-Gymnast, which is to be affixed to *Bessy*, and is to enable her to acquit herself better than nature intended. The profound ingenuity displayed in the title of the invention is as preternatural as the thing itself. What Tritons, Dactyls, or Gymnastics have to do with pianoforte-playing we do not affect to know, but we are just as much delighted as if we did. What a wonderful age we live in!

What miracles of perfection our artists ought to be! What a great creature MENDELSSOHN would have been, had he only had a Trito-Dactylo-Gymnast! We always felt that there was something wanting, even in his most exquisite compositions. It was the want of Trito-dactylo-gymnastic treatment. We are intoxicated to hear, however, that MR. ELIA has patriotically undertaken to go through all MENDELSSOHN's works, with a Trito-Dactylo-Gymnast on both hands, and write up the music to the mark the composer would have attained, had he known of this unutterably important invention. A new era in music is at hand—or at least at third finger. Moreover, we observe that "medical testimony" to the merits of the machine is proffered. To be sure the name of the proposed medical witness is one that would not infallibly insure the insertion of his advertisements in a respectable paper, but that is a trifle. Trito-Dactylo-Gymnastics. We linger over—daily with such a poluphloisboyothalassetic name, and mildly recal the deep wisdom of the venerable J. P. HARLEY, who quaintly remarked with a grimace of disfavour directed at some polysyllabic puff: "the more Greek the more Quack."

AN OLD GENTLEMAN'S INTOLERANT ENQUIRY ON THE OATHS ADMINISTRATION BILL.

"It's all nonsense and affectation, Sir! Don't tell me. Why can't BARON ROTHSCHILD take the Oath like a Christian, Sir, and so put an end to this stupid business? It's enough to make a Quaker swear, Sir!"

MORE PLUSH AND BUCKLES.

CONTINENTAL intelligence has for some time consisted of chronicles of mere flunkeyism. Kissing feet, kissing hands, *vicats*, triumphal arches, flags, uniforms, and livery in all its forms, cockades, gold lace, shoulder-knots, and shoebuckles—these have been the principal facts and phenomena that our own correspondents have lately been exhibiting to the British public. Flunkeyism is generally rampant, but particularly so in Hungary of all places in Europe, where it actually boils up and over, and runs out into acts of enthusiastic extravagance; such, for instance, as the exploit thus recorded by our fashionable contemporary:—

"A very wealthy gentleman of the department of Neograd, in Blossoviez, solicited the favour of the EMPEROR that he might drive him himself, and harness his own horses in the carriage. This was granted, and accordingly the Magyar gentleman mounted the Imperial box, and did the office of 'whip' from the station of Ypolyssig, as far as the town of Balassa Gyarmen, which he entered amidst the shouts of delight—not simply amusement—of crowds of the inhabitants."

This glorious act of coachmanship will doubtless excite emulation; and sundry Hungarian flunkies will try if they cannot exceed the servility evinced in it. Some other Magyar gentleman, glowing with the fervour of baseness which inspired the gentleman-like gentleman of Neograd, will probably implore the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA to allow him to brush his MAJESTY'S clothes, or may supplicate for the honour of blacking the Imperial boots. For which last-mentioned act of loyal homage the SOVEREIGN will peradventure reward his vassal with permission to change his ancestral motto for that of "Honour Bright." The method of worshipping the POPE, also, by cleaning his shoes, might be added to the self-abasement of kissing his feet, above referred to. In that case, the menial service should always precede that of the lip, for an obvious reason. The polishing, preliminary to the prostration, would, by the way, have to be performed, not by the application of Day-and-Martin, but by friction with bread crumbs, that, according to "*Things that everybody should know*," being the proper way to clean white satin slippers, which his HOLINESS the POPE wears in addition to his pontifical petticoats.

A WORD TO THE AVENGER.

SOLDIER! when thou, beneath thy bayonet,
Shalt get a devilish Sepoy, save the wretch,
Safe if thou canst but make him, for JACK KETCH;
His howls, which none who heard them should forget,
Were lost amid war's uproar; rather let
The miscreant swing in exemplary throes
Upon the gallows; but if thou suppose
That show uncertain, then exact our debt,
And there; in full: but be not thou defiled
By imitation of the accursed beast,
Who babes and women slew with lingering pain.
Upon the wretched slave thy vengeance feast;
There stop; nor let his guilt thy manhood stain,
But spare the Indian mother and her child.

RIGHTS AND CEREMONIES.

PUNCH cannot understand how the opponents of the Jews hold out against that persecuted race. The latter do everything which their consciences will permit in imitation of the Christians. Even in their marriages we observe they are now copying the fashionable practice of their oppressors. In the *Times* one day last week, we read (names only altered):—

"At the residence of the bride's father, by the REVEREND MOSES AARON, assisted by the REVEREND SAMUEL ISAACS, REUBEN MOSS, ESQ., to REBECCA, daughter of SOLOMON MALACHI, ESQ."

What more can the Hebrews do to prove that they are Englishmen, than to adopt our ceremonial follies. Surely, after this touching proof of their regard for us, even Puseyite bishops will cease to be odurate.

LODGING-HOUSE SAYINGS.

(Mostly in use amongst the lodging-house keepers at Watering Places.)

EVERY key has its double.
A slice off a cut joint is not missed.
An open tea-caddy is good for an old soul.
Meat and bread make the cheeks red.
Half a Leg is better than no Leg.
A trip to the sea-side makes one acquainted with strange bed-fellows.
You may take the gin-bottle to the Pump, until it gets broken.
Five fingers hold more than two forks.
It's the last pet of marmalade that breaks the cat's back.
Lodgers find the bacon, and lodging-keepers cabbage.
Stranger's meat is the greatest treat.
Don't be like the drayman's horse, that draws beer, and drinks water.
The faster you bone the richer your flesh will be.



PATIENCE REWARDED.

Piscator. "A-HAH! GOT YOU AT LAST, HAVE I?—AND A FINE WEEK'S TROUBLE I'VE HAD TO CATCH YOU!"

LIBERAVIMUS ANIMAM.

Who pules about mercy? The agonised wail
Of babies hewn piecemeal yet sickens the air,
And echoes still shudder that caught on the gale
The mother's—the maiden's wild scream of despair.

Who pules about mercy? That word may be said
When steel, red and sated, perforce must retire,
And for every soft hair of each dearly loved head
A cord has dispatched a foul fiend to hell-fire.

The Avengers are marching—fierce eyes in a glow:
Too vengeful for curses are lips locked like those—
But hearts hold two prayers—to come up with the foe,
And to hear the proud blast that gives signal to close.

And woe to the hell-hounds! Right well may they fear
A vengeance—ay, darker than war ever knew,
When Englishmen, charging, exchange the old cheer
For, "REMEMBER THE WOMEN AND BABES WHOM THEY
SLEW."

Who slanders our brave ones? What, puling again!
You "fear for the helpless when left as a prey;
"Should the females, the innocent children, be slain,
Or outraged——" Away with your slanders, away!

Our swords come for slaughter: they come in the name
Of Justice: and sternly their work shall be done:
And a world, now indignant, behold with acclaim
That hecatomb, slain in the face of the sun.

And terrified India shall tell to all time
How Englishmen paid her for murder and lust;
And stained not their fame with one spot of the crime
That brought the rich splendour of Delhi to dust.

But woe to the hell-hounds! Their enemies know
Who hath said to the soldier that fights in His name—
"THY FOOT SHALL BE DIPPED IN THE BLOOD OF THY FOE,
AND THE TONGUE OF THY DOGS SHALL BE RED THROUGH
THE SAME."

JUSTICE TO CODRINGTON.

It is only fair to the late Commander-in-Chief in the Crimea to let it be known, that he volunteered for command in India—and under SIR COLIN CAMPBELL. This was even more magnanimous than SIR COLIN's serving under CODRINGTON. Nothing is so difficult as to get a little man to stoop; a tall man may bend without derogation. SIR WILLIAM CODRINGTON, very wisely, takes everything that is offered him. They offered him the chief command in the Crimea: he took it. They offer him the guardianship of the PRINCE OF WALES: he takes it. Those who appoint him ought to know what he is fit for. He wasn't fit for the one post, he may turn out admirably suited for the other.

SIR W. CODRINGTON is a Guardsman, and the beauty of Guardsmen is, that whether you are providing for use or ornament, whether you want a Commander-in-Chief or a Gold-Stick in Waiting, your Guardsman is equally fit for the place. *Tam Marte quam Mercurio* is his motto. He is warranted to keep in any climate, will pocket any amount of salary, and England expects him—as a general rule—to *do* his duty.

FIVE THOUSAND REASONS for admiring an Ex-Governor General.—LORD DALHOUSIE has handed over his Pension of £5000 to the Indian sufferers. Truly a Noble lord.



JUSTICE.



A LAMENTABLE LAY. BY A TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN.

Oh, *Mr. Punch*, I'm nearly done,
My 'elth is broken quite;
I've ardy strenth to old the 'pen,
I've skarsly pluck to rite.
Pray listen to a short account
Of my long sad career,
And for an injur'd innocent
You'll shed an 'oly teer.

As innocent a man as you
In eighteen forty-three
They found me guilty of a charge,
And sent me oor the sea.
Ten ears the sentens was that time,
The charge was burglary;
That's cracking of a crib, yer no:
Tho, Sir, it wasn't me.

I served that fust time long enuf,
I think 'twas near thre ear,
And then they let me out because
My innocentens was clear.
They found me such a quiet cove,
So pious, good, and mild;
I hadn't half the vice they said,
Of many a little child.

But I was nabbed in fifty-one
For a similar offence,
And sent abroad a 2nd time
At governments expens.
This time they gav me seven ears,
A ear I think I staid;
They let me out because I work'd
So 'dustrus at my trade.

And onestly enuf I worked
Till once, unlucki—ly,
A chap as look'd like me was cotched
A faking some uns cly.
"He know'd 'twas me," the peeler said,
"He know'd my karakteer—"
And so o' cours the sentens was,
Another seven ear.

That kame to pass in 54,
And what was rather odd,
I wasn't sent abroad this time,
But kep at ome in quod.
But soon my constitution show'd
I couldn't stand a jail,
And so they let me out, because
My elth began to fail.

They mite as well a kep me in,
And let me die in peace;
For wats the use o' going about
Well known to the polerance.
I wasn't out 3 month that time,
When I was took once more;
And tried and sentenced to the same.
As I'd not served before.

Another 7 ear, and now
(This was in fifty 5)
My elth was braking very quick,
I ardy kep alive.
That time I thort I shud a died,
I shud if I'd staid there,
And so they let me out to try
And get some change of air.

The present ear in Febury
They nailed me once agin,
For wats the law yers seems to call
Felonious breaking in,
But I'd a breaking out in March,
A habsis in my side;
And as I was to ill to plede,
O' cours I wasn't tried.

So this ere 'sises I cum on
Afore a pune juge,
Who treated me just like as if
My sufferins was fudge.
I told my story then as now,
In most unhappy mood;
The only answer as I got
Was ten ears servitude.

The law like this was never ment
To punish any one,
For now the ears I shud a serv'd
Mounts up to 41.
The strongest man can't stand it, Sir;
A helefant would fail,
If he were kep for 40 ears
In ostermunger jail.

So, *Mr. Punch*, just show yer pluck,
Come forad like a man,
And get the "Ticket Bill" repealed
Next session, if yer can.
It's no use bothering like this,
And giving of us leave;
Why not save all expens at once,
And GRANT US A REPRIEVE.

LAND BRUTES AND SEA BIRDS.



Two darlings of *Mr. Punch's* acquaintance, whose dear faces under mushroom hats (also tolerably dear) are at this moment embellishing the beach at Bridlington, write to *Mr. Punch* in passionate lament over the disappearance of sea-birds from Flamborough Head. "The idle cruel visitors," *LEILA* writes, with most pardonable severity, "have exterminated them by their incessant firing. Not a bird is to be seen on the rocks—one or two may occasionally—very rarely though—be seen, over the sea, as far away as possible, flapping slowly past in a reproachful sad manner. Pretty innocents! it does seem shameful, that after they have inhabited the rocky ledges at Flambro' for so many hun-

dred years unmolested—even when England was peopled by the most uncivilised tribes—now in these modern, enlightened times" (*LEILA* does not even underline these words of bitterest satire, and we applaud her for resisting the temptation), "they should be completely extirpated. *LUCY* and I do wish some law could be passed to prevent this shooting." A law, you green darlings! How the women believe in legislation! They think the law can prevent everything objectionable, from wife-beating downwards. "Why not Gull-laws as well as Game-laws?"—Only that no gentleman preserves gulls, my darlings, and that it is gentlemen who have made Game-laws, to protect and perpetuate certain gentlemanly sports; whereas, gull-shooting is pre-eminently a sport for snobs—for hard-hearted, bloodthirsty, beer-swilling, lazy snobs, who think it fine fun to loll in a boat, or on a cliff, in the sunshine, and blaze away into a snowy cloud of happy harmless gulls. It requires no skill, and the snob has no skill. The bird when shot is useless, but the snob kills for killing's sake. He is depriving the coast of one of its most lovely and graceful living things; but the snob has no perception of beauty, or grace, or purity of plumage, or gracefulness of motion. There may be a callow brood in the rock cleft, that will wait and wait to-night and to-morrow for the parents that lie stiff and stark—their snowy breasts, and violet wings, all rumpled and dashed with blood—at the base of the cliff, or float, wild and wandering corpses, at rest on the unresting sea.

And the wail of the abandoned nestlings will wax fainter and

fainter, till it rings no longer through the rock caverns, and the whole brood lies dead and cold—to hang with the murdered parents, let us hope, in another and a better world, round the neck of the snob-murderer, as the Albatross round the neck of the Ancient Mariner. "*LUCY*" writes in the same strain as "*LEILA*," "Besides the extreme dullness and disfigurement of it," she says, "it made us sad to think of the cause. It is so barbarous and wanton, and stupid!"—"(*LUCY*" is evidently of an impetuous turn, and piles up her epithets much more freely than the gentler "*LEILA*"),—"always to be shooting the pretty, foolish, harmless birds. . . What cleverness is there in it? and it is so cruel. We found two left upon the cliff-tops—oh, horrible! it made us quite sick, and so angry." No wonder;—would we had been by when the snob perpetrated these murders—and had found him not too big to bully, or even to thrash, if he had resented an interference. But, had he been as big as *GOLIATH*, we might have tackled him, for it is certain he was coward as well as snob.

In the name of all that is manly and gentle, *Mr. Punch* protests against this cruel and useless slaughter of these bright and harmless winged things, who float like bird-angels between the blue above and the blue below, and whose wailing music makes so fine a treble to the rolling organ basses of the great sea. Only let the darlings in mushroom hats make a point of rating every snob they see at the work, and telling him what *they* think of it, as eloquently and naturally as our dear "*LEILA*" and "*LUCY*" have done in their letters. The snob is human; he is not incapable of shame, especially when the scorn he merits is poured out upon him from rosy lips and flashed from bright eyes. And let every true sportsman denounce, by act and word, by theory and practice, this odious and cruel abuse of the gun.

So, let us hope, these gentle visitants of the shore and sea-cliff may be wooed back to their old homes and haunts, and the white wings may once more reflect the sun above the angry German Ocean, and the sad-voiced scream be heard as of old through the raving of the waters about the rocky foot of Flambro'.

What a Shame!

THE rudeness of the lower orders, especially of Members of Pall Mall Clubs, is perfectly odious. Now that Tavistock has handed over its representative to the Metropolitan County, as colleague to MR. HANBURY (the eminent brewer) the vulgar creatures say that the Members for Middlesex are BYNG and BUNG.

THE LONDON COOK'S COMPLAINT (at this time of the year) TO HER FAITHFUL Z. I.—The rolling-pin gathers no crust.



Knobbles, Jun. hears that the later you fish in an evening, the more likely you are to catch something. He never tries it again.

THE HEAT OF THE WEATHER.

WE hope the following fact will be fully credited, for it is far too wonderful to be pooh-poohishly doubted. The Heat of the Sun was, on Thursday last, so powerful at Filey, in Yorkshire, that a Negro, who went to bathe in the Sea, was discovered, upon emerging, to have changed colour from a deep black to a beautiful bright red! From head to toe, *he was as red as a boiled lobster!* This singular change of cuticle has been attributed entirely to the extraordinary warmth of the water. The poor fellow, who was footman in a rich lawyer's family, upon losing his natural colour, immediately lost his situation; but we are glad to state that he has since been engaged, at a liberal salary, by a humane Doctor, for the purpose of trying experiments upon his skin. It will be, also, his business to stand outside the Doctor's street-door during the night, so as to act in the double capacity of Watchman and Red Lamp.—*Abridged from the Yorkshire Dumpling.*

A Wise Doctor.

A DOCTOR in large practice was in the habit of sending out some wonderful lozenges to his patients—but his patients never received them. At last, it struck the Doctor that the lozenges were of the exact size of a sovereign. For the future, he took the precaution of writing on the envelope, "*No Money Inside*;" and, strange to say, every one of his lozenge-letters, so directed, arrived safely at its destination!

THE DIVORCE DRAMA.—"*Half-price has begun.*"

THE CAPTIVE.

After STERNE.

THE bird in his cage pursued me into my room. I sat down close to my table, and leaning my head upon my hand I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I took a single clerk in the Circumlocution Office, towards the close of August; and having first shut him up in his room, I peeped through the key-hole to take his picture. I beheld his body limp with the heat of London, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from being low down in the office, and not getting away till everybody else has had his six weeks of vacation.

Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish: from ten to four daily for ten months, he had pined in that apartment; he had had no lark, no outing in all that time. As for amusement—

But here my heart began to bleed, and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait. He was sitting on his chair in the further corner of the room, before the table which was alternately his desk and footstool—a pad of blotting paper lay before him scored all over with the vague scrawls which had occupied so many of the dismal days he had spent there—he had one of these sheets before him, and with a steel pen he was adding another aimless flourish to the melancholy maze.

As my presence at the key-hole diminished the small stock of fresh air he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the ARNOTT'S ventilator—then cast it down—shook his head—and—went on with his work of affliction.

I observed his patent leather boots, as he wearily threw up his legs upon the table—he laid down his pen, and took up the second edition of the *Times*—he gave a deep sigh—I saw the iron of the Civil Service enter his soul—I burst into tears—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn—I started up from my chair, and calling the servant, bade her order me a cab for the Dover Station, and have it ready at the door by nine in the morning.

"I'll go directly," said I, and have six weeks' fresh air somewhere. Let my publishers say what they will.

"THE POPE'S PROGRESS."

PRUS paused long before returning to the Vatican. Was he pondering over the Dutch proverb, "*Hoe verder van Rome, hoe nader big God*," which means, "*The farther from Rome, the nearer to God*?"

THE JUNIOR IRISH BRIGADE.

A NEW Irish Brigade is about to be formed under the auspices of the Brotherhood of ST. VINCENT DE PAUL. This Brigade, however, is to be established, not for the purpose of impeding legislation, in the interest of Popery, but for that of cleaning boots. It is to be denominated the "Catholic Shoeblack Brigade," and is to consist of poor Irish boys, many of whom at present, instead of picking pockets, go and enrol themselves in the Protestant, or, at least, the Promiscuous Shoeblack Brigade—to the great peril, as their priests consider, of their souls. How Catholic shoeblacks are to endanger their souls in combining with Protestant shoeblacks to scrub upper leathers, is a mystery which we will not shock those who believe in it by attempting to fathom—we will only suggest, that the establishment of a Catholic Brigade of Shoeblacks is drawing the principle of exclusiveness rather fine. Indeed, the idea of the thing is so ridiculous that most people will probably ascribe it to the imagination of *Punch*. Not so; we should have been proud of the notion; but we are indebted for it to the *Weekly Register*, a Roman Catholic paper, and not, on the whole, a rabid one. That journal appeals to its readers for the support of this scheme for the admixture of theology with blacking.

The project is not likely to be self-supporting. Catholic boots are a small minority, which is made yet smaller than it might be by some friars who dispense with everything of the kind. To be sure, that, perhaps, is no reason why, particularly if they are Irish friars, they should not employ shoeblacks. "BRIAN O'LYNN," as we all know, "had no shoe to his fut." Accordingly, as is also well known to everybody, "he tuk and he blackened it over with sut," &c. &c. It might not be against the laws of the barefoot Hibernian fraternity to extemporize apparent brogues by the simple help of the Catholic Shoeblack Brigade. Whatever amount of success that force may obtain, we shall be agreeably disappointed to hear of. We do not at all object to the Brigade, although we consider it an absurdity. It is, at all events, not a mischievous and quasi-treasonable confederacy, and the work which it will do, if it does any work at all, will be far less dirty than what has been done by that other Brigade which was organized by the Irish Priesthood.

A CAPITAL OFFENCE.

LONDON, with its Trafalgar Square, its National Gallery, its contemptible fountains, its ugly monuments, its architectural deformities, is decidedly, as measured by Paris, or other capitals, a CAPITAL OFFENCE!

HOW MEN OF BUSINESS DO BUSINESS.

Being a Sketch of the Proceedings at a Railway Meeting, and an example to "the Classes whom City men affect to despise."



THE General Meeting of the Grand Centrifugal and Centripetal Railway took place at Freemason's Hall, on Thursday last, pursuant to notice. An unusual crowd was observed round the shop of a respectable toyman nearly opposite the hall, some time before the opening of the doors, and it was ascertained that disaffected shareholders were making large investments in peashooters and hard peas. In a few minutes from the opening, every spot from which a bombardment of the platform was possible had been occupied.

At twelve o'clock the Chairman, MR. BENISON, entered with other directors, and a tremendous volley of peas instantly rattled across the hall. The Chairman, with a calm smile, put up his umbrella, and under its cover proceeded to his place, and took his seat. The assailants, unwilling to

exhaust their ammunition early in the campaign, ceased firing, and began yelling. At the expiration of half an hour of this kind of remonstrance, MR. BENISON was permitted to speak, with occasional interruption by a few personal criticisms, and illustrative notes.

The CHAIRMAN said that there was no doubt the Railway Company had been shamefully robbed. (*Yells, and cries of, "All your fault," "How's your friend in gaol," &c.*) It might be said, that it was a disgrace to the managers of the company not to have selected worthier servants, and to have exercised more vigilance, (*"So it is!"*) but he treated such remarks with scorn and contempt. (*"Yah! Yah!"*) They were the kind of remarks a ribald press conducted by anonymous scribblers in garrets, would make (*"Yah! Yah!"*) and he felt that commercial men, men of business, ought not to heed such censures.

A VOICE. (*ironically*) *Vexat censura Columbas.*

The CHAIRMAN. What has Columbus to do with railways? he didn't discover them, he discovered America, and you ought to know it, Sir, though no amount of ignorance in such a meeting would astonish me.

Here the meeting hastily passed an unanimous resolution to give the Chairman another volley of peas, and did; and a preference shareholder having dexterously purloined the umbrella, MR. BENISON was exposed to the rude pelting of the pitiless storm. He bore it manfully, and took advantage of a lull to exclaim: "Boil your peas, gentlemen, next time, if you please." Order being at length restored,

The CHAIRMAN said, that the next point was to decide, who should bear the loss caused by the villany of their official! (*"You! you!"*) That was simply infernal nonsense, and he would call the police if they made such asses of themselves. (*Immense uproar.*) Would they hear him now? (*Yells.*) O, very well. Take your time, Miss Lucy.

A SHAREHOLDER from the body of the hall here roared, that if the Chairman dared to call him Miss LUCY, he would come round and darken his daylight.

The CHAIRMAN would like to see the honourable shareholder at it. (*A shower of peas.*) He thought that the meeting was a great ass to waste its money in peashooting, instead of keeping the money to help to pay their losses. (*Uproar.*) You know you must pay them, you foolish idiots, continued the Chairman, and I can make you, and I will. (*Shame!*) No, the shame is with a set of fellows who hesitate to pay what they ought to pay. (*A shower of peas.*)

A VOICE. The law decides that the preference shareholders are not liable.

The CHAIRMAN. I decide that they are, and I am law here, my dear friends.

A VOICE. *Lex non scripta.*

The CHAIRMAN. Don't talk about Scripture in that profane way, Sir, or I'll have you dragged out by the collar, I will, by Jupiter. Now, gentlemen, I propose that we pass a resolution declaring the liability of all of you to pay these losses. (*A roar of indignation, and the meeting, too much occupied in shouting to be able to blow through the tin tubes, flings its hats at the CHAIRMAN.*)

The CHAIRMAN. Gentlemen, your hats may be felt, but I'm hanged if your remonstrances are. (*Frantic with rage, the meeting gesticulates, and shakes its fists at the Chair. The CHAIRMAN smiles, but his cousin, seated near him, takes a double sight at the meeting, on which the yells are redoubled, with cries of Shame! Chair, chair!*)

The CHAIRMAN. (*blandly*). What is your pleasure?

The MEETING. Put down your cousin for his insolence.

The CHAIRMAN. I shall do nothing of the kind. He would not be my cousin if he did not take a sight at anybody who annoyed him. (*Here a preference shareholder's walking-stick alighted in the pot of the honourable CHAIRMAN'S stomach.*) If the fellow who flung that will claim it after the meeting, I'll tan his objectionable hide for him until he asks me to leave off (*confusion*). Now, then, for the resolution I have suggested. (*Roars of indignation, catcalls, and yells.*)

The CHAIRMAN. Gentlemen, we are practical men of business, men with counting-houses, and ledgers, and MILLNER'S safes, and bankers' books, and all that distinguishes the prudent British capitalist from men of straw, and therefore it behoves us to act as such. We have blundered frightfully, and we have been done dreadfully, and now we must wriggle out of the mess as best we may. I've got lots of proxies in my pocket, and I shall do the thing my own way; and as you won't agree to my plan, I shall adjourn the meeting. Get out with you. (*Tremendous sensation.*)

A SHAREHOLDER. I say, old fellow, I want to put a case to you. Answer this, now. Suppose that ----

The CHAIRMAN. I'm not such a DAM fool as to answer a supposititious question.

Here the meeting became utterly ungovernable; chairs were hurled at the directors, and twenty stalwart shareholders calling to clear a lane, seized a form, that they might bring it to bear on the Chairman in the light of a battering-ram, while others flung their useless peashooters, hats, and the legs of chairs. The Chairman, unable to be heard, held up a large sheet of paper on which he had written "Go to BLAZES," and amid the increased fury, rushed out with his colleagues. The other men of business, having smashed the chandeliers, masonic pictures, and windows, then separated without doing further damage.

THE BLACK BROTHERS.

To neither of the parties mentioned in the following dialogue is Mr. Punch in the habit of making frequent allusion. He hopes, indeed, that the time will come when it will be deemed as indecorous to name one of them in polite society as it now is to name the other. But as a Devil and an Attorney are seldom brought into such fitting juxtaposition as in the following Magisterial dictum, Mr. Punch may be pardoned for calling attention to it.

A vicious painter was charged, the other morning, at the Thames Police Office, with assaulting a dock officer. The latter seems to have borne a good deal of insolence from the prisoner, but finally to have referred him to the spiritual enemy of mankind. On the hearing,

"The prisoner persisted that a pawnbroker's duplicate was taken from him, and said MR. SHEPARD was a pretty kind of a superior officer to tell him to go to the Devil."

"MR. YARDLEY. But not until you made a disturbance, and threatened him with the Attorney."

The excellent Magistrate's estimate of an Attorney, and his regarding the bringing up the other bad personage as a mere case of equitable "quits" will probably be approved by all well-informed readers. It occurs to us to add, as utterly irrelevant, that MR. YARDLEY's heart is in the right place, and is a heart of oak, probably the Yardley Oak immortalised by the poet COWPER.

VIVAT, "VICTORIA REGIA."

A WARM little corner has been built for the Great Water Lily, the *Victoria Regia*, at an expense of £2000, in Kew Gardens. It is evidently flourishing, and looks remarkably well. This gives us an admirable opportunity of repeating rather a clever thing that is attributed to Mrs. Judy's esteemed friend, DR. LOCOCK. Being asked by a lady of rank why the plant was called *Victoria Regia*, he gallantly replied, "Doubtlessly out of compliment to Mrs. LILLIE, Madam." The connection of ideas is not perfectly established, but still we maintain that this pretty little "flower of speech" is exceedingly clever for a Doctor.



THE GREAT SOCIAL EVIL.

TIME:—Midnight. A Sketch not a Hundred Miles from the Haymarket.

Bella. "AH! FANNY! HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN GAY!"

CHUPATTIES AND LOTUS-FLOWERS.

A Ghazul.

MR. DISRAELI, in his Indian oration, talked mysteriously of certain chupatties and lotus-flowers, which passed from regiment to regiment of Sepoys, before the mutiny, and which were supposed to be, some way or other, connected with the plot. The chupatties were *constatè* and officially verified. But nobody had heard of the lotus-flowers till MR. DISRAELI transplanted them into his harangue. LORD PALMERSTON, MR. SMITH of Cannon Row, the Chairman of the East India Company, were equally flabbergasted at this new Asian Mystery. The Indian Correspondence was ransacked, but no lotus-flower. MR. DAVID URQUHART even, that great medicine-man and mystery-monger, was applied to, but like other oracles, he contented himself with looking wise—and shaking his head, in the manner of SHERIDAN'S Lord Burghley.

Last week there appeared in a contemporary, an elaborately erudite and scientific article, *à propos* of the lotus-flower, as a Sepoy symbol of mutiny—very pleasant to read, carrying us back to HERODOTUS and STRABO, whisking us from Egypt to Cashmere, and horrent with barbarous mythology—Astarte and Isis, Ormuzd and Osiris, Horus the sun-god, and Kouan-Yin, the Buddhist Goddess of Mercy. The article, after a pleasant scientific and mythologic ramble, winds up with the conclusion that cakes and lotus-flowers are the symbols of the Queen of Heaven, the Hindoo Goddess of Mercy, and Mother of God. "Such," adds the writer, "is the meaning of the

symbols, and, in as far as they were circulated, such is the purport of the conspiracy."

Mr. Punch can't say that he exactly understands how symbols of heaven and mercy can be appropriate to a conspiracy, signalised chiefly by assassination and robbery, and the outrage and massacre of unresisting women and innocent children. So he bowed his head over the lotus-flower of the Great Asian Mystery, in meek ignorance, and cried in his heart:—"Great is DISRAELI!" and waited patiently—like a priest of Tentyra, on the borders of Old Nile—for the unfolding of the lotus. And then perched at his elbow a little bird from Leadenhall Street, skilled in the things of the East, and sang this *Ghazul*:—

"Lift up thy head, oh *Punch*, and let thy soul be comforted within thee.

"The lotus is a mystery after the manner of the mysteries of BENJAMIN, the son of BENJAMIN—

"Its roots are in the abyss: its head is in the clouds: its seeds are emptiness, and its stalk is *bosh*—nothing—

"Behold, is there not a brass-pot, carried by the Brahmins—

"And on this brass-pot—filled with the water of the sacred river—the Brahmin is wont to swear his great oaths—

"And the name of the brass-pot is *lotah*—

"And when BENJAMIN, the son of BENJAMIN, heard that the Brahmins had sworn upon their *lotahs* to rise and slay the Feringhee—

"Then BENJAMIN, the son of BENJAMIN, made a mess, after the manner of BENJAMIN'S messes—exceeding large—

"And in this mess he dropped the *lotahs* of the Brahmin Sipahcees, and, behold, they blossomed into the *lotus*—

"And this is the manner of the mysteries of BENJAMIN, the son of BENJAMIN.

"What are an 'A' and 'H' in the sight of BENJAMIN, the son of BENJAMIN, that they should not change into a 'U' at his bidding?—

"Is not one vowel as good as another vowel—and do not flowers grow out of pots?

"Why not the *lotus* out of the *lotahs*?"

So the little bird, skilled in the things of the East, having sung his *Ghazul*, flew away, and Mr. Punch arose, and wrote this *Ghazul*, and said:

"Wonderful are the facts of BENJAMIN, the son of BENJAMIN—
"And as his facts, even so also are his figures."

REMINDERS

To Fine Young English Gentlemen about to travel on the Continent.

MIND you take as the pattern of your costume the absurd caricatures that the French Charivari artists are in the habit of drawing of the English. The more ridiculous the better.

Mind you insult everybody in their native language, if you can; but if you cannot, then in your own nervous Saxon. A dash of Billingsgate will rather improve the mixture.

Mind you leave your name behind you, in letters as big as your conceit, on every monument you visit.

Mind, upon the slightest dispute or prevarication, you threaten to write to LORD PALMERSTON.

Mind, if you are fond of tuft-hunting, that you do not mistake the Tutor for the young Lord he is taking charge of.

Mind you keep your hat on when you go into a Church.

Mind you assert the national privilege of grumbling, and finding fault, justly or not, with everything, and everybody, wheresoever you go.

Mind you abuse, to your heart's discontent, the Government of the country through which you are travelling, more especially, if you have any reason to suspect there are Secret Police about.

Mind you call for ale, porter, Harvey's sauce, soda-water, seidlitz powders, port, pickles, Cockle's pills, or penny postage stamps, in the most out-of-the-way places, where such things have never been heard of before.

Mind the best insult to throw at a Frenchman is to call him "French Frog," and no sarcasm stings a German more than to throw into his teeth "Soukrout."

Mind you cultivate the notion that you may do everything you like, as long as you pay for it. Rest assured you may ring the bells of the hotel all night, if it is only charged in the bill.

Finally, and distinctly, Mind you do everything that is nonsensical, whimsical, outrageous, mad, ungentlemanly, or extravagant, so that it is likely to bring into disrepute the credit and character of an Englishman. It is by such means that the honourable reputation of an Englishman is best sustained abroad.

EMIGRATION.—MR. VERNON SMITH is to be allowed, in one of the Government ships, a free passage out to India, so that he may acquire some little knowledge of the country.

HOW TITUS MANLIUS MACAULEIUS WAS MADE A PATRICIAN.

A Day of Ancient Rome.

THE CONSUL PALMERSTONIUS
Hath ta'en down his DEBRETT,
And o'er its storied pages
His anxious brow is set.
Those are not age's wrinkles
The Consul's cheek that plough,
It is not time that sprinkles
That snow upon his brow.

The wrinkles are such wrinkles
As a Consul should display:
"Up to a wrinkle" meaning
Up to the time of day.
And if the grey hairs mattered,
Their presence 'twould explain
To call them snow-flakes scattered
To cool that hot young brain.

The Consul closed the volume—
He closed it with a bang!
And he seized his slate and pencil
From the wall where they did hang;
And straight he set to ciphering,
And out a sum he brought;
And his sum was of six figures,
And it ended with a nought.

Then gaily tripped the Consul
To the *Ætrium* straight,
And before CORNELIUS LEVIUS
He thrust the scribbled slate.
"Check thou, CORNELIUS LEVIUS
These figures all and each;
All figures at thy finger-ends,
Hast thou, save those of speech."

Dry and a-dust, sat LEVIUS,
Scanty of words and slack:
And he proved the Consul's figures,
And the slate he gave him back.
"Now, read off the sum total,"
And LEVIUS read it through—
From left to right, not right to left—
Nought, two, eight, six, and two!

So the united ages
Of the Patricians stood,
When Consul PALMERSTONIUS
Vowed they must have new blood.
"What though your *nuri homines*
Do not always wax in wit:
Oft *Patricius*, like *Poeta*,
Proves "*nascitur non fit*."

"Besides, as after physic
The matron gives her child
A crust of blandest honey,
To make the bitter mild;
So I, for the Patricians,
A pleasant peer must find,
To take away the savour
WENS'DALIUS left behind.

"*Patres majorum gentium*,
Patres minorum, too,
Your seats upon those benches
To sources strange are due:
The fruit of royal bye-blows,
The growths of courtier-slime,
The brawny sons of rapine,
The heirs of reckless crime.

"The sword hath dabbled often
Holes for patrician seed;
And many a lawyer's tongue hath licked
All shoes, and oft unfec'd,
No stooping found too lowly,
No crawling thought too mean,
If but a Conscript Father
He might at last be seen.

"The Sword, the Tongue, the Purse have there
Their representing men—
Remains one tool of greatness
Unhonoured there—the Pen.
The consulship of PLANCUS
An era still we see:
Why should not PALMERSTONIUS
Be notable as he?

"I'll raise to the Patricians,
One who ne'er wore steel, nor lied,
Whose weapon was his goose-quill,
Whose pleadings were world-wide;
Whose foes were Falsehood, Prejudice,
Fraud, Sophistry, and Wrong—
With which he held wit-combat,
Wit-combat, brave and long!

"So, when that PALMERSTONIUS
Hath gone where all must go—
E'en those whose brains glow fiery
'Neath coronals of snow:
Write by the Appian way-side,
On the tomb where he is laid,
'Of MANLIUS MACAULEIUS
He a Patrician made.'"



A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR MUGGINS.

"LARK! I SAY! WHAT 'LL MY OLD MAN THINK WHEN HE SEES
ME IN THIS 'ERE 'AT!"

AN OPENING FOR AN INDOLENT PARSON.

A CURIOUS question is suggested by an impudent advertisement,
quoted by the *Times*, which offers for sale—

"A sinecure rectory in the Isle of Wight, the annual amount of the tithes rent-charge for the last five years being £350, with 34 acres of glebe, with two cottages producing £20 per annum; the present incumbent in his 58th year."

As this rectory is a sinecure of souls, there is certainly some reason to doubt that it is a spiritual benefice, and if it is not, ought the sale of it, even if it were sold outright, to be considered simony?

Shorwell, near Newport, is the benefice referred to—a material benefice decidedly we should say, not at all a spiritual one; therefore purchasable by any idle parson, who wishes to continue eating the

bread of idleness, richly buttered, without incurring the condemnation of SIMON MAGUS.

The patron-ess of this jolly fat living, all rights included, was LADY ST. JOHN MILDMA, and the incumbent is a ST. JOHN MILDMA also, the REV. C. A. This ST. JOHN, the evangelist of Shorwell sinecure, is also evangelist or vicar of Burnham, in Essex, worth £700 a-year; and is moreover supposed to preach the gospel at Chelmsford at £800 a-year as rector, besides perambulating the highways and hedges for the capture of souls in the capacity of Rural Dean of Rochester. Notwithstanding this evangelical man is only fifty-eight, the purchaser of Shorwell may reasonably count on early succession to that paradise of laziness; for although ST. JOHN has nothing whatever to do there, the highly plural nature of his employments elsewhere renders it tolerably certain that he must very soon be worked to death.

A HEAD AND A BLOCK.

BLACKSMITHS may be interested by the following advertisement, extracted from the *Scotsman*:—

FRENCH.

WANTED, A PERSON who would endeavour to hammer into a Middle-Aged Man as much FRENCH as would carry him through Railways and Hotels in France. Hours of Teaching say from Half-past Nine to Half-past Ten, A.M., for Two Months. State terms.—Address, A. B. C., &c. &c.

A correspondent, who has sent us the above cutting, suggests, indeed, that to hammer anything into the head of a middle-aged Scotchman, a NASMYTH's patent hammer would be necessary; and a NASMYTH is equal to some thousands of blacksmiths. No doubt the sons of Caledonia are from birth hardheaded, and by the time they have reached middle age, their heads have in general arrived at an equality with adamant in hardness, although inferior to it in density. The heads of these iron men for the most part may require a blacksmith at least to hammer an idea into them—especially the idea of a joke: but probably the head of A.B.C. (into which it perhaps took some beating to force the rudiments of learning expressed by those characters) may be of a softer material than iron—of a substance which would more naturally be operated on by the carpenter.

WARNING TO WINE-BIBBERS.—Before you buy "Port from the Wood," endeavour if possible to ascertain that the wood whence the wine is derived is not log-wood.

RACY LITERATURE.

In the "Sporting Intelligence" of a contemporary we find it stated that—

"Ireland has presented attractions powerful enough to draw from England many of the leading book-makers."

A little farther on is mentioned the circumstance, rather remarkable in connection with the above statement, that—

"2 to 1 was laid against *Ignoramus*, who was backed in the aggregate for about £700."

We should like to know who are those leaders in the world of literature that Ireland has been able to attract from this part of the United Kingdom. Still more do we desire to be informed of the real name of the individual stigmatised as "*Ignoramus*:" and we wonder what extremely enterprising publishers can have ventured to back that author, against whom, if he deserves his name, the chances of success with an enlightened British Public must, be more than 2 to 1.

The Tax of Letter-Writing.

Jones (busy scribbling). I say, how do you escape so easily from the bore of correspondence?

Brown (busy smoking). Why, you see, I am a very lucky fellow. I have the gift of a confoundedly bad hand-writing. My friends, when they get one of my letters, don't forget it in a hurry, I can tell you. They have so much difficulty in reading it, that they never think of asking me for a second.



EFFECT OF NOT TAKING NOTICE.

OUR OVER-CROWDED THOROUGHFARES.

It has been for years a national conviction, that if there be one quality more than any other for which the British nation is egregiously famous, it is that we are so pre-eminently practical and time-saving a people. Of this our public orators are constantly reminding us, and after-dinner auditors rejoice to clink their glasses in approval of the sentiment. *Placuit semel et decies repetita placebit.*

Now, as we have no fear of lessening our popularity (for out of our innumerable myriads of readers we can spare without missing them some few hundred thousands), we do not shrink from openly avowing our persuasion, that in believing itself practical and time-saving, the nation pins its faith to a complete and utter fallacy. However individually we may merit those two epithets, when taken in the aggregate we deserve the reverse of them. Of this we have a score of proofs at our pen's tip, but as in point of space our liability is limited, we must be content with bringing forward only one. The instance we adduce, then, is the way we waste our time through the overcrowding of our streets, to which our notice is directed by a recent correspondent, with whom (except in the slight matter of his spelling the word "ocular" with two c's instead of one) we may state that we entirely and cordially agree.

Putting aside the question of its inconvenience, and viewing it solely from a business point of view, a thoroughfare so crowded that its name is a misnomer must cause a loss of time which, being money, our economists ought certainly to take more heed of. To say nothing of its influence in fostering bad passions, and tending to the increase of that national malignity for which we are by foreigners so ridiculed and censured, we should like to know the cost, per minute, of a "block," such as in the City is so constantly occurring. The Statistical Society would do the State some service, if they collected some statistics of these stoppages of traffic, and apprised us of their average recurrence and duration. We are convinced that were they closely to investigate the matter, many City firms would find these street obstructions occasion no slight increase of their yearly trade expenses. By reason of the frequent detention of their clerks, they have of course to keep a larger staff than they would find sufficient were the streets more passable: and the same cause also operates where business vehicles are kept, in which case too the cost of wear and tear is much increased by the collisions which the "blocks" are each attended with.

As an additional incentive to its struggles for street clearance, the nation should reflect upon the wear and tear of mind and body, which these street blockades cause daily to its *Punch*. We calculate we lose a daily average of twelve minutes and three-quarters through the stoppage of our Hansom in its progress to and from our office. Indeed, not long ago we seriously inclined our mind to the necessity of walking, and in spite of the hot weather and the melting by the

exercise of our not a bit too solid flesh, we should probably have been confirmed in our pedestrianism, had we not discovered that the pavements were almost as crowded as the roadways; and that we had to elbow our way through, in a manner that we feared would soon wear our elbows out. On one occasion too (which was our first and final experiment in walking) we were requested by a lady to escort her across the street; and the street being Cheapside, we could see by Bow Church Clock that our gallantry cost us precisely seven minutes, and even then we narrowly escaped being driven over.

We think we have sufficiently shown cause why, for our own relief as well as that of the public, the choking up of streets must not be suffered to continue. Were we in Parliament (which for our ears' sake we are thankful we are not) we should be disposed next session to introduce a Bill for the Prevention of Over-Crowded Thoroughfares, by which all street obstructions should be summarily dealt with. Within four-and-twenty hours from the passing of our Act, any railway van or brewers' dray or coal wagon found in any thoroughfare after eight o'clock A.M. should be sold by the police, and the proceeds given to the hospitals, to which these London Juggernauts have sent so many victims. All omnibus races we would likewise put a stop to, and it should be penal for these vehicles of abuse to stop at certain corners as they now do, not so much to pick up passengers as quarrels with their rivals. Correspondents write to *Punch* complaining of these nuisances, and in their warmth they coolly look to us for instant measures of relief. Now, really, we should need the manual appliances of half-a-score of Briarei were we to take in hand the work which is thus daily handed over to us: and until we have cleared away the Leadenhall Street Obstructives we cannot undertake to rid the City of the Van Demons. Besides, the nation can't expect its *Punch* to be Reformer General without investing him with absolute authority over even the "authorities." Were 85 Fleet Street to supplant the Mansion house, the supervision of the City streets would rightly be a part of *Mr. Punch's* office; but until he supersedes the LORD MAYOR and Corporation (which at no far distant date will probably be asked of him) he cannot undertake to discharge their proper functions.

Nevertheless, as a prescription in our letter-box assures us it would do the civic magnates good to "have their heads Punched," in our benevolence we pardon the offence of this mild jokelet, and if we do not quite believe the efficacy of the suggested treatment (for even *Punch's* *bâton* sometimes fails to make impression on the thick heads of the City) we admit at least that there is wisdom in prescribing a corrective which we have exclusively the right of making up. It is, we think, vitally essential to the City that its arteries no longer be impassably choked up, and if any dose of ours can give a freer circulation, we shall once a week be ready to supply it, every Wednesday, price only threepence, or fourpence if impressed with the Government Stamp.

THE LEADER OF A SEA-SIDE PAPER.



"At this happy time of the year, it is most delicious to walk by the seashore, and if we do meet with freckles on our cheeks, at all events we have the consolation of knowing that there is ROWLAND'S Kalydor that will remove them; we saunter along gaily, and pick up pebbles, as plentiful as bargains at Noses and Sons' Emporium, where Lyons' ribbons are actually being given away at 1½d. a yard. The majestic sea may roll in tones of thunder not less deep, not less enthralling than those of FATHER GAVAZZI, who is still giving his lectures to enlightened millions twice, and sometimes three times a week, at the Town Hall. But the voice of Nature is ever sweet, and, unlike the *vox humana*, does

not require, to mollify it, such soothing restoratives as DR. STOLBERG'S Voice Lozenges, which are 'so strongly recommended by the faculty.' Such joys are lasting as the Giessen Blue, a large quantity of which has just arrived at PERKINS', the extensive tallow chandler, who lives at the corner of Huntress Row; and not only lasting, we may say, but effervescing too, partaking in that respect of the admirable qualities of WALKER'S British Champagne. Anon, the white orb of the moon leaps gaily as MADemoiselle PETIT 'OZE from the surface of the waters that are curling of their own accord, without the aid in the slightest degree of Iron's Magic Curling Fluid. Not unaptly may the silvery moon be called 'the lamp of the night,' for she shines with an effulgence fully equal to PRICE's far-famed Patent Candles, all sizes of which, from two to six wicks, may be had at the 'Glowworm,' on the South Cliff, next door to the 'Cow and Snuffers,' the landlord of which, we are glad to state, has just broached a fresh cask of his 'Stunning Fine Ale,' which, by amateurs, has been pronounced quite as good, if not better than ALLSLOPP'S. The stars above are shining with redoubled brilliancy, as though they were anxiously endeavouring to eclipse the Stars that are visible every night, from half-past seven to eleven, at the Theatre Royal, so admirably conducted by MESSRS. ROXBURY and BEVERLY, and crowded nightly by the most fashionable audiences. The wind sighs and sighs, as with the wail of an Infant, reminding us involuntarily that the best Soojie is to be had, in large and small packages, at the Chemist's, SAMPSON HUGILL'S, whose new stock of tooth-brushes is well worth inspection. The sea-gull must not be forgotten. It flashes in the moonlight, and mews melodiously, charming the eye, and pleasing the ear, not less agreeably than the dulcet voice and manly form of the REV. J. W. HONEYDEW, the celebrated preacher from Allswells', London, who holds forth, we see, from the card he has just left us, at the "Jerusalem Artichoke," at half-past ten, next Sunday. But we must away from this too fascinating scene. The evening air somewhat chills one, and we will recall to our 'mind's eye' (the best spectacles, out-and-out, are SOLOMON'S, just round the market-place) the beauties of this glorious globe, as we sit at home pensively in one of GRAHAM'S easy-elastic-double-embracing arm-chairs for invalids, with a glass before us of BRETT'S very best British Brandy, which at the 'Ladies' Reticule,' in Paradise Row, can be had for one half the price of the foreign. Truly the face of nature changes as many times in an hour as MR. WOODIN, the celebrated costume-snatcher, who has condescended to visit our humble town 'for one night only.' Encouraging the hope that the news from Genoa will be as favourable as the last, we will conclude by stating that the Box-Office is open from ten till four. Tickets may be had at any of the bathing-machines, brought recently to such a high degree of perfection by our talented townsman, JOHN LIVESLEY. For further particulars, the visitor is referred to our Advertising Columns."

NURSERY NOMENCLATURE.

"SIR,—I have lately, in the course of reading the periodicals and papers, met rather frequently with the word *bassinette*. A short time ago I think I heard an individual of the female sex use this expression in such a connection as to indicate the thing signified to be some kind of appurtenance to the nursery. But I do not find the word in French. There is *bassin*, a fire-pan; the pan of a flint gun; a helmet or basnet; a portion of the renal anatomy; a name for the ranunculus or buttercup. *Bassinette*, I suppose, is merely *bassin* as pronounced by British nurse-maids. Well, then, but what has a baby to do with a fire-pan, or with the other things just enumerated as denoted by the term *bassin*? Babies, I believe, are, or ought to be, soused in a pan of water every morning, and well scrubbed; but if *bassin* or *bassinette* means a water-pan, what is the meaning of certain people who advertise 'BASSINETTES, 14s. 6d., trimmed'? It is very true that babies' caps and clothes are decorated with trimming, which may gratify the eyes of their parents, though superfluous to mine, but for the rim of an infant's

bathing-pan I should think that a border of fringe can be neither useful nor ornamental. I fancy one of your clever artists might illustrate this subject by a little sketch entitled 'Baby and Bassinette'—the baby, crying, of course, as babies always are when not asleep or feeding, would constitute a humorous figure: and the cut would prove instructive to many students of advanced years, who seldom find themselves in those domestic circles where conversation generally turns upon grey-powder, vaccination, tops and bottoms, and all that sort of thing, which no doubt includes *bassinettes*.

"I am, Sir, your constant reader,
"COLEBURN."

"P.S. Of course PATERFAMILIAS knows what *bassinettes* are—to his cost."

THE LAST MAN.

THE last of the Londoners lagging behind,

At this ruralising season,
Retorts on the Tourists or rest of mankind,
And boasts he has excellent reason.

While they're on the strain in buss, steamer, and train,
Through the land of JEAN PAUL or BURKANGER,
And are losing their luggage and temper in vain,
He's not at such pains *se d'écouter*.

While they're on a hunt for a bed-room to spare,
Or for sheets—to be had for the spinning—
He can have every bedroom in Bloomsbury Square,
And acres of family linen.

If coastwards they go, why the Coast has its woes—
Its landladies, artful old dodgers,
With other unnameable pests of repose,
Who break their long fasts upon lodgers.

There "Uglies" abound—a reproach to the scene,
And babes and their nursemaids—a greater;
While he meets from Highgate to Camberwell Green
Not a babe or a perambulator.

Here the streets are so empty, the alleys expand,
To be circumspect here would be silly;
You can waltz up and down and across the Strand,
Or play skittles in Piccadilly.

The organ-men mostly are gone to the coast,
The sweepers seek other employments;
The bagpipers and Niggers, we thankfully boast,
Have now become rural enjoyments.

And as for the beggars, that horrible bore
Is transferred from the town population,
While the swell mob consider their season is o'er,
And they too have earned a vacation.

The burglar exhausted, in want of a change,
Has deserted the suburb of Notting;
And while he's inspecting some castle or grange,
We go without dread of garotting.

The poleaxes doze, and an air of repose
Steals over the beadle's grim features,
And the flunkeys have doffed their plush and their hose,
And look like the rest of God's creatures.

In short, if for quiet and comfort you pant
At breakfast, tea, dinner, and supper;
Cut the country and come up to Town, if you want
To throw off dark care from your crupper.

Thus the last Londoner lagging behind
At this ruralising season,
Retorts on the Tourists or rest of mankind,
And boasts he has excellent reason.

Musical Intelligence.

(From our Own Piano-Forte Tuner.)

THE waste ground in Farringdon Street has just been taken by a large company, for the purpose of erecting in London a third Italian Opera House!!!



A JUDGE BY APPEARANCE.

Bathing Guide. "BLESS 'IS 'ART! I KNOW'D HE'D TAKE TO IT KINDLY—BY THE VERRY LOOKS ON 'IM!"

ENUNCIATION OF MIND.

At Guildhall, the other day, a man, named WILLIAM BAXTER, was pulled up upon the charge of being in St. Sepulchre's Church with intent to commit a felony. He had been found in the pulpit repeating the Litany aloud. SIR PETER LAURIE asked him, what he wanted in the Church?

"PRISONER. I found it open, and I always understood a Church was free to every one. I am subject to religious enunciations, and this was one of them, which came upon me, and directed me to go to the first Church I found open, and I accordingly went into St. Sepulchre's, because I found the door open."

"SIR P. LAURIE. What do you mean by a 'religious enunciation'?"

"PRISONER. It was a religious feeling, which induced me to go in and pray and preach a sermon."

This fellow turned out to be a fool, and the Magistrate told a policeman to take him home. What a pity it is that certain other persons afflicted with religious enunciations could not have been some time ago sent home too! If the preaching Colonels who irritated the native troops with their enunciations had been sent home from India as soon as their ranting mania betrayed itself, one cause, at least, of the mutiny would have been removed. When a man gets a sword in one hand and a psalm-book in the other, like BALFOUR OF BURLEY, he generally does mischief with both, and should have the sword at least taken away from him, and be conveyed to an asylum as soon as possible. When an officer mistakes himself for a parson, he mistakes his commission, and resembles poor WILLIAM BAXTER, who seems to have mistaken himself for his great namesake, RICHARD. The preaching officer is evidently labouring under an enunciation, arising, probably, from the influence of a sun-stroke on a brain naturally weak and an excitable temperament.

Brilliant Work.

A NOVEL has just been published under the title of *Shining after Rain*. This tale will often occur to our recollection during our rambles in the Great Metropolis, when, immediately on the cessation of a clearing-up shower, we observe the Blacking-Brigade Boys polishing up the pedestrians' Wellingtons.

"WHAT'S THIS DULL TOWN TO ME?"

A CORRESPONDENT, writing from Holyhead, complains of the want of enlightenment, mental and material, by which that populous and rapidly rising town is disgraced. The lack of intellectual brightness appears to be the cause of the deficiency of physical illumination; in other words, a majority of the Holyhead rate-payers are such stupid fellows, that they will not consent to have their place properly lighted. Their spokesman, at a recent vestry meeting, whereat was debated the question whether the streets should be lighted with gas or not, assigned, as an argument for the negative, the consideration that dulness was better than light, simply because it cost nothing. Accordingly, we must suppose that the dulness of Holyhead, at night, is such as to amount to total darkness, since if the town were lighted only with a single farthing rushlight, it could not be lighted for nothing. Dulness, however, sometimes costs a great deal, which would have been saved by sufficient light. If the economist of the Holyhead vestry should, some dark night, get hustled and robbed of his watch and his purse, or should tumble over a large stone and break his leg, he will experience the possible expense of dulness. He will then have less than nothing to show for his economy of light, except a "game" limb, and will find that, in the supposition that dulness would cost nothing, he has made a very lamentable mistake, and shown himself a deplorable dullard.

The Cellar above the Library.

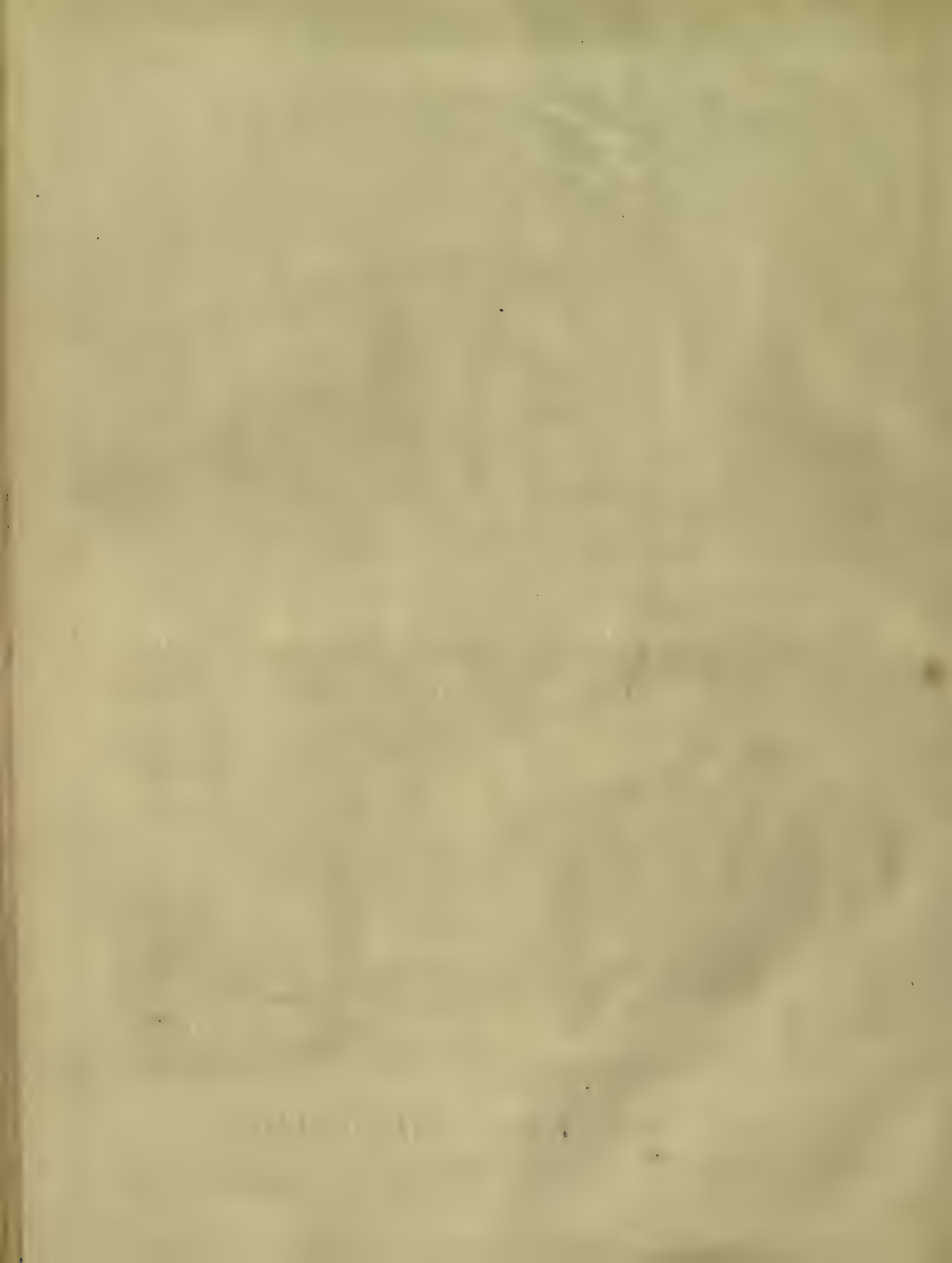
A SCHOLAR in great need was about to apply for a Secretary's situation. The terms offered are £50 a-year. On entering the house, he hears that the Butler's post is also vacant. The wages of the latter are £120 a-year, besides endless perquisites. He suddenly changes his mind, applies for the Butler's situation, and gets it. It is true, he loses somewhat of his own self-respect; but then his salary is more than twice the amount, and he will be treated with greater respect, and have more indulgences, as well as more time to himself, as the Butler than he would as the Secretary. Besides—and this is his chief consolation—he will not be compelled to associate with the gentleman of the establishment!



THE EMPERORS AT STUTTGARDT.

EMP. RUSSIA. "ALLONS, MON COUSIN. SUPPOSE WE GET TO BUSINESS."

EMP. FRANCE. "O, BOTHER BUSINESS! I WANT TO TELL YOU HOW JOLLY WE WERE AT OSBORNE!"



KINREEN O' THE DEE;

A FIOBRACH HEARD WAILING DOWN GLENTANNER ON THE EXILE OF
THREE GENERATIONS.



Och hey, Kinreen o' the Dee!
Kinreen o' the Dee!
Kinreen o' the Dee!
Och hey, Kinreen o' the Dee!

I'll blaw up my chanter,
I've rounded fu' weel,
To mony a ranter,
In mony a reel,
An' pour'd a' my heart i' the win'
bag wi' glee:
Och hey, Kinreen o' the Dee!
For light wis the laughter in
bonny Kinreen,
An' light wis the footfa' that
glanced o'er the green,
An' light ware the hearts a' an'
lightsome the eyne,
Och hey, Kinreen o' the Dee!
Kinreen o' the Dee!
Kinreen o' the Dee!
Och hey, Kinreen o' the Dee!

The auld hoose is bare noo,
A cauld hoose to me,
The hearth is nae mair noo,
The centre o' glee,

Nae mair for the bairnies the bield it has been,
Och hey, for bonny Kinreen!
The auld folk, the young folk, the wee anes, an' a',
A hunder years' hame birds are harried awa',
Are harried an' hameless, whatever winds blaw,
Och hey, Kinreen o' the Dee! &c.

Fareweel my auld pleugh lan',
I'll never mair pleugh it:
Fareweel my auld cairt an'
The auld yaud* that drew it.
Fareweel my auld kailyard, ilk bush an' ilk tree!
Och hey, Kinreen o' the Dee!
Fareweel the auld braes, that my hand keepit green,
Fareweel the auld ways where we waunder'd unseen,
Ere the star o' my hearth came to bonny Kinreen,
Och hey, Kinreen o' the Dee! &c.

The auld kirk looks up o'er
The dreesome auld dead,
Like a saint speakin' hope o'er
Some sorrowfu' bed.
Fareweel the auld kirk, an' fareweel the kirk green,
They tell o' a far better hame than Kinreen!
The place we wad cling to—puir simple auld fules,
O' our births an' our bridals, oor blesses an' dools,
Whare oor wee bits o' bairnies lie cauld i' the mools,†
Och hey, Kinreen o' the Dee! &c.

I aft times hae wunder'd
If deer be as dear,
As sweet ties o' kindred,
To peasant or peer;
As the tis to the hames o' the land born be,
Och hey, Kinreen o' the Dee!
The heather that blossoms unkent o' the moor,
Wad dee in his lordship's best greenhouse, I'm sure,
To the wonder o' mony a fairy land flure.
Och hey, Kinreen o' the Dee! &c.

Though little the thing be,
Oor ain we can ca';
That little we cling be,
The mair that it's sma';
Though puir wis oor hame, an' thogh wild wis the scene,
'Twas the hame o' oor hearts: it was bonnie Kinreen.
An yet we maun leave it, baith grey head an' bairn;
Leave it to fatten the deer o' Cock-Cairn,
O' Pannanich wuds, an' o' Morven o' Gairn.
Och hey, Kinreen o' the Dee!
Kinreen o' the Dee!
Kinreen o' the Dee!

Sae Fareweel forever Kinreen o' the Dee!

* Mare.

† Earth.

A NICE YOUNG WOMAN WANTED FOR A
SMALL PARTY.

IN spite of the profoundness of our penetrating powers, there are occasionally mysteries too deep for us to plumb; and such a one we meet with in the following advertisement, which has been lately sent us by a gentleman in Liverpool to endeavour to unravel for him:—

WANTED, immediately, a respectable Female, not less than 30 years of age, to take the full charge of a Dairy in a Baronet's family. Applicants must have held a similar situation, and be well recommended. Also, a respectable Young Woman to Attend upon Two Young Ladies, several Housemaids, Three Upper Datto, Two Waitresses, several Cooks, and at least 20 Protestant Servants of All Work. Apply at the Liverpool Domestic Institution, 24, Mount Pleasant, N.B. In consequence of the great demand for Protestant Servants of All Work, the proprietress of the above-named establishment, in order to supply the increased demand, has determined to reduce the Fee of Servants of All Work to a small nominal charge. Any number of respectable Servants can obtain Situations daily by applying as above.

Passing, as a problem quite easy of solution, the said existence of "a dairy in a baronet's family," we approach, with a full consciousness of our impending bewilderment, the contemplation of the sentence which appears to us a fathomless abyss of quite inexplicable mystery. A respectable young woman is immediately wanted, to attend, not only "upon two young ladies," but also on a countless number and variety of most oddly mixed together people, including several cooks and housemaids, and "at least thirty maids of all work." The idea of these latter having advertised themselves as wanting some one to attend on them is really so preposterous that we have twice rubbed up our spectacles to see if we have read the paragraph aright; but as we cannot charge our glasses with deceiving us, we are compelled to accept the evidence of our senses that the words which so perplex us are actually in print. From the enumeration which is given, it would seem there are no less than thirty-seven persons stated for the wanted one to wait upon, and including the two "severals," the total number hardly can fall short of half a hundred. The young woman who would rashly undertake to attend upon so many must not only be "respectable," but somewhat superhuman. With so many mistresses to see to, she indeed had need of half the eyes of Argus, and the attendance which is looked for at her hands could only be performed by a female Briareus. Although the epithet is coupled with the thirty maids of all work, it is not stated whether the applicant is expected to be Protestant as well as respectable; but assuredly the work which she is "wanted" to perform is such as any single servant might reasonably protest against.

TRIBUTE TO LORD PALMERSTON.

WE believe it no secret, or even if it be, we see no cause to scruple in the slightest to divulge it, that it is intended to present some small memento to LORD PALMERSTON, in admiring recognition of the indefatigable manner in which he has sat through the late protracted session. It is rare that such activity as the noble Viscount's is combined with so exelling sedentary faculties. It is considered by good judges, that the way in which he placidly sat out the opposition, until they ceased to hinder him from passing the Divorce Bill, was really quite a masterpiece of sedentary tactics. Indeed, taking into thought the advanced time of life at which it was accomplished, the noble lord may fairly be congratulated upon his physical endurance and good state of preservation.

It is as yet undecided what the tribute shall consist of, and suggestions are requested as to what will be most suitable. A model of Patience, sitting, not upon a monument, but on a hardish seat in Parliament, has, we understand, been hinted as appropriate; and, certainly, if Patience ever be personified, LORD PALMERSTON, as PREMIER, is just the man to do it. It is reported also, that an eminent sculptor has (of course) thought of a statue, as being the most fitting gift by which the British nation can express its gratitude; and, if this idea be acted on, we shall expect to find it carried out in the conventionally dull fashion—the noble lord being made the subject of an allegory, which an appended "explanation" only serves to make more fathomless.

For ourselves, were we consulted (as of course we shall be), we should consider that his lordship has a mind more practical than most, and we should therefore recommend a gift of rather use than ornament. We think an easy chair, now, would be an aptly suited present to one who has displayed such sedentary prowess: and an inscription might be carved on it, stating that the gift had nationally been made to one of the most powerful of public sitters, with the classic motto, (in proper keeping with his lordship's scholarship)—

"Θ σι ζῆς perpetua!"

EPISTOLARY RULE.—Never cross your letters. Cross-writing only causes cross reading.



THE BEARD MOVEMENT.

"HELLO, 'ENERY! IS THAT YOU? WHY, I HARDLY KNOW'D YER WITH THAT GREAT BEARD!"

SMITH THE POET.

ALL readers of poetry must be deeply indebted to the *Athenæum* for its elaborate exposure of the plagiarisms of Mr. ALEXANDER SMITH. The noble perseverance with which every phrase of Mr. SMITH's has been overhauled, and the stores of collected and recollected learning, which have been adduced to demonstrate the bard's want of originality, are unprecedented in the annals of the literary police. Mr. SMITH is left without the faintest rag of reputation, and for our own part, thanks to the *Athenæum*, we do not believe that he is capable of uttering the humblest sentiment of ordinary life without borrowing both thought and words from some predecessor.

We are firmly convinced that if he had to desire a domestic to unfasten one of his—SMITH's—boots, he would steal his expression from SHAKESPEARE, and say, "Undo this button" (*K. Lear. Act V., Scene III.*). It is almost supererogation to help a case so clearly made out, but, as in the course of *Mr. Punch's* own reading, he has chanced to light upon a few passages which Mr. SMITH has appropriated, and which have escaped his reviewer, *Mr. Punch* will complete the good work by subjoining them.

The plagiarisms, in the following cases, are even more apparent than the majority of those exposed by the *Athenæum*, and have the additional feature of being the fruit of plunder from books which it is rather probable Mr. SMITH may have seen, and not from antiquated and forgotten rubbish, which in all likelihood he never came across, and which nobody but a bookworm, with a motive, is ever likely to come across twice. At the same time, *Mr. Punch* assures Mr. SMITH that this exposure is made in all kindness of feeling, and in the earnest hope that by proving to a young poet that he is utterly without merit of any kind, he may be excited to cultivate his genius, prune his irregularities, and emulate the Immortals.

In Mr. SMITH's *City Poems*, he says,
 "And bees are busy in the yellow hive."
 What says DR. WATTS?
 "How doth the busy, busy bee."
 MR. SMITH.
 "The age demands her hero."
 LORD BYRON.
 "I want a hero, an uncommon want."

MR. SMITH.
 "And these be my last words."
 SIR WALTER SCOTT.
 "Were the last words of MARMION."
 MR. SMITH.
 "A sigh and curse together."
 SIR WALTER SCOTT.
 "And draws his last sob by the side of his dam."
 MR. SMITH.
 "Night, and the moon above."
Latin Delectus.
 "Nox erat, lunaque fulgebat."
 MR. SMITH.
 "Earth gives her slow consent."
Old Hundredth Psalm.
 "With one consent let all the Earth."
 MR. SMITH.
 "And islands in the lustrous Grecian seas."
 LORD BYRON.
 "The Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece."
 MR. SMITH.
 "Be hers long years of happiness and peace,
 The Sovereign of our heart."
National Anthem.
 "Send her victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us,
 God save the Queen."
 MR. SMITH.
 "The breeze is prosperous, mark the swelling sail."
 MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS.
 "The wind it is ready, and the sail it is set."
 MR. SMITH.
 "Each star that twinkling in the sky."
Original Poems for Infant Minds.
 "Twinkle, twinkle, little star."
 MR. SMITH.
 "I look not forward unto darker days."
 DR. CHARLES MACKAY.
 "There's a good time coming, boys."
 MR. SMITH.
 "Now, sound trumpets,"
 ALFRED TENNYSON.
 "Blow, bugles, blow, set the wild echoes flying."
 MR. SMITH.
 "Cradled on yonder lofty pine."
 Nursery Song.
 "Hush-a-by baby, on the tree top,
 When the wind blows the cradle will rock."
 MR. SMITH.
 "No character that servant-woman asked."
 POPE.
 "Most women have no characters at all."

But enough. The same process by which the *Athenæum* has been enabled to accumulate proofs of Mr. SMITH's dishonesty would equally aid *Mr. Punch*, but the work has now been done by the Twin Critics—done, too, in kindred spirit, and the public, despite its weak admiration for Mr. ALEXANDER SMITH's freshness, pathos, and vigour, may take the solemn assurance of the *Athenæum* and of *Punch*, that there is no single word in all Mr. SMITH's poetry that has not been previously used by somebody else.

POISONING BY MISTAKE MADE EASY.

A CHEMIST and Druggist makes the following offer of terms for the services of an assistant:—

"Two hours allowed every morning, occasionally in on Sunday evening, in the shop at seven and out of it at ten at night, and to make yourself generally useful as a Druggist's Assistant, for which services for the three months you will receive five pounds salary and your Parliamentary fare to London if business is not sufficient to require your services for a longer period."

No doubt, if our friend the chemist and druggist can get a competent assistant at the terms above offered he has a right to do so. But suppose that the labour is not skilled—the assistant not competent. Tincture of opium is put up by mistake for black dose, or muriate of morphine for sulphate of quinine; and somebody is poisoned. In such a case, the verdict of the coroner's jury surely ought to be manslaughter against the chemist and druggist for employing an assistant whom he could not expect be qualified for a situation accepted at beggarly terms like those above instanced.

AN AGREEABLE CORRESPONDENT.



DEAR MR. PUNCH.—“I wish to address a few words to you in your character of *pater patrie*; you who are for ever showing up some official VERRES, or crushing some domestic CATILINE. Doubtless, inasmuch as you nobly backed up the right, you remember how, not long ago, Y^e Civill Servantes of y^e Crowne most uncivilly carried their point against the fatherly kindness of the Ministry, and got rid of what they blasphemously called the Superannuation Swindle. Swindle, indeed! Don't they know full well that it was all done out of love. They asked for bread, and a paternal government handed them a stone, after the most approved rule of SOLOMON's model father. Well, and now they have got this miserable 5 per cent. (why, bless your venerable nose, what's 5 per cent. in an income of £70? why, it's only £3 10s. after all, a mere nothing, not worth squabbling about!) Mark, I say, what these rebellious children do when they have got their paltry pounds. I do declare I met that reckless young spendthrift, BROWN, tide-waiter at the Customs, actually taking his wife and child down to Margate, 'for a day or two on spec,' as he said, 'they've never seen the sea before,' he added, 'indeed, we have not been out of Town these seven years.' Of course, they have not! What right, I should like to know, have people like that to go gadding about, looking at the sea, just as if they were Members of Parliament, used up by the Session-work?

“I felt pained by his ingratitude, but said nothing. But, as if that was not enough, I could hardly turn round, before whom should I see but JOHN ROBINSON, of the Audit, who grasped me incontinently by the shoulder, and made my hair stand with horror, as he rolled out in his jolly way: 'I say, old fellow, what do you think I'm going to do on spec of no swindle? Don't tell anybody, but I'm going to pay my washerwoman.' Pay his washerwoman, indeed! What does he want with a washerwoman? and why do washerwomen want to be paid? 'Do you know,' he added, 'I've just been looking up that poor fellow, JONES, of our place, he's gone in for some old port, as the doctor recommended him to do long ago, I think he'll mend yet.' I was rapidly sickening, but managed to gasp out my pleasure at the news, and bolted on. But on reaching home, my horror culminated, for there, on the table lay a letter in the well-known bold hand of HORNBY of the Home. (He took a good degree at Oxford in 184—, and has now £200 a year.) It began:—

“‘SMITH, my dear Boy, Congratulate me! Thanks to that brick, LORD NAAS, it's to come off next week! Her governor, you remember, said I must wait another year, as he never could be brought to regard £190 in the light of £200. But it's all right, now, and that ten pounds a-year will go well towards an assurance for LILY,' &c. &c.

“Will you, dear Mr. Punch, by some affectionate remonstrance, put

some check upon this lavish expenditure of what ought, by rights, to be Public money? What will SIR G. CORNWALL LEWIS think? What will that much mis-represented statesman think of it all? I ask again in fear and trembling! For my own part, I mean to refund annually to the good old Chancellor, my humble six pounds, and I propose to represent it as coming from 'One who has put salt on a pheasant's tail without a licence.'

“I am, &c.,

“ALGERNON SMITH.”

THE SHIP OF KNAVES.

“STRAHAN, PAUL, BATES, AGAR, ROBSON, REDPATH, and SAWARD, are among the convicts on board the *Nile*, which yesterday sailed from the river.”—*Morning Paper*.
“There is no truth in the paragraph, that STRAHAN, PAUL, &c.”—*Globe*.

STRAHAN, PAUL, BATES, AGAR, ROBSON, and REDPATH and SAWARD—

What a cargo of rascaldom!—shipped in the *Nile*!
To record their discourse on their sail Bot'ny-buy-ward,
Would need JEM the Penman's experience and style.

Those two dozen pilgrims of glorious DAN CHAUCER,
Beguiled their excursion o'er rough Kentish ways,
By “righte merrie gastes,” though at times rather coarser
Than our high-toned morality likes now-a-days.

But what are the tales CHAUCER's fame has been won by
Compared to the tales of that precious ship-load?
How PAUL, famed for doing in ways we'd be done by,
With his pious out-pourings had lightened the road!

What a gold-mine of thrilling adventure in AGAR—
The disguises—the dodges—the ride in the van!
What schemes for wind-raising, more vast, e'en if vaguer,
From BATES, that remarkably bus'ness-like man.

Or from REDPATH, whose *virtù* made London and Paris stir,
Till his “*Credit Mobilier*” fell below par!
Then what rich legal lore, from JEM SAWARD the barrister,
Who, alas, somehow got on the wrong side the bar!

From ROBSON, what small talk of coulisse and green-room,
Where business with pleasure he used to beguile!
And I thought, as I read—if there only had been room—
What a privilege 'twere to go out by the *Nile*!

As that ship's river-eponym, yearly o'erflowing,
Leaves the slime of new harvests to fatten the shore,
I thought what a crop of life-lore would be growing
From the Nile-mud, deposited e'er we got o'er!

I had fancied the stories, had pictured their tellers,
‘Nile-Eclogues’ already appeared in my brain;
At two shillings all stations found buyers and sellers,
With a cut on the cover, or one-and-six plain.

But alas, as the world still knocks down all romances,
So the *Globe* dispelled mine—they'd have been such a hit!
Where I read this Nile-freight was mere penny-a-line fancies,
And found that “*Es Nilo*”—in fact, “*nihil fit*.”

SOURCES OF HAPPINESS.

If you would enjoy the Theatre, pay for your admission; if you would stand well with your friends, give them good dinners, and plenty of them; if you are anxious to spend a fortune, publish books at your own expense; if you want to pass a quiet day, there's the Thames Tunnel open to you; if you are fond of scandal, live in a boarding-house; if you have a taste for law, buy horses, and be sure you have a warranty with each of them; if your pleasure lies in grumbling, turn vestryman; if you would sleep soundly, keep the baby out of the room; if you would live happily with your wife, never contradict her; if you would live at peace and goodwill with all men, get the situation of toll-keeper at Waterloo Bridge.

A New Line of Business.

LOLA MONTES has had a new card printed. It is embossed all over with horsewhips, pistols, revolvers, and bull-dogs. At the bottom, in the most elegant type, there is the following insinuating intimation:—

Parties waited on, and Duels arranged on the most Reasonable Terms.

[LOLA MONTES is respectfully informed that the Editor does not hold himself responsible for this paragraph.]



THE SWIMMERS.

Georgina. "NOW, CLARA, THAT'S NOT FAIR—YOU KNOW YOU HAVE ONE FOOT ON THE GROUND."

A FATHER'S PUNISHMENT.

Scene:—A Luxurious Library in Belgravia.

Belgravian Parent (sternly). "My dear ROSA, FANNY, and AMELIA, I have called you together to say that I have every reason to be displeased with your conduct, which I consider most undutiful. More than that, I must say I think it most unkind. (*Recovering himself.*) You know, my dear girls, my objection to your present style of costume. You know those large Crinoline dresses seriously offend me, and you will persist in wearing them. I do not mind telling you that I had intended treating you this autumn to a trip to Biarritz, where you would have had an opportunity of mixing with Royalty, and of rambling over the Pyrenees, in the very footsteps, perhaps, of EUGÈNE. As it is, my dear daughters, to mark my displeasure, I shall only take you down to Manchester to see the Exhibition."

[ROSA, FANNY, and AMELIA burst into tears, and are carried up-stairs sobbing.]

Pedestal for Jenner's Monument.

THEY say that a statue of JENNER is about to be placed in Trafalgar Square. Good taste will of course preside at its erection; and therefore we propose a notion for a pedestal appropriate to the statue, which will give JENNER a very much funnier position than that of the DUKE by St. George's Hospital. Stick the great discoverer of Vaccination on the point of a lancet-arch!

ROUGE-ET-NOIR.

Lobster (stating his existence on the game).
"Black, I win—Red, I lose!!!"

GAMBLING MADE EASY AND COMFORTABLE.

WE have seen a magnificent advertisement of the "BATHS OF HOMBURG," in which the *Tapis vert* is made to glow with quite a *couleur de rose*. The advertisement is all roses, whilst the thorns are carefully kept out of view. We draw the reader's attention to the danger that lurks under these beautiful flowers of speech. We accordingly take the liberty of amending the advertisement, as it has evidently issued forth blooming, à la GEORGE ROBINS, from the flowery pen of some poetic *croupier*:—

"HOMBURG (IN ALL ITS STAGES), near Frankfort-the-Duene-is-the-Maine.—SUMMER SEASON, 1857.—The Mineral Waters of Homburg have long been celebrated for their cleansing properties, especially in their action on the breeches pocket, which they clean out in almost no time. They stimulate the monetary circulation, and are powerful remedial agents in removing buttons, bars, bolts, locks, or other causes which are known to impede the proper distribution of wealth. They expand the heart, let it be ever so close; and they, also, throw open the hand, no matter how close-fisted, making it part freely with any amount of gold that may be secreted in it. In cases of an undue repletion of coin, they act with the most beneficial results. In less than an hour, the patient is so considerably relieved, that he feels quite a different man.

"The Casino is one of the best adapted of its kind. It is surrounded with thick, impenetrable, retired forests, in which the patient, who has been suffering from the oppressive heat of the room, may, perfectly unobserved, recover at his leisure his accustomed nerve and composure, so as to enable him quickly to return and lose more money. He may give audible vent to his rage and disappointment, and no one hear a word of his agonising regrets. There are delicious sparkling fountains, in which he can cool his fevered brow. There are lovely gardens, of which the perfume is more than sufficient to take captive the little sense the perturbed wanderer may have left. Summer arbours, laughing rivulets, smiling statues—all conspire to cheat the visitor into a momentary gleam of happiness. The trees whisper hope—the very zephyrs carry into the dizzy brain sweet tones of comfort. The broad terrace, with such a commanding view before it that it seems almost to look into the future, is paved with the very best intentions.

"Across the grounds, murmurs softly, most invitingly, a smooth glittering river. It is so deep that the Directors, with all their depth even, have never been able to fathom it. In its placid bosom, patients have effectually sought a refuge from the anxieties of this deceitful world. Lethe may be called its name, for one plunge into those friendly waters is indeed oblivion, but oblivion in its sweetest form. Human cares are for ever washed away in an effervescing torrent of rose-water! There is one charming, secluded, dark spot, with a weeping willow, in the finest state of preservation, bending funereally over it. It is called 'LE BAIN-SOUCI DU JOUEUR.' *Opheia* might sigh in vain for a more attractive spot.

"The mind need never despond in this Elysium of gaiety and gambling. The hand which is given to roulette in the morning, can be devoted to waltzing in the evening. There are balls, other than those which spin round the hazard-table, which take place three times a week. The losses of the afternoon can be effectually shaken off during the dances of the evening. Thus the day at Homburg is one perpetual whirl of excitement. Should the day *malheureusement* open with *Noir*, it is the visitor's own fault if it does not roseately close with *Rouge*. The stern

blackness (*Noir*) of despair is often succeeded by the hectic blush (*Rouge*) of success. It should always be borne in mind by the timid, that those who experience the greatest ill-luck at cards, are proverbially fated to be blest with the greatest success in love. '*Ce sont (literally) les Jours de l'Amour et du Hasard.*'

"A capital restaurant is attached to the Saloon. In dining, as in playing, there is no 'charge for the table.' Restoratives always ready, American or otherwise.

"There is capital shooting in the neighbourhood. The report of a gun never alarms the experienced *habitué*. There are pistols and guns, always on sale, or hire, in the gambling saloon. Powder and shot, and ammunition of every kind can be procured, at the very lowest terms, at the Ball-room.

"On the closing day, there is always a grand battue, at twelve o'clock even at night, when, such is the demand for fire-arms, that it is with difficulty a gun, or pistol, can be procured, either for love or money. It is a scene of the grandest excitement worthy of CALLOTT, or EDGAR POE.

"There are several experienced surgeons engaged at the establishment. There is also a most commodious Hospital for the reception of the nervous, or the *maladroits*, who may meet with any accidents whilst out shooting. It is in the proximity of the *salle du jeu*, so that the patient, though stretched on a bed of suffering, may be enlivened by the agreeable cannonading of the roulette-ball, or the playful rattle of the dice. The *croupier's* voice can be distinctly heard by the dying, as he joyfully exclaims, '*Messieurs, le Jeu est fait.*'

"To meet the prejudices of English visitors, a Coroner, of twenty years' sitting, from one of the most criminal counties of Ireland, is engaged for the Season.

"A Band plays beautifully and loudly, all day long, and by its inspiring strains effectually drowns the cries of the wounded, or the groans of those who are either despairing, or disabled. The '*Dead March*' is a favourite piece of their repertoire.

"English beer ('*HASARD's* entire') always on draught.

"N.B. Funerals contracted for in the most liberal spirit."

The above is the true picture, with all the varnish rubbed off, of such places as Homburg, Spa, Wiesbaden, Baden-Baden, Ems, and the like. But we doubt if the Duke of Nassau, the Grand-duke of Baden-Baden, or other highminded potentates who derive a large rental from the letting of their gambling-rooms, would like to exhibit such a picture, truthfully as we have coloured it, to the inspection of the fools who are enticed, in their names, to be fleeced every year at their mineral-watering-places, where gambling is made as seductive as possible.

The Peto of Piano-Fortes.

"Yes, Gentlemen, I mean to say that MR. BROADWOOD is indeed the Architect of his own fortune, for his whole life has been passed in building Cottages, and running up Grand Squares." (*Tremendous Cheers.*)

MARRY (AND DON'T) COME UP.

A FELLOW that's single, a fine fellow's he:
But a fellow that's married's a *felo de se*.



First Coster. "WHY, JACK! WHAT'S ALL THAT?"

Second Do. "WELL, I CAN'T SAY! UNLESS IT'S FIREWORKS!"

ROBBING A MARE'S NEST.

"SIR," "I OPE you'll allow me to say jest one word in bearf of a Wurthy and Respectable body of Menn attacked by a hojus and onjust insinwasion. Look here, Sir, at this ear parrowgraph, as apseard won day last week in the *Times* musepaper:—

"A SIGNIFICANT FACT.—After the bankruptcy of MESSRS. MARE AND CO., the extensive iron ship-builders at Blackwall, nearly the whole of the marine-store dealers' shops in that neighbourhood were closed. The depredations by some of the men employed at these works were immense, so much so that it was found absolutely essential to have a body of the Metropolitan Police stationed on the premises to detect the offenders. The property stolen was estimated at several thousand pounds per annum."

"Peraps, Sir, the menin of the abuv. maint be quite hobveus to You and your readers at fust sight, thearfour it may be Necessary for me to explain for your and theer infamation the Charge intended to be Conveyed in the Same, bein as much as to say that Respectable Merchants in our Line of biznis at Blackwall under pertence of wot we calls Marine Stoars, wos in pint of fact dealers in Stoaln Goods. This is wots ment to be Signifyd by the Significant Fact which it is a liebill on as onist and eye-minded a Boddy of Menn as ar anuther in the Kimmunity; which avin thus whiped horf the Stigmer confer'd by the *Times* on our caricature, I remain, Sir, Your Most obeegent umble Servint,

"Mount Pleasant, Sept., 1857,

"JOHN RAGS."

"Deler in Marine Stoars."

"*•* The Full Valley Given and no Questions ast. Suspition hallways aunts the Gilty Minde."

Anglo-Saxon Sentiment.

MAY the rupture of the Electric Cable be, so long as the same language binds the two nations together, the only rupture between England and America!

EXTENSIVE DRAPEERY.—At a Concert lately given at a fashionable watering-place there were present 140 ladies, the united circumferences of whose dresses amounted to 1760 yards.

BRITISH SCULPTURE EQUALLED IN ROME.

JOHN BULL cannot make a statue, and he never could; but there are other people who could once and apparently can no more—witness the foreign, as well as the native, models for the Wellington Monument. Witness not only those failures, but witness also a *fiasco* or mull which has been made in the metropolis of Art itself, and that by a Roman artist, and more than that, by an artist appointed and commissioned by the POPE himself. This is the monument which has been erected by command of his HOLINESS on the Piazza di Spagna in commemoration of the addition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception to the Roman Catholic creed; and which is described by the correspondent of a contemporary as a—

"Colossal figure in bronze, whose diameter exceeds that of the column which supports it, to say nothing of the crescent and globe, surrounded by the emblems of the evangelists, also in bronze, on which the Madonna stands, and which add to the weight of the summit."

The author of this account goes on to describe the structure on which the statue is elevated as composed of marbles variously coloured—gilt, yellow, white, greenish with white stripes; the pedestal also consisting of coloured marbles. Thus the monument itself is an artistic conception which is quite the reverse of immaculate, and appears to typify the direct opposite of what the POPE intended it to commemorate. According to our informant, moreover, the statue on the top of the column is out of the perpendicular, and slopes so much to the westward as to look unsafe, and to cause the Romans to quicken their footsteps in passing it; whilst, raising suspicious glances at the slanting image, they mutter, "*pende*!"—it leans! Now, a *terremoto* is a not very uncommon occurrence in Italy, and if the monument is top-heavy, and loaded with a statue inclining from the centre of gravity, sooner or later a catastrophe might happen which we may indicate in the following adaptation from one of the songs of infancy:—

"Hush-a-by statue, upon the pile's top,
When the earth shakes, the pillar will rock;
If the earth heaves the structure will fall:
And down will come statue, and dogma and all."

In the minds of a superstitious population the dogma will tumble

with the statue. If, however, the column should stand firm after having received the benediction of the POPE, who had made arrangements to bless it on the 8th of this month, of course the *Tablet* and the *Univers* will assert that its stability in a position out of equilibrium is maintained by a miracle. At present it appears to be simply a marvel of incongruity, comicality, and misproportion, and JOHN BULL may rejoice in the knowledge that Italian genius has now at last produced a work of architecture and sculpture worthy of a place by the side of our British *chef d'œuvre* on the top of BURTON'S Arch; which it would keep in countenance, and at the same time assist in creating public merriment.

THE BEST MONUMENT TO JENNER.

A YOUNG lady was solicited to contribute towards the JENNER Statue. "Nay," she said, reverently, "I consider I have already erected a monument to his honour," and she pointed to her beautiful countenance; and true enough, thanks to JENNER'S discovery, there could not be discerned upon it the smallest disfigurement by the small pox. Acting upon this idea, we have to make the following smooth-faced proposition. We beg to suggest that every handsome lady, single or married, or widow, who, having been duly vaccinated, has succeeded in preserving her beauty from the ravages of the above fearful visitation, be requested to take her turn in standing for one hour only of her lifetime on a pedestal in Trafalgar Square. We maintain that the exhibition of her face, in its unblemished state of loveliness, would be the handsomest, at the same time the most appropriate, statue that could possibly be erected to JENNER; and a statue, too, that would be sure in every age to command the ready homage of all men.

Birds of a Feather.

THE admirers (their name is not Legion) of "Cox of Finsbury," boast that he has "sat" during the Session longer than any other member. To what result? In the absence of a reply, *Mr. Punch* may observe that the disesteem popularly entertained for Crowing Hens may be extended to Sitting Cox.

A ROMANCE OF HAMPTON COURT.

ONE of the French heroes of the Crimea, now on a visit to us, his allies, writes to "the Governor of the Château of Hampton Court," to complain of insult received by himself and a lady companion, from an official at that palace. Not only, *Mr. Punch* hopes, will the example he is about to record have been made, but the whole body of officials in that edifice will, he trusts, receive intimation that they are the servants of the public, and that their duty is civility. Moreover the exceeding good behaviour of the thousands who visit Hampton Court during the summer entitles them to the utmost respect, and even if it be necessary sometimes to be peremptory, that a crowd may not be delayed while an excited gent is harguing for his habstrack right to 'ave a stick, distinction must be made in the case of a stranger, to whom ho-pitality dictates especial courtesy. The consideration shown on the Continent to foreigners desirous to see sights is proverbial, and *Punch* is glad to find that the French officer, now complaining, is able to testify to the general politeness of our police, which he contrasts with the behaviour of the Hampton Court Bumble.

The French gentleman's appeal to "M. the Governor of the Château," was not made in vain. No sooner had he read the charge than he summoned two vassals, and having borrowed a Boyer's French dictionary from a British dramatist who had taken lodgings at Hampton to complete an original play, the Governor desired the offender to be brought to him in the eastern turret. The rays of the setting sun gilded bower and lattice, the lucid stream beneath the window sparkled like a valley of diamonds, while the Maze lay like an emerald in its green richness of beauty.

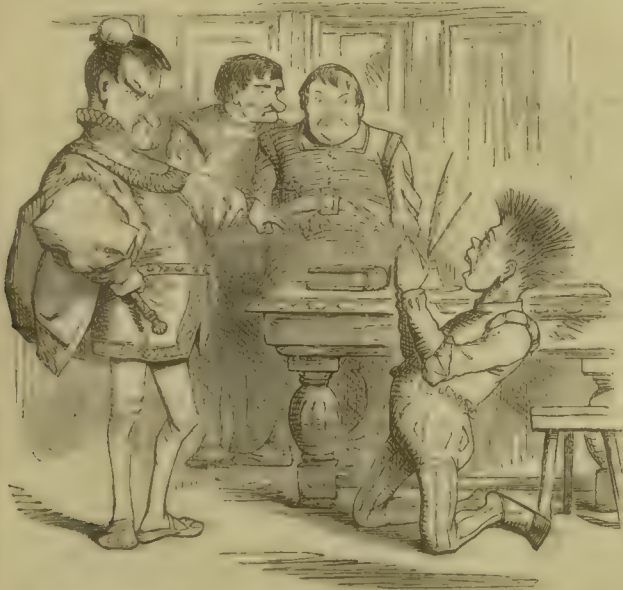
"Gramercy, ifackins, and by our Lady," said the Governor, as the trembling creature was dragged in, and the massy iron-bound door clashed behind him, "marry come up, sirrah. So, thou hast insulted a gentleman of France, a gallant knight, who honoured our poor château with a visit."

"So please ye ——" faltered the offender.

"But it does not please me," thundered the Governor of the Château, "and that thou shalt straightway behold. Seest that book?" he cried, dashing the work of BOYER upon the oaken table.

"I do—I do!" stammered the culprit—adding in confused terror, like MR. HARLEY'S, "I do, most—most—audacious, preposterous, and antibilious Sir, I do."

"Seest thou that sheet of paper, dog, and that pen, and that ink?"



The unfortunate man stammered out an assent.

"Sit down then, slave, and before thou risest from yon three-legged stool, thou shalt have penned me, in the French language, an ample apology to the gallant thou hast insulted."

"In French?" gasped the culprit.

"In French. Thou didst insult him in English, therefore shall thy reparation be in another tongue. Begia!" said the Governor, savagely. "PETER DE RACKEM, is thy engine of torment ready, in case of his contumace."

"So please your Excellency," said PETER, "it is; and I have newly stuck therein some rusty nails with upturned points, for the better convincing of the patient."

"SIMON DE BUGGS, is thy snake and toad dungeon in order?"

"Never in better, my lord—the hissing, an ye pause at the door, is like that of a locomotive."

"Under these circumstances, begin thy letter," said the Governor.

The unhappy man flung himself on the ground, clasped the Governor's knees, and adjured him to show mercy. He could no more write a French letter than fly, he said. He implored compassion.

"There is the Dictionary, hound!" said the Governor. "The dial points to six. At seven, if the letter be unfinished, I will rack thee for an hour, and then consign thee to the toads and snakes." And the Governor lit an enormous pipe of the period.

The unhappy man sat down in an agony of despair. But catching the fiery eye of his lord, he seized the pen, and began—

"Mounseer,"

Then he looked up piteously. But there was no mercy for him. He looked wildly round, and seeing a nail at some distance from the ground, he suddenly hanged himself thereto, by his handkerchief. He was instantly cut down, and replaced at his work. In utter despair he proceeded, picking words from the book.

"Je suis très fâché que je donne vous aucun sauce mais—"

The Governor's head was averted, the vassals gossiped in whispers. He watched his opportunity, and sprang from the turret window, an awful depth. Two vigilant sentinels caught him in their arms, and brought him up-stairs. He was again placed at his paper, and wrote,

"Le fact est, que je avais prendre un verre de eau de vie à qui je suis non accoutumé et—"

A brilliant idea. He held one of GILLOTT'S enormous steel pens, as large as a dagger. He instantly and frantically stabbed himself, but the point broke on the buckle of his braces, and a quill was immediately thrust into his hand. He continued,

"Il avoir touché mon tête, et—"

Seizing the inkstand, the wretched man, now excited to madness, swallowed every drop of the jetty fluid, and looked round triumphantly.

"It will not hurt you," said the Governor, with a smile of triumph.

"At least, not much; for it is some 40s. port with a little blacking in it. Replenish the bottle, PETER, and watch him."

"I can do no more," gasped the ill-fated man. "Do your worst."

"Sayest thou?" said the Governor. "We will not rack him to-night, PETER, as I have a dinner party, whom his shrieks might disturb. Throw him to the snakes, SIMON, and we will talk to what is left of him in the morning."

"Mercy! mercy!" cried the doomed man. "I could never abide black beetles, let alone snakes, and as for toads—ugh! Mercy, my lord, and I will never offend in the like sort again."

The sun was now sinking behind the majestic trees, and darting long lines of radiance through their foliage like fiery darts. Earth was bathed in stillness, and the very fountains plashed more musically than their wont. Cursed be the heart that is unmoved by the sweet influences of nature's loveliness. The Governor, a stern man, whose heart was as a sealed fountain, gave way.

"Open the door," he said, gently.

The massy door stood open.

"Take that, hound!" he said, kicking the culprit through it, and with another kick sending him from the top of the stairs to the bottom; and that! And," he roared, "never let me catch thee insulting my visitors again. PETER and SIMON, go to the buttery and crush a flagon. Ha! the dinner gong! I must apparel me for the banquet."

MORMON INTELLIGENCE.

THE Mormons have invented a new Alphabet. They are to have a newspaper of their own, set up in type that they only can read. The Mormons are a separate type of people, and as such we see no harm in their having a separate type to themselves. On the contrary, we are rejoiced that the good honest type, which is generally used for the purposes of civilisation, will not be defiled by their foul fingers. In truth, we possessed no type that could have suited their base purposes. "Bourgeois," for a set of dissolute reprobates that have not a good "Bourgeois" amongst them, would have been far too respectable. "Minion" would have been about the most congenial representative of a minion race like them. We fervently hope that the Mormon characters are such as cannot possibly be met with in any other part of the world—characters of so base a cast that no respectable printer would think of admitting them into his establishment. It should be with Englishmen a great source of congratulation, that a people, that has not a single thought in common with us, should have adopted a distinctive medium for giving shape to their thoughts on paper. It is a safeguard, for which we should be grateful, as there will be less danger of our simple-minded cooks and housemaids being, for the future, corrupted by their dangerous doctrines.

A WORD FROM AVON TO JUMNA.—"Cry 'HAELOCK!' and let slip the dogs of war."

THE DEPREDATORS OF DOVER.



TRAVELLERS will rejoice to learn that the authorities of Dover have made a commencement of dealing with those extortionate knaves, the porters of that port. The ringleader, otherwise master of those fellows, Mr. GRIGGS, has, according to the *Times*, been suspended for three months. The offence of Mr. GRIGGS was one of omission—he had thought proper to omit to enter in the report-book a complaint against one of his gang, a man named BAKER, charged with having insolently refused to carry a passenger's luggage to Waterloo Crescent. Mr. BAKER, nevertheless, reaped the reward of his insolence in a suspension of one month. The MAYOR OF DOVER, who presided at the tribunal before which these worthies were cited, animadverted on the sad want of discipline and order

which had been found to pervade the body of licensed porters, who appear to conduct themselves in an intolerably licentious manner, and, indeed, to take liberties which exceed the bounds of all licence. His worship also expressed a strong opinion of the necessity of setting to work in order to remedy the complaint so loudly and generally made against the Dover porters. It is remarkable that the Court which adjudicated on the offences of MESSRS. GRIGGS and BAKER was the Dover Local Board of Health; from which circumstance it plainly appears that the inhabitants of Dover itself have come to regard the fraternity of licensed porters as a regular nuisance.

PORTRAIT OF LORD PALMERSTON.

AS IMAGINED GENERALLY BY FOREIGNERS.

He is a monster, he is a fire-eater, he is a child-hater, he is a woman-scorner, he is a man-oppressor.

It is doubtful whether he hasn't a cloven hoof. At all events, his right foot has all the stamp of one. From the peculiar side-way in which he sits on the edge of a chair, it is not quite certain whether he has not, also, a caudal appendage! His manners would, decidedly, warrant such a diabolical belief.

It is impossible to say when LORD PALMERSTON goes to bed, or when he rises, for he scarcely ever sleeps. Certainly, there is no record of his having ever been caught asleep. Occasionally, he rests his head on a loaded cannon, and snatches a few minutes' rest. He allows himself fifty-four seconds for his breakfast. A hard crust, washed down by a glass of rum, and he is ready for an explosion in any part of the world.

A sad, austere man, he never takes any pleasure. Millions hang upon the twitch of his eyebrow. In his hand he holds the fate of empires. Can such a human being laugh? His mouth is of iron—his eyes of polished steel. His lips are rigid as the bars of a prison. A smile is never seen through those bars! His words are all monosyllables, and each of them falls as heavily as a ten-pounder. In this way, his approach is known fortunately long before he makes his dreaded appearance.

His habits of business are extraordinary. He dictates to four secretaries at the same time, opening his despatches all the while. He has telegraphs running from his room to the uttermost parts of the Globe. He works these telegraphs all by himself, after a cipher only known to himself. In five minutes, he could tell you what is going on in India. In less time than you could accept an invitation to dinner, he will let you know what the SHAH OF PERSIA has had for breakfast.

He has spies all over the world. It is believed that LOLA MONTES is one of his emissaries. SCHAMYL and SOYER are both in his pay. BARNUM sends him private information twice a week. QUEEN CHRISTINA consults him. KOSSUTH is only one of his political bagmen. MAZZINI, LEDRU ROLLIN, CHANGARNIER, NARVAEZ, &c., &c., all take orders from him.

He has minions, by millions, everywhere. His messengers darken the surface of the earth. Out of every three post-horses you may be sure that two (at least) are engaged by creatures of LORD PALMERSTON'S. At the very door of his bed-room is stationed a mounted postilion, ready at a moment's notice to fly off to execute his nefarious

bidding. In this way he has been known to despatch fifty couriers in the course of one night.

His letters are 1500 *per diem*, rather more than less. He answers them all himself. As it is well known that every Englishman abroad, who has the smallest bit of an hotel grievance, writes to Lord PALMERSTON, it will be readily conceived that his house resembles a Post Office a great deal more than a nobleman's mansion. His item for sealing-wax alone amounts to not less than £1,472 a year.

During the Session LORD PALMERSTON resides at the Tower of London. When he moves out, he has always a battalion of dragoons, who accompany him with their sabres drawn, and their rifles loaded. Under his white waistcoat he has a suit of chain-armour. His brougham is bullet-proof. His favourite weapons are revolvers, one in the right pocket, and the other (of sixteen barrels) in the left. They are always full-cocked. In a handsomely-mounted malacca cane, the Disturber of the peace of the world carries a poisoned dagger.

His meals are frugal. The only thing he is fond of are *biftekes aux pommes*. These he prefers half raw. There is always one down at the fire ready for him. When excited, he will consume as many as nine in one day. He takes gunpowder in his coffee instead of sugar.

He never goes to the Opera. You never see him in the Park. He never dines at the Palace. When he speaks in the House, all but Government officials leave it. In public, no one cheers him but the paid Police.

Ladies acedulously shun his presence. Little children run away from him, and hide themselves under their nurses' aprons. Servants tremble, as with an ague, before him. The teeth of clerks chatter when they have to address him. A dog puts his tail between its legs when it is near him, and sneaks away, as if it was sure it could receive nothing but kicks from the toe of such a man! His entrance into a town has been known to turn every ha'porth of milk sour.

At home, as abroad, his name excites terror, if not hatred. It is doubtful if, through life, he has ever known one friend. His enemies you may count by tens and tens of thousands.

No wonder that the English Press supports him. An Editor is his footstool—the steam-engine his pet plaything. He has a private key to the principal newspaper offices in London, to let himself in secretly as often as he pleases. At twelve o'clock at night, he is often seen stealing away, cloaked up to the eyes, from Printing-House Square.

And this is the man who rules England! this is the monster, whose baneful influence is felt all over the Continent! Under the hoof of one so reckless, so unprincipled, as LORD PALMERSTON, he is a bold man who would venture to give two years' purchase for QUEEN VICTORIA'S throne!

SADDLE AND BRIDAL.

A New Romance has just been imported from America, in the following short paragraph, which must deeply interest all lovers of horseflesh, except those Parisian epicures who prefer it to beef:—

"A WEDDING ON HORSEBACK.—A Texas paper tells of a young couple who eloped on horseback, accompanied by the Clergyman who was to marry them. The lady's father gave chase, and was overtaking the party, when the maiden cried out to her clerical friend, 'Can't you marry us as we run?' They then took, and he commenced the ritual, and just as the bride's father clutched the bride rein, the Clergyman pronounced the lovers man and wife. The father was so pleased with the dashing action that, as the story goes, he gave them his blessing."

Some doubt may be thrown upon the authenticity of the above narrative by reason that the bride's rein is therein denominated the bride rein, with an apparent view to a pun upon the words bride and bridal; whence, inferring the character of the whole from that of a part, the sceptical mind may regard the entire story as a joke. Whether true or false, however, it would form a splendid subject for an equestrian drama at Astley's. The alleged adventure beats that of the "*Young Lochinvar*," who, according to WALTER SCOTT, eloped on horseback with a collateral ancestress of SIR JAMES GRAHAM'S. That gallant young horseman could not have married the "lost bride of NETHERBY" till he had got her across the border, clear of the FORSTERS, FENWICKS, and MUSGRAVES, and other bores, who were after them. The length of the English Marriage Service would not have admitted of the solemnization of matrimony on horseback, even before the Reformation, and if LOCHINVAR had had his blacksmith by his side as well as his beauty behind him, he could not have been made a happy man on this side of the Tweed. Perhaps the Texan Marriage Service resembles the Scotch; so that it could be performed almost in the twinkling of an eye, and effectually celebrated in the leaping of a fence, or the taking of a five-barred gate.

Whatever obstacle, however, ecclesiastical law may oppose to Marriage on Horseback, no cause or just impediment is offered thereto by the laws of the equestrian drama: accordingly we hope to see the *Bride of Texas* produced as soon as possible at Astley's aforesaid, where the feat of leaping through a hoop in a gallop will be surpassed by the much more extraordinary performance with the wedding-ring. The heavy father—supposed to ride fourteen stone—bestowing his blessing out of breath both with speed and emotion, would give the piece a conclusion at once affecting and ridiculous.



THE VERY THING.

Dealer. "I THINK I KNOW EXACTLY THE OSS YOU WANT, SIR—ABOUT FIFTEEN-TWO—GOOD SHOULDER, LIGHT HEAD AND NECK—WELL RIBBED UP—TAIL WELL SET ON, GOOD FLAT LEGS—PLENTY OF BONE—"

Gent. (delighted). "YA'AS—"

Dealer. "NO SHY ABOUT HIM. A GOOD GOER, HIGH COURAGED, BUT TEMPERATE—TO CARRY HIS OWN HEAD, NICE MOUTH, AND SWEET TEMPER—FOR ABOUT FIVE-AND-TWENTY PUND!"

Gent. (in ecstasy). "THE VERY THING."

Dealer. "HAH! THEN DON'T YOU WISH YOU MAY GET IT?" (*Gent subsides.*)

A DEFENCE OF LADIES' DRESSES.

THERE are two sides to the Crinoline question; hear both—what may be said for, as well as what has been said against, ladies' present attire. Equity to everybody; but especially fairness to the fair.

The superfluity in length and circumference of dresses, so much complained of, is good for trade: and against excess in the milliner's bill a set-off is afforded by diminution in that of the laundress. Stockings may now be worn for any length of time. Moreover, they may be made of the very cheapest and coarsest material; there being, as far as they are concerned, no longer any necessity for even so much as common neatness.

It is very true that the length and expansion of the fashionable dress give its wearer the form of a bell-mouthed glass tumbler with a stem to it, turned upside down. No doubt, a lady might be a fish from the waist downwards, and stand upon a caudal fin in that dress, without looking at all the worse than she looks in it now. But this is precisely its recommendation; that of serving to conceal those perfections of form, which, when they are allowed to be perceptible, attract an amount of observation which must be unpleasant to the object of it, and which can do the observer no good. Many men, now living, are old enough to remember the time when the style of dress, in consequence of being calculated to exhibit, and not to hide, personal advantages, affected young men with very frivolous and vain impressions. Dresses were then worn so short as not quite to sweep the street, and wherever you went, if there were well-dressed girls there, you were continually catching a glimpse of a much too dainty foot and ankle, twinkling with a far too elegant little sandal. This

trivial object continually attracted the attention of young men, who ought to have been thinking of other things. Now, you never see anything of the sort, and at the same time, a lady can hold her clothes at any elevation she likes, when she simply shows a passing Swell how to step out like a man, in boots the same as his own—except that they are not so interesting to him.

Every husband and father ought to approve of the fashionable dresses, for they preclude his wife from attracting unnecessary attention, and if they tend slightly to hinder him from getting his daughters off his hands, they have an exactly equal tendency to prevent his sons from marrying for mere beauty, so that if they marry at all, they will marry prudently, looking to the financial and not the bodily figure, and thus become comforts instead of burdens to their parents and friends. And sons who marry imprudently are infinitely more expensive than unmarried daughters.

Lastly, these dresses are considered very pretty by the great majority of the wearers, who think about dress, as they do about every thing else, gregariously, and have no other idea of what is pretty than what is fashionable. Shrouding their charms in excess of muslin, they indulge a harmless vanity, and flatter themselves that they are creating a great sensation, whereas they create none but what is excited in the masculine mind by a bundle of clothes.

HE'D BE SO SAFE.

Another reason for sending GENERAL CODDRINGTON to India.

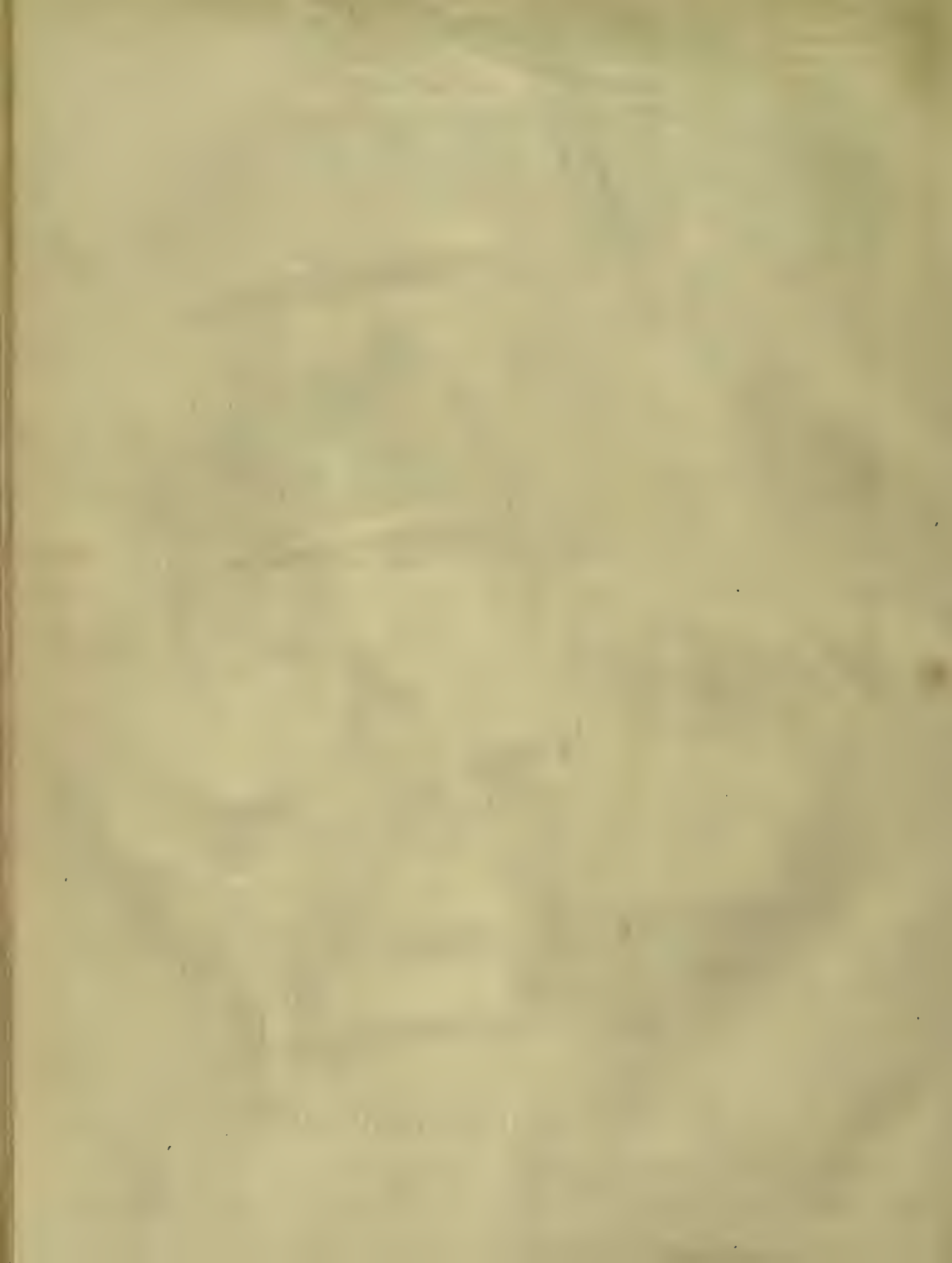
"THE Sepoys beat and imprison people for speaking English."

THE MOCK PHILANTHROPIST.—He giveth crusts to babies.—*Confucius.*



THE POPISH ORGAN NUISANCE.

MR. BULL. "GO AWAY, YOU TIRESOME PERSON—I'M BUSY ABOUT MY INDIAN AFFAIRS, AND DON'T WANT ANY OF YOUR NOISE."



THE BALLAD OF ROARING HANNA.

(RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE AUTHOR OF THE BALLAD OF "ORIANA.")

REVEREND DREW and COOKE and ROE,
Roaring HANNA,
Preaching in the streets forego,
Roaring HANNA.
Where Orange-hates and Papist, glow,
In Church 'twere wiser, if more slow,
Roaring HANNA,
To preach "the word" without "the blow,"
Roaring HANNA!
Think you seed of Christian sowing,
Roaring HANNA,
Like to thrive by blood set flowing,
Roaring HANNA?
Staves were going, stones were throwing,
The gospel trump to battle blowing,
Roaring HANNA!
And the row to you was owing,
Roaring HANNA!
In your sables, black as night,
Roaring HANNA,
Cheek and choker both so white,
Roaring HANNA,
Your congregation armed for fight,
With staves in carnal fists held tight,
Roaring HANNA,
"Peace and good will" how well you cite,
Roaring HANNA!
Behind the Harbour Office wall,
Roaring HANNA,
Girt by your Lisburn lads so tall,
Roaring HANNA,
What's factions flame, or hatred's gall,
What's riot, bloodshed, row, or brawl,
Roaring HANNA,

To one who boasts an inward call,
Roaring HANNA?
In vain the Magistrates applied,
Roaring HANNA;
Your rights were *you* to set aside,
Roaring HANNA?
Your rights were *you* to set aside,
For Papists, though with guns supplied,
Roaring HANNA?
Deemed they you lacked all Christian pride,
Roaring HANNA?
"Sermons in stones" doth SHAKESPEARE
trace,
Roaring HANNA;
But "Stones in sermons" suit *your* case,
Roaring HANNA:
Soon on your True-blue babes of grace,
The Papist/ruffians rushed apace,
Roaring HANNA,
And argument to staves gave place,
Roaring HANNA.
A fair sight for the Sabbath-day,
Roaring HANNA,
And one you well to heart may lay,
Roaring HANNA.
How blest must be the prayers you say,
Mid curse and cry of party-fray,
Roaring HANNA;
Nothing like oil can fire allay,
Roaring HANNA!
Vain all remonstrance from the Beak,
Roaring HANNA;

Off CLARKE and COATES were forced to sneak,
Roaring HANNA.
How I respect thy saintly cheek,
That law's protection dar'et to seek,
Roaring HANNA,
Law which thou wert the first to break,
Roaring HANNA.
Thou criest aloud; none heed thy cries,
Roaring HANNA,
The worst-used man 'neath Irish skies,
Roaring HANNA:
The bloody Papists may arise,
Break Orange heads, black Orange eyes,
Roaring HANNA,
'Cause Protestants have done likewise,
Roaring HANNA!
Oh Papist triumph, Trueblue woe!
Roaring HANNA,
Oh Orange splendours waxing low!
Roaring HANNA!
Shall Papists vile give blow for blow,
And Justice not, as long ago,
Roaring HANNA,
'Twixt them and us a difference know?
Roaring HANNA!
When the Hussars charge down the quay,
Roaring HANNA,
When fire the Green Constabulary,
Roaring HANNA,
Let grateful Belfast think of thee,
That sleeping party-hates set free
Roaring HANNA,
And bid him calm, who roused that sea,
Roaring HANNA!

TAME WILD SPORTS.



R. MONCKTON MILNES puts forth, with his usual grace of diction, a protest against field-sports. He hopes that one day they will be "super-seded by geological and botanical pursuits," which he thinks will afford their votaries greater pleasure than "the staining the fair carpet of nature with the blood of her children." Whether his having put forward this amiable plea has prevented MR. MILNES from bagging his grouse and partridges this autumn, *Mr. Punch* does not know—any how, MR. MILNES has not sent *him* any. But the idea of the kind-hearted Member for Pontefract has conjured up, in *Mr. Punch's* fertile mind, a curious series of newspaper announcements, of the period when hammer and scissors shall have supplanted horse and gun. How will this read?

"The Party of Gentlemen-botanists who rent the swamp near Squashton, arrived at their box on Wednesday, and sporting commenced on Thursday. Early in the day MR. WIGGINS made a splendid right and left grab at a *Pomeranus aquaticus* that overhung a deep ditch, but it escaped, and the sportsman went into the water. MR. CHALCIDORUS SMITH bagged several prickly pears, upon which the party afterwards sat, in discussion, and various points came up. The Hon. and Rev. PROF. LEE secured several noble Fungi, especially an *Agaricus pestilentis*, with which he experimented on a gamekeeper, for whose widow, the result having been unfavourable, he has generously

provided. Lunch was supplied by a confectioner from Squashton. The party was satisfied with the preserves.

"MR. MONCKTON MILNES is entertaining VISCOUNT PALMERSTON and a distinguished party at Frystone Hall. Tuesday was their first day on the rocks, when they had excellent sport. To the noble Viscount's hammer fell thirty-seven lumps of granite, four fine bits of felspar, a large slice of mica, and some oolites. MR. MILNES succeeded in bagging twenty-eight pieces of granite, and in catching some quartz in a primary trap set overnight by the keeper. MR. LAYARD brought down the side of a lime quarry, and MR. HENRY DRUMMOND potted several score head of fossils. The theories were rather wild, and the *savans* were often at fault, and were also exposed to annoyance from the clergy of the district, who warned them off several fields; but on the whole the first day of the season was satisfactory, and the sportsmen pelted one another with their game all the way home."

A WELSH KISS.

BY A FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

"A GENTLEMAN named MORSE met with a curious accident lately. Riding near Cwmmyllwydd, he was so struck by the charms of a market girl that he endeavoured to salute her, but the Welsh maiden, indignant at his impertinence, stepped suddenly back, and he sustained a severe fall."—*The Cymryerion* (N. Wales).

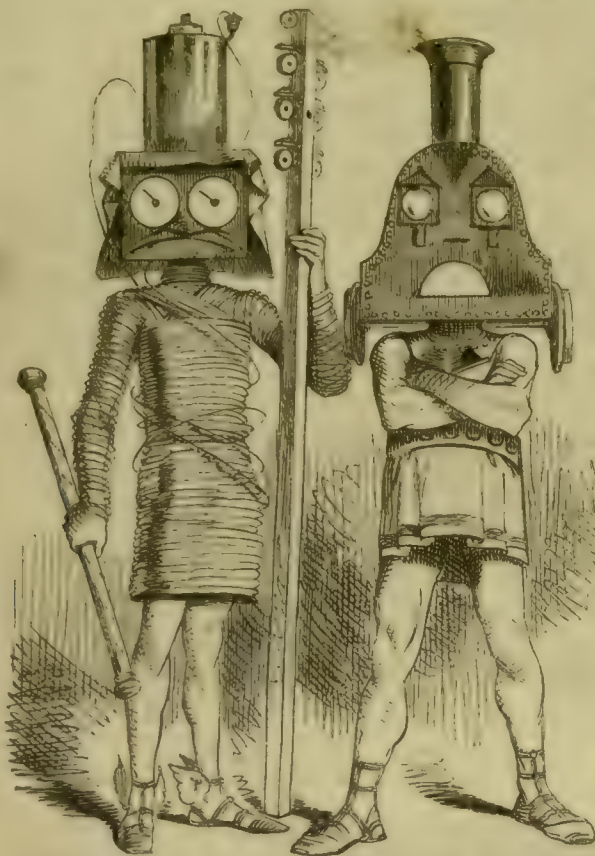
PALLIDUS MORSE
He fell off his horse,
In asking the Welsh girl to kiss him;
For a kiss, he forgot,
Isn't quite always what
Pelimusque damusque vicissim.

EXTRAORDINARY LATENESS OF THE SEASON.

SUMMER seems to have returned. On the night of Friday last the Opera of *Don Giovanni* was actually performed at HER MAJESTY'S Theatre!

CHINESE SAYING.—Trust not the Flatterer. In thy days of sunshine, he will give thee pounds of butter—and in thy hour of need, deny thee a crumb of bread!

THE TWO GIANTS OF THE TIME.



"WHAT can we two great Forces do?"

Said Steam to Electricity,
"To better the case of the human race,
And promote mankind's felicity?"

Electricity said, "From far lands sped,
Through a wire, with a thought's velocity,
What tidings I bear!—of deeds that were
Never passed yet for atrocity."

"Both land and sea," said Steam, "by me,
At the rate of a bird men fly over;
But the quicker they speed to kill and bleed,
A thought to lament and sigh over."

"The world, you see," Electricity
Remarked, "thus far is our debtor,
That it faster goes; but, goodness knows,
It doesn't get on much better."

"Well, well," said Steam, with whistle and scream,
"Herein we help morality;
That means we make to overtake
Rebellion and rascality."

"Sure enough, that's true, and so we do,"
Electricity responded.

"Through us have been caught, and to justice brought,
Many scoundrels who had absconded."

Said Steam, "I hope we shall get the rope
Round the necks of the Sepoy savages,
In double quick time, to avenge their crime,
And arrest their murders and ravages."

"We've been overpraised," said both; "we raised
Too sanguine expectations:
But with all our might, we haven't yet quite
Regenerated the nations."

"We're afraid we shan't—we suspect we can't
Cause people to change their courses;
Locomotive powers alone are ours:
But the world wants motive forces."

DIVIDE, AND CONQUER.

SOME foolish persons, evidently red-tapists in heart, though imagining themselves reformers, have devised an absurd "test," as they call it, of the efficiency of members of Parliament. They count the number of Divisions in which a member has been counted, and give the highest credit to the man who has gone oftenest into the lobby.

This is just the sort of test one would expect to see prescribed by prigs and shallow fellows. Nothing is so easy, and then there are little sums to be done, and figures are always right—we beg pardon, statistics such folks call them—and everybody can comprehend that the man who voted twenty times must have been in the House more frequently and longer than the man who voted five times. But, unhappily, figures will not show which of the two men did the best service.

Of course, any member who will sit in the House, or in the smoking room, during the whole of every sitting, can take high honours under this test. He can go to sleep in the library if he likes—the division bell will wake him, or a servant of the House will arouse him, if enjoined to do so. And he can run in, rubbing his eyes, and march out and be counted, and the "statistics" of the prigs will record his indefatigable attention. Or, if he is a more fidgety blockhead, he can pay a fidgety attention to every topic, whether he have the faintest idea of the real question or not, and can vote against an Aqueduct being allowed between two towns, of whose names, to say nothing of their wants, he never heard before, or divide in favour of a Viaduct on a railway that runs through a district as unknown to him as Mesopotamia. Equally, the "statistic"-mongers will give him praise and honour, while, in reality, he ought to be kicked for impertinence.

These people have published some returns of the attendance of members during the last session. And, as an example of the value of such applause, and as an illustration of the attendance of small men and of statesmen, let it be noted that "Cox the Attorney" is at the head of the list, having voted in one hundred and sixty divisions, while LORD JOHN RUSSELL has voted in about fifty. Now it may reasonably be said, that for one public question on which Cox the Attorney knows anything, LORD JOHN is intimate with the bearings of a hundred.

A similar result is found in the case of the best men in the House. The GLADSTONES, PAKINGTONS, WALPOLES, ELLICES, and others whose time and whose votes are valuable, squander neither in clerk-like attendance, waiting for divisions, whereas the AYRTONS, HADFIELDs, WILLIAMSES (Ld), and such like infra-mediocrities are always watching the Speaker's sand-glass, eager to write their reputation in that Parliamentary sand.

The statistic-mongers remark complacently that in "Attendances" MR. COX, of Finsbury, stands first. This, even apart from the gentleman's political status and intellect, does not exactly astonish *Mr. Punch*. Why, Cox is as aforesaid, an Attorney, and to make "Attendances" is the one duty of attorney-life. The alligator's—bah—the attorney's book, in which he records the deeds of his days, for the shearing of clientry, is called the "Attendance-book." What wonder that Cox should retain in Parliament his professional taste for attendances! If he is writing Cox's Memoirs of Parliament, we will be bound he makes the work up, daily, after this fashion, and that of his craft.

THE ELECTORS OF FINSBURY,

To WILLIAM COX, Drs.

<i>Monday.</i> Attending at St. Stephens, when found the House debating on the Clyde Improvement bill, and asking several persons who or what the Clyde was, and was told to hold my noise, and voting against same bill	s. d. 0 0
<i>Tuesday.</i> Attending again, when found the House in Committee on the Sierra Leone Embankment bill, and attending in library to consult GUTHRIE'S Geographical Grammar, and finding Sierra Leone was in Africa, attending voting against what I thought might be a black job	0 0
<i>Wednesday.</i> Attending morning sitting, when the House took the second reading of the Livery and Corporation of Rochford bill, and voting against it, because a livery is an aristocratic type of domination over one's fellow-creatures	0 0
<i>Thursday.</i> Attending in Ways and Means, on the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S Bill for contracting a loan of Five Millions, and proposed amendment that the principle should be carried out by the loan being contracted to four millions, and dividing thereon	0 0
<i>Friday.</i> Attending and voting against sitting in middle of next day because I am opposed to all centralization	0 0
<i>Saturday.</i> Attending the debate on the Police-Uniform Bill, and voting against the constable being distinguished by a letter, as, in order to identify him, a complaining person is compelled to know his alphabet, and I am conscientiously opposed to compulsory education	0 0

And this is the kind of thing which the electors of the kingdom are not told of by the pedantic promulgators of the Division Test.

"The prigs and *Punch* do upon this divide,
They choose the voting, he the thinking side."

ALLEGORIES ON THE BANKS OF THE TIBER.



presentation of his Holiness, exhibiting a bran-new coin from his own mint, would have served to express "the Immaculate Conception," and "the Establishment of the Ecclesiastical Hierarchy in England" might have been most accurately symbolized by a portrait of CARDINAL WISEMAN as he appeared on the 5th of November, 1850, carried about the streets of London in effigy.

WHEN the POPE returned to Rome the other day, a few of his subjects, probably his tradesmen, got up a demonstration in honour of the event. Among the various means which they resorted to, in order to celebrate the restoration of his Holiness to the bosom of his consistory, was the erection of triumphal arches, which were ornamented by allegorical paintings. The allegories in these works of art must have been particularly "headstrong," so much so as to have been impracticable to any but the most inventive artist. Their subjects were "the Austrian Concordat," "the Immaculate Conception," and "the Establishment of the Ecclesiastical Hierarchy in England." We will not say that we cannot conceive how these transactions could have been allegorised, because we can, whatever difficulty everybody else may experience in so doing. "The Austrian Concordat" might have been typified by a picture of the Emperor of Austria and the Pope himself, the former kneeling to the latter, and presenting him with half-a-crown. A representation of his Holiness, exhibiting a bran-new coin from his own mint, would have served to express "the Immaculate Conception," and "the Establishment of the Ecclesiastical Hierarchy in England" might have been most accurately symbolized by a portrait of CARDINAL WISEMAN as he appeared on the 5th of November, 1850, carried about the streets of London in effigy.

REFORM YOUR LAWYER'S BILLS.

It is no new thing to hear people discovering in men some traces of resemblance to the brute creation, but such likenesses are commonly the reverse of flattering. With very few exceptions, which may serve to prove the rule, it is for some bad quality the similarity is traced, and the comparisons, in general, are for something odious. Ladies mean to pay a compliment when they call a man a duck, but if rightly analysed the phrase is the reverse of complimentary; for there are few things more ungainly than a duck out of water, and in that no man can be considered in his element. For one use of the simile "as brave as a lion," we hear twenty of the words "as cunning as a fox," or "as silly as a goose;" and such epithets as "pigheaded," "asinine," and the like are in almost constant conversational employment. A further proof of the unkindness of these animal allusions is furnished in the widely popular belief that, rightly to do justice to his prominent feature, a lawyer ought to figure in the human menagerie as the *Ornithorynchus*, or beast with a bill. In the benevolence of our nature, we have ourselves long struggled to discredit this assertion, but we regret we are at length obliged to tender the submission of our faith. In the following advertisement, inserted lately in the *Times*, we find the piece of evidence which has completely overwhelmed us:—

LAW—Costs in Arrear.—A gentleman, well skilled in making out and settling costs (and of concocting where no entries are made), is desirous of a temporary ENGAGEMENT in that department, in town or country, at a moderate commission. Address, &c.

Referring to our dictionary, so as not to run the risk of our memory misleading us, we find the meaning of the verb to "concoct" is to "fabricate," and when coupled with accounts, its vulgar synonym is "cook." The process therefore of concocting costs amounts in plain English to the pure fabrication of them: and we may infer that more than half the items in a "concocted" lawyer's bill are as fictitious as the incidents in a third-rate French romance. Of course, the longer they are in arrear, the more scope costs afford for the talent of invention; and where the concocter has no entries to refer to, his work is not so much to "make out" bills of costs as to make them up—in the sense of making up which is synonymous with story-telling.

We are reluctant to judge harshly of the legal profession, whose good book keeping, indeed, has passed into a proverb. But from the announcement of a supply we cannot help inferring the existence of a demand, and we may assume in the above case that the "gentleman" would not have advertised so prominently his talent for concoction, if he had not known it was a marketable quality. Still, however we may quarrel with his lax morality, we are disposed to thank him for the revelation he has made, as it will put us on our guard to see, in future, whether our lawyer's bills show any signs of cookery. We have long wondered at the length and the elaborate minuteness of these disagreeable documents, which give the history

of a suit with all the carefulness of detail of the most prolix penny-a-liner. But it much lessens our surprise to know these legal histories are, in fact, mere works of fiction, such as any novel-spinner could concoct without much difficulty.

Of the mysteries of book-keeping we have always lived in ignorance, and know not which is easier, the plan of double or of single entry. But certainly the way above alluded to of making out accounts with no entries at all appears to us by far the simplest system to pursue, and one which, if unchecked, may walk into one's pockets far more deeply than the double or the single entry could do.

THE BORE OF THE BARBER'S SHOP.

"WIGGINS, I say, how can you wear Such a prodigious lot of hair? Go, have it cut—I wonder why You go about so great a Guy."

"Astonished, JONES, you well may be, These thick and bushy locks to see; But wherefore, listen. Fear and dread Retain this growth upon this head."

"What fear, what dread? What mystic rite Hath sealed thee for a Nazarite? Unless in Bedlam you'd be shut, Go instantly and get it cut."

"'Tis very easy, saying Go; But there's the rub. I would; but no, I cannot stand it any more; That step entails so vast a bore."

"What bore attends the barber's shop That you should carry such a mop? Which, that your reason may be saved, Should not be merely cut, but shaved."

"That horrid bore, as sure as fate, Annexed to cropping of the pate, Of being importuned and dunned, Whereby the customer is stunned."

"Your meaning, I believe, I guess; The bear's grease which the artists press, The 'extract' and Circassian cream; And will not quit the tiresome theme."

"You've hit the blot with needle's point, They pray and beg you to anoint With their vile unguents, and are sure To urge on you their 'fixature.'"

"Their wares I steadily refuse, Their nasty grease I never use, The hair it mends not—spoils the hat, Through which exudes the fluid fat."

"O JONES! a fortune safe I see; As hair-dressers, let you and me In business start—and advertise 'No pressing washes, grease, or dyes.'"

French Proverbs.

By a "Natif de Paris" from Holborn.

VOLER un avocat n'est pas voler.
Souris quo si montre est à moitié pris.
Tel donne son avis qui ne prête pas son argent.
Le prodigue, en mangeant sa fortune, gâte ses dents à force de les remplir avec trop d'or.
Pêche terminée, l'haut s'en va.
Tête de bois n'est bonne qu'à débiter des fagots.
À la Crinolîne on connaît la femme.
À table l'hôte le timide mange gûère.
Durant la nuit tous les Anglais sont gris.

We know his name, as a fact, to be CHARLES KIBBLETHWAITE.

A GOOD OMEN.—LORD PALMERSTON was observed last week reading—*It's never too late to Mend.* The Reform Bill was lying before him.



SERVANTGALISM.

Mistress. "NOT GOING TO REMAIN IN A SITUATION ANY LONGER! WHY YOU FOOLISH THINGS, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, THEN?"

Eliza. "WHY, M'AM, YOU SEE OUR FORTUNE-TELLER SAY THAT TWO YOUNG NOBLEMEN IS A GOING TO MARRY US—SO THERE'S NO CALL TO REMAIN IN NO SITUATIONS NO MORE!"

MILLINERY IN EXCELSIS.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"There are so many cases of cruelty practised by what you men are pleased to call law, (which always strikes the innocent and lets the guilty escape) that we grow indifferent; but I do hope that for the sake of *humanity* the laws will not be permitted to oppress a brave and gallant soldier (at least he is a Colonel, and I am sure is brave and gallant) whose name appears in to-day's *Times*. I need not mention his name, though it would do him nothing but *honour*, for the very evidence against him shows that he must be *one of the best men that ever lived*, and a MODEL HUSBAND. And now some grasping creditors are trying to worry him, and had not even the decency to give up their ridiculous persecuting claims though they were told that he was ill, and away from his native land, poor fellow! Even MR. LINKLATER, whose admirable management in the British Bank business, made me think he must be a dear creature, sets himself against this *brave* and *kind* soldier, and pretends to think he is not so ill as he says, notwithstanding that his wife confirms the account. I am *much surprised* at Mr. L.

"The case would first make any married woman's mouth water, and then her eyes. To read the list of the things, the beautiful, lovely, *costly* things, which this husband gave to his wife, and *all in three months*, and then to think that such a man is being persecuted by lawyers and creditors! Of course *my* husband had not the kindness to let me have the paper at breakfast, because he knew the matter would interest me; but after he was gone to business, I kept the paper-boy waiting half an hour scratching the door-paint, while I read the account, and copied out a *few* of the items. Now look here, Mr. Punch, and blush for your meanness and that of your sex, when you read what this brilliant exception to the rule gave his wife (and a happy woman she must be) *in three months*. Observe the *prices*—no *bargains*, or *cheap* things, mind, but good articles, proving that the man respected himself and his wife.

One Pocket Handkerchief	£ s. d.
Another	4 4 0
Enamelled Bracelet	5 5 0
Another	4 4 0
Another	3 3 0

Point Lace Bonnet, with emerald flowers	£. s. d.
White Moire Antique Dress	12 12 0
Brussels Lace Veil	15 15 0
Six richly Embroidered Collars	15 0 0
Green and White Court Dress, with blonde, pearls, and ribbons	51 5 0
Silk Dress	12 12 0
French Cambric Dress	8 18 6
Rich Black Velvet Dress	23 4 0
Ditto, trimmed with real Lace	9 8 6
Point Lace Parasol	10 10 0
Point Lace Cap, silver and peach	5 15 6
Spanish Mantilla	12 12 0
Another Moire Antique	13 18 0

And ever such a quantity of chemisettes, flounces, feathers, glacé jackets, bonnets, and head-dresses, besides what the ignorant reporter flippantly calls a black lace something, with mosaic fastenings and mantle to suit, £19 ls. In three months, from December 1855, to February 1856 (that's three months, isn't it?), the bill came to £1493 8s. 0½d.

"Now I call that man a husband, and it is a perfect *sin* that he should be persecuted, just because circumstances may have prevented his paying the bills when the people asked for them. I dare say he had paid them loads of money before, and they ought to have let him off. But, I do think, and every married woman who knows what dress is will join with me in saying, that the LORD CHANCELLOR ought to sue out a *habeas corpus*, or whatever it is, that forbids innocent persons from being injured, and LORD PALMERSTON ought to find money out of the taxes (we shouldn't grudge it) or the Superannuation, or where he likes, to help a model husband out of his difficulties. I hope you will advocate this in your valuable paper, and oblige all your lady readers, including

"Saturday."

"AN ILL-DRESSED WIFE."

"P.S. Do you notice. *Another* bracelet, and *another* handkerchief, and *another* moire antique. O, it's scandalous to think of persecuting such a man!"

INCREDIBLE COCKNEYISM.

Is the following story, told by the *Interness Courier*, possible?—

ALARMING ACCIDENT.—A gamekeeper and shepherd at Donchaly, who were out shooting along with three English sportsmen upon the 18th ult., parted company with the gentlemen to drive the game towards a certain point agreed upon. Unhappily they made their appearance in a different place, and having been mistaken for game were fired upon. Five barrels were discharged at them, and the shots took effect in the face and hands of the keeper and shepherd. A messenger was immediately dispatched to Bonar Bridge for DR. MACKAY, who repaired to Donchaly without delay, and extracted all the grains of lead. It is fortunate that the shots were at 60 yards range. The invalids are now able to continue their work.



We strongly suspect that this is a Scotch joke; one of those jokes which extend over a whole anecdote, at every two or three words of which the narrator laughs, and all other Scotchmen present laugh also, and everybody else wonders why? Related with a Scotch accent in a Scotch circle, the above tale would no doubt be received with immense laughter. But it must be a romance. See what it involves! Three English sportsmen mistake two Scotchmen's heads, at sixty yards, for a brace of grouse, and all three of them blaze away at the two heads which they imagine to be heads of game. The bodies must, at that rate, have been concealed by an intervening mound or hillock, so that the heads only were visible, and must, if they appeared like grouse, have appeared like grouse on the ground. To say that three English sportsmen fired a volley together at two grouse on the ground, is to libel the people of England, represented by the Three Tailors of Tooley Street.

THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.

A Romance.



HERE did the money go to?

"But you don't know where it came from?"

"Tell the story."

"Well, everybody worthy of the name of a human Londoner is now, or recently has been, out of town, and the only unhappy creatures left behind are police-magistrates, whose turn it is to remain, the judge at chambers, one or two club bores whom nobody would ask, some editors and journalists, and —"

"Bother! one knows all that. What about the money?"

"You don't know 'all that.' Don't be

"This was Mrs.

rude. We were going to mention 'somebody else.' MONTAGUE BLAKESBY, of Gower Street, Bedford Square."

"And why was she obliged to remain in town?"

"Because her husband, MR. MONTAGUE BLAKESBY, of 'the same address, thought that he should enjoy himself much more without Mrs. MONTAGUE, and without a child, and a nurse, and a parrot, and about seventeen boxes, which his wife deemed absolutely essential to her peace of mind in travel. So he proposed that she should go with the child, and nurse, and parrot, and seventeen boxes, to Brighton, and that he should 'take his chance of a little fresh air,' (as he heartlessly put it) and join her at Brighton in his own good time."

"Well, why didn't she go?"

"Because she was a woman of spirit, and, like a woman of spirit, as she could not get Baden, refused to have Brighton. So they had a sulk, and he left Gower Street early one morning. Being a tender husband, he would not wake his pretty wife from her morning's dream, but, leaving a cheque upon her dressing-table, stole out of the house with an enamelled *sac de nuit*."

"And he went to Baden?"

"He did."

"And gambled?"

"For shame! nobody gambles, at least no respectable English gentleman. But as everybody goes to the tables, why MR. MONTAGUE went there too, and as everybody tries his luck, MR. MONTAGUE tried his luck."

"And as everybody wins—at least they all come home and say so—MR. MONTAGUE won."

"Yes, a good deal."

"And repenting of his unkindness towards his wife, he wrote her an affectionate letter, forgiving her for her petulance, and mentioning that he had made up his winnings into a packet, and that he should expend them in Paris (*en route* for England), in the purchase of something upon which he knew that her dear heart had long been set."

"You have been married, Sir, and know the tenderness which the thought of a wife inspires in a husband—at a distance from her. That was just the letter he wrote from Baden to Gower Street."

"Well, then he came home, was received in Gower Street with smiles, and all was right?"

"On second thoughts, one would say that you had *not* been married, Sir. Do you imagine that a woman of spirit would remain in Gower Street, under those circumstances, or any others? Mrs. BLAKESBY's pretty blue eyes had scarcely opened upon her widowed couch, and the cheque upon her toilette table, than she rose, and, giving a slight consideration to the amount mentioned on the paper (it was anything but what it ought to have been, but still it was a respectable sum) ordered her coffee, and desired that the child, nurse, parrot, and seventeen boxes might be ready for the Scarborough train at twelve o'clock."

"And they went to Scarborough?"

"And from Scarborough she wrote to Paris, where MR. MONTAGUE received the letter. He read it on the Boulevard des Italiens, and was delighted that instead of hot and crowded Brighton, his wife was refreshing her blue eyes in the healthy breezes of the Yorkshire Coast?"

"You are a good man, Sir, but you evidently do not understand the conjugal relation. MR. MONTAGUE BLAKESBY was not delighted at all; he waxed angry at his wife's presuming to think for herself, as to her place of making holiday. And he did not buy her a single present in Paris."

"How mean. How did he excuse himself?"

"He wrote her another letter, expressing his deep regret that, desiring to increase his little winnings to a sum that would enable him to buy his darling (that's what he was brute enough to write) something more worthy of her, he risked them once again, and lost them all. And to give a lively colour to his story, he appended to his letter the sketch which you may observe above engraven. It represents (he alleged) his agony when the demon of gambling had tempted him to lose the coins he had treasured for his heart's idol."

"And he had not lost the money?"

"Not a sou. Brought it safe to Paris; in fact, to London."

"And to repeat the original question, Where did the money go to?"

"It was just enough to pay Mrs. BLUE-EYE's bills at Scarborough for herself, child, nurse, parrot, and warehousing of seventeen boxes, for the cheque 'went before she well knew where she was;' and if he had not remitted his winnings, the blue-eyes, child, nurse, parrot, and seventeen boxes would have remained in pawn at Scarborough."

"There seem several morals to this story. One is, that a husband should always do what his wife desires. Another is—"

"That one being of an anti-matrimonial character, it shall not be printed. Whatever is right. Let's liquor."

VERBUM SAPIENTI.

THERE came a sharp cry o'er the dark heaving sea,
A cry that the beast of the jungle was free;
The beast we had petted and thought we had tamed
Was fouling his maw with the flesh he had shamed.

Our fairest, our feeblest, were tortured to sate
His merciless lust and more mercurial hate,
And the wail of their agony compass'd the earth
And thrill'd every heart in the land of their birth.

Thrill'd every?—not every—No! one was unmoved,
The tidings he sorted, and some he improved,
He was deaf to the death-shriek that rang o'er the foam,
And yet he could hear the least whisper from Rome.

For his Sovereign was there, who his "titles" bestowed,
And there more than half his allegiance was owed,
So that country or kindred could have little part
Of the petty lay element left in his heart.

Should he mourn if our children were torn limb from limb,
Or our women—for what are our women to him?
No offspring, no tie, no sweet burden has he,
No wife clasps his neck and no child climbs his knee.

A lonely, a barren, affectionless man
(There are sermons in stones) will discourse if he can;
He will love the class only to which he belongs
And will raise their estate upon other men's wrongs.

In a want of regard for his class he will see
The source of disasters of every degree—
Would he himself trust to professional lore,
And flash his red stockings in redder Cawnpore?

Be this as it may—for ourselves, at the least,
We care more for wife or for child than for priest;
We are true to the light on our Fathers that broke,
When they honoured Velela beneath the dark oak.

For women and children were saintly and dear
In the forests of old ere a priest had come near,
And long ere he'd plundered their boughs to repair
What he dare not *uncover*—his sham PETER's chair.

Let him vaunt his old wood, his old bones and his stuff,
Till we've relics and roquaries more than enough,
But if with our heartstrings he trades for a plea,
There never was Wise-man so simple as he.

A Fact fresh from the Minorities.

A CIGAR-MERCHANT waited upon a Tailor, and proposed to him to do business upon the "Mutual Accommodation System." The latter assented upon the understanding that the tobacconist was to find his own cloth. "Let's be honest," he said; "Cabbage for Cabbage."

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.



ITH the return of the Shooting Season it is common to find paragraphs inserted in the papers, giving full statistics of the bags which have been made at the country seats and shooting-boxes of the sporting aristocracy. As these descriptions little vary in their dull and dry monotony, and can be of no great interest to the general reader, we are somewhat puzzled to account for their annual insertion; and we incline to the belief, that they are paid for as advertisements, and are intended to attract the notice of the poulterers. Noble sportsmen could not, without sacrifice of dignity, announce that they were open to supply the trade with game, and that their preserves were so well stocked that the largest orders could be executed with the promptest possible des-

patch: but by simply stating what they kill *per diem*, they leave the trade to draw its inference, and take down their address.

If our assumption be correct, there is some reason in thus advertising what sport has been enjoyed by owners of estates, and the concoction of such paragraphs may be looked upon as part of every steward's business. Occasionally, however, we find notices inserted which seem more the composition of the flunkey than the steward, and in which we are completely at a loss to see the use or reason. Such a one, for instance, we take to be the following, which, merely altering the name, and spelling it to suit the flunkeyish pronunciation, we quote verbatim from a country print:—

"The youthful EARL OF PHEASINXTON has been spending his September on his family estates. We understand his lordship gives early promise of becoming an excellent shot."

Now, we have no wish to speak alightingly of his lordship's sportsmanship: on the contrary, indeed, having some pretensions to that quality ourselves, we think a boy may do worse things than aim at being a good shot. As far as our acquaintance goes, a good sportsman is by no means therefore a bad fellow: and had we the teaching of his lordship's young idea, we should be pleased to find we had so promising a pupil. For the credit of the PHEASINXTONS, if for no other reason, we trust the youthful Earl will prove (at one-and-twenty) a man of his word, and that, if only for his poulterer's sake, he will keep his promise to "become a good shot."

But although we see no harm in the young Earl's early learning how to use his gun, we certainly can see no good in taking public notice in the papers of his prowess. It cannot interest the nation to know what bags he makes; while the mention of his sporting feats may lead him to forget that there are higher things to aim at than partridges and pheasants. As an Earl, his future place will be among the Lords as well as on the heaths and commons, and he will find besitting exercise in the field of politics not a whit less readily than in those of beet or turnips.

We think, therefore, that paragraphs such as we have quoted serve no end but that of filling up a paper. If it be deemed requisite that notice be directed to the talents and the prowess of the rising aristocracy, let it be reserved for other columns than the sporting ones. With all our admiration for the skill of a good shot, we would rather see a youthful Earl the subject of a leader in the *Times* than of the most flaming notice in *Bell's Life*. Besides, there is no saying, if these paragraphs continue, to what absurd misuses they may come at last. If the flunkeyism by which they are dictated be unchecked, we shall soon find the prowess of our noble sportsmen recorded in the papers from their very bib-and-tuckerhood, from their first shot with the popgun and their first trial of the tops—both the leathers and the peg-tops. Having a remarkably robust imagination, we can just conceive how it would edify the public to find inserted gravely some fine morning in the *Times*, as a pendant to the foreign or political intelligence, or whatever else might happen at the time to have chief interest, some such a paragraph as that which follows:—

"We are delighted to inform our readers that the infant heir of the most noble house of BLAZEAWAY, who still takes an airing daily in the family perambulator, was last week, for the first time in his young existence, trusted with a fly-gun. It is seldom at so tender years that

the propensity for shooting is so rapidly developed; but that his youthful lordship promises to be a first-rate shot will be at once inferred, when we state that on Saturday, assisted only by his nurse, he succeeded in bagging more than twenty brace of blue-bottles."

TOAD-EATING.

AS for the courtesy of the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH towards the English officers who visit Chalons, it is all hollow. His Majesty loses no opportunity of insulting our authorities by offering some violent contrast to their proceedings. It was only a few days ago that we read how a French officer had invented a great improvement in the screw for propelling steamers. He calls it the Flute-screw, and its marvellous advantages were seen on an experiment. But this not being large enough, what does the EMPEROR, our pretended ally and friend, do. In common delicacy, while English officers of rank were about him, he would have conformed to their customs; would, first have snubbed the Flute man, then dawdled and dallied for months before giving him a trial; then, having reluctantly conceded a trial, would have tipped the underlings the wink, and taken care that the trial should be like that accorded the other day to MR. PRIDEAUX (of the steam boilers); namely, one in which he should be obstructed in every unfair manner by officials predetermined that he should not succeed. Finally, if the EMPEROR had any of the courtesy attributed to him, he would further have complimented English officers by taking the invention for nothing, and breaking the inventor's heart. Instead of this graceful attention to his guests, LOUIS NAPOLEON acts in diametrically opposite fashion, he commands the invention to be "at once applied to one of the largest ships in the French navy, the inventor to have every assistance in working it out, with the certainty of a reward and honour, if successful." And we call this Sovereign our ally, and praise his frank hospitality and courtesy! JOHN BULL, you are an *avaleur de couleuvres*.

THE TWO CHURCHES.

THE NEW.



is Sunday at our watering-place by the broad blue German Ocean; The streets are still, the sands are bare, the cliffs forlorn and bleak; The fly-boys and fly-horses have a pause in their devotion, For if to labour be to pray, they've been praying all the week. A Sabbath stillness reigneth over earth and sea and sky, All Nature round has gone to Church, so wherefore should not I?

The crack Church at our watering-place is very fine and new; Pure Gothic down to *revels*, and *sedilia*, and *piscina*; With poppy-heads on open seats—we scorn the cushioned pew—

And our curate he intoneth, so that nothing can be finer; And we've candles on the altar, and occasionally flowers— In short, a small St. BARNABAS is this new Church of ours.

"So primitive!" our Curate says—"so truly Apostolic!

No Protestant distinctions of private seats and free! Each portion of the building has significance symbolic!"

Though, save the poppy-heads, nought's significant to me. Their soporific meaning is clearly to be seen,

Thanks to the comment furnished by the sleeping heads between.

But finer than our fine new Church—tiles, altar-cloth, and all,—

The gules, and or, and azure on nave and chancel-pane,— And early-English lettering emblazoned on the wall,—

Are the "miserable sinners" whom these open seats contain:

Oh! the cloud of summer-muslims—oh! the flowered and beaded show Of tiny summer bonnets, in gorgeous row on row!



Oh! cherry lips, and rosy cheeks, and glossy braided hair,
Crowned with dancing, dancing bugles, and flowers of myriad dyes!
The Curate he intoneth, but what thought have I for prayer,
'Mid the rustle of the crinolines, the flashing of the eyes?
Are these miserable sinners, come for
prayer, and praise, and psalm,
Or an animated series from *Le Courier des Dames*?

And the Rector takes his text, and is eloquent upon it—
How that "all things here are vanity,
and swiftly pass away;"
And each lady scans the pattern of her
neighbour's gown or bonnet,
And each gentleman's a critic of
toilettes for the day.
And out I come, much edified, 'mid the
organ's solemn swells,
With a lively sense how much I owe
to these "church-going belles."

THE OLD.

'Tis Sunday at the village that lies
three miles away;
A pleasant morning's walk from our
watering-place 'twill be:
So I'll leave our bran-new Gothic
Church, and service for the day,
Our hotels and lodging-houses, with
their fine views of the sea;
And for watering-place gay toilettes,
and watering-place church belles,
Content myself with field-flowers—coy
beauties of the dells.

The Old Church at the village is very damp and small:
And the house-leek and the moss clothe its low-pitched roof with green;
And the inside has no primitive symbolism at all—
Nor *veredoss*, nor *sedilia*, nor *piscina*'s to be seen;
And 'tis blocked up with a gallery, and desecrated with pews;
And it shrinks back, grey and shabby, behind its churchyard yews.

No painted window casteth a dim religious light:
No encaustic MINTON-tiling hides the damp and broken floor:
The Creed and Ten Commandments are in modern letters quite:
On hard and narrow free-seats, sit the humble village poor:
But the "miserable sinners" those narrow
seats within,
Show more misery than our watering-
place M.S., if not more sin.

But through the open porch comes
the sweet, sweet summer air,
And the rustle of the churchyard
trees blends sweetly with the
psalm,
And their ever-moving shadow chequers
each pavement-square,
And all about the humble place
there broods a holy calm;
And crinolines and flounces, beads and
bugles are unknown:
So I sit and stilly worship, as if I
were alone.

Till I hear a sigh beside me and a
smothered sound of prayer—
And turning, with bowed head and
clasped fingers, at my side,
Of a miserable sinner I am suddenly
aware—
An old dame in poke bonnet, and
scanty cloak new-dyed:
And I thought how such a spectacle,
in that New Church of ours,
Would jar with bran new sym-
bols, and bugles, beads, and
flowers!



And I felt how these two Churches, and their worshippers agree;
Tiles, glass, and chanting curate, flowery altar, painted stone,
With rustling crinolines, beads and bugles flashing free,
And this poor old village church with that still and stooping crone:
And in spite of pews and gallery, low roof, and windows bare,
I was somehow nearer Heaven in that lowly house of prayer.

HUSBANDMEN AND LOVERS.



never could have been such an impudent little puss as to sing such a ballad as that off her own hook. We can only surmise that she was, on the occasion, the representative of Agriculture, considered as a nymph of whom the PRINCE may, without impropriety, be said to be, because he notoriously is, passionately fond, and who may be imagined to express a sense of the honour of being beloved by his Royal Highness in a strain affectionately ironical. "He never loved me—oh no!—didn't he rather?—didn't he though?" PICCOLOMINI's song may be considered as the equivalent to saying; the reply suggested being similar to that conceived to be expected by a filial young vocalist when he obliges his sentimental companions and playmates with "Oh, don't I love my Mother!" The passion imputed, on this supposition, to the PRINCE CONSORT might be frankly avowed by him at Balmoral, on the one hand; and, on the other, need occasion not the least jealousy on the part of MR. MECHI, although that gentleman's affections are fixed on the same interesting object as those of the PRINCE.

REVERSING THE ORDER OF MEMBERS.

MR. BRIGHT has been setting an example worthy of his name, in writing, to somebody who pestered him with a request for a subscription to a bazaar in support of a Presbyterian church at Birmingham, a letter; whereof the following lines are part:—

"Since I have been in Parliament I have always abstained from subscriptions for objects connected with the constituency I represented, and I intend to continue that course. A contrary course would lead me into an expenditure which I could not consent to with any prudence, and might lead to an endeavour to secure public favour by means which I cannot practise or approve."

Hear, hear! To ask a member, as member, to subscribe for the local objects of his constituents, is to ask a public servant to remunerate the public for serving it. You might as well make the same request to a private domestic, and solicit your man JOHN, who cleans your boots, to contribute towards the papering of your rooms. If you thought fit to enlarge and stock your cellar, you might, with equal reason, and as much dignity, apply to your butler for assistance in paying your bricklayer's bill and that of your wine-merchant. It would not be a bit less cool of you to call on your maid-of-all-work for a donation to aid you in sending your son to college. That is, always supposing, of course, that your public servant is to be really your servant, and not, on the contrary, your lord and master; your proprietor who buys you with subsidies and contributions, in order that he may sell you for patronage, or may exert the power, which you give him as the consideration for his largess, in some other way to gain his private ends. Electors who expect to get money out of their members should chalk up "To Be Sold," and not adorn the walls with such mottoes as "Reform" and "Economy." Indeed, instead of importuning their political servants for gratuities and Christmas-boxes, constituents should, if they want to be well and zealously served, occasionally themselves give their representative JOHN THOMASES a "tip."

I VELL, VY NOT, MY TEAR?

ONE of the organs of the English Jews bursts into a frenzy of gratitude to one of the penny papers for a curious favour. In police-case reports, where a Jew has been the culprit, the penny paper in question "is generous enough not to designate the persuasion of the offender"—to name merely ABIMELECH NEBUCHADNEZZAR, without adding "a Hebrew dealer in marine stores," or as the case may be. This is gratefully recorded as a new step in the course of liberality. Well, but if Jews wish to appear in courts of justice as Christians, why can't they come in the same character into the high court of Parliament?

DRUMMING FOR THE DRAPERS.

OVER the counter, my Skippers!
Spurn the effeminate shop,
Kick off the carpeted slippers,
And the cheating yard-measure let drop.
Sergeants are busy recruiting,
England invites volunteers;
Surely you'd better be shooting
Sepoys, than shaving our dears.

Shove on his back in the kennel
The shop-walker, bully and smirk,
Tell him you're cutting the "fiannel"
For manly and masculine work.
At fighting you mean to be gluttons,
Though your faces are white as new wax;
You know that you've souls, above buttons,
To drill button-holes in the blacks.

Make shortish work with the niggers,
See how they'd scuttle and squeal,
When you "put in at very low figures,"
A foot and a half of good steel.
They never knew yet what our hate meant,
Your bayonets, by jingo, shall show 'm,
When, heroes, you "make no abatement,"
But "send every article home."

Future MACAULAYS and GIBBONS
Shall rescue your memory from loss,
And tell how the vendors of ribbons,
Won, gallantly, ribbon and cross.
How each, to yon shelves once a mounter,
Mounted breaches, regardless of height,
And never bore silks to a counter
More quick than those colours to fight.

You 'll soon lose that delicate pallor—
Exercise bronzes the cheek;
You 'll be New Patterns of valour,
Though perchance you may look "more
antique."

Contrast with such work as your trade is,
(Diddles, and dodges, and bilks)
Your march, on return, and the Ladies
Adoring your noble shot silks.

Right soon will the enemies know you,
As your war-cry goes higher and higher—
"What's the next thing we can show you?"
Then show them how Britons give fire.
Your charge (you *can* charge) be the Nemesis,
No need of Ghoorkas or Sikhs:
We 'll write upon Delhi, "THESE PREMISES
MUST BE CLEARED OUT IN THREE WEEKS."

HORSE EXERCISE.

AN Indian officer, writing from Dinapore, and complaining of the inefficiency of a certain General, who has been fifty years in the service, and whose bodily infirmities totally incapacitate him for command, says:—

"Surely it is high time for any field officer to retire when he requires help to be put on and taken off his horse!"

It must be a pleasantry, or a mistake, to call an invalid like that a field officer! If he belongs to one, it should be a field at the back of a hospital, where, in the event of an accident, he would be able to meet with prompt assistance. The only *Champ de Mars* for one so infirm ought to be the field in front of the *Hôtel des Invalides*; for it would not be agreeable to hear of a commander taking the field at the head of an army in a perambulator! It must not be supposed we are laughing at this officer's infirmities. On the contrary, we mean to say, that so old a veteran fully deserves a lift; and, if his name was put on the pension-list; we should be extremely rejoiced, for the safety of all, to hear of it; for it would undoubtedly be the best reward for one, who, during a period of fifty years, has apparently served his country so well, "on and off."





WHO WILL SERVE THE COUNTRY?

RECRUITING SERGEANT. "NOW, BRAVE BOYS, WITH THOSE WHISKERS AND SHOULDERS YOU SHOULD BE WITH US, AND—I'M SURE THE LADIES WOULD EXCUSE YOU!"



WE'LL SERVE THE SHOP.



A VISION OF SIREN SOUP.



THE Alderman woke from his nightmare, howling a terrible cry :
Punched his wife's face with his elbow : at morning she had a black eye :
Started the lady in terror, giving a species of scream,
And this was old BLOGS's apology, this, the account of his dream :—

"SALLY, I'm blest if our SAMMY, next time he comes home from school,
Tells them there stories at supper, I'll take and I'll wop the young fool.
What was his call for relating things that I'll swear isn't fax,
How MR. WHATSHISNAME bunged up the ears of them sailors with wax.

"How them young females like mermaids had petticoats all made of
scales :
The schoolmasters ought to be towelled for filling boys' heads with such
tales,
And how they sang songs for seducing the crews of the ships as they
passed,
And this cove kept himself from their clutches by getting tied up to a
mast.

"I suppose as I mixed up together SAM's anecdotes touching them drabs
With my sausages, kidney, Welsh rabbit, Scotch ale, scoloped oysters,
and crabs,
Or whatever beside I'd for supper, a meal that no Alderman misses,
And I dreamt, SAL, as I was the party—the name I remember—ULYSSES.

"I dreamt I were sailing the ocean, enjoying the motion uncommon,
(You know what I'd soon a-been doing at sea, was I waking, old 'oman)
And what did I see on a rock (it's as true as the sermon in church),
Why, one of the liveliest turtles as ever flapped fin at old BIRCH.

"But, SAL, he worn't laying discreet, like a babe with a shell for its
bed,
A waiting with proper decorum till somebody cut off his head ;
But with him a codfish and wenison, all balancing upon their end,
And playing on music, and calling me, just as if I was their friend.

"' Nice kind of impident critters,' says I to a sailor or two ;
' I'll just take a swim to them rocks, and astonish the rascals a few ;'
Just fancy me saying it, SALLY, and talking of swimming so fine,
That haven't once taken a bath since the year 1809.

"And by Gog I were going to do it, regardless of wetting my togs,
The wittles kep bleating and crying : 'Come here, MR. ALDERMAN
BLOGGS !'

When the sailors they clutched at my collar, with knuckles so bony
and big,
And held me as tight as policemen keep hold of a slippery prig !

"It was no use my bawling and scolding, for just at that minute again
That SAMMY's infernal description came back to bewilder my brain :
Their ears were all full of red sealing-wax—some one had dropped it
in hot,
And sealed it with dominy dirrijee—what's on the Mayor's silver pot.

"Then all the three impident critters they plopped all at once in the sea
And with their vindictive mouths open, came swimming to get hold of me,
And making all quaser kinds of noises, they swarmed up the side of the
boat,
And I felt their wet flappers and noses beginning to get at my throat.

"So then I bawled out in my terror, the thing having got past a joke,
And striking out fiercely at random, I'm happy to say as I woke."
To all which instructive narration his Lady vouchsafed no reply ;
But with what she called Odour-Cologney sat sulkily dabbing her eye.

THE LATEST CONGRESS OF VIENNA.

READERS of continental intelligence are doubtless aware that an
extraordinary Congress has been recently held at Vienna—a Congress
of dancing-masters : which was constituted not only of the representa-
tives of Teutonic-Terpsichorean interests, but also of plenipotentiaries
from Prague and Odessa. The subject of the deliberations of this august
assembly was the question, of momentous importance not only to the
whole fashionable world, but also to the casinos and pleasure-gardens,
of the introduction of new figures in dancing. This serious and solemn
inquiry was resolved in the affirmative. The Congress, "after much
anxious reflection," determined on the introduction of a new quadrille,
which has been invented by PROFESSOR EICHLER (Professor of Dancing),
of Prague. Our own correspondent has just sent us some account of
the proceedings, which, being public, he was enabled to attend. He
says that a greater number of pumps certainly never met together
before in any Congress than those that were assembled in this ; and
expresses the belief that there are not so many contained even in the
British Association for the Advancement of Science. Such a getting
up-stairs and playing on the fiddle, he informs us that he never did see.
He states that the discussions took in a great measure the form of a
ballet of action ; inasmuch as it was necessary for the professors com-
posing the Congress to support their various positions, and theses by
practical demonstration.

Consequently, in the eagerness of disputation there were often
a great many of them dancing all at a time, which was mighty droll ;
but a sight still more ludicrous was that of a Member of the Congress
every now and then illustrating his views by an excursion down
the middle and up again, or by a series of stationary capers and
gyrations in the capacity of *cavalier seul*—an object considered by our
correspondent to be the most ridiculous in creation. Bohemia was
much elated by the triumph of her nationality in the adoption of the
scheme of a quadrille proposed by her representative Professor. Our
Correspondent thinks it rather strange that British interests were
unrepresented in this Congress, and expresses his wonder that he did
not see our old friend BARON NATHAN among its distinguished
members. No doubt, however, the British Court will, in regard to
this matter, conform readily to the practice of the Continental Powers ;
and the new Quadrille will have only to be danced at Buckingham
Palace, in order to be immediately performed at Cremorne. The tune of
it will soon descend from the Palace to the Cottage-piano. A
favourable contrast is to be drawn between the conduct of the heads
of the Dancing Profession and that of the prelates of the Romish
Church, as respectively exhibited with reference to the settlement of a
moot point. The dancing-masters met in Council, according to
ancient and orthodox principle, before presuming to promulgate a new
quadrille. The prelates allowed *Pro Nono* to proclaim a new dogma
on his own mere authority. A novelty in dancing, approved of by a
Congress of Professors, will be universally accepted, or at least
encounter no opposition but that of Exeter Hall. The millions who
are interested in the decision of the dancing Congress of Vienna will
await with intense eagerness the formal ratification which it will no
doubt receive in the next ball at the Tuileries.

Printing in the Provinces.

A YORKSHIRE Newspaper, wishing to inform its readers that the
Courier of Lyons and *The Ladies' Battle* will be performed at the
Theatre on such a night, says :—"The first piece will be *The Courier
of Lyons*, after which will be produced (at the special request of a
patroness of the Scarborough Teetotal Society) *The Ladies' Battle*."

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PLATO.

HUSBAND and wife should learn to help one another, sharing, and
enjoying everything in common, with the same cheerful division of
labour as a knife and fork !—*Lady Clutterbuck.*



Serious Lady. "I CANNOT POSITIVELY ALLOW YOU TO KEEP A CAT THAT SWEARS."

QUACKS OF ADVERTISING COLUMNS.

WE rejoice to hear that the advertising quacks, whose celebrity is the same as that of Holywell-street, are extremely annoyed by some remarks which we lately made on the equipages in which they drive about Town. These flagrant examples of signally snobbish taste, which used to render the bushy-mouthed, hooked-nosed blackguards who ride about in them conspicuous, and attractive to verdant patients, now serve only to express their infamy, and to make them as repulsive to those whom they seek to victimise—as they look. This, doubtless, is what vexes them; exposure to mere odium and ridicule would rather please them than not, if it failed to defeat their villainy; they might be hissed up Regent Street, but so long as they could chuckle and rub their hands over the fees which they take at their own snug dens, they would care little enough for popular execration. Even as sporting gents, which some of them are, their feelings are not hurt by disparagement of their horses and carriages, provided that does not tend to prevent them from cheating. What does annoy them is, that denotation of their class which causes every individual of it to be recognised for the rascal he is, without affording him occasion for that revenge which he might, if his name were published, hope to take, by the help of an attorney and a barrister of his own species, and a jury of fools.

Latterly some of these fellows have re-modelled their advertisements, so as to place them beyond the provisions of LORD CAMPBELL'S Act; but, be it known to all whom it may concern, that anybody who advertises a peculiar cure of any disease or complaint, no matter what, is either not a member of the Medical Profession, or is regarded by that profession as a disgrace to it. Whoever consults a Holywell quack will, most probably, have his ailment very much aggravated, and will either be fleeced, or, if he does not choose to submit to extortion, have his transactions with the quack, and his whole case, medical as well as legal, published in the *Nisi Prius* reports. They will not probably be published in those of the County Court, because the sum for which the quack will bring an action against his patient will, most likely, much exceed fifty pounds.

THE PIPE OF CONTROVERSY.

IN the window of a tobacconist's shop, in Prince's Street, Soho, are exhibited some gigantic pipes, to which is attached a card, with the following description thereupon:—"The Controversy Pipe, Dedicated to PROFESSOR SOLLY AND CO., INDERWICK, London." The Controversy of which this pipe appears to be a memorial, is that which was raging some time ago on the question—"Is smoking injurious?" but such is the pipe's capacity, that the name it bears might have been applied to it simply by reason of its suitability for controversial discussions: since, once filled, it would outlast the longest argument on the subject of free-will, or even one of MR. GLADSTONE'S parliamentary speeches on behalf of canonical nonsense. When we call this pipe gigantic, we use that epithet in its applicability rather to a large man of the DANIEL LAMBERT type than to Gog; for the pipe is, in fact, of the class called short; though its bulk is vast. It would have served admirably for the use of the biggest of all the giants that JACK, the killer of them, ever slew; and might have been the very identical pipe formed expressly for the capacious mouth of *Polyphemus*; who could have sat upon a mountain, blowing thunderclouds with it, or smoking like Etna.

THE SHOPMAN'S ADIEU TO THE LADIES.

TUNE—"The girls we left behind us."

FAREWELL, sweet ladies; we shall now
No longer have the pleasure
Of serving you with scrape and bow,
Whilst wielding wand and measure.
The cruel Indian mutineers
More fit employment find us;
And in our place, you'll have, my dears,
The girls we leave behind us.

You, with their patience and their time,
Instead of ours, will trifle:
We go to India's distant clime,
To point the Enfield rifle,
Instead of plying scissors' blades,
The task till now assigned us,
Which we relinquish to the maids,
The girls we leave behind us.

Up shop-steps we must cease to crawl,
And scale the walls of Delhi,
Which do contain what statesmen call
A genuine *casus belli*.
Against the cruel Sepoys' bands
Our spirit has combined us,
Our old work left to fitter hands,
The girls we leave behind us.

We go, a full revenge to take
For every British martyr,
For which that we our thirst may slake,
We'll give no black beast quarter.
Unless to hang him by the neck,
To make the others mind us;
But ask, for muslin, chintz, or check,
The girls we leave behind us.

Our charge we purpose and intend
To make extremely heavy,
Our bayonets we can recommend
Against the blackguards' levy;
We'll put the goods in low or high,
As chance the means may find us;
But seek, if poplins you would buy,
The girls we leave behind us.

With "Any other article?"
Inquiry thrust succeeding,
We shall, on shopmen's principle,
Address each tiger bleeding;
Those words, wherewith our wares to press,
The Shop's traditions bind us,
None now will speak to you—unless
The girls we leave behind us.

THE RECRUITING OFFICER'S ASSISTANT.

It is a mistake on the part of Recruiting Sergeants, if they want to enlist linendrapers' shopmen, to go about with ribbons in their caps. Those young men are, like old birds, not to be caught with chaff. They have had too much of ribbons already—are sick of them—and ribbons ought to be kept out of their sight, save and except the ribbon of the Garter—provided that courage, conduct, and military skill could possibly enable a respectable drapers' assistant to jump over the counter to glory, and then skip up to a pension and a peerage. The Recruiting Sergeant might have some chance with the shopman, if the shopman had any chance of exchanging his yard-measure for a field marshal's truncheon.

Triplet and Toast.

LORD LANSDOWNE won't be Duke of Kerry:
LORD LANSDOWNE is a wise man—very.
Punch drinks his health in Port and Sherry.

MARRIAGE BY ADVERTISEMENT.



SCARBOROUGH.—**MARRIED.**—On the 19th September, in the columns of the *Scarborough Times*, Mr. ROBERT ROXBY, the light comedian of several Lyceum farces, and at present stage-manager of the Drury Lane Theatre, to a Young Lady, whose name is unknown. The Editor of the above unintelligent paper was the only person, who witnessed the mysterious union. After the invisible ceremony, the unconscious couple repaired to the Theatre Royal, Scarborough, where they were obliging enough to perform in *The Follies of a Night*, and other pieces, very much to the satisfaction of a crowded audience."

To explain the above marriage, we must state that the *Scarborough Times* has been giving to MR. ROBERT ROXBY, quite unknown to him, a wife.

After telling the public that "MRS. ROBERT ROXBY terminated a most successful engagement on Wednesday last," it descends into particulars by informing its "Weekly List of Visitors" that "the part of *Miami*, sustained by this lady, deserves the highest commendation."

We have heard of newspapers presenting their subscribers with portraits, medals, globes, and atlases; but for a journal to give away a wife is quite a new feature. Doubtlessly, it will next venture on the presentation of a family? Unless a full stop is put to their liberality, MR. R. R. may suddenly find himself the father of ten children, before he was even aware that he had any reason in this world to be contented with such a happy lot?

However, we are informed that MR. ROBERT ROXBY is not so very well pleased with this editorial gift. He contends—and with justice on his side, we think—that the report is likely to do him a serious injury in his matrimonial engagements. He demands an instant separation from his wife, or else threatens an action against the newspaper for giving circulation to malicious rumours. The damages are laid at £50,000.

TO A RESPECTABLE VESTRY.

Ye surly Chelsea Beadles
Who want to close Cremorne,
You pincushions for needles
And pins of public scorn,
Curmudgeons dull and dreary,
Insufferable churls,
Ungentle and uncheery
To little boys and girls.

Of public entertainment
When places are so few,
Why urge your harsh arraignment
Against Cremorne, ye crew
Of bigots, to be hated,
Amusement who detest,
And humbugs animated
By private interest?

Man Proposes, Woman disposes.

If you wish to propose, do it in person. Never make a proposal in writing. Your letter gives the lady time to "turn it over" and to look at the question you are "popping" to her on all sides. Besides, it is wrong to suppose that women can be taken, as London omnibuses are, "by correspondence."

MILITARY QUERY.—Do the Kernels wear Shell-jackets?

"WRITE ABOUT FACE."

THE soldier's face is never safe. He never can tell whether his moustaches will be his for two months together. At one time, he is ordered to shave; at another, down comes an order to trim his whiskers to a certain length, and not a hair's-breadth further. Then arrives a war, and the soldier is allowed to stalk about with a beard as big as Bushy Heath. All razors have a furlough during such time as the army is busily engaged in lathering the enemy. The brush once over, the beards are cut down, like many other things, when the Service is put on a peace establishment. Here, at present, is the last tonsorial edict from the Horse Guards:—

"The Commander-in-Chief has ordered that every soldier is to wear a Moustache."

This is all very well, and we agree with the ladies, who are generally of opinion that the moustache is a great ornament, without which no military pair of lips is complete. But how about those faces that are completely innocent of stubble? It is a painful matter of fact, that under some noses, martial or otherwise, the moustache obstinately refuses to grow. No amount of persuasion, or Kalydor, will induce the rebellious hair to sprout. In many instances, the rubbing of the cat's tail even has lost its customary powers of inducement, as though the cat was determined to prove that in no instance was it friendly to the skin of the soldier. What, then, are such soldiers to do? Will they be punished for disobeying orders, or will a mandate like the following rush from the Horse Guards to their relief?—

"All those soldiers, to whom Nature has unkindly denied the natural adornment of a Moustache, are hereby ordered by the Commander-in-Chief to wear false ones."

FRENCH SAYINGS.

By a "Natif de Paris."

PAUVRETS est vice dans le pays des riches.
A force de tomber, l'enfant apprend à marcher.
Aux gneux tous les chemins sont bons.
Fortune mangée n'a plus de goût.
Douce parole ne garnissent pas la poche.
Homme riche n'est jamais laid.
Argent, quoique noir, n'est pas moins argent.
L'avougle se brûle maintes fois, qui mouche chandelle avec ses doigts.
L'âme est un prisonnier, qui, en s'échappant, tue toujours son geôlier.
C'est comme au Désert—il y a tant de poussière, et si peu d'eau, qu'on n'y voit goutte.
Prendre un Cab pour attraper l'Ombibus.
Les murs sont les livres des pauvres.

* We have since ascertained that this same "Natif" was born in Newman's Rents, Blogg Court, Grays' Inn Lane.

ADVERTISEMENT.



AN ON THE MOOR.

—Why the deuce don't you come up? Where are you? Bother the birds. India wants another army. I can't do everything, and V.S. is no better than a muf. The business of the department is all in a mess. I'll keep your place open for you as long as I can, but you really will be kicked out if you don't return. We can't find your keys, and you've locked up all the Commissioners. Have you taken the despatches for wadding? Write immediately, and still better, come to your distracted P.M. C—mbr—dge H—e.

Had him there!

LORD ABERDEEN'S cabinet, according to MR. BERNAL OSBORNE (oratorical at Dover last week), was a failure from its

over-richness—from his Lordship's having put into it "too many wise men." Perhaps so; but why needed LORD PALMERSTON put in too many—we mean, run into the opposite extreme?

HOW TO TELL A WOMAN'S AGE.

By One of Them.

In telling the age of another woman, you multiply by 2; but if you are telling your own age, then you divide by 2.

SOUTHAMPTON WATER CURE FOR MA(D)N(E)IACS.



High Street, and have got Fisk to give him some of his good beer, which cheers but not inebriates the clergy, county magistrates, ladies of rank and fashion, and eminent solicitors, who frequent that commodious restorative establishment. The eloquence of the stump-orator of involuntary total abstinence would have been permanently stopped by the FISKIAN argument; but would have been closed for the time only, if he had been illogically pumped upon.

OBES NEAL DOW, Author of the Maine Law, actually ventured to go to Southampton the other day and deliver an oration at the Victoria Rooms, in order to persuade the Southampton people to cackle and bray for the legal prohibition of the liquor trade! We will not say that we wonder the inhabitants did not seize the Yankee Maine Law originator by British main force, and put him under a pump, or did not turn the tables by turning the main upon him; because that would have not only been very inhospitable, but also, in a sense, carrying coals from Southampton to Newcastle (U.S.): on the contrary, we would suggest, that they might have taken him to Mr. Fisk's, in the

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

LONDON is so empty that a country gentleman, who, on Tuesday last, happened to drop a few thousands in *Crédit Mobilier* shares on the Stock Exchange, found them there the next morning in precisely the same place. His joy at this discovery knew no bounds, for it was evident that the poor simple fellow had given up all hopes of ever seeing his money again. As may be readily surmised, the gentleman lost no time in whipping the amount—not one penny of which had been disturbed—into his pocket, and, unobserved by a single person, leisurely decamped. However, he did not omit, either in the excess of his honesty, or malice, to leave the original shares behind him, and there, probably, they still are, for the benefit of any one who chooses to pick them up.

THE REGULATION HEIGHT OF ABSURDITY.

THERE was a little man,
Who could use a rifle-gun,
That would knock any Sepoy o'er:
For a soldier he would go,
But, alas! he can't do so,
Because he's but five feet four!
What signifies his height?
This little man can fight,
For his bullets are made of lead;
And he can pull a trigger
As well as one that's bigger,
And shoot a foe through the head.

INFALLIBLE RAILWAY BRAKE.—Mismanagement: this brake is so effectual that it has been known to bring the best line going to a complete stand-still.

RAZZIA ON THE RATS.

ALTHOUGH the wild sports of the season are chiefly practised in the country, persons who are unfortunately compelled to reside in London have occasionally a sporting treat, which refreshes them, and enables them the better to endure their metropolitan penance. Of this kind was a capital Rat-hunt which took place last week in Holywell Street. A party of sportsmen had determined on routing out a colony of Rats which have long infested that neighbourhood. This process has for many years been desired, but certain parochial authorities, who have control in the district, have always pretended that the thing was impossible. The Rats are of a peculiarly offensive kind; and are, in fact, the most odious vermin in the Metropolis. They are, like Rats in general, especially mischievous to the young, and wherever they locate, they poison the vicinity. Some of them are British, others are the progeny of Palestine rats, but the garbage by which they live is equally abominable and pestiferous. They are very wily, and used only to be seen at night, but the conduct of the parochials emboldened the beasts, and they have of late pursued their prey in broad day-light. A Razzia on the Rats was determined upon, and a large field of sportsmen, in blue, surrounded the neighbourhood, and ferrets of the detective species were sent in. The scene that ensued baffles description, the Rats rushed about, shrieking and squeaking, and trying to carry away their foul provender. But they were met at every turn, and mercilessly trapped. The take was very large, and the beasts were reserved to be worried in a pit kept by that excellent sportsman, Mr. JARDINE. The neighbourhood is much improved, but all the vermin are not removed, and we trust their persecutors will persevere until by worrying, slugging, and otherwise, they may be driven from this part of London. There should be no mercy for such beasts.

Popular Prejudice about an Author.

A YORKSHIREMAN, on a railway platform, has BARON MACAULAY pointed out to his notice; and, upon it's being explained to him that the Baron is an Author, who was formerly known as Mr. MACAULAY, he thus gives vent to his astonishment:—

"That's Measter MICOWLEY, the Owther, is it now? We'e I awla's thout they look'd pacl and seedy loike, and ow't a 't'elbows, ye noa; but that chap's gout a hat, and he's so we'e dress'd too—Dang it, I shud ne'er a ta'en him for a Owther!" [Stares at him quite bewildered, until the train goes out of sight.]

NEW CHURNING PROCESS.



and he finds, by the time the train has arrived in London, that the milk, in consequence of the severe shaking and jolting so capitally managed on that line, is effectively turned into solid butter!

CELESTIBUS IRA.

TRIO.—My Lady the Countess.—CIMAROSA.

CUMMING. WISEMAN. PUNCH.

Cumming. My lord the Archbishop, I humbly salute ye,
Your title becomes you, as gems the POPE's shoe-tie:
But only permit me to laugh at the name.

Wiseman. You cunning old CUMMING, his Lordship defies ye,
You heretic humbug, I hate and despise ye,
Your censure is honour, your praise were a blame.

Cumming. You donkey!

Wiseman.

You monkey!

Cumming.

You flunkey!

Wiseman.

You drunken!

Both. Pray bluster your boldest, don't think that I funk ye.

Mr. Punch. (indignantly) O Preachers, O Teachers, be silent, for shame!



FLUNKEIANA.

John Thomas. "YES, I MUST LEAVE. YOU SEE, MARY, MY DEAR—THERE'S TOO MUCH RED IN THE LIVERY, AND THAT DON'T SUIT MY COMPLEXION—NEVER DID!"

THE NORTHERN BEE.

How doth the busy Russian *Bee*
Improve the darkened hour,
And kindly hope it will not see
The fall of England's power.

How skilfully it frames the "sell,"
Forgives Crimean whacks,
And owns JOHN BULL does pretty well
Whate'er he undertakes.

So now, let Russia, with a will,
The works of peace pursue;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For soldier-States to do.

In laying down the Iron Way,
Be her next century passed,
And then, who knows, the world may say—
"She's civilised at last."

Hindoo Smythology.

WE read, in one of the innumerable books recently published upon India, that the—

"Hindoo mythology contains no less than 330,000,000 deities."

We should say that, by this time, the number was increased to 330,000,001; for you may be sure that VERNON SMITH, in return for the great services rendered by him to the Hindoo cause, has already been raised to the rank of a Deity.

PROVERB FOR ALL AGES.—Sorrow grows less and less every time they are told, just like the age of a Woman!

THE HUMILIATION INDEMNITY FUND.

WE have much pleasure in being enabled to state that a numerously attended meeting of serious persons of the superior classes was held on Tuesday last at Exeter Hall, with the truly laudable and pious object of collecting funds for affording compensation to workpeople, and other industrious persons, dependent upon wages, and compelled to lose one whole day's pay, through the appointment of Wednesday as a day of Fast and Humiliation. The Chair was taken by the EARL OF BLOOMSBURY, and on the platform were observed the BISHOP OF BELGRAVIA, and LORD TYBURN, with others of the nobility, gentry, and clergy.

The CHAIRMAN, after having briefly stated the purpose of the meeting, said that the Humiliation which would deprive the lower classes of a day's wages, would be humiliating indeed to the better orders at whose desire, Humiliation Days were appointed. Whilst it placed them in a most humiliating position, it took from their humiliation every particle of merit, or rather rendered what should, be devout humiliation, hypocritical baseness.

LORD TYBURN rose to propose a resolution calculated to carry out the end in view. A national fast was a good thing for those who were in a condition to fast—namely in good condition—having plenty to eat and drink. To call upon the hungry to fast was ridiculous—it was converting a fast into a farce. Those who demanded a fast day ought to pay for it, and demonstrate their penitence and contrition at their own expense, and not at that of their indigent neighbours. The noble lord moved that a Committee be appointed to receive subscriptions for the purpose of indemnifying industrious individuals necessarily deprived of a day's wages through the suspension of business occasioned by the General Humiliation and Fast of Wednesday the 7th inst.

The BISHOP OF BELGRAVIA had much pleasure in seconding the motion. Humiliation and Fasting involved sacrifice; but what sort of a sacrifice was that when the sacrificers were those who rejoiced in wealth and affluence, and the thing sacrificed was the hire of the needy labourer? Did they who were blest with independent property, and many of whom were rolling in superfluous riches, imagine that they should make an acceptable offering out of poor workmen's wages? And what would all their enemies say—especially those who hated them to the death for their opposition to the pernicious errors of Rome? Let them only consider what painful remarks the *Univers* and the *Tablet* would be sure to make on the subject. If the working classes were not compensated for the wages which they would lose by the Humiliation Day, those who inflicted that loss upon them would

do something that would be very similar to devouring the houses of widows; and the pretence of making long prayers would only complete the resemblance. He hoped he need not follow out the comparison suggested.

The Right Reverend Prelate was followed by

SIR JOHN BULLION, Bart., who said that a poor man could not afford to fast. Instead of taking away his wages, those who desired him to fast, ought to supply him with the means of purchasing salt fish and egg-sauce for that purpose. They might humiliate themselves by being guilty of shamefully mean conduct: but he did not see any religion in that. The humiliation of the rich by the impoverishment of the poor might be summarily described. Humiliation was too long a word for it—to express it properly, subtract all the letters of that word but the three first. If they could not humiliate themselves without punishing the poor, they had better let humiliation alone: for such humiliation, as they might expect to find, was worse than no humiliation at all.

Thanks were then voted to the Chairman, and the meeting separated, after £10,000 had been subscribed on the spot.

CIVIL AND MILITARY GRATUITIES.

To the Editor of Punch.

"SIR, "I SEE that GENERAL HAVELOCK has received a Good Service Pension of £100 a-year. Of course this will come out of the public money, and will tend to lessen the fund which is available for granting proper allowances to those to whom they are justly due. Officers enter the Army under certain conditions; they receive so much for their duties, and the understanding is, that for the consideration stated, they are to do their duties as well as possible. For fulfilling their agreement I see no reason why they should receive more than they bargained for. Let them have as much honour as you like, for that costs the public nothing. Honour is the proper recompense for hardships endured, wounds received, and limbs lost; pecuniary compensation should be reserved for those to whom honour is no object, but who appreciate money, and are capable of enjoying it in peace and comfort. GENERAL HAVELOCK'S pension is not a very large one in itself; but it would have formed a pleasant little addition to the compensation allotted to, Sir, your hardly-treated and poorly-required public servant,

"Doctors' Commons, Oct., 1857."

"PROCTOR."

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER OUTDONE.



We extract the following impudent advertisement from a Scarborough newspaper. We think it fairly puts the extinguisher upon all previous attempts at imposition:—

JUST PUBLISHED, and sent post free on receipt of 14 Stamps.

PERSONAL BEAUTY, by a SURGEON.
Containing Simple and Concise Directions for imparting to the Skin a velvety softness; to the Teeth a pearly whiteness; to the Hair a glossy luxuriance; to the Eye a natural brilliancy; to the Breath a fragrant sweetness, and to the Hand a snowy whiteness.

There, for little more than a shilling, are more gifts promised than a fairy godmother ever dropped into the cradle of one of her pet *protégées*! We suppose there are fools who put faith in such advertisements, or else you would not have tradesmen investing their money in setting traps like the above to catch them. The trap is so open that the wonder is, that any fool can be found

short-sighted enough to drop into it. Scarborough must be full of fools, for the newspapers are crowded with similar insults to common sense. It is a pity that the "Surgeon" does not endorse the lies with the authority of his name. It would have given us great pleasure to have drawn the attention of the College of Surgeons to it. Doubtless it is some bathing woman, who is amusing herself by laughing in her blue sleeves at the gullibility of the "Scarborough Fawks." For ourselves we should have great doubts as to the quality of the "velvet" that could be procured for fourteence, though there could not be a second opinion as to the "softness" of the customer who could lend himself to the absurdity of obtaining any such cuticular raiment. As for the "pearly whiteness," we are thunder-struck with the liberality of the "Surgeon," who flings away his pearls at such an incredulously low price.

We have drunk Purl just as often as CLEOPATRA, whom we look upon in history as the original Mother-o'-Purl; we have repeatedly stopped to quench our thirst at the "purling stream;" but we cannot say that we ever found our teeth any the whiter for the refreshing draught. Such pearls are too easily seen through for our money. By the bye, what a faultless *Adonis* this same anonymous "Surgeon" must be, if he only tries the above specifics on himself! What yards of velvet must encompass his soft frame! What teeth, to light up the streets, better than gas, on a dark night! What luxuriant hair to give away in ringlets to his enamoured patients! What an eye for a fee! What fragrant breath to inquire delicately into the state of a love-sick maiden's health, and what a snowy white hand to feel her throbbing pulse! By *Sr. D'ORSAY*, by the gold eyeglass of *VERNON SMITH*, by the broad-brimmed hat of *BARON NATHAN*, we wonder how this *Admirable Crichton* of a "Surgeon" can walk the streets, without being torn by the admiring ladies into a thousand little bits! The mystery is at once explained why the sly dog hides his name. It is the necessity of safety, alas! that compels the incognito.

A CONTRIBUTOR IN A FIX.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Sea-side, September.

"You complain that I am remiss in my duties. You say: 'For the last three weeks I have not received a line from you: I am rather surprised at this conduct, for you are paid so well that you really are in the flesh at the sea-side, whereas many of your brethren are there, as poets are in the moon; either you must change your course, or—'

"Why that fierce and cruel 'or,' my dear *Punch*? That's all I complain of; it's like a Saracen's Head on a pleasant hostelry, or a Dragon on a Chinese shield.

"The fact is, I have quartered my armies so long upon that fertile country which lies under your contributor's hat, that it is bare as an ensign's cheek, or a recruit's head—"yea, from Dan to"—but no, I will not use that saying, I am merciful.

"Now, what am I to do? I look out of window, and there is the shining sea; if I go there I shall be taken up for poaching, for that preserve belongs to those squires, the poets who strum upon the Harp of the North.

"I look upon the heavens—they are theirs also; and I must say they use their subjects up there most despotically; they have made sun, and moon, and stars out the most ridiculous capers—in fact, lowered them so, that a blue-light begins to look upon himself as

somebody. I'll let the stars pass, but I beg to protest against the treatment of the sun and moon, the latter in particular, for she is elderly, and ankles and wisdom grow bigger with years, as wineskins and aldermen grow bigger the more you pour into them; ankles, my dear Sir, aged forty and upwards should be treated like the faces of Turkish women—in fact, they should be supposed by man to be extinct, like the Dodo.

"Well as I am shut out from the sea and heavens I'll turn to earth, and woman is all the earth to me. Alas! I look out of my window, and that conquering Cæsar, the young ADOLPHUS, has conquered her. That man, Sir, is a dove-cote, which all her soft sweet smiles inhabit; he is a grove, where her musical words dwell and sing; he is an isle of the Southern Ocean, where her bright glances play for ever; oh heaven! he is a Paradise, where are those kisses all, all divine; and, in short, he is a humbug. I am in a fix, *Mr. Punch*, like NAPOLEON at St. Helena—by the bye I should have begun a fresh paragraph, as I have brought in NAPOLEON, but never mind.

"I have come to the resolution of killing myself, but as I am in doubt as to the best way of doing it, I'll wait till I receive your advice on that point; though I think that if I fell upon my steel pen, as Cato fell upon his sword, it would be most in keeping; but, as I said, I'll wait for your advice, which shall be implicitly followed." "UNT."

A WORD FROM A WIFE'S MOTHER.

MR. PUNCH has received a very elegantly written and very artful letter from a lady who states herself to be a Wife's Mother, and who complains of the sarcasms which she says *Mr. Punch* and the other Great Writers of the day occasionally discharge against the Mother-in-Law. Our correspondent wishes "a kind word" said for that individual.

Humph!

Well, what sort of a case does the complainant make out?

She says that, "when a young gentleman is making love to a young lady, he endeavours to please the other members of her family," and "may possibly have a kindly feeling towards the girl's Mamma, whose good offices he tries to enlist in his favour." He would not be often asked to a house "if he did not conciliate the mistress thereof." Then the Mamma, believing that he likes her, proceeds after the marriage to act on that conviction, and is cruelly undeceived, and so forth.

Nothing short of a Mother-in-Law's assurance could have drawn such a picture as this. When do young gentlemen make love to young ladies? When, indeed, is it necessary for a young gentleman, if he be a decently eligible party, to do so? Does he not find the love made for him? Tries to enlist the good offices of Mamma! Has a mouse to enlist the good offices of Puss to hold open the door of the trap? Not be asked unless he conciliates the mistress! Why Madam, you know perfectly well that if you want CHARLES, or AUGUSTUS, or FELIX for your son-in-law, you *won't* be offended with him, let him do what he likes. If he breaks your favourite decanter, it was only an accident (MARY ANN BROWN was turned into the street without a character for cracking its fellow in washing it); if he comes to your party in a high state of after-dinnerishness, it is only his high spirits; and if he is downright rude to your friends, it is the manly frankness of his character, which you admire more than specious and hypocritical refinement. Don't talk to us about conciliation; haven't we been married, Madam? We were a good match; and one day we sat down on *Judy's* Mamma's pet lap-dog, and extinguished the same; and the old lady shook the feather in her old red turban, and said, smilingly, that everything must die some time or another. She has hitherto culpably and carefully abstained from fulfilling the prediction in her own case, though; but that is neither here nor there.

And then our correspondent complains that after marriage the Mother-in-Law must not call too often; must weigh her words, lest they be misinterpreted; and must not give the "young creature" (this means the triumphant bride) advice, though other relatives may do as they like without comment.

May they? By Jove! We don't know what you call comment, Madam; but we know what *Mrs. Punch's* long-legged cousin in the Bombay Marines thought when we expounded to him that he was not to come drinking our brandy-pawnee more than four nights in a week, and never in our absence. And a comment which we imparted to *Judy's* uncle BILL, upon that respected relative's habit of calling after we had left for business, borrowing the household cash, and "advising" *Mrs. Punch* how to run up bills, threw that affectionate uncle into such a fury that we almost hoped never to see him any more; but he ultimately cried into a yellow silk handkerchief and asked us for a sovereign. So that even if we do object to our wife's Mother being Vicereine over our wife, we have equal objection to any other form of mixed government.

Our correspondent then introduces, very cunningly, a pretty picture of her own daughters. One is married, and in a distant region. Another is "a dear, good girl," with "a warm and affectionate heart," and—It is of no use, dear Madam, We are married. So are all our young

men, except one, and he squints, and is engaged. POLLY is a sweetly pretty name, and there has been a time when, on the hint in your letter, we should have mounted our gallant steed, and ridden away to have a look at her. But those days are over. You cleverly allude to one HARRY JONES, as attached to her. So, you have caught HARRY JONES, have you? Then be satisfied.

We have some notion that you are a very good Mother-in-Law. That you watch anxiously over your child's happiness, as you cannot and ought not to avoid doing, but don't have a permanent watch-box in her husband's house. That you recollect that your child and her husband are one, and that if he is made uncomfortable, she will suffer also. That you are rather grateful to him for having taken your angel under his care, and entered into bonds to society and the law to provide for her to the end of her days. That you always set his conduct in the best light before her, and never tell her anything that you may hear, or imagine, against him. That you give her motherly and rational advice about her children, without establishing yourself as Governess-General. That you never contrast the behaviour of one of your sons-in-law with that of another, and make MARIA sulky with her husband because FANNY has (according to you) been promised a new more antique white MARIA's husband can't see that that silk has been worn often enough. That you don't use MARIA's influence upon her husband to get him to accept bills for your son by your first marriage, or to be your wine-merchandising and small-coaling brother's security to an assurance society. That, in short, you are an admirable woman, and one of whom (to say nothing of your still handsome face) a son-in-law is as proud as a man ought to be of any feminine connection.

You are all this, Madam. So are many thousands of Mothers-in-Law (we have been told), and that those who are not may reform themselves into the likeness of those who are, *Mr. Punch* occasionally administers salutary hints and advice. Are you answered, Madam? Was a Wife's Mother ever answered?

DOUBTFUL BENEFIT OF CLERGY.



O READERS of the *Record* and similarly biassed prints, it is no uncommon thing to see a cook or housemaid advertise herself as being "truly pious," which epithet is classed with her commendatory qualities, her knowledge of made dishes or proficiency in needlework. This sort of kitchen stuff must be in demand with some people, or there would soon cease to be provided a supply of it. Servants, no doubt, find it answer to prefix themselves as pious, or they would most probably not pay for space to do so. Whatever be our own opinion on the subject, that adjective may prove of serious advantage to them in applying for a situation in a Serious Family.

It is only by a somewhat similar assumption that we are able to explain the following advertisement, which, merely altering the last three letters of the name, we quote in its entirety from a sea-side paper:—

CADGER.

MOTHERS AND FATHERS WHO WISH TO HAVE

PURE HOME MADE BREAD

for their families, can be confidently recommended by
a Clergyman and family to

CADGER'S, 145, LOW STREET,

NEAR THE OLD POST OFFICE.

Now, with all respect and reverence for the uses of the Church, we cannot see what use it can be to the community to know what bakers' bread a Clergyman affects—and it puzzles us to think why a Clergyman's approval should be deemed of so much worth in so unclerical a matter.

The Clergy, it is true, are reputed to look sharply out for loaves and fishes, but we cannot assume therefore that their judgment of "pure home-made bread" is superior to other people's: indeed we should ourselves put much more faith in the opinion of a chemist or physician. A Clergyman, we grant, may be a connoisseur of crust in port, and the crustiness of loaves may also come within his knowledge: but of their make and freedom from adulteration, he can be no better judge by virtue of his calling. It may be in his profession to examine and to analyse the purity of motives, but he can pretend to no more insight into that of bread than had he remained a member of the laity.

But however much it puzzles us to guess the reason why a Clergyman should so prominently figure in a baker's advertisement, it is a still greater bewilderment to find his family dragged in as referees also. We might almost think from this, that so little weight attaches to the Clergyman's opinion that additional testimony is deemed requisite to back it. Or are we to infer, that the family act merely as deputy respondents, and that when the Clergyman is absent one of them is always in the way to answer questions? We are much too lazy now to try to solve this problem, and indeed it would be quite a waste of idle time to do so. But without much deep reflection, we may see, however pure this home-made bread may be, so reverend a reference is quite as pure a puff: and the benefit of clergy in such a case as this, to use the mildest adjective, we must consider doubtful.

THE ULTRAMONTANE AGAINST ENGLAND.

TO HIS FÉTICHE.

A BIGOT, kneeling to a doll, cut angles on his breast,
And he prayed against Old England, whom the Roman priests detest,
An object sad he was to see for any Christian souls,
With his sinister and scowling eyes, and his sallow lantern joles.

"How long," the shaven devotee the painted doll besought,
"Ere England's power and greatness shall to nothingness be brought?
Oh! when shall dogged courage her possessions fail to save?
When shall her now triumphant fleets be swept from every wave?"

"Shall she survive this Indian blow, and rise again once more,
As we, alas! have seen her do so many times before,
According to her boastful strain, the Saints which should provoke,
More dreadful to her enemies for every foreign stroke.

"How long ere we shall point to her, and say: Lo! where she lies,
Who dared resist the Holy See, and Rome's decrees despise?
Till then, except us faithful, who with flowers will deck thy shrine,
And bend the knee before thee, and acknowledge thee divine?"

"How soon, were England's sun set, would the pious night return,
Which to illuminate we should our holy tapers burn!
The baleful rays of Knowledge would be soon extinguished quite,
Then Faith, once more, again on Earth would shed the only light.

"The old world's glory underwent a long and deep eclipse,
When all that any one was taught proceeded from our lips;
Why should not modern science—that to witchcraft is akin—
Decline and die like classic lore, alike the birth of sin?"

"The sun will then move round the earth as it was wont of yore,
Antipodes will scandalize the faithful soul no more;
And Heaven will be above the vault of blue, o'erhanging wide,
With none but those who worship thee upon the other side.

"No longer, then, the iron horse will fly with wings of steam,
Presumption's lightning wire will then have vanished like a dream;
True miracles will these succeed: and Saints, secure from jokes,
Will shine by night and oceans cross upon their sacred cloaks.

"But, ah! while England holds her own, a beacon to mankind,
Vile heresy will rear its head, refusing to be blind
In order by our priestly aid that it may learn to see,
And tell its beads and sing its hymns, and say its prayers to thee.

"Oh! expedite the happy hour when man shall cease to think,
And all confess that thou canst nod, and own that thou canst wink,
But this will never come to pass while England's hale and strong;
How long ere she shall perish then, adorable, how long?"

A Blue-Stocking that Wants Mending.

An elderly *Bas Bleu*, being asked for an inscription to the JENNER Monument, seized hold of a pen in a Delphic frenzy of inspiration, and, in the readiest manner, dotted down the following:—

Pore Curante!

"HE REPEALED THE SMALL POX."



THE ARTISTIC (C) STUDIO.

A Stereoscopic Scene from Fashionable Life.

"Love, Pride, Revenge."—THE GROUP REPRESENTS A YOUNG MINSTREL OF HUMBLE ORIGIN, DECLARING HIS PASSION TO A LADY OF NOBLE PARENTAGE. HER HAUGHTY BROTHER, AS MAY BE SEEN FROM HIS MENACING ATTITUDE, IS ABOUT TO AVENGE THE INSULT OFFERED TO HIS FAMILY!

THE HEROIC CRAFTS.



LETTER to the *Times*, signed E. J., gives a list of the several trades of recruits who had joined the Dépôts at Parkhurst within the preceding fortnight. The intention of the writer is to convince drapers' assistants that if they entered the ranks of the Army they would be at no loss to find respectable companions. He proves, however, something more than that. Out of 33 recruits, of various trades, there are four shoemakers, and no less than five tailors, whilst the number of shoe-makers is equalled only by that of the bakers. Here is one more fact in proof of the martial and pugnacious turn which has been lately discovered to characterize tailors and shoemakers; especially tailors: a fact in singular contradiction to the antiquated idea, which imputed peculiar meekness

and pusillanimity to those craftsmen.

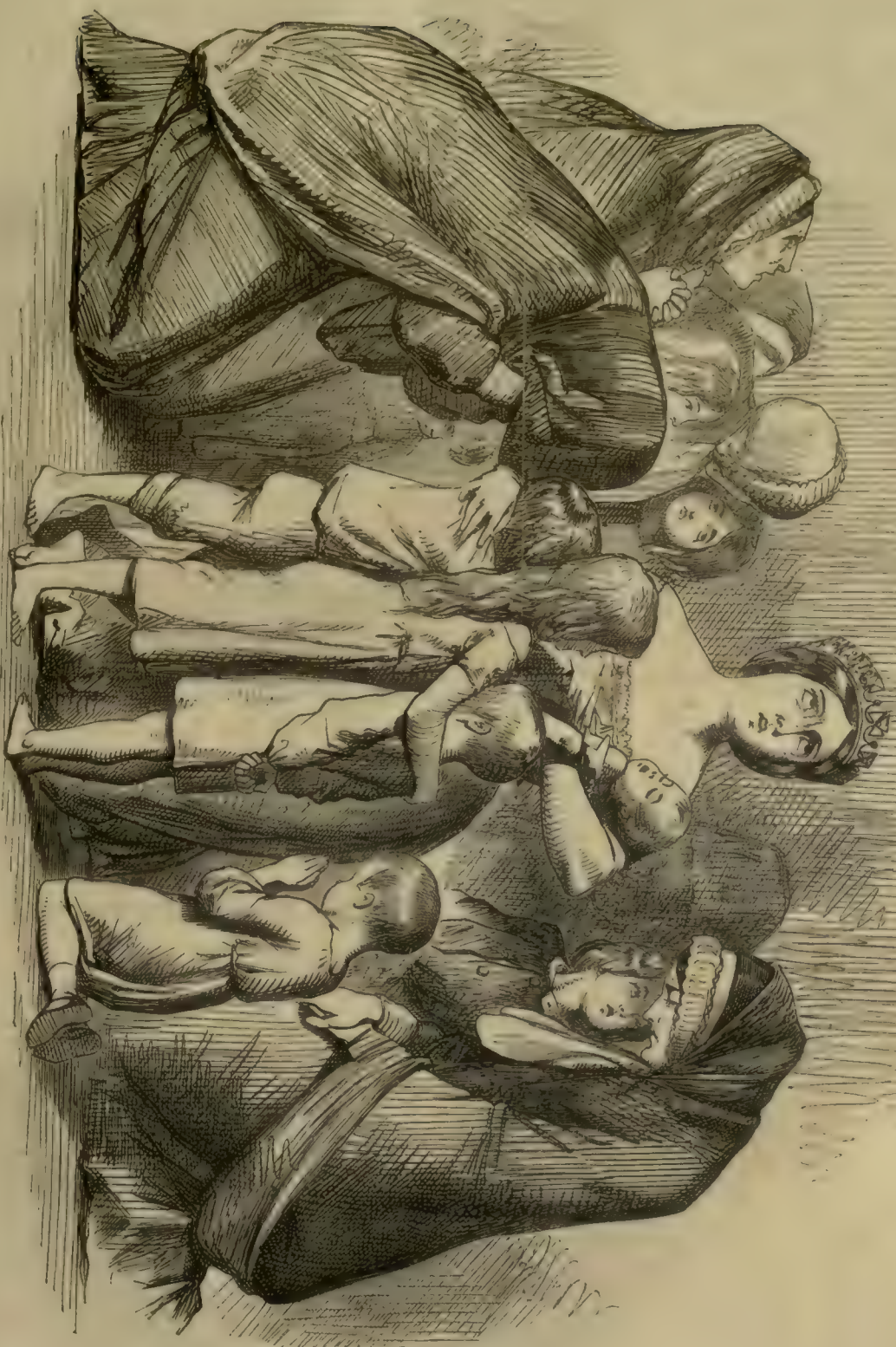
That bakers should form a comparatively large proportion of recruits is not surprising: they are in a measure inured to service by having to stand fire: but what it is that inflames the breast of the shoemaker and tailor, particularly, with military ardour, philosophy fails to discover. The suggestion that the shoemaker, from the material on which he operates, derives a fancy for leathering the enemies of his country, appears far fetched, and little better can be said for the supposition, that the tailor has constantly an object in view which inspires him with a desire to cook their goose.

THE FINES ON THE FAST-DAY.

MR. PUNCH has the utmost pleasure in announcing that great numbers of the higher classes, struck with the extreme injustice of the arrangement by which, in the case of the humbler orders, actors, singers, and all others who are paid Daily Wages, a Fine, amounting to a day's earnings, is imposed by a National Fast, have resolved on placing themselves on an equality with their fellow-subjects upon occasion of the Day of Humiliation. They have determined to Fine themselves, each in the sum of his day's income, (which is not affected by the order for suspension of business and pleasure) and to hand the same over to the Indian Fund in the name of some portion of the classes whose sacrifice of income is compulsory. Among the donations which have been already received are contributions from

The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY	in the name of	Canterbury Hall.
SIR T. N. BUXTON	"	Haymarket Theatre.
BARING, Brothers	"	Adelphi.
HANKEY, PANKEY, and Co.	"	Wizard of the North,
White's Club	"	Bosco, &c.
LORD DILLON	"	Blacking Brigade.
The Garrick Club	"	Lyceum.
Master of the Horse	"	The Garrick Theatre
LORD MACAULAY	"	ASTLEY'S.
MARTIN F. TUPPER, ESQ.	"	The Printers.
EARL OF DERBY	"	The Paper-stainers.
MR. DISRAELI, M.P.	"	The Sweepers.
MR. JOHN O'CONNELL	"	O Clo'!
Royal Academy	"	The Dyers.
SIR C. WOOD	"	The Painters.
JAMES WILSON, Esq., M.P.	"	The Carpenters.
Law Amendment Society	"	The Tilers.
VERNON E——, Esq., M.P.	"	The Tinkers.
	"	The Smiths.

Other Contributions will be duly announced.



“O GOD OF BATTLES! STEEL MY SOLDIERS’ HEARTS!”

Henry V., Act IV.



"LITTLE GIRLS, COME OUT TO PLAY."

"The (Pianoforte) play's the thing."

We extract the following Hints from a newspaper, called *The Englishwoman's Review*:

1. When asked to play, you must comply at once; for, says this rare specimen of an *Englishwoman*:—

"One apology such as this—'I will readily comply with your wishes, but I must claim your extreme indulgence,' is worth more than a bushel of those stereotyped excuses, which affected young ladies are always well supplied with."

The advice is good, and we admire the quiet slap in the face that is administered to "affected young ladies;" but we are not quite sure whether the young lady, who, upon being led up to the pianoforte was to say: "I will readily comply with your wishes, but I must claim your extreme indulgence," would not be rather open to the charge of affectation herself. We are afraid that some satirical Miss would call her "pretentious," and report her to her giggling young friends as "an affected upstart of a blue-stocking, that had just made her escape from some Minerva Hall in the neighbourhood of Turnham Green."

2. The second piece of advice is:—

"If you sing, do so without grimaces."

Our *Englishwoman* informs us that this is not so "easy as, at the first blush of the thing, it would appear; for—

"Many of our greatest, or at any rate, most popular singers, pull shocking faces while charming the spell-bound audiences with their silvery tones."

It is a pity that the names of these popular singers have not been mentioned. Perhaps, it is MR. COWELL, or MR. ROSS, or MESSRS. WRIGHT and BEDFORD, when those two comic twins (those local 'Adephoi') are singing together in a burlesque?

3. To guard against these grimaces, young ladies, you are recommended to—

"Put a looking-glass before you, when you are singing at home, and you will scarce credit that that smiling dimpled face could ever have looked so crabbed."

We do not disapprove of this holding the mirror up to nature, if the play of the features is improved by it; though, on reflection, we think a young GASSIER, who was intent upon watching her beautiful image in the glass before her, would, as she was warbling "*Portrait Charmant*," be apt to pay more attention to the expression of the mouth than to the expression of the music or the words.

4. Here is an invaluable bit of advice:—

"Enunciate as you would in speaking, being careful to point out the lips for e's and o's, to have a mouth in a smiling position for a's, and teeth properly closed for e's and all such closed tones."

Nothing is said, in the above instructions, about the management of the nose. The fair pupil is left completely in the dark as to whether she is to compress or dilate her nostrils, or, in fact, what she is to do with them. Yet the practice of singing through the nose is by no means uncommon in society. We notice, also, that the e's are left out in the above list of vowels, and likewise that no recognition has been taken of w. Why should w and e be invidiously slighted, we should like to know?

5. We are somewhat startled out of our propriety by the subjoined:—

"Do not breathe audibly, nor imitate the duck in the storm, by turning up the white of your eyes."

This strikes us as strange language to be addressed to ladies in a ladies' newspaper.

6. However, we agree thoroughly with the good sense displayed in the following hint:—

"If you have the slightest cold, cease your daily practice."

7. But we are doomed to be shocked again the very next minute by such a startling suggestion as—

"If you wish to rid yourself of a hoarseness, take a little rum with the drippings from bacon in it (infallible), and talk very little."

The rum and the bacon are too much for us. We feel inclined to call out with GEORGE THE FOURTH for "HARRIS, a glass of brandy!" only our servant's name happens to be OXER, and not HARRIS. Still, the shock to our nervous system has been so great, that, though we are talking to young ladies, we must have the brandy. "Here, OXER, two glasses of brandy!" As for the precept about "talking very little," we should think it belonged to that class of things that are reputed to be much "more easily said than done."

We have reached the climax of absurdity. After the rum and bacon, all the other elaborate instructions to young ladies only taste insipid. However, we subjoin a few curiosities, by way of bonbons after the dessert.

8. When you are playing, you must

"Sit gracefully, but not stiffly: sufficiently high to allow your fore-arm to incline downwards from the elbow to the keys. Keep your hands in a rounded position from the wrist, and never let your thumb fall below the key-board."

We are astonished that our *Englishwoman* has omitted to lay down the rule that you must not attempt to touch the notes with your elbows, or your knees, or your feet, or your nose, or your head, in vainly endeavouring to imitate the gymnastical performances of THALBERG, RUBINSTEIN, or LISTZ.

9. Young ladies are sternly admonished to

"Be careful to sit with an erect back, as round-shouldered players are by no means uncommon."

We are very sorry to hear it. In the choice of your instrument, and in the style of your playing it, young ladies, let everything be as square as possible.

We should be very sorry to live next door to this refined *Englishwoman*, for she informs us that yesterday "she practised ten hours." Merciful powers! what a blessing a neighbour like that must be in a new lath-and-plaster house with brown-paper divisions! To her pupils, however, she is more merciful, for she is considerate enough to say:—

"Three or four hours most masters advise as the daily amount of work at the piano: but I find it an excellent plan to play till Nature tells me to stop."

We should think four hours more than ample. At all events, we should not like to be condemned to live under the same roof as the young lady who practised four hours a-day. We would as soon think of taking lodgings over DISTIN's shop. If "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," we are confident that all play (at the pianoforte) and no work (at anything else) would succeed in making JAMES a remarkably stupid girl. How many a sensible girl has completely lost her head at *The Battle of Prague*!

THE ALDERMANIC SQUABBLE.

SAYS Crockery to Tallow,

"You're an impudent fallow,"

Says Tallow to Crockery,

"I won't stand your mockery."

Says Punch; "Both on wrong keys,

Shut up, you two Donkeys."

OURSELF IN A RAGE.

We can't stand this, and if the EMPEROR NAPOLEON can, we shall take up the quarrel on our own account. We mean, (perhaps we are in too great a rage to be coherent, but somebody shall understand us in time, we engage) we mean the behaviour of MARIA of Petersburg to our beloved EUGÉNIE of Paris. It is proper that the matter should be understood. Old NICHOLAS of Russia, now abated, made a point of insulting LOUIS NAPOLEON, and refusing to recognise him as one of the family of Sovereigns; if that indeed be an insult, or as if Corsican blood is not as good, at least, as Cossack. But Russia having been exceeding well thrashed—by the said L. N., with the aid of Q. V. and another or so, the successors to the abated NICHOLAS deemed it as well to make a sort of surly atonement for the old one's insolence. First, Grand Duke CONSTANTINE was sent to Paris, and though he is a coarse kind of Cub, whose rudeness to all whom he dared to annoy disgusted the French Court and People, still Nick's son had made the first call on LOUIS NAPOLEON. Then, a meeting of the Emperors was arranged, and ALEXANDER was to come to Darmstadt, and take home his wife, MARIA, who had been staying with her friends, and was too unwell, she said, to come to Stuttgart.

For, it had been settled that the EMPRESS EUGÉNIE should come to Stuttgart with her husband, and this being understood, MARIA intimated that she should not come. She did not want to meet the EMPRESS. Against this we have nothing to say—she knew how the beautiful Spanish lady would eclipse her, both in looks and fascination, and every woman has a right to protect herself. The husbands meet at Stuttgart, but EUGÉNIE does not go. As soon as MARIA finds this out, she unexpectedly comes over, bolts into the Congress, and makes herself exceedingly busy. Her excuse is, according to the *Times*, that ALEXANDER is such a muff that the sagacious L. N. would have turned him round his finger but for his wife; and this is very likely true; but she knew his folly before, and could have arranged accordingly. The fact is, that she wanted to insult the EMPRESS EUGÉNIE, who, happily for herself, is not of Royal blood, and she has done it like an ill-bred female Cossack. We own to being in a rage, and to using strong language, for EUGÉNIE is a great pet of ours (we have shown it in many beautiful pictures and otherwise), and the man or woman who insults her insults us. We are only waiting to know what LOUIS NAPOLEON means to do; because if he exacts no reparation, we shall ourselves declare war upon the Court of Russia. The man who would refuse to stretch forth his hand when a lovely Empress is insulted, is unworthy of the name of

WHO'S TO BLAME?

OR PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF A LOCOMOTIVE.

THERE was once upon a time an old locomotive.

She had been a first-rate piece of engine-building in her day. Old GEORGE STEPHENSON, when he turned her out of his yard at Newcastle—it was before they brought out that long-bodied, herring-gutted, racing style of locomotive that now flashes its express-train along at sixty miles an hour, and occasionally jumps down an embankment, or over a viaduct, it's so light and lively—Old GEORGE clapped her on the breech of her round, cobby boiler, with his own honest hand, as the mechanics ran her down, and cried: "Thou's a bonny thing; that thou is!" And on the spot he christened her *The Blazer*.

Old GEORGE had an eye for a locomotive.

The Blazer was a bonny thing.

For years she did her work on the Stockton and Darlington line,—that modest mother, from whose iron loins has sprung the whole giant race of railway-lines in the Old World and the New. It was honest, regular, steady work on that line. Like its Quaker Directors, the company was never in a hurry either to do its journeys, or to raise its dividends. It began with a cool fifteen miles an hour, and a comfortable ten per cent. The fifteen miles have doubled; but the ten per cent. dividend remains as it was. On a less Quakerish line, they would have quadrupled the pace, and brought the dividend down to one per cent. by this time. Well, *The Blazer* worked between dull Darlington and ship-yardy Stockton, for many a year, till the gloss was worn off her paint, and her iron and brass-work began to look weather-beaten. But her boiler was made of right good stuff. Flaws were rare in Old GEORGE's plates; and his rivets were good-holding ones, and well clenched. Whatever part of *The Blazer*, might want the doctor, her boiler was all sound. So she puffed, and panted, and wheezed, and snorted, and ran her quiet, happy youth out, on that primitive line, till railways had grown, and stretched their iron arms over the whole island. One day *The Blazer*, now a steady, middle-aged locomotive, was transferred, with some other part of the rolling stock which the makers could spare, and had a customer for (on highly remunerative terms), to one of the dashing, new Midland lines, got up on the Hudson high-pressure system of, "a short life and a merry one."

They took it out of their servants and stock, the better to take in the public. Every pointsman, and signal-man, and station-master, had three men's business to attend to, and every locomotive had to work double tides, on half allowances of care, oil, and overhauling. "Making things pleasant" was the motto of this Company, and everything—the comfort of servants, the interest of shareholders, the safety of passengers—was risked recklessly for the purpose of swelling dividends till they couldn't be swelled any more, and collapsed under the crushing hands of hard fact. The poor old *Blazer* suffered with the rest. Many and many a journey did the shaky old creature make, when she ought to have been in hospital at the repairing-house. Many a journey did she get through with the pleasant conviction that her water-gauge was out of order, and her safety-valve useless. But work she must, and the lower the bill her engineer had to show for repairs at the year's end the better for him. Her boiler-plates were getting remarkably thin now—oxidisation and deposits had done their work; and here and there a rivet was getting shaky. But there was no time for overhauling her; and a new boiler would have figured as a heavy item under the head "repairs of rolling stock;" so on the *Blazer* went, scaled plates, shaky rivets and all. At last it came. One fatal journey the poor old thing had to take a heavier turn of duty than had ever been laid on her before. It was on an express train, started to race the express of a rival line. By overworking every inch of man, and every ounce of metal, it was just possible to shorten the journey by a quarter of an hour. So the quarter of an hour was to be saved, of course, and when one of the Directors—a new-comer—hinted at danger, he was most caustically reprimanded by the Chairman, and contemptuously put down by the Board.

Off went the lightning express at the heels of the old *Blazer*, working at nobody knows how many pounds pressure to the square inch. As might have been expected, "smash" went one of her worn-out boiler-plates. The nearest carriages slacked their speed, the middle ones were jammed up into the air by those behind them; three compartments went over the embankment: a score of people were killed, some hundreds maimed—the reporters were busy—inquests were held—and verdicts were returned,

Against whom?

Against the *Blazer*, or against the Directors, who allowed that worn-out locomotive to be used?

What says COMMON SENSE?

Surely the poor old *Blazer* was not to blame. She had done her work well while she could, and had lasted longer than ninety-nine locomotives out of a hundred. But first, the man whose business it was to see that engine kept in proper order—*i.e.*, the engineer—had neglected his business.

And, secondly, the man whose business it was to see that the man whose business it was to see that engine kept in proper order did *his* business—*i.e.*, the superintendent of rolling stock—had neglected *his* business.

And, thirdly, the man whose business it was to see that the man whose business it was to see that the man whose business it was, &c., &c., &c.,—*i.e.*, the Directors—had neglected *their* business.

In short, everyone was to blame but the *Blazer*. She broke down in obedience to the laws of nature.

Well, will it be believed that the Directors, in solemn conclave had the impudence to propose trying the poor old locomotive?

There's another Company—on a much larger scale, which has met with a similar catastrophe. An old locomotive, called the GENERAL LLOYD, part of the stock of the East India Company, has lately broken down near the Dinapore Station, at a most critical moment for the safety of every passenger in charge of the Company.

There has been an awful smash; and—

The Directors talk of trying the poor, old locomotive—which it was their duty to have had overhauled every journey, and which, if they had done their duty, would have been quietly waiting in the yard to be broken up for old iron, many a year ago.! Don't you think the British public has a right to ask

"WHO'S TO BLAME?"



PITY FOR THE POOR SEPOYS!

"MR. PUNCH,

"SPARE while you strike." "Blend mercy with justice." I wish, Sir, you would tell the twaddlers, who keep bleating these copy-book moralities, to hold their tongues. "Hang not at all," is a doctrine I can understand; but, if you are to hang at all, hang every Sepoy you can catch. And let us have no more idle deprecation of the public cry for vengeance. Do not hang, if you object to death punishment; but, anyhow, don't hang and cant. Let us not talk of mercy and forgiveness towards a criminal while we throttle him. Execution is vengeance, whatever we may call it. Chapter and verse are quoted against revenge. But chapter and verse must be construed reasonably. Chapter and verse, if understood literally, would oblige us to send out pale ale and preserved meat to our enemies, the Indian mutineers. Chapter and verse are to be read, not only with grammar in view, but also with rhetoric. Hyperbole is one of the figures for which allowance must be made in reading chapter and verse. Private and personal revenge are doubtless forbidden by chapter and verse, and individuals are counselled to disarm attack by concession. But the public is not required to put up with outrages upon human nature; and doubtless the burning indignation which such crimes excite arises from a sentiment implanted in man, on purpose to secure the punishment of atrocious criminals. Let us, Sir, in this, as in all other affairs, regard

"THINGS RATHER THAN WORDS."

"P.S.—POOR NENA SAHIB! If he should be captured, and our vengeful authorities cannot be prevailed on to spare him, might he not be allowed to expiate his little offences against English women and children—under the influence of chloroform!"

SACRIFICES TOO ALARMING.



RITING from Bond-street, a dashing young haberdasher, under the signature of H. G. W., states certain obvious reasons why young men-milliners are not quite so ready to enlist for private soldiers as they are expected to be. The sum of his communication is, that if you are to get parties into the Army from behind the counter, you must render the exchange worth their

while. Half-a-crown a-day, and, on passing a sufficient, but not too strict, examination, a commission guaranteed to the survivors, in a new Native Regiment, are his terms, which are certainly reasonable; and, if these are granted, he says, with characteristic spirit and in language to match:—

"I am certain that in a few weeks, from the London drapers alone, a battalion of young men eager to avenge the atrocities of NENA SAHIB AND CO. might be raised, to be called the First Battalion of Volunteer Guards, or the Royal Counterjumpers."

To ask a young man to throw up a salary from five to twenty times as much as the pay of a soldier, in order to embrace a soldier's life, with all its hardships and dangers, and its poor look-out in the event of not being cut short; whereas, by sticking to the shop he might in time become a Lord Mayor or a Member of Parliament, is to call upon him to make a tremendous sacrifice not to be expected even of a linendraper. "Allow me to tempt you," is a phrase which the Recruiting Sergeant ought to be enabled to address to the linendraper's assistant with some prospect of success if the temptation is permitted. Superior articles—of agreement—the tempter should have to exhibit, and not such as any respectable young man of decent intelligence and education would pronounce to be decidedly inferior. Otherwise the answers which the Sergeant will generally get from behind the counter will be: "We couldn't do it, really," and "No, Sir; not at this establishment."

AN ART TREASURE.

"MR. PUNCH,

"I AM one of that interesting class of men, well born, what is called well-educated, well-dressed, good-looking, with a hatred of everything low—including work—who find it so hard to meet with a place in the world at once suited to their obvious claims, their tastes and their capacities. The time has been when I should have been easily and comfortably provided for in a Government situation. But the low and levelling spirit of middle-class agitation has reached even the administrative circles, and my way to a clerkship in the Red Tape and Sealing-Wax Department, in which my family held lucrative and dignified situations for many generations, is barred against me by those offensive Civil Service examiners, to whose vulgar pretensions, I, for one, am determined never to submit myself. In the good old times the Army might have offered me a resource. But Commissions without purchase are now given to Officers' children, forsooth,—won by competitive examination, I dare say, or reached by some such pedantic road—and I don't mean to give any Board the pleasure of prying into my style and spelling."

"Even for diplomatic appointments, they are now beginning to insist on a knowledge of foreign languages, and I dare say there's an examination, or some similar annoyance, to be faced even for an *attaché*-ship. But I have not tried my chance in that quarter, as our connection is at present in opposition. At all events, here I am, at twenty-seven, with my birth, breeding, and accomplishments, literally not knowing where to turn for a sovereign! There's the diggings—but am I to go and associate with a set of navvies? There's the bush; cattle-hunting seems good fun enough—but only imagine smearing sheep against the scab, with the thermometer at 85°, and eating kangaroo steamed, and parakeet-pie, made by a black woman. Volunteering for India's out of the question. The Company's service is not the thing, and the heat would be too great a bore."

"Thus barred from all avenues, I will not say to fortune or distinction—perhaps I have no right to expect these—but even to

BLACK STRAP BERRIES.

A CERTAIN Inn of late, by chance,
I, in a ramble, passed:
When, at the portal steps, a glance
Upon a man I cast.
A basket which, upon his crown,
This individual bore,
He took therefrom, and set it down
At that same Tavern-door.

This basket being full of fruit,
Did my attention seize;
'Twas crammed with berries black as soot,
In one word, blackberries.
Now, to that Tavern if I go,
And happen there to dine,
There's one thing I won't do, I know:
I'll call for no Port wine.

TO GENTLEMEN IN SEARCH OF EXCITEMENT.

WE have seldom seen an advertisement that held out livelier prospects to the person who may succeed in gaining the post it offers than this:—

A SCHOOLMASTER, possessed of a missionary spirit, is REQUIRED for a Protestant mixed ragged school, established principally for the children of Roman Catholics. The requirement is for three months, with a possibility of permanency. Address, with references to the Committee.

The "possibility of permanency," we should suppose, will very much depend on whether the schoolmaster does or does not get his head broken in the first three months' exercise of his "missionary spirit."

One can imagine the scene in the neighbourhood of this Protestant ragged school intended for Roman Catholic children!

We beg strongly to recommend the situation to the
REV. HUGH HANNA.

comfort and independence, you may conceive with what delight my eye felt the other day on this advertisement:—

ARTISTIC STUDIO.—WANTED Young Gentlemen, as SITTERS for GROUP PICTURES gentlemanly looking. Apply personally, in a fashionable ball-dress, to G.R., 12, J— Place, New Road, from 3 to 5 o'clock. 4s. for every two hours' sitting.

"I hasten to communicate the announcement to your widely circulated pages, in the hope it may meet the eye of young men, like myself, ornamental, but denied the means of usefulness by the iniquitous arrangement of Society. Two shillings an hour is twelve shillings a-day for six hours' work—nay, six hours' sitting—which cannot be very fatiguing. A man can live on that with strict economy, and a judicious use of the advantages of his club; particularly if he has a gentlemanlike knowledge of billiards, and can hold his aces at whist."

"I am this moment starting for J— Place. I haven't the remotest idea where it is. I'm afraid it is not the part of Town in which one would like to earn a living; but I have no right to be nice.—Trusting that this letter will be the means of opening up to others that avenue to employment for 'gentlemanly-looking young men,' who can command a fashionable ball-dress, of which I am about to avail myself. I remain, Mr. Punch, Yours Faithfully,

"PERCY VERNON MONTGOMERY LAZY-TONGUE."

"P.S.: I reopen my letter! Oh gracious goodness! what have I gone through! I paid my last available five shillings to have the wretches photographed. There they are! (at page 150)."

"These are the 'gentlemanly-looking young men!' These are the 'fashionable ball-dresses!' He wants us to stand for Stereoscopic slides, of 'Scenes from Life; the Upper Circles' as the Snob calls it. He actually told me that I was 'too quiet.'—That my style of dress wasn't 'spicy enough;' and asked if I hadn't such a thing as a coat with a silk lining to the lapelles, and a worked dicky! I suppose I shall have to carry a board about the streets,—but I wouldn't earn my bread among such a set of snobs, if it was to be twice as thickly buttered!

"I send my letter, with this postscript. The bane and the antidote.—Oblige me by inserting the picture, as a warning to persons situated like myself."

* Note by Editor.—We have corrected the orthography and punctuation of our distinguished correspondent.



THE TREMENDOUS SACRIFICE.

Lord Pam. "AND JUST AS THEY WERE COMING ON SO BEAUTIFULLY, TOO!"

A SONG FOR THE SHOP.

AIR—"The Minstrel Boy."

THE draper's man to the war is gone,
In the foremost ranks you'll find him;
His knapsack he has buckled on,
His tape-yard left behind him.
"Hands so strong," cried the warrior, fired,
"No woman's work were made for:
Such sinew now for war's required,
And more—will be well paid for!"

THE shopman fell!—but his fame survived,
With heroes now recorded;
He served his country while he lived,
He died not unrewarded.
"Go, tell my shopmates," he exclaimed,
"To leave their silks and tapers;
In England's need brave hearts are claimed,
And souls above all drapery!"

MINUTE DOSES.

SOME advertising grocers of Leicester advertise "Tooth-ache cured in One Minute." After this comes an announcement of "Cough Cured in One Minute!" and this again is followed up by the statement of "A Broken Vase made whole in One Minute." The above specifics only teach us what a deal may be achieved in so small a space of time as sixty seconds! We wonder these puffing tea-dealers, who seem to sell everything, from bacon to blisters, do not prolong the list of their boasted cures. Why do they not advertise, "Bacon Cured in One Minute," "A Man's Bad Temper Cured in One Minute," or "A Woman's Broken Heart made whole in One Minute?" It would not be a bad experiment to send *La Traviata* to Leicester, to see whether her cough could be cured in the time specified, and whether her broken frame could be repaired as expeditiously as a broken vase.

THE WRITER OUGHT TO BE PIKED.—The idle man promises, the active man performs. In so far as they give evidence of inactivity, Promises are like Pike Rust.

BAGMEN FOR THE BATTLE-FIELD.

WHY should not women serve women in drapers'-shops? To suppose that there is no reason why they should not is a very great mistake. Mark what girls invariably do when they pass one another in the street. Observe their eyes. Askance, instantly glance those of each to scan the dress of the other. This ocular movement is almost involuntary. The expression which attends it may be that of contempt or vexation, but is never that of admiration—never that with which the reflection of a dress is viewed in the looking-glass. The feeling which betrays itself in this look unfits a girl behind the counter to show off drapery to one before it. It causes her to perform the task in a perfunctory manner; she cannot do it cordially: goes through it with a rather repulsive coldness. She cannot, as an imaginative shopman can, make rapturous eyes at the article, as viewed in fancy on the person of the fair customer. Moreover, she is unable to praise and recommend it heartily; nor can she assist in a choice between different goods: for ladies, as every man knows who has ever gone shopping with them, even in choosing patterns for themselves, find much more difficulty than they have in deciding between rival suitors. Besides, they generally prefer the masculine opinion as to what most becomes them, to that of their own sex.

No: but there is a department in the drapery line, and other lines, wherein men might very well be replaced by women—that of Commercial Traveller. In this, girls would have to do not with other girls, but with men; and their winning ways in regard to mankind might thus be exercised to advantage. A T.L., or Travelling Lady, would be worth a dozen T.G's, or Travelling Gents, to any house that would commission her to procure orders. The only objection to the substitution of bagwomen for bagmen that can be imagined is that which might be made by innkeepers; for if Travelling Gents were superseded by Travelling Ladies, the commercial-room would not pay so well as it does: since few, if any, cigars would be smoked in it, and much more tea would be drunk than brandy-and-water. The female travellers could easily learn to ride across country, or drive a gig: and the displaced bagmen might transfer themselves to the Light Cavalry.

RAMPANT RIBBONISM.

THE appeal of the *Times* to the Ribbonmen of England, that they should for once not mind their business, and should turn their hands to serve the country rather than the counter, has elicited a glow of anything but patriotism, and more fire of indignation than of martial spirit.

We grant it is the tendency of feminine pursuits in some measure to unsex the masculine pursuer: but it is a libel on our countrywomen to say the want of pluck the drapers have exhibited is in any way feminine, although it be unmanly. There are few women just now who have not wished that they were men, that they might act as the avengers of their outraged sisterhood. But the "respectable young men" who have been writing to the papers are clearly uninfected by such vulgar spirit. As business-men they take a mere commercial view of matters, and regard enlistment only as a trading speculation, from which they are deterred by their doubts if it will pay them.

But we have more than half, indeed we have at least nine-tenths of a suspicion, that the letters which incline us to the foregoing expressions, although signed by the shopmen, have been written by their masters. It is said that drapers would lose custom by losing their young men, and it is inferred that they are therefore anxious to dissuade them from enlistment. The appeal, then, should be turned from the counter to the counting-house. Drapers are accustomed to "Alarming Sacrifices," let them, if it prove so, now prepare to make one. Let every haberdashing hero beat recruits from his assistants, and put down his loss as a debt against his country. But we dispute the jumped conclusion that he would thereby be a loser. At any rate, we think we can prescribe him a preventive. If he fear that ladies will desert his shop when only served by women, let him but post a placard that his men have "GONE TO INDIA," and our word for it, his trade will not fall off in consequence.

MUNIFICENCE OF THE AGE!—A Manchester gentleman advertises "for a penny paper, the day after publication, at half-price."

A TRIFLE FROM SPITHEAD.



HERE was a good hit in our friend DR. CUMMING'S Fast-Day sermon. He reminded his hearers that he had always protested against the assumption of Titles by the Popish hierarchy, and that now we found the very priests whom we had permitted to violate the law, gratefully hindering enlistment, and preventing charity. However, we are not for violent measures with these foreigners. If, to be in keeping with their contemptible conduct, a vulgar illustration be permitted, we would merely remark, that the more these Italian irons are stuck into the fire, the more inclined are decent folk, Catholic and Protestant, to perform on the priests the operation by which laundresses ascertain whether their irons are hot enough.

BRITISH BRAHMINS AND BRITISH MERCHANTS.

MR. GOLIGHTLY TEAZLE, M.A. (Readers are requested to observe the "M.A." with proper reverence) has returned prematurely to his chambers in the Temple, in consequence of the complicated aspect of public affairs. The very first morning after his return he was unfortunate enough to cut his distinguished chin from incautiously meditating an article for the *Saturday Review*, while he was in the act of shaving that elevated feature; and this accident, added to the bile remaining in his system in consequence of the abridgment of his continental tour, is sufficient to account for his not being in the best of tempers.

As he crunches his dry toast with a menacing aspect, he looks over his *Times* in search of a likely victim. The *Times* itself he has long ago shown to be the merest waste paper. He has broken the heart of its principal correspondent, who is supposed in consequence to have retired into a monastery. He has lashed the novelists, he has slashed the wits—for he himself is neither a wit nor a novelist—and he has established to his own profound satisfaction, the superiority of critical over creative intellect. According to his own statement, he was "*sick of seeing the honours of mind awarded to small jokers and washy sentimentalists*," and he has cured himself of his sickness by taking these honours to himself; in virtue of the presumption, to which, of course, we all assent, that a gentleman who can so cleverly disparage works of art could do very much better himself, if he tried. G. T. being a *Master of Arts*, has taken the benefit of this presumption, and has spared himself the trial, at the same time considerably sparing his readers; and now he is occupied in condemning the ungraduated, and in whipping up the rest of creation for his *Saturday* syllabub. At the present moment, it appears that he wants a subject to operate upon in connection with the Indian Mutiny, the only topic people are supposed to care about just now; that is to say, he wants to set his mark on somebody and especially on somebody who least anticipates or deserves it.

A simple observer would account for the smile on his features by the obviousness of his target, and would only suppose him to be hesitating between the Board of Control and the Court of Directors. But TEAZLE aspires to a place in the Circumlocution Office, and is prepared to go through life "*On HER MAJESTY'S Service*," which makes him particularly tolerant to the slips of officials, and anxious to keep up what he designates "*the prestige of official station*." The TEAZLE and TITE BARNACLE interests are so allied, that if any member of either abuses the confidence of his country, if he blunders or breaks down or jobs at the Treasury, or uses his knowledge for his bargains on the Stock Exchange, if he loses his head or his temper, or an army, or an empire, or the precious lives and as precious prestige of his countrymen, G. T. points attention in some other direction like the confederate in a plant at the cry of "*Stop Thief!*" G. T. performed this service for the authors of our Crimean disasters, and G. T. is ready to perform it again, or as often as the TITE BARNACLES bring us to grief, provided as how he can find a convenient scapegoat.

Thus, our Indian Empire was founded by our English merchants, and its object was the increase of our commerce and shipping. It

was changed into a territorial occupation on the pretext that the lives employed in this commerce were otherwise endangered. Province was afterwards added to province, really and truly for this purpose? By no means! For the purposes of colonisation, where the settlement of Englishmen has been discouraged? For revenue—where the expenditure exceeds the utmost income? For the conversion of the natives, who have shown with what effect our missionaries have preached and prayed in this behalf? For none of these things; but simply to substitute a great feeding-ground of TITE BARNACLES for a mercantile emporium. Our merchants have been hustled out of its government, and have now no voice in its councils, and, what is worse, no consideration from its servants. To the latter they stand in the relation of Pariahs to Brahmins; they have been snubbed and insulted, and now they are ruined.

The system which oppressed them, for their protection, has given way, and the Indian Government, having reaped the consequences of treating Hindoos as Britons, now tries to recover itself by treating Britons like Hindoos. These gentlemen are indispensable, but they are quite ignored; their advice would have saved the catastrophe at Dinapore, but it was rudely slighted. Their services were rejected till it was found impossible to do without them; and their press, a most respectable press, is ignominiously gagged. Now, that their maltreatment has reached to this extremity, they cry out; and the cry of the lamb caught in the bushes was not more welcome to the Patriarch ABRAHAM than this cry is to GOLIGHTLY TEAZLE, who is professionally on the look-out for a scape-goat. "Now," exclaims that bilious subject, making too free use of his butter-knife, "the Circumlocution Office is saved. VERNON SMITH may go to bed, and dream that he is a statesman; the Directors may go to Church, and humiliate themselves for other people's sins; and I may not only do service to them and to myself, but may have an *oligarchy of casual denizens* at my feet to kick about in the pages of the *Saturday Review* till Parliament meets." To which, simple Englishmen as we are, we reply: "GOLIGHTLY TEAZLE, Master of Arts, we have almost had enough of your conceited trifling; we have petted your Brahmin Caste too long, and Mr. Punch has his park of artillery ready to blow you into little pieces, if you refuse to march with the rest of us. Mutiny is bad enough abroad, but the last mutiny we can tolerate is treason to our home traditions. We like self-government for Englishmen at all times; at all events we prefer it to the rule of Bureaucracy, after the latter has been tried and found wanting. We are satisfied that the cakes of the Indian Brahmins would never have produced an Indian revolt, but for the cakes sent out by the Brahmins at home, and we are not to be diverted from condemning them utterly, because they appear comparatively innocent in the eyes of GOLIGHTLY TEAZLE."

TO A LADY.

BELIEVE me, if all those voluminous charms
Which thy fondness for fashion betray,
And keep e'en thy nearest relations at arm's
Distance—some paces away:
Were those air-tubes now blown up—exploded outright,
And those hoops trundled off thee as well,
With less ample a skirt thou would'st look less a fright,
And more belle-like when less like a bell.

'Tis not by mere Swells taste in dressing is shown,
And that size is not beauty 'tis clear;
Nay, the shapeliest forms when balloon-like out-blown,
Both distorted and ugly appear.
Then heed not what fashions *le Follet* may set,
Be enslaved by no follies like those;
For be sure that your dresses, the wider they get,
The more narrow your mind is disclose.

MORE MAGISTERIAL TYRANNY.

It appears that one of the legitimate profits of trade, as carried on by the lower order of shopkeepers, arises from a pleasing process of giving to children, and others not likely to notice the fraud, bad money in change, and when the cheat is detected, of appealing to a notice, stuck up in a shop, that "No money will be exchanged after taken from the counter." One of the police-magistrates, who are always interfering, tyrannically with commercial ingenuity, has decided that this notice is a piece of impudent and useless trash, and perfectly unavailing against proof that bad money has been given. What with persecution of folks who "ride the monkey," give short measure, and pass bad coin, we hardly see how British tradesmen can live—at least in any style. But adulteration of goods is still left to them unchecked, and let us hope that this precious and sacred right of trade may be intact for many a day. In a nation of shopkeepers, shopkeeping really ought not to be discouraged by law.

THE BOTTLE THAT CHEERS AND NOT INEBRIATES.



The ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of a Mechanics' Institution at Huddersfield, there occurred an incident reported as follows:—

"The REV. E. MELLOR, after reading the list of articles contained in the bottle, which consisted of the *Times*, *Local Mercury*, *Illustrated News*, *Western Times*, *Punch*, and the local papers, &c., delivered an appropriate address."

It is the incident of the "bottle," that amuses us. It is a kind of "Bottle" that GEORGE CRUIKSHANK himself would put his approving seal upon. GOUGH would ask NEAL DOW to pass him such a Temperance Bottle as that. We wonder how the contents will taste, when the bottle is opened some hundred years hence? Will the high flavour of them have gained in raciness, or will they taste flat to the critical palate? Will Time have

imparted additional strength to the *Times*, or have added aught to the rare spirit of *Punch*? Will the *Mercury* be pronounced generous, or thin, or tart, and will similar praise be liberally awarded to the *Wesleyan Times* as, in a cathedral town, is generally bestowed on rich "clerical port"? We hope no grumbling connoisseur, to give proof of his fastidiousness, will exclaim, as he is sipping his *Illustrated News*, "Capital, Sir, capital; but just a wee trifle cut." However, there is one consolation, that the more our lucky successors addict themselves to a bottle like the above, the better and wiser men they will be for the invigorating practice.

Even if it gets into their heads, they will only find that they are better men, better husbands, better fathers, better masters, better subjects, better men of business, for it? The man, who could imbibe three bottles of the above mixture every day, would be such a consummate Genius, that CARDINAL WISEMAN would esteem it an especial favour to be his shoeblack! Cockadoodledo!

SLAVERY AT TURNHAM GREEN.

We see, by the advertisements of the *Times*, that a French dealer in school books, and agent *en gros et en detail* for ecclesiastic establishments, offers:—

FOR SALE.—A Young Ladies' School, 85 Pupils. Most accomplished Mistresses. Terms moderate. Apply, &c.

Gracious goodness! goodness gracious! Are we living in England, or in the centre of Africa? Are we free subjects of QUEEN VICTORIA, or do we grow cotton under the eye of the American Eagle? Is such a system of slavery in existence within a sixpenny omnibus drive of Buckingham Palace, and no Paterfamilias rises with a clenched fist to denounce it? Imagine 85 Pupils being quietly offered for sale, and not a single WILBERFORCE interferes to prohibit the unnatural sale! Will the young ladies be taken in one lot, or will they be offered separately? Will they be made up in bunches of a dozen, or will they be handed round a form, or a class, at a time. It seems that the mistresses are to go with the pupils! Poor governesses! We always thought that their life was one, indeed, of slavery, and this sale only too clearly proves it. We wonder how much a dancing-master in a Ladies' School fetches? If the fellow in the present instance had the smallest spirit of a man, he would make a bold jump, and musically knock off these galling *chaines des dames* in which his beautiful pupils would seem to be held in abject slavery.

A COMIC TRADE CIRCULAR.

By the Circular of MESSRS. PEEK, BROTHERS, AND Co., we are informed of a number of commercial facts which will probably prove particularly interesting to our readers. "The first arrivals of Jordan Almonds" are stated, in this remarkable document, to "have made their appearance." We would run several miles in a brief given time to see an appearance made by arrivals. The almond-crop is described as "short rather than otherwise." This statement is ambiguous. A moderate crop is a crop otherwise than short, so is an abundant crop. Do MESSRS. PEEK AND Co. mean to say that the crop is short of abundant, or short of moderate? These gentlemen remark, also, "Arrowroot is again dearer, and we strongly advise our friends to supply themselves with sufficient for their wants between now and early Spring." That is, they advise their friends to lay in a quantity of arrow-root sufficient for their wants between the present time and the beginning of next Spring. The language of this passage is extraordinary: the word "now" having been heretofore used as a substantive only by poets; moreover, "early spring" is quite a poetical phrase. Although trade circulars generally contain quotations, they are for the most part rather deficient in poetry—"than otherwise," as our authors would say.

"Of fine Cloves," say PEEKS AND Co., "we have had a largish arrival since our last, the bulk of which have been placed at about former prices." The bulk of which have? Indeed? Have it really? "Common," they also observe, "have rather given way, and looking at the large quantity, both here and afloat, we cannot help thinking that, before long, they will be bought cheaper still." What are Common? Fish, perhaps; like gudgeon, as we say; and the allusion to the quantity here and afloat, tends to confirm that supposition. Unless, indeed, the members of the firm intend to declare that they, whether on land or at sea, cannot help entertaining the opinion which they express as to the probable cheapness of Common. "Place the turn cheaper," is another of their hard sentences. What is the turn? how much? as the clown says in the pantomime. "Malabar," they tell us, "is very scarce, and that hardly to be met with at any price." Here, "that scarce Malabar" is probably meant; but if it is "scarce," of course it must be "hardly to be met with," under any circumstances. "White sells well," they affirm, "but we have no confidence to recommend more than hand-to-mouth purchases." A hand-to-mouth purchase of white is something difficult to imagine—is it the purchase of a draught of milk? Next comes a most alarming notification, which reads like a disastrous telegram. "PIMENTO very sick, and if not supported by exporters, will probably go rather easier."

Poor PIMENTO! Official exporters had better let PIMENTO go easily. The departure of PIMENTO will doubtless be a happy release. Several other announcements, instructive so far as they are intelligible, succeed those above quoted; but their enumeration would produce but little effect on those whose sympathies will be monopolised by the suffering PIMENTO.

FORBES MACKENZIE'S FAILURE.

Air—"Roy's Wife of Auldvalloch."

DAFT FORBES MACKENZIE body,
Daft FORBES MACKENZIE body,
Wot ye how your Act has failed
To hinder Scots frae drinkin' toddy?

They sit and guzzle mair the noo,
Auld man and gudewife, chiel and hizzie,
And mony mair hae gotten fou'
Sinsyne ye made yoursell' sae bizzzy.
Daft FORBES, &c.

Awa wi' Yankee Law o' Maine,
Invented by that ither noddie,
And dinna fash us wi' your ain,
Ye daft auld FORBES MACKENZIE body.
Daft FORBES, &c.

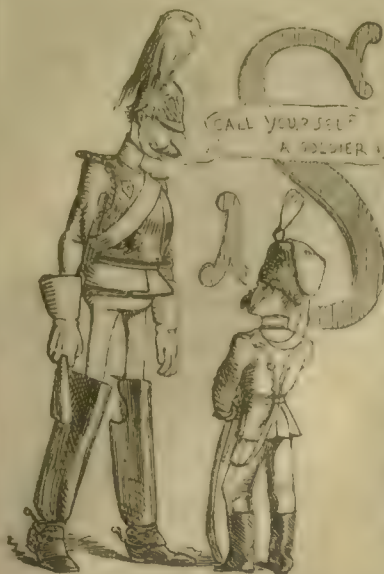
ARCADES AMBO.

CARDINAL WISEMAN and DR. CULLEN have been astonishing the natives of Great Britain—and, perhaps, edifying those of India—by the publication of pastorals, in which they appear to compete for the hisses of the British Public. We do not see a pin to choose between the Arcadian competitors; speaking as PALEMON, we should say to his Eminence MENALCAS, on the one hand, the Most Reverend DAMETAS on the other, "*Et vitula tu dignus, et hic;*" or, to borrow an English parody on that judgment, which would award them something more suitable to their pastoral deserts respectively than a cow-calf a-piece,—“An oaken staff each merits for his pains.”

THE ARUNDEL OWL.

JOCKEY of NORFOLK, thou'rt made a tool:
For WISEMAN, thy master, has played the Fool.

THE RED-TAPE SERPENT.



IR COLIN has landed, his forces are banded, And sworn that no murderous Sepoy shall 'escape, But the first of the foes to encounter his blows Is the pestilent Serpent that's made of Red Tape.

Sleek clerks with white liver "have ventured to differ

With CAMPBELL, our Highlander, touching the shape He should give the campaign "that's to give us again

The empire they've ruined and lost by Red Tape.

A black-batted fool is presuming to school

A soldier whose banners are muffled in crape, Through the folly and crime of "officials" no time Will ever set free from the strings of Red Tape.

The idiots stood gazing while cities were blazing, And all they could do was to gibber and gape; Yet now dare to wrangle, and seek to entangle The Avenger's bright sword in their links of Red Tape.

Let us hope that SRA C. has resolved to be free, To launch as he pleases his steel and his grape, And en route for the slaughter by Jumna's red water Has mangled the Serpent that's made of Red Tape.

EFFECTS OF A QUEEN'S HOLIDAY.

MR. PUNCH likes a holiday for himself, and has a peculiar and non-removable objection to being disturbed with business while enjoying that necessary relaxation from his invaluable labours. Naturally, as well as loyalty, (for happily in England loyalty is rather more natural than in certain more southern latitudes) he has hitherto considered that when his Royal Mistress, our gracious S. L. Q. VICTORIA, is taking Her holiday, She ought to be exempted, similarly with himself, from the botheration of business. For a few weeks the Illustrious Lady in question has been staying at her Scotch house among the hills, where (possibly as a relief from the society of the Scotch aristocracy) She has regularly devoted several hours *per diem* to the reading despatches, affixing signs manual, and going through an amount of work at which many an elegant young gentleman in her service would grumble enormously. But this sacrifice of holiday has not been enough to please some persons, and complaint is made, that there is no telegraph from MR. VERNON SMYTH's delicate ivory and enamel desk to HER MAJESTY's toilette-table, so that at any hour of the day or night SMYTH might pester the SOVEREIGN with foolish observations. Mr. Punch owns that he thought these strictures neither over-courteous nor over-just. Himself in some sense responsible for the good conduct of the Court, he repels, with great indignation, any suggestion that the highest personage in the realm ever neglects her duties. But, upon investigation, he admits that the case takes a gloomier aspect. The QUEEN's having enjoyed a few weeks in the fresh air of the Highlands, has, he finds, been productive of several casualties, and he hastens to record them, in testimony of the superior wisdom of those who protested against HER MAJESTY's residing in the country while everybody else was there. In consequence of the SOVEREIGN's absence from town—

A fire broke out at the house of LEVI SMOUCH, tailor, in White-chapel, and totally consumed eight pair of slop-shop corduroy trousers, five seal-skin caps, and a plate of fried fish, which had been set apart for MRS. S.'s supper. The property is insured.

One of the leopards at the Zoological gardens, being approached too nearly by an incautious charity-boy, flew at the unfortunate creature, tore off his pewter medal, and hideously lacerated his leathern continuations.

The wife of a respectable bookseller in the Strand, going into her husband's shop, incautiously opened a copy of *Proverbial Philosophy*, but, assistance happily arriving before the narcotic could complete its work, the poor woman recovered.

Another female, the wife of a drysalter, had been informed by her husband that he was going to Woolwich on business, but three days later she found in the pocket of the waistcoat which he had worn on that occasion a day-ticket for Hemic Bay pier. The shock produced such an effect that she rushed into a shop, and ordered a new dress.

A serious attorney, walking through Hand Court, in Holborn, set his foot upon a piece of orange-peel, slipped, and had made eleven involuntary affidavits before he providentially recollected that he could not charge for them, and ceased.

Early in the morning of Tuesday last, a large piece of plaster fell from the front of one of the unfinished houses in Pimlico; and, if it had not been too soon for anybody to be out, and the plaster had not fallen into the area, there is no saying what might not have happened.

SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON, having delivered an oration in honour of the British Army, it took seventeen correspondents of the journals nearly a week to correct the various inaccuracies in the eminent historian's address.

MR. WILLIAM WILLIAMS, M.P. for Lambeth, trying on his copper coalscuttle to see how he would like a coronet, it slipped over his head and shoulders, and smudged his face and clean collar in a most awful manner.

A respectable individual, on his way from the City to Charing Cross, very nearly entered the Strand Theatre, on the faith of a mutilated paragraph in the *Athenaeum*, out of which the Manager had plundered a puff, but he was happily rescued by a glance at the play-bill, which showed him that no respectable individual could witness the advertised performance without a sensation of nausea.

A lady, getting (as she thought) into one of the old omnibuses, entered one of the Saloon vehicles, and never discovered her mistake until she had accomplished the journey in two-thirds of the ordinary time, found her dress unsoiled, and was answered politely by the conductor.

These are a few among numerous accidents which have occurred in consequence of the SOVEREIGN's having taken the holiday which all her subjects who can afford it are taking; and Mr. Punch earnestly hopes that these occurrences will be a warning to the Illustrious Lady. For, though nearly all her aforesaid subjects heartily rejoice that she should renovate her health at Balmoral, or wherever else may suit her, and where they are perfectly certain that she does, admirably as usual, the work she promised at her Coronation, it is a shocking thing that she should be out of telegraph's length of "MR. SMYTH of Cannon Row"—that right honourable Forcible Feeble, of elegant taste in upholstery, and usually esteemed (by his friends) more fit to put down India matting than India mutinies.

A SEPOY LEADER—AND NO MISTAKE?

WE cannot pass over, altogether without notice, the following commencement of a leading article in the *Morning Star*—

"We mentioned yesterday, in anticipation of the next telegram of Indian news, the halt which GENERAL HAVELOCK has made in his second march upon Lucknow, and the probability that, by this time, Sepoy vengeance may have committed a terrible crime in that city. We hope, most sincerely, that we are not wrong in further anticipating that we shall, within the next two months, hear of many additional horrors that have been perpetrated."

Our planetary contemporary may appear, in the concluding part of the above extract, to express a hope of hearing of many additional horrors from India, from the merely accidental insertion, either by a common slip of the pen, or an error of the press, of the word "not" before the word "wrong." But are we so sure of this? May not the unlucky negative have escaped the pen, as an unguarded expression, containing a real thought, however, sometimes escapes the lips? Really, our peace-partisans and advocates of knocking under to all aggression, betray such rancour against all their opponents, that it is impossible to say what horrors they may not wish to befall their country, if they think those horrors likely to advance their crotchets.

AMUSEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

THE following Advertisement is extracted from the *Observer*, where it has certainly been placed under a very odd heading—

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DELHI.—Scenes of the Headquarters of the Revolt in India.—GREAT GLOBE, Leicester Square.—TO-MORROW (Monday), in addition to the Diorama of Russia and India, will be opened a new and splendid DIORAMA of DELHI, its Mosques and its Palaces, at 1.30 and 7.30 P.M. Admission to the whole building, 1s.

Amusement is hardly the object for which one would just now go to acquire ideas of the topography of Delhi—unless, indeed, one were an Ultramontane Sepoy. The *Univers*—if it were polluting the soil of England by the presence of its Editor—might step into the Great Globe for that purpose, and, the universe having thus been comprised in the Globe, might characteristically boast afterwards of the miracle. The supply of the demand for information on any point in connection with the melancholy subject of the day, is quite a legitimate undertaking—but, like that of an ordinary undertaker, it is a dismal one, and, however much it may instruct anybody, can amuse nobody.



Donald Punch (a Keeper). "I BEG YOUR PARDON, MY LORD BISHOP, BUT MAY I JUST TROUBLE YE TO SHOW ME YOUR CERTIFICATE?"

"FAST" THE DAY AND FAST THE DEED.

A CASE was heard before the Magistrates of Ross-shire in petty sessions on Thursday last, in which a gentleman, attired with the strictest decorum and wearing an episcopal hat of orthodox dimensions, was charged with being in the unlawful pursuit of game at Balmacarra on the Day of Humiliation. The elders of the kirk assembled in considerable numbers to watch the case, as it was reported among them that the gentleman in question was no less a personage than ARCH-BISHOP CULLEN or CARDINAL WISEMAN, who had thus taken an opportunity of evincing his indifference to our Indian disasters and his sympathy with his serviceable friends the Sepoys of Bengal. This impression, however, was completely dispelled, and a visible shudder passed through the Court when the accused party, on being interrogated, modestly gave his name as "A. C. LONDON."

The case at the first wore a very serious aspect, from the depositions of the persons who had watched the supposed delinquent. He was overheard talking to his attendant about "capital preserves" and the gold he had got by a former invasion of the same manor. He also made various remarks on "the heather" and "the birds being wild," and was observed to be carefully searching the ground, as he told his attendant, for "the form of a hare." The case in short looked very black until these expressions were partially explained; when it appeared that the "preserves" of which he had spoken consisted solely of Scotch Marmalade, which he had used with effect for "a cold he had caught on a former occasion in the same manner." His mention of the heather and the birds being wild was interpreted into a remark that the weather was very mild, and instead of searching for the form of a hare, he was simply looking for the Form of Prayer, which he had inadvertently dropped while trying if he could repeat it.

On searching his person, what at first appeared to be a powder-flask and a box of stamped gun-wads turned out to be a flask containing some sherry and water, and a box half emptied of medicinal lozenges. What appeared moreover to have been a gun and a shot-belt, were also explained in an equally innocent manner; and on a Magistrate asking, though it was not material, whether if he had actually been shooting, as supposed, it was in his power to produce a certificate if called upon, he at once exhibited a certificate from his medical adviser,

who had ordered him to Scotland for the benefit of his health, which had been much shaken by his episcopal labours.

The Magistrates at once said they would not detain him further, and that he left the Court without a stain on his character; at the same time they highly complimented *Mr. Punch*, through whose vigilance the supposed trespasser had been brought before them.

THE POOR DRAPER'S ADMIRER.

"DEAR PUNCH,

"ME and some other young ladies is not at all pleased with your notion about taking the gents out of the shops and making red herrings of them. We like to be served by gents and no mistake, and so its no use saying we don't, because we do. Its all very well for Missus and them sort of people, who can have a little bit of a spree whenever they like, to prefer buying stockings and all that of shop-women, but we ain't going to be done out of the only bit of gig we get, and that's when we do a bit of shopping. Buying things without a little chaff and nonsense, and a compliment or so, why, I'd as soon go to church. Its half the fun of the fair. Why, I never get called Miss except when I go shopping, nor asked to sit down, and told I'm looking as fresh as paint, and whether I'm come to buy the wedding gown. Besides, a fortune-teller told me when I had my last Out, that I should marry a handsome dark man with whiskers, who stood behind his master's counter now, but would soon stand behind his own; and now, old feller, how am I to meet with the party if all the beaus are sent to fight the seaboys in the West Indies? So please to adone do, and so no more at present from (only Missus won't let me call myself by that name, but makes me answer to MARY)

"Your's affectionately,

"Friday night."

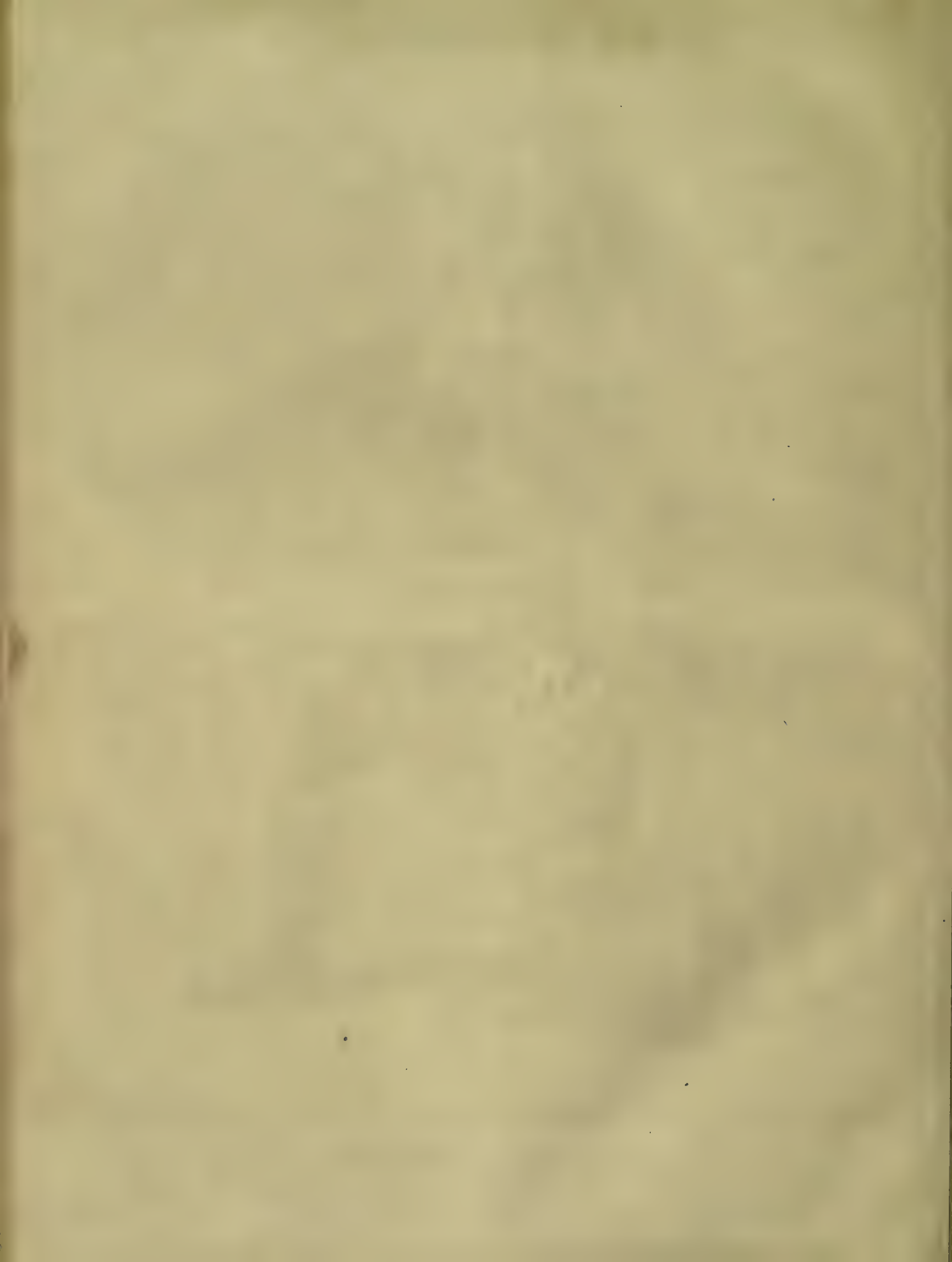
"MELUSINDA."

CAPITAL PORTRAITS.

WISCOUNT VILLIAMS, when he was told that Photographic likenesses could be taken on wood, slapped his forehead in despair, and exclaimed, quite touchingly, "Then, no man's head is safe!"



THE RED-TAPE SERPENT—SIR COLIN'S GREATEST
DIFFICULTY IN INDIA.



OFF SHE GOES!



THE *Manchester Examiner* publishes the sub-joined statement, which illustrates a well-known principle in natural philosophy, and which, of course, we implicitly believe:—

"*ENGLAND EXTRAORDINARY*.—On Saturday afternoon last, during the organ performance at St. George's Hall, Liverpool, many of the audience were suddenly alarmed by a violent report, somewhere about the centre of the music-room, which was happily not attended with any dangerous results. It turned out that the noise was a consequence of the bursting of a lady's india-rubber bustle, which in all probability, had resulted from the expansion of the air with which it was inflated by the heat of the crowded room, the material of which the piece of foolery was made being unable to resist the pressure. Alarm was soon succeeded by merriment, in which everyone joined except the unfortunate lady herself, who appeared much disconcerted."

In obedience to that law of nature, whereby caloric, imparted to gaseous bodies, including atmospheric air (which consists of oxygen and nitrogen, in the proportions of twenty volumes of the former to eighty of the latter, together with a variable quantity of carbonic acid, besides ozone and odoriferous and other volatile matters) causes them to expand—pop went the bustle! This is one of those interesting facts which sometimes occur; and it throws quite a new light on the elastic properties of caoutchouc, as well as on the degree of temperature at which animal life is capable of being sustained, and which, at the same time will cause the explosion of confined air. It also demonstrates a point of minor importance—the absurdity of inflated petticoats.

SONG OF THE LIGHT WEIGHT INFANTRY.

I AM a little man, being only five feet four,
I am a soldier now, beneath the mark no more;
A rifle I can point with heart devoid of fear,
And shoot a foe as well as any Grenadier.

Mine is the kind of weight to bruisers known as light,
Which many men who weigh, much bigger men can fight;
And though the big ones have the advantage in a charge,
More spirit may make up for body not so large.

A little man besides, upon his sturdy pegs,
Will very often march a giant off his legs;
And so he wins the palm of glory and renown:
His comrades he knocks up, his enemies knocks down.

Hurrah, then, for the field! where now I can aspire
My country to defend, like anybody higher,
Within my body small I'll show I've a vast mind,
And if I fall, my wounds shall not be found behind.

An Incident of the Linendrapers' Drawing Room.

It is the custom in several of our Ladies' wearing apparel establishments for one young gentleman, after office hours, to read the newspaper out aloud to the others. On a recent occasion, when the Beau of the house had come to the end of a thundering diatribe against the effeminate practices of able-bodied counterjumpers, usurping the places of weak women, &c., he turned round to his shame-stricken associates; and smiling blandly, said, as he balanced himself elegantly on his two thumbs, "Is there any other little article, gentlemen, that you would like me to read you this evening?"

WANTS A SITUATION to take care of young children, or go out with the perambulator, or rock the cradle, or feed the cockatoo and canaries, or to make himself generally useful in a quiet, effeminate, milk-soppy way. A STRONG ABLE-BODIED YOUNG MAN, who is just in the prime of life. Stands five feet ten, without his clogs. Can have a seven years' character from a first-rate linen-draper's establishment in Regent Street. His only reason for leaving is the excess of ridicule thrown on his present employment. Address to HEMLOCK, at the Distaff Club, Anglian Stables, Craven Yard.—N.B. No objection to carry a band-box.

A Theatrical Note and Query.

THE Princess's Theatre is advertised "to open with a 'new Shakspearian drop.' What fresh revival, we wonder, is this season to be, with MR. CHARLES KEAN in the principal character, the 'new Shakspearian drop?'"

MAXIM. BY A SICK BACHELOR.

(Flung at the Unlucky Sex.)

WANT of Sympathy in a woman is almost as bad as Want of Beauty!!!!!!

ENGLAND'S DIFFICULTY IS IRELAND'S OPPORTUNITY.

THERE once was a time when of hatred scarce smothered
To England, as text served the words that we quote.
For preachers who taught that when Albion was bothered,
'Twas the moment for Erin to fly at her throat.

Those were days when all kindlier feeling was banished,
For pike-clubs, Nation-ballads, and shouts for "repaid"—
When the great SMITH O'BRIEN's shirt-studs, somehow, vanished,
On their way from the Castle to Kilmainham gaol.

Those days are no more—may a curse lie their backs on—
The white and green Islands at length can agree:
And like two gallant brothers, the Celt and the Saxon,
Stretch out friendly hands o'er St. George's blue sea.

The old text, like so many, in meaning is double:
To the Islands' new status it now 'tis applied,
It must, and does, mean that when England's in trouble,
'Tis the moment for Ireland to spring to her side.

'Twas the stout Tipperary Militia, that gaily
For service in India first volunteered;
For the Minié rifle flung down the shillelagh,
So soon as a chance of "rale fightin'" appeared.

And now Tipperary's example's been followed
By the lads of Roscommon, so gallant and true:
CULLEN's pastoral letters are read, but not swallowed,
And the Nation spouts treason, but can't make it do.

Faction's priest, faction's paper, may rave with impunity,
So long as each people, as now, understand
That the other's embarrassment's its opportunity
To help to the utmost, with heart, purse, and hand!

HOWARD THE PHILANTHROPIST!



PRIEST-RIDDEN DUKE OF NORFOLK is doing the bidding of WISEMAN, CULLEN, and Company, by trying to impede the flow of Catholic charity to India. He is to be rewarded with an ultramontane addition to his title, derived from a locality in which the sentiments of his masters are popular. His Grace is to be created Duke of Norfolk Island.

PERFORMERS IN "THE GRAVE SCENE."

SOME "Funeral contractors" (that is the new term) advertise to "perform" funerals "with a due regard to the feelings of the bereaved, and the solemnity of the occasion." The regard that is due is mainly proportioned, we suppose, to the amount of ready money that is paid? They have different qualities of grief, you may be sure, according to the price you pay. For £2 10s., the regard is very small. For £5, the sighs are deep and audible. For £7 10s. the woe is profound, only properly controlled; but for £10, the despair bursts through all restraint, and the mourners water the ground, no doubt, with their tears. We wonder these black crocodiles do not openly advertise the sale of their *lachryma*? We dare say that the luxury would be every drop as expensive as early peas, or anything else that was forced. We wonder what is the market-price of "tears per pint?"—and we are, also, curious to know, whether these funeral pantomimists make up so small a quantity of mitigated grief as "one tear," and what is the lowest price they charge for the same? We notice, in the same grinning advertisement, that "The Gothic State Hearse" is used for every class funeral above £5." It seems, then, that there are as many classes of funerals as there are of railway trains. There are, apparently, First Class, Second Class, and Third Class Funerals. We hope, for the sake of the poor, that there are no Parliamentary funerals that stop on their dreary way as often as a Parliamentary train. But who, we ask, could possibly forego the above inducement when offered at so contemptible a price? Is there anybody, in possession of so small a sum as £5, who would not gladly put it aside for the unutterable luxury of being buried in a "Gothic State Hearse!" Put another sovereign to it, and we should not be surprised if a "Gothic State Coachman" wasn't, also, thrown in.



"HI! STOP THIEF—HE'S STOLE MY GOLD WATCH!"

BROTHERS OF THE ORDER OF NENA SAHIB.

IN murdering women and children, with atrocious tortures, at Cawnpore, the Indian Sepoys made a revolting mess. GENERAL NEILL has been compelling as many of these miscreants as he could catch, being high-caste Brahmins, to wash up, from the floor of the building in which the massacre took place some of this mess, previously to being hanged. This act of scavengery involves loss of caste, and that, the Brahminical brutes think, entails everlasting perdition. "Let them think so," says GENERAL NEILL, and for having thus combined speech with act, an Ultramontane Sepoy in the *Tablet* attacks the gallant General with frantic violence, calling him Satan, and other hard names.

Poor Brahminical Sepoy—to have been sent out of this world with the guilt upon his conscience of sweeping up a little of the mess he had helped to make by cruel murder! The cruel murder was a comparatively light weight upon his conscience in the opinion of the Ultramontane Sepoy, apparently. Does the Ultramontane Sepoy suppose that the little children and ladies tortured to death were only Protestants?

According to the Ultramontane Sepoy's creed, the Brahminical Sepoy hanged, even if he had been the tenderest, gentlest, noblest, honestest, heathen that ever existed, yet, having been hanged out of the pale of the Ultramontane's Church, would have gone hopelessly to perdition. How barbarous to send the inhuman, treacherous, dastardly Sepoy into the other world with some idea of the part of it to which—in the Ultramontane Sepoy's opinion, of course—he was immediately going.

What a tender sympathy the Ultramontane Sepoy manifests with the religious feelings of his Brahminical brother! What a freemasonry exists among fanatics!—how marvellously one touch of superstition makes the whole world of bigots kin!—would be our remarks on the outbreak in the *Tablet* against GENERAL NEILL, did we not rather suppose it to be a mere explosion of Ultramontane malice. The valve of the Ultramontane engine has been held down under popular pressure; the boiler has cracked; and a jet of nearly red-hot steam has spouted out of the fissure.

We might suggest to the Ultramontane Sepoys of the *Tablet* that they perhaps rather misunderstand the principle on which GENERAL NEILL compelled their Brahminical brethren to clear up some of the horrid dirt which they had made. To hurt the Sepoy's religious sensibilities was no object of the gallant General's. His purpose was simply to make the best possible example of the criminals. How to do that most effectually is the only question to be now considered touching the mutinous Sepoys. If that can be thoroughly done without hurting them, mentally or bodily, let it be done. Pain, mental or physical, inflicted on them as mere pain, would be idle surplusage. It could not undo the misery they have caused. But if any treatment they can be subjected to is likely to deter others from repeating their crimes, subject them to it quite irrespectively of their ideas and sen-

sations. They can be made nothing of but scarecrows; make them the most efficient scarecrows possible. If their superstition affords a facility of rendering their execution terrible to their fellows, take advantage of it. That a Sepoy should die in affright because he has been forced to cleanse a floor of filth which he himself created by the most abominable slaughter, is extremely desirable, if the spectacle of such a death, in such a frame of mind, is likely to prevent the same filth from being made again by a similar villain.

These explanatory suggestions we might offer to the Ultramontane Sepoys, if they wanted any explanation, and did not know the real state of the case as well as we do, and were not actuated merely by a venomous and burning hatred of England, which they eagerly jump at every opportunity of venting, particularly if, by so doing, they think that they can do mischief to the Government and People who endure them.

From the treatment which the Indian Sepoys are receiving, the Ultramontane Sepoys appear to infer that persecution awaits themselves. The apprehension may not be verified; but it is very natural.

HEROES AND HABERDASHERS.

THE drapers may stand fire, but they clearly can't stand chaff. They look upon a jest as the most serious of matters. A joke becomes no joke when made at their expense. Well off as they may be, they can't afford yet to be laughed at. They complain most pitifully of the "cruel attacks" which have been made upon them by the press, and they cannot see why they should be "singled out for ridicule" of their feminine acquirements, when men of equally unmanly vocations have escaped it. Why not attack the tailors, or the hairdressers, or the loungers at the Clubs, or their man-cooks and lusty footmen? And then, like whipped children, with tears still in their eyes, they tell us they "don't care," and that no amount of ridicule will drive them to enlist, while they will lose money and lose caste by doing so.

Now, that there's some sense in this we willingly admit. Justice before jokes has ever been our motto. We hate all unfair play—even upon words; and we are averse to forming one-sided opinions. In giving judgment, always *Audi alteram partem*; or, speaking to commercial men, we should say, Hear what the other Party's got to say about it.

Of course we can't expect in this business-minded age to discover that mere chivalry will pass current at the counter. Tradesmen get the habit of looking upon matters in what they call "a business light," and will abstain from entering the Army or any other "concern," unless they think that it will prove of advantage to their pocket. The British Martyrs have died out—at least there is no chance of raising up an Army of them—and we can't expect a draper's man to make an Alarming Sacrifice of himself upon the altar of his country, until he has assured himself by careful calculation, that the odds are it would prove a paying spec to do so. Patriotism's all very fine behind the footlights; but in a business light (to make a heinous misquotation) "The Pay's the thing!"

But although a mercer, as a tradesman, may be excused for being mercenary, we cannot grant that, as a subject, he has liberty to use such language as the following, with which a writer to the *Times* endeavours to deter his fellow-shopmen from enlistment:—

"Why should we enlist, then? Why should we lower ourselves in the social scale, and congregate with the illiterate and debauched crew which the recruiting sergeant is now collecting from the dregs of the population?"

The counter-jumper here clearly jumps to false conclusions. The question he last puts is a literally begged one. In his blind fear of losing caste, he cannot see that he is simply frightening himself by the shadow of reflection which he throws upon the Army. He assumes that in the ranks he could not find a single undebauched associate; and if this were so, there would be certainly excuse for his not joining. But we deny that he is justified in making the assumption; and as for drapers' men sinking in the social scale by turning soldiers, we regard that conclusion as a counter-jumped one also. Even granting our recruits are "mainly labourers and navvies," we do not think a shopman would just now be thought the worse of for enlisting. Whatever be his standing in the scale of sociality, we are certain that no counter-skipper would be lowered in our eyes by his mixing with a clodhopper. He may better carve his way to fame with the sword than with the scissors, and is more likely to be envied as a hero than a haberdasher.

We have little wish to give advice that may be needless: but unless our British shopmen are inclined to be nicknamed British Brahmins, they will do wisely just at present not to show themselves too careful of their caste.

PROFUSE ACKNOWLEDGMENTS BREED SUSPICION.—Copy-Book Maxim.

Brown (an unlucky Lender). It's the fifth time WORMWOOD has thanked me for that matter of £20 I lent him! He's so uncommonly grateful that I begin to suspect the fellow doesn't intend to repay me.

MR. JOHN THOMAS ON THE ENLISTMENT QUESTION.



IR, — mister punch,
you've wunco or
twice hinserted
what i've rote,
So praps you'll now
be good enuff to
publish this year
note:

My spellink may be
doutful, and my
English not the
KWEEN'S,

But I fumly ope
there'l be no doubt
that what i sez i
means.

"Lasts Sattaday as
ever were I found
just after 9,
I were like them
chaps in man-
chester oo've got
no work to do;

So to drive away my onwee, which the vulgar calls it Wapers,
I set me down & set to work a readink of the papers.
With hintrest the Court Suckler were the fust thing i perused,
Which narrated in the I Lands how the QUEEN had been emused,
While the PRINCE, which for is music they now calls im a Consort,
Had every day been deerstorking, & ad some frustrate sport,
I've not been at that game myself, but with them as ave I've talked,
And been surprized to hear m say what miles a day they've walked;

A perfessinl Pedestrating it may suit to be a stalker,
But as 4 the enjiment I should say it were all Walker!
Then while the deers is wisible U musnt speak a word,
For though theyre miles away peraps your wices mite be herd;
There may be sport in deerstalking but tizsent to my mind,
Which I'm partial to Dears talking of a sociabler kind.

"The fashnable Hintelligence of course I next surveyed,
Which it puts one up to all the moves in I life as is made:
And when one's on the Move I self in course one likes to no
That others is a movink too, which makes it come ill fo.
Then I red the leadink articles, and with M quite agreed
That of men to serve in Hinjy now the country were in need:
And ime glad as they've consented to rejice the Standard Itc,
Which there aint no call for giants now with Minnies they must fite.
Six footers isnt nessary for just to pull a trigger,
Which a man of 5 foot 4 may do as well as im who's bigger.

"But there were a suggestion in a letter as I red,
Which to write this ear in anser like has put it in my ed:
The writer though aperiently in trade seemed up to snough,
He owned that at the charlink of the Times he'd cut up rough;
For e coodent c y britons in the counterjumping line
Should 'ave their valour doubted cos the Gards they didn't jine:
Which it wozzent want of Pluck he said as kep M from enlistin,
But want of better Prospex, as the press is now insistin.
For he thort unless by merit from the ranks a man could rise
The army wornt a temptink spec in any shopman's eyes.
But Y not arst the nob's to spare their useles men says E,
(Which though he calls em Useles he means sich men as Me)
They're most on em 6-Phooters, ave good legs and shoulders broad,
And their whiskies by the female poppylation is adored:
As Warriors they'd be Waliant—bein Brittings one can't doubt em—
And by iring women svyns Nobs mite easy do without em:
Y not send them to Hinjy?—which if I'd been on the spot
I'd have thanked this here bold writer, and have eckerd his Y not.

"We're most on us big fellers, far above the standard ite,
And to crush them Bengal Tigers all like lions brave we'd fite:
We've good carves and constitutions, & oncommon breadth o' shouder,
And from avink it upon our eds we're used to smelling powder;
We're used to hidjus Youniforms, which our livery's a disgrace
To them as might be Erees now if they but change their place:
And as for them there baynits we could use 'em at a Push,
Wich them blacks wood show white feathers when we charged M in
the Bush.

"So all you Galliant Footmin, from the suthud and the norrud,
And the eastud and the westud, now I opes as you'l come forrud.
There's good Sittivations open if you're milinktry inclined,
And a preshus sight more Honrable than them you leaves beind;
For the best of British flunkies it 4 certing can't demean
To leave a menial svvice for the Service of the QUEEN!
There's good pay if you are mussnary, there's Glory in addition,
And who'd not lend a & to send them misereents to perdition?

Which every man JEAMES of you must feel his blood a biling
At them inhuman retches who man's name has been defiling!
"Up, Flunkies! then, and At 'em! like the gards at waterloo—
In the service of your country who more fit to serve than U?
Change the salver for the saber, for the red coat doff the plush,
Show Old England that its Footmen 4 their walour need n't blush,
While your limbs r stout & stalwart phlunkey work is a disgrace,
And wile you serve your country you'll b never out of place.
Which to show you're Liyal Subjex, and ave arts both staunch & true,
England Xpex (and so does i) as you'l now go and do!

"To Rns! then, galliant Phootmen! cut the Plush each mother's Sun!
Tell the nob's as with their liveries you've been & gone, & done.
As flunkies, with Hotheller say, your hockeypation's gone,
As Sojers there's a more need of you, & Wengeance spurs you on.
To Rms! then, Gallink Footmen! you've big hearts, and boddies able
For to go where Glory waits you, which it duzzent wait at table.
U cannt 'object to travle' at them brutes to have a shy, &
Witch after doing nothink active service you'll enjy.

Turn no deaf ears to my calling—you'll but find as I persist
Like the *Gost of Amlet's father* in a crying 'List! O 'List!
Theres injuicement for to come out in the millinktery line,
And to do the State some Suvvice now the harmy you should jine;
Leave the pantry for the napsack—show you've strength as well as nerve
For to punish them wile rebells in the way as they deserve.
Of those Murderers who spared not as unsparing be the shorter,
'Tis Justice bids as them who gave should not be givn no 4.
The Nation now enroused as it were rarely roused before,
At them tigers has cried AVELOCK! and let slip the dogs of Wor.
Which till those etrocious raskles all is made to sing Peccavy,
There's one as wont be heasy—wiz.

"JOHN TOMMUS OF BELORAVY."

A MEDIEVAL BAUBLE.

AMONG the antiquities in the Exhibition of choice handiworks at Manchester, in Wall-case U, is enumerated a curious horse-headed pastoral staff, contributed by CARDINAL WISEMAN. We should like to know the history of this object. Conjecture will naturally assign the horse-headed staff to the "Boy-Bishop" who, in the middle-ages, used to be elected on St. NICHOLAS's day, or on the eve of that festival—St. NICHOLAS having been, and being still, we suppose, according to those who believe in mediæval saints, the patron saint of children. He is said, by the way, to have other clients than infants; but we will not too plainly allude to them, because we suppose that CARDINAL WISEMAN himself governs Middlesex and the adjacent counties under the patronage of his canonized namesake, and we should be loath to even seem to cast such an unwarrantable imputation on his clerical character as to hint that his Eminence was in any way connected with the fraternity of St. NICHOLAS's Clerks. Such an insinuation, indeed, would be directly contrary to a suspicion which we have very strong reasons for entertaining.

If the horse-headed staff above mentioned belonged to a boy-bishop, no doubt it was carried by the juvenile prelate in the way in which the majority of lively young gentlemen would carry a stick having a similar ornament on the top of it. Of course the boy-bishop used to carry the staff in such a manner as to give it the appearance of carrying himself; was accustomed to hold it near the head, passing it lengthwise behind him, and "between his legs." Perhaps this staff is the identical Art Treasure alluded to in a venerable nursery rhyme which makes mention of a pilgrimage to the Cross of Banbury, achieved on a Cock-horse. The pilgrim was a boy-bishop; he rode through the air; the ride was miraculous: it was performed on a horse-headed pastoral-staff; and this is the relic. It is not for us to lift the veil of secrecy behind which CARDINAL WISEMAN has a right to indulge in his private recreations; but we cannot help imagining that we see the horse-headed staff behind that veil, between a pair of red-stockings. What then? The amusement is perfectly innocent; and to give up a plaything, for several months, to be exhibited for the entertainment of others, is being very good-natured. It may, however, be said in a sense, that in sending his horse-headed staff to the Manchester Exhibition the CARDINAL does not altogether cease to ride his hobby.

An Expert Dentist.

A GERMAN CARTWRIGHT (HERR STUMPF) winds up a programme of his extraordinary merits by the following boastful recommendation:

"P.S. Gentlemen Professors, Students, and others, need not be under any needless alarm that it is at all necessary for them, during the dental operation, to put aside their beloved pipes. On the contrary, they may continue smoking with the most blissful impunity, and they will only find that, between two whiffs of tobacco, their tooth has quietly gone!!!"



BOWKER, WHO IS FOND OF NICE THINGS FOR BREAKFAST, AND SOMETIMES MARKETS FOR HIMSELF, BECOMES AN OBJECT OF INTEREST, FROM HAVING LAID IN A FEW BLOATERS, AND HALF-A-POUND OF FRESH CAMBRIDGE SAUSAGES FROM BOND STREET—AND WHICH SAUSAGES AND BLOATERS ARE IN HIS COAT-POCKET!

AN INDIAN PARABLE.

A FATHER had a son, to whom he showed much favour and kindness, and the youth, though headstrong and careless, was brave, generous, and kind. To this boy the father presented a beautiful garden, and also a number of animals. There were dogs, which would have been obedient and faithful if kept under discipline and fed with proper food, there were also rabbits, which were to be fed from the produce of the garden, and there were other creatures, all requiring attention and care. The boy did many good things on his property, he made a tank for water, and new paths, and rustic bridges, and he broke in the dogs, (though he over-indulged them until they became dainty), and he took some care for the rabbits and weaker things, though not so much as he should have done, for in some bad weather, when he could not go to them, many were starved to death. However, on the whole, he was inclined to do his best with his garden, and his stock. But some selfish Tradesmen, who cared for nothing but gain, got his ear, and he allowed them to have the run of his property and the control over it, and they thought only of what they could make out of it. They shook down the fruit from the trees, especially one called a pagoda-tree, and they cared only for the poor rabbits on account of their skins, and they pampered the dogs because they thought the animals would protect the property from other spoilers.

One day the dogs broke their chains, and began to commit dreadful havoc. Some of the little brothers and sisters of the lad were in the garden, and the savage beasts flew at them and tore them cruelly, and all the gentler creatures in the place ran hither and thither terrified. And the boy, who had left the care of his garden to a weak-witted lad, who was the tool of the tradesmen, suddenly heard what was happening, and he rushed out in a terrible fury, with his double-barrelled gun in his hand, and he shot the abominable dogs dead, or else hanged them, very properly. And he did all in his power to heal the wounds of his brothers and sisters, and pulled out his pocket-money to present to them, and gave them what comfort he could.

Then he wished to show his Father how sorry he was for what had

happened. And his heart was too full to let him eat, and he sat in the house for a whole day, eating and drinking nothing, but trying to read good books. And he relieved some poor people, and listened to the good words of his elders.

But was that all he did? When he had thus Fasted, and Humiliated himself, did he let the tradesmen have his garden again? Would that have shown his earnestness, do you think? When he had killed all the savage dogs, and buried them in a dunghill, and had comforted his brothers and sisters, and brought the place into order again, if he let things go on as before, would he not have been a hypocrite and a fool? Of course, he would. And as he is not those bad things, but a brave and kind fellow, in spite of his errors, I hope to tell you, another time, how he sent away the half-witted lad to the asylum for idiots, kicked the tradesmen out of the garden when they dared to come back, trained some younger dogs to be real protectors and friends, and took care that the humbler animals should be cared for. And as he could not always be attending to his garden, for he has French, and Italian, and Russian, and Spanish studies to mind, besides having a house of his own to keep in order, and sums to do, he has asked a brave old soldier, who has served in the wars, and is as kind as he is brave, to have his eye upon the place, keep off the selfish tradesmen, beat the dogs, if necessary, and see that all goes on right. And so I hope you will soon hear that all is going on well.

Then, you see, he will show that it was not mere shame and sorrow, but a determination to do good for the future, that induced him to Fast and Humiliate himself. For sorrow, without reform, is mere sentimentality, and people who show it are Humbugs.

Police Regulation.

LADIES are requested to keep in a single line on either side of the streets, walking in succession one after the other, in order that there may be a possibility of passing them without the danger of being entangled in their clothes.



Young Lady (loq.) "Not much beauty at the Crystal Palace this morning."

A WORD OF TRUTH FOR US, EVEN FROM A MAN.

"TO MR. PUNCH, SIR,

"I WAS perfectly disgusted the other day [by a letter in the *Times* signed by 'ELLINOR'—but I do not believe a woman ever wrote a word of it—attributing to women extravagance in matters of dress, and calling upon us to spend less on our clothes—in fact to go without new things this autumn altogether—and give the money to the Fund for the relief of the Indian sufferers.

"The letter was printed in large letters, and I dare say the editor chuckled very much over it, and thought it a fine thing to get a letter, signed with a woman's name—as he would say in his slang mannish style—'pitching into' women. But, I repeat, I don't believe it was written by a woman, not a word of it. I have no doubt it came from some mean-spirited wretch who is always grumbling at his poor wife's milliner's and dressmaker's bills, for the few things she absolutely cannot get on without—one, perhaps, who grudges her even her wretched allowance, and shuffles about every petty £12 10s. cheque as the quarter-day comes round—for I am certain he does not allow her more than £50 a-year. Relieving the Indian sufferers is all very well, but suppose, instead of calling upon women to give up their little indulgences in the way of dress—I'm sure it's much more for the men that we dress than for ourselves, whether married or single—the men were to give up some of their expensive, bad, low habits—their cigars, for example, or their curious and particular wines; or their little dinners at the Club, or their share of a drag to the Derby, or any other of the thousand and one expensive pleasures in which they are in the habit of indulging apart from their wives.

"Talk of our extravagance, indeed! People make a mighty fuss about the Milliner's bills of a certain bankrupt's wife. Well, and if she was a well-dressed woman—I suppose it was her milliner's bills that ruined her husband? I should like to know how people—even men—dare attribute this man's having got through £250,000 to his wife's extravagance, when it was proved in Court, that even her milliner's bills didn't exceed £3000? But that is always the way with men. They think nothing of the money they fling away in selfish, and too often

PINDAR AT NEWMARKET.

YANKEE DOODLE came to town
On a little pony,
Now he's brought a big mare down,
Sleek, and strong, and bony.
Sleek, and strong, and bony.
Any weight she'll carry which
Ain't laid on by a noodle:
Winning the C. sariwitch,
See our Yankee Doodle.

Racing men, in diaries
Where they note their losses,
Write how smartly Priores
Licked them British osses.
JONATHAN, let's liquor on
This new uniting fetter;
Always a good friend to JOHN,
Now you've grow'd a Better.

NO GRIST IN A COTTON MILL.

THE suggestion was made by one of our most ardent lovers of art that, at the closing of the Art-Treasures' Show, Manchester should send invitations to all the artists, English, and foreign, whose works had contributed so largely to the glory of the Penge-Hill Exhibition. It was to have been a grand artistic *fête* of all Nations. It would have been a glorious Social Congress of all the R.A.'s in the Academic world. However, the notion was not carried out, and "because Manchester, you know (says DAVID ROBERTS) is not exactly what you may call an inviting town."

Our National Defences.

SOME public-house patriot was repeating the old National boast that "an Englishman's House is his Castle." "I am not so positive about that," said a critic of the *Westminster Review*; "but I am sure that an *Englishwoman's Dress is Her Castle*;" for it is such an enormous size now, that it is morally and physically impossible for any one, friend or enemy, to come near her!"

degrading pleasures; but let a poor wife express a wish for a new bonnet, or a dress fit to be seen in, and it is at once grunts, and sulks, and talk about 'women's' extravagance.

"And then, as if it wasn't enough to have the men talking such stuff, out must come this ridiculous 'ELLINOR' in the *Times*, for all the men to cast up to us, and say, 'Look, here's one of your own sex at you, at last!' That was exactly what my husband said. However, as I said, I don't believe 'ELLINOR' is a woman at all. I believe it's that MR. JACOB OMNIUM, who, I understand, writes the greater part of the *Times*, under various aliases.

"I maintain that, instead of spending too much of our husband's money, our allowances, as a rule, whether for house-keeping or for dress, are far too shabby. We are kept perpetually on the fret to make both ends meet. I'm sure the struggle I have with my tradesman's books every week nobody would believe! Of course, it's very easy for men to laugh, and say it's because we don't understand arithmetic. I only wish they understood ready-money dealing, and not getting into debt, as well as we understand compound addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division.

"I believe if ELLINOR really wants to give advice that will end in saving, she ought to advise all the married men to give their cheque-books, and their banker's-books to their wives, and bring them their money, and let them keep it, and pay it in, and draw it out,—in short, to make the women paymasters and cashiers, and the husbands to receive quarterly allowances for pocket-money, from their wives, instead of paying their poor wives miserably insufficient allowances for dress, as is their usual practice.

"I have no doubt the saving in incomes that would thus be produced, would not only leave a handsome contribution to the Indian Relief Fund, at the end of the first year, but would, in a very short time, pay off the National Debt, if it could be appropriated to that purpose, particularly, if the wife had, in every case, the option of determining what allowance she would make her husband for pocket-money and clothes. I was very glad indeed to find even from a man, an admission of our essentially economical nature and habits. To be sure, it was from an American,—the inhabitant of a country where there has been some slight progress made towards recognition of the rights of our sex. I trust, Mr. Punch, man as you are, that you will not be mean enough to

throw this letter into your *waste-paper-basket*, or refuse to print—I should prefer *capital letters*—this passage to which I refer, from this enlightened American writer.

"A WORD FOR WOMEN.—Some of the papers are lecturing women upon extravagance in dress, and advising them to retrench, especially during the present financial difficulty. Doubtless there are many cases of a warrantable extravagance in this way; but do people ever consider that two or three glasses of brandy and half a dozen regattas, indulged in only by a man, to say nothing of five and ten dollar dinners, amount to more in a year than a woman could be required to dress a woman up to the full requirements of fashion? Much of this talk about the extravagance of to-day have been safe and sound when he had listened to the prudent counsels of his wife, rather than the reckless promptings of his own ambition. It is natural for men to be rather too much to shift the responsibility of their folly to other shoulders, and do not wonder, therefore, to charge a commercial revulsion like this upon one's wife and daughters."—*Nac York Paper.*

"For my part, I think the passage ought to be printed in letters of gold, and hanging up over every double-bed in England, between the sheets."

"I am, Mr. Punch,

"Your constant reader,

"A VICTIM."

DINNER-TABLE TALK.



OUR Paris Correspondent informs us that the next edition of the little book, "*Comme on Dine à Paris*," is to be dedicated to LORD COWLEY. It will contain a new chapter entitled, "*Comme on dine, tant bien que mal, chez l'Ambassadeur de l'Angleterre*." An original bill of fare is to be given. The fac-simile has been handed round to the different hotels of the other embassies, and universally admired for its truthfulness. It consists of a handsome sheet of blank paper. It is the very same entertainment that the munificent representative of HER BRITANNIC MAJESTY gave more than once to the various talented juries and committees that were assembled in Paris, to do honour to British art and science, in the year of the Great Exposition. As a literal reproduction, the copy, perhaps, has never been surpassed.

JOURNEMEN PARSONS' WAGES.

A SPECIES of servants' office, calling itself Registry for Curates, publishes a list of vacant curacies for the present month "under the sanction of the ARCHBISHOPS of CANTERBURY and YORK." How those two most reverend prelates can sanction anything of the kind, we cannot imagine; for, besides other particulars, the stipends of all the curacies that have any are stated, and some of the curacies are described as having no stipend at all. It is quite clear that, in learning to write, the archbishops never learned the proverb which informs most people that comparisons are odious; for, if they were aware of that adage, they never would have willingly allowed the publication of a document which cannot fail of provoking comparisons between the highest and the lowest ecclesiastical revenues. In the diocese of Peterborough, there is, according to this register, a curacy with 290 souls to cure, and the superadded duty of "tuition of 16 boys"—at a stipend of £80. In that of York there is one which differs so widely from an archbishopric, that, whilst the population amounts to 3000, the stipend amounts to nothing. The old gentleman who looks from the cathedral tower of Lincoln over the surrounding country, beholds therein a curacy, the stipend of which, like that first mentioned, is £80; the furniture of the curate's house to be taken at a valuation of £180. This arrangement must amuse the old gentleman, because it is an awkward attempt to cheat him by selling a spiritual office without committing indictable simony. In this case, the population is 100; so that the souls which constitute it are cured at 16s. per annum per annum, which is much above the average of curates' wages, estimated in proportion to curates' work. The high valuation at which the furniture is to be taken indicates one of two things: either that the curate has a very well-furnished house, or else that the vicar or rector is a very great rogue. The diocese of Chichester contains a curacy which may be called algebraical, for the quantity of the stipend would seem to be less than nothing, as it is the sum of £26, minus the payment of all rates and taxes in respect of the Rector's property.

In Peterborough, again, there is a curate's place vacant altogether, without stipend, and with nothing whatever to remunerate clerical

attendance on a population of 1027, but "vegetables, the use of a cow, and one or two servants as might be required." In Ely there is an absolutely wonderful curacy. With a population of 2210, the stipend is £2 2s. for two months, and the curate, "if married, must not have family." "The labourer is not worthy of his hire," and "Suffer not little children," &c., are apparently the maxims of the incumbent in this instance. As the curate "must not have family," would he, if being a husband, he should happen to become a father also before the expiration of the two months, forfeit his stipend? This point it would behove any curate to whom two guineas are of consequence, that is to say, many a curate, to ascertain; for such a clergyman, with a wife in an interesting situation, would have to think well before taking that extremely queer curacy in the diocese of Ely.

Among curacies of which the candidate is informed that "titles can be given in the following cases," there is one in York, whereof the stipend is £40; the population being 2,000: so that the wages of this place are about 2s. 2d. a-day. To the cure of 5,000 souls in Sarum, no temptation is attached in the shape of filthy lucre: "A Residence" only being offered, which we might suppose to be the gaol, but that the cure of souls *extra muros* would be impossible to the incarcerated curate.

From the facts and figures above quoted, the difference between a curacy and a living is placed in a strong light; for it is quite clear that many curacies are employments by which the employed cannot live. It is also manifest that not a few incumbents hire a curate principally in order that he may illustrate evangelical doctrine for them by his life, in being content without riches, and may thus take the most disagreeable part of their duty off their hands. In hiring curates, we wonder that master-clergymen do not adopt the course of some farmers, and resort to an ecclesiastical statute-fair, at which candidates for curacies might present themselves with tickets in their hats, marked with terms. An interesting experiment as to the effect of curate's wages upon the ordinary run of servants might be tried, but for several difficulties. Take a footman with a fine aquiline nose, get him ordained, make him exchange his plush and shoulder-knot for surplice and bands, the back of the carriage for the pulpit, and the servants' hall for the curates' residence. Instead of waiting at table, set him to work at reading, preaching, baptizing, marrying, burying, and visiting the sick. Give him curate's wages for those which he received as a lackey, and compel him to labour for them in the church-vineyard during twelve months. At the end of that time, examine his nose, and see whether it has not, from having been continually turned up at his stipend, become permanently snubbed, and converted from an aristocratic aquiline into a plebeian pug.

GLEANINGS FROM A PADDY FIELD.

AN old song makes mention of a certain—

"PADDYWHACK just come from Cork,
With his coat nately buttoned behind him."

The memory of that ancient lay will perhaps be awakened by the following advertisement extracted from a Cork newspaper:—

GAME NOTICE.

THE EARL OF NORBURY requests that no one will Poach on his Estate (CARRIGMORE) without an order from him in writing. (3902)

What animal will the PRINCE CONSORT exhibit at the next Cattle show that will beat the EARL OF NORBURY'S Prize Bull?

Here is another remarkable advertisement, culled, likewise, from one of the Cork journals:—

WANTED, BOARD AND RESIDENCE.

[N] a Respectable Family, by a Single Gentleman, who will pay liberally, where there are no marriageable daughters. Apply, by letter, to R., Daily Reporter Office. (2473.)

In this notification there is, to be sure, no absolute nonsense, though some difficulty may be experienced in understanding its drift. What can be the author's objection to marriageable daughters in a boarding-house? Perhaps he has been made the victim of some marriageable daughter to whom, like a fool, he afforded grounds of an action for breach of promise of marriage. Perhaps he cannot help being such a fool under circumstances of temptation. Perhaps

"Love is the soul of this nate Irishman;
He loves all that is lovely, loves all that he can;"

and is unable to restrain himself from making offers of which he afterwards repents, and for which he suffers. Perhaps, like the American Editor whose fatal gift of handsomeness obliged him to carry a stick to keep the ladies off, he is such an Adonis as to be subject to be mobbed by the softer sex; so that in a boarding-house wherein there are any marriageable daughters, he is prevented from enjoying his board by their troublesome caresses.

THE MEMBER TO PAY.



CURIOUS legislative experiment is, according to the Papers, about to be tried at Greenwich. The Radical electors there having made two exceedingly practical protests against a property qualification for voting for a Mr. SLEIGH, who did not get in, and for a Mr. TOWNSEND, who did, and has since been made a bankrupt, are, we read, about to enforce the doctrine of paying Members of Parliament, by putting Mr. TOWNSEND on a salary. We do not hear the figure at which the honourable member's services are to be estimated, but it ought to be

a good one, for the representing such a constituency as that of Greenwich is certainly something for which even an undertaker, (such, we are apprised, is Mr. TOWNSEND's social status) ought to be compensated. Be this as it may, we hope that he will insist upon quarterly or half-yearly payments, for the dignity of his order. It could not be pleasant for an undertaker and statesman of delicate feelings to have to take his money weekly, with comments from his employers as to the mode in which the hebdomadal guerdon had been earned. Imagine a politician being addressed across a table: "There's your money, TOWNSEND, and we have made no deduction for your staying away from the House on Thursday, because you say you had a bad cold, and wanted to put your feet in hot water;" or, "TOWNSEND, you were not in your place until seven o'clock on Tuesday, nor until eight on Friday. We don't want to be hard upon you, but a bargain is a bargain." Or, even more pleasantly: "Mr. TOWNSEND, you will find a hextra trifle in that bit of paper, as a small

acknowledgment of the way you came out on Hindia." Moreover, will the honourable undertaker have to give a receipt, and if he is to be paid more than two pounds a week, (which is not too much, considering omnibus-hire,) who will pay for the penny stamp, the statesman, or Greenwich?

The Constituency must think over all this, because, unless they are going to subsidise their member in a gentlemanly manner, we know what advice we shall give him, should he honour us by asking it; and that is, to be convinced by Mr. HAYTER, at his earliest convenience, that any decent place in the gift of Government is preferable to being paid over the counter, with commentaries. And if Mr. TOWNSEND (who is an auctioneer as well as an undertaker) can get Greenwich to bid against LORD PALMERSTON, the M.P. may with perfect fairness run up the bidding until he has done a good thing for himself. At all events we have given him the hint, and if the Greenwich folks do not behave singularly well, they ought not to be surprised at Mr. TOWNSEND's some day placarding their excessively dirty borough with a version of a poem, which doubtless he has often caused to be affixed upon the memorials of their relatives—He can date it from a back Treasury bench.

"Weep not for me, constituents' dear,
I am not lost, but sitting here;
You paid me such a paltry fee,
I took a place from Viscount P."

MYSTERIES OF THE CITY.

A GENTLEMAN connected with the Money Market, Mr. R. TREDINNICK, issues a weekly circular, from which, amusement as well as information appears to be derivable. In one of these documents recently published, we are told that "EDWARD, 9 to 94, has become a general favourite;" from which statement the inference might be drawn that EDWARD was a nice boy. It is further stated that "KELLY BRAY consists of 5,000 shares." Everybody has heard of a man made of money, but the idea of a man made of shares will be new to most people. Allusion is also made to a certain Old Toleus, who may be supposed to be some gentleman advanced in years, and probably a foggy, bearing a nickname. "ALFRED CONSOLS" is likewise mentioned, and some of our readers will perhaps surmise that the ALFRED with that peculiarly interesting surname, is a character in a farce, though "LADY BERTHA," named a little farther on, savours rather of melo-drama. "NORTH FRANCES," and "SOUTH FRANCES," are among the names specified; and they seem inversions of nomenclature; Christian names and surnames standing in the relation of cart to horse, or cart to mare, the vehicle placed before the quadruped. We are informed that "GREAT ALFRED sold last Thursday £1,203 worth of copper ore." Who is GREAT ALFRED? it will be naturally inquired. Is our second ALFRED THE GREAT a great copper-merchant, or a great auctioneer, or a great what?

This curious circular, moreover, abounds in very strange and mysterious expressions. For instance, "The 16 end men are rising against the winze, sinking below the adit—both in ore ground." Some suspicion may be entertained that Mr. TREDINNICK's orthography is what the drapers call inferior, whilst those who feel that misgiving will at the same time wonder what he can possibly mean by the announcement that sixteen end men are rising against the winds. Can an insurrection be the thing intended, or a strike?—but the winds are no authorities; neither do they constitute a firm or a Co. The doubt about the spelling of Mr. T. will be materially increased by the perusal of his subsequent remark that "POLDICH is also looking better;" POLDICE being conceived to be the peculiarly written and abbreviated name of a young lady, properly called MARY DYCE. The production before us will finally be likely to be regarded as questionable in point of taste; for it certainly has the appearance of being replete with slang, whereof the following sentence may be thought to present examples. "At St. Day United a stope above the 124 is valued for tin at 81 per fathom." We know the meaning of tin; but what is a stope? By this time the reader will want to know, what the odd statements above quoted really relate to, unless he knows as well as we do, that they are particulars of mining intelligence. We take this opportunity of suggesting, that the authors of trade circulars and reports, and writers of money-articles, should append a glossary to their compositions; and also that an enterprising publisher might make

a good speculation by bringing out a Companion for the City, explaining the technical terms used in business, and the Mammonisms of the Stock Exchange. An appropriate title for such a book would be, "The Commercial Slang Dictionary."

RHODOMONTADE RUN MAD.



E are wrong to be annoyed at the insults lavishly flung at England by the *Univers*, *Spectateur*, *Gazette de France*, and other mad Ultramontane papers. Shouldn't we laugh at the French, if they took serious offence at any insulting nonsense that the *Record*, or the *Churchman*, or the *Morning Advertiser* chose to indulge in at the expense of France? Bigotry is much the same all over the world. Its wild antics are too ridiculous for anger, and should only provoke laughter instead of indignation. *Rions!*

MORE REFORMS.

THE eminent Jockey-Statesman, LORD DERBY, has given notice of a measure for Turf Reform, which is, at least, as likely to give satisfaction as LORD PALMERSTON's for Reform of another kind. The Earl proposes, "That all bets on handicaps made previously to the publication of the weights shall be null and void." Very well; but why not the Earl and his party carry the same just principle into politics? Why not decide that "all attacks made on the proceedings of a Government, until it is known what they are, shall be deemed unfair?" To be sure, it would throw Mr. DISRAELI out of employment, but compensation might be arranged: Does not the Earl want a helper in some of his stables? *Punch* knows nobody who can toss about a litter more vigorously than BEN, to say nothing of his preternatural talent at finding mares' nests.

ONE WHO CLEARLY KNOWS HIMSELF.

A CELEBRATED flute-player, who was asked, "What is a Man?" answered quite naively, "Why, a man is a very stupid animal: at least, judging, as far as one can, from oneself."

A PLUCKY REPLY.—A CANDIDATE for the Civil Service, being asked to name the principal divisions of the Anglo-Saxon race, answered, Epsom and Newmarket.



Party (who, of course, doesn't think himself good-looking). "REALLY, CLARA, I CAN'T THINK HOW YOU CAN MAKE A PET OF SUCH AN UGLY BRUTE AS AN ISLE OF SKYE TERRIER!"

THE SEPOY GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

MR. PUNCH has to acknowledge the receipt, from MR. VERNON SMYTHE, of the following copy of LORD CANNING's Proclamation in favour of the Indian Mutineers:—

"The GOVERNOR-GENERAL in Council has been much shocked and grieved at the angry language which he regrets to have seen employed by British officers and privates in reference to the unfortunate natives who have been misled into acts which may be deplored, but which must not be punished too severely. It is unworthy of Englishmen to use harsh terms towards those who have not had the same advantages of education as themselves. He desires, therefore, that in any future letters mentioning the objectionable conduct alleged to have been pursued by some natives towards females and young persons at Delhi, Cawnpore, and elsewhere, the writers will avoid irritating and condemnatory language.

"The GOVERNOR-GENERAL has learned with great concern that when English officers and soldiers have captured any of the natives who have been misled into the acts referred to, these unfortunate persons have been tried by a court-martial, and the G.-G. in council shudders to add, have been removed from this life. Such inhuman severity is most displeasing to the G.-G. in council, and he orders that in future any such native, if taken with arms in his hand, may be imprisoned till he can be tried by a jury of his countrymen, and if without arms, that bail be accepted (his own will suffice) for his going to Calcutta and rendering himself up to the authorities.

"The GOVERNOR-GENERAL has perused with a loathing to which he finds it impossible to give adequate utterance, the accounts of some of the means by which misguided natives have been compelled to depart this life. He expressly orders that no native shall in future be hanged, shot, or blown from a gun, but that in the very few cases in which it can be necessary, for the sake of example, to inflict the last penalty, the native's head shall be removed while he is under the influence of chloroform, or of opiates, to be administered as kindly as possible by the regimental surgeon.

"The GOVERNOR-GENERAL, in permitting this exceptional exercise of

a doubtful right, expressly orders that distinction shall be made, and that any native who offers affidavit upon his Shaster that he did not actually destroy English women or children, but merely pointed them out, prevented their escape, or witnessed their execution, shall be treated with the clemency the G.-G. is eager to show, and shall be dismissed on his undertaking to explain his conduct hereafter.

"The GOVERNOR-GENERAL also impresses upon the mind of officers, privates, and civilians, that it is very likely that there has been much exaggeration in the accounts of the sufferings endured by ladies and children who have unfortunately fallen victims to the natives' mistaken sense of nationality and religion. There can really be nothing so very dreadful in death by the sword or bayonet; and the imperfectly developed organisation of youth prevents its enduring so much as adults do. Other details are probably incorrect; and, at all events, until they can be verified by affidavits duly filed in the offices of the Courts of Law, they cannot be regarded as a basis of revengeful operations. The G.-G. in Council, therefore, enjoins upon the Army and civilians to dismiss from its consideration any alleged maltreatment of females and juveniles, and to confine itself to a humane endeavour to restore order in India.

"The GOVERNOR-GENERAL will punish with the utmost severity any infraction of the rules laid down in this proclamation, and should any Englishman be found to have put to death, or permitted to be put to death, or not exercised his utmost endeavour to save, any unfortunate native, armed or not, such Englishman shall be hanged immediately on the close of the campaign.

"Calcutta, Sept. 1."

"(Signed) CANNING."

Exit Stultus.

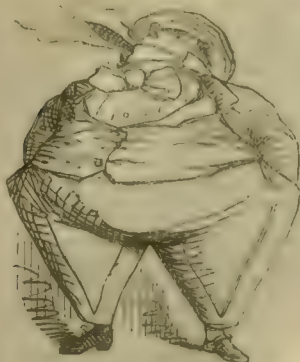
An extremely foolish contributor, whom we have sometimes employed when his betters were gone bathing, lecturing, pheasant-shooting, and the like, says that the lying messages brought by the electric wire make it perfectly proper to call the dispatch a Tell-a-cram. He is discharged.



THE CLEMENCY OF CANNING.

GOVERNOR-GENERAL. "WELL, THEN, THEY SHAN'T BLOW HIM FROM NASTY GUNS; BUT HE MUST
PROMISE TO BE A GOOD LITTLE SEPOY."

OUR CITY POEM.



E see that the poet ALEXANDER SMITH, who reminds us (in his Christian name) of the poet ALEXANDER POPE, has published recently some "City Poems," in a volume price five shillings, which on that account, if for no other, we may not unfairly call his crowning work. We will not quarrel with his way of dealing with the subject: for having yet read only the first three lines of his book, it would be unjust in us to speak of it with harshness. To our minds the word "City" is suggestive rather more of business than of poetry, and there is no harm in our showing what kind of City Poem we ourselves might have

produced, had not MR. SMITH been so lucky as to have forestalled us. Our production will, of course, be now complained of as a plagiarist, but MR. SMITH himself has been so much accused of this, that we feel sure he will excuse our keeping him in countenance. We frankly own that we have parodied his opening line, but its "elegant simplicity" reminded us of that for which the Three per Cents are noted, and its connection with the City was therefore so apparent that we could not but adopt it.

Without further explanation than the case seems to demand, we beg the critic's "kyind indulgence" to our

CITY POEM.

THE other day I sat upon my chair,
As I am wont to do at breakfast-time,
And 'tween the spoonfuls of my second egg
Swallowed choice morsels of my borrowed *Times*.
With equal relish sucked I the contents
Of new-laid shell, and newly-printed sheet;
And inwardly alike digesting both,
Nourished my body while I fed my mind.
The cream of the Court news I quickly skimmed,
Finding, as usual, it was mere sky-blue:
Then followed I the 'leaders' some six words
(For time was pressing), and with sad wry face
Gulped down a mouthful of bad Indian news.
Being a business man, my appetite
Is keener set for Trade Intelligence,
Than politics, or home or foreign news.
With gusto therefore turned I to the page
Which tersely chronicles the rise and fall
Of funds, and markets, and those Joint Stock Shares
Wherein I've dabbled, like a green, green goose,
And now would gladly lave my hands of them.

There learnt I that Consols had yesterday
Opened with firmness at one-eighth advance;
But, through the pressure of effected sales,
Ere noon they to their former price returned,
And closed, inanimate, at a slight decline.
The discount market still continued tight,
Tho' first class bills on easier terms were done;
Money at former rates in brisk demand—
As when, with me at any rate, is 't not?

In railways, banks, and miscellaneous stocks
But little change that day had taken place.
Mines had however some improvement shown:
Wheal Kitty "asked for," and Wheal Down "more up,"
Wheal Alfred firmer, Lady Bertha brisk,
And bidders too for my Wheal Mary Ann—
A wheal whereby may I ne'er come to woe!

The list of bankrupts anxiously I scanned,
In fear of meeting some familiar name;
Then, much relieved, the Mark Lane news I marked,
How the arrivals had been large and good,
How the best samples had with ease gone off,
While for the worse there was a dull demand:
How peas and beans had been in good request
(Bad news for buyers of "Pure Wheaten Bread"),
And fine old malt more money had obtained—
Giving less hope of going down in beer.

The cattle markets had much briskness shown,
Both sheep and beasts were sensibly advanced,
But calves less active, and—more wondrous yet—
There had been quiet in the pig-market.
The Trade Report but slight improvement showed;

Irons were strong: yarns, wools and cottons weak:
Tallows changed hands without much change of price:
Some stir in coals: in middling sugars none:
Coffees and teas both somewhat weaker seemed,
But rums were stronger: and, a strange, strange fact,
Feathers hung heavy in the holder's hands.

More I had learned: but on such rapid wheels
Time rolls away, man reads and has to run:
I started up, but ere my shoes were tied,
Our one domestic panted at my side.

(She's housemaid, cook, and errand girl, and "nuss")

"Please, Missis says, you've been and missed your 'bus!"

THE CAMELLIA BREADALBANICA.

NOW, dear LORD CHAMBERLAIN! Now, beloved BREADALBANE. Are you not a nice kind of Licencer of Plays? Come, come, no turning up the aristocratic nose at a subject so contemptible—the business is your business, and you are paid (excuse our vulgarity) singularly well for neglecting it. We insist upon being listened to.

"Not hear us. By your salary, but you shall!"

At a place called Rochester (somewhere in Kent, my Lord) the inhabitants were considered to be in so stupid and stagnating a state of virtue, that it was thought well to introduce among them a little vice, just to make them aware of their own perfection. So a humane theatrical manager announced a drama called the *Lady of the Camellias*. Your Lordship—although a Lord Chamberlain—must know, by this time, what the subject of such a piece is, for you certainly read the *Times*, and cannot forget the scathing denunciation righteously poured upon the opera of *La Traviata*. A drama founded on that opera must be still more offensive, because vocalists emit notes, not words, whereas the actor sends home the idea and language to every spectator. And it is again worse, because the ineffable abomination of M. DUMAS, *filis*, is thrust forward in the above title—*Punch* cannot even allude to what LORD BREADALBANE sanctions. Well, my Lord, some people in Rochester have heard of the character of the atrocity, and send a remonstrance to the Chamberlain's office. MR. DONNE, your delegate, (a scholar and a gentleman, who discharges a thankless office to the satisfaction of all who have business with him) sends to Rochester for the piece, reads it, and to make what sort of a communication to the manager have you, LORD BREADALBANE, reduced that gentleman? This is it.

"I have examined the drama, entitled the *Lady of the Camellias*, and find it to correspond so nearly with the opera of *La Traviata*, WHICH HAS BEEN LICENSED BY THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN, that I shall not put any impediment in the way of your performing it at Rochester."

Mr. *Punch* takes it, that blushing is not a CHAMBERLAIN'S accomplishment, or such a letter must make your Lordship's face resemble *Bardolph's*, as described by the *Page*, (characters by SHAKESPEARE, a dramatic author of other days, my Lord,) "He called me, my Lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window; at last I spied his eyes."

WALK UP, AND BEHOLD THE WONDERFUL!

A PASTORAL, according to the derivation of the word, means a discourse delivered by a shepherd; but the compositions issued under that name by CARDINAL WISEMAN, DR. CULLEN, and the other foreigners who call themselves bishops and archbishops in this country, are at variance with its etymology. The turgid circumlocution of those un-English addresses renders them quite dissimilar to the phraseology of shepherds, but very much like the eloquence of the keeper of a wild-beast show. We may perhaps be allowed to carry the comparison a little further, and to suggest that suiting action to word, some of the pastoral-promulgators may almost be imagined in the act of stirring up the Royal Bengal Tiger with a long pole in the shape of a crosier. Certainly, they are putting their heads in the Lion's mouth.

A Trifle from Shoe-Lane.

Two gentlemen were disputing, rather warmly, about the degree of stature required for the Army, but couldn't agree as to the precise height. "Probably you are not aware," said one, "that the standard has been reduced lately?" "Oh! yes, but I am," answered the other gentleman; "every fool knows that the *Standard's* reduced now to Twopence."—*Morning Herald*.

STICKING TO THE SHOP.

THE Linendrapers' Shopmen declare, that they cannot think of going to India; the Cape, they say, would be somewhat more in their line.

THE LADIES AND THE LOOKING-GLASS.



aggravated her complaint, by stating that the mirror was so placed, that every one must pass it (in which arrangement the art-people must be viewed as artful dodgers), that she was wholly unaware that there was any charge for using it; and that, as it was, she "only just peeped" at it. But although we grant there may be weight in two of these objections, we must express a doubt if the third can be held valid. From taking careful note of female phraseology, we have more than a suspicion that the "only just peeping" of a lady in a looking-glass, implies a longer occupation of it than the words would seem to indicate. Supposing our informant is a model of forbearance, her "peep" may have accorded with the meaning in her Dictionary; but she must recollect, all ladies are not similarly gifted, and in framing any looking-glass reflection tariff, of course the calculations must be based upon the aggregate.

It is impossible, of course, to speak with any certainty of anything so frightfully uncertain as a Woman,* but from making frequent observation of the time which ladies take when they get before a looking-glass, we can form a pretty accurate opinion on the subject. We have indeed statistics, very carefully collected, which enable us to calculate with tolerable exactness, what portion of their lives ladies spend before the looking-glass; and we are prepared to show that, making due allowance for feminine uncertainty, the actual duration of "only just a peep" averages not less than sixteen minutes and a quarter. This at the Art-Palace price, a penny for a peep, would hourly bring in fourpence and a fraction of a farthing; and allowing that the Manchester Art-mirror was in constant occupation during six whole hours *per diem*, the weekly return would but just exceed twelve shillings. So far, then, from agreeing that the fee charged was exorbitant, we are more disposed to consider it most moderate, and to wonder it was thought that it would prove a paying one: a result which indeed could be only brought about by the artful dodgery aforesaid, of placing the glass so that in her exit from the waiting-room every lady passed it. This of course ensured its being constantly in use; for one might as well expect an Alderman to pass one the milk punch without helping himself, as imagine that a lady could ever pass before a looking-glass without "just taking a peep at it."

Looking therefore at the looking-glass in the light of an Art-fixture, we cannot see it casts the least reflection on the artful ones who furnished it. Without imputing sordid motives to the Manchester Art-treasures, we must admit, of course, that having spent much money in showing them, they had substantial reasons for regarding the Art-treasures from a business point of view, and for keeping a sharp eye to the state of the Art-treasury. Considering that in Manchester the Economic Mania is carried to excess, and that business men have there the greatest possible aversion to lay out money needlessly, we think it was a gallant act in them to sink a certain portion of their capital in a looking-glass; and it is preposterous in ladies to feel a twinge of wonder that such accommodation was not furnished to them gratis. In common fairness the fair sex should have felt grateful for the delicate attention to their wants, and have seen in the looking-glass a convincing piece of evidence that, even in Manchester, men of business sometimes let their gallantry get somewhat the better of them.

* Note by the Editor.—Our contributor, ladies, is a confirmed old bachelor, and we will not be answerable for his misogynic sentiments.

A Fresh-Water Navy.

THE Prussian Government has issued a proclamation, in which it humanely recommends all sailors employed in the Prussian Navy to take, before going to sea, five or six drops of chloroform, in a wineglassful of barley-water, as it is considered an admirable preventive against the horrors of sea-sickness.

A DISTINGUISHED ANTIQUARY wishes to know, in whose possession is the chair on which "*Verbum sat*"

CUSTOMED as we are to the unravelling of mysteries, we confess that there are sometimes puzzles which perplex us. Such a one we find in the announcement of a lady, that at the now closing Manchester Art Palace, the Ladies' Waiting-Room was furnished with a looking-glass, for the use of which a penny was the fee demanded. This she was disposed to consider as exorbitant, and as of a piece with the biscuits to be had at the refreshment counters, which being rather small for penny ones were charged at twopence. As far, however, as our gallantry will suffer, we feel compelled to differ with our fair informant: for the more we give our mind to the consideration of the matter, the more we are disposed to think the smallness, not the largeness, of the charge is to be wondered at. It is true that our informant somewhat

WHAT GAMMON!

THE price of funds was falling fast,
When through the Commons' Lobby, past
A youth who grasped as firm as ice
This Ministerial device:
What Gammon!

His gills were stiff, his snowy hand,
*Wore DENT's best kids we understand,
And like a penny-trumpet rung
The accents of that cheerful tongue:
What Gammon!

In happy homes he'd seen the light
Of household mirth extinguished quite,
The storm-cloud gathered fast the while,
But still he muttered with a smile:
What Gammon!

"Oh, stay!" one member said, "and think!
We stand upon an awful brink!"
He gently closed his left blue eye,
But still he answered with a sigh:
What Gammon!

"Try not that dodge," another said,
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead;
The mutiny's spreading far and wide."
But still that cheerful voice replied:
What Gammon!

Beware the Sepoy's pampered mood!
Beware our helpless womanhood!
This was the Opposition's cry,
A voice replied: "That's all my eye:
And Gammon!"

Next day the wires electric bore
A horrid tale from red Cawnpore;
Still muttered by the Speaker's chair,
That youth with somewhat startled air:
What Gammon!

True to his scent, as faithful hound,
That youth our own reporter found,
Still clenching in his grasp of ice,
That Ministerial device:
What Gammon!

There, smoothing down his bran new hat,
Lifeless, but elegant he sat,
And 'mid the death-knell booming far,
A voice fell from that falling star:
What Gammon!

* On the authority of an eminent antiquarian who studies such matters.

VERY IMPORTANT.

THE attention of his Royal Highness the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF is particularly requested to the annexed important communication received by *Mr. Punch* through the kindness of HER MAJESTY'S Post-Master General:—

"SIR "Queens Road Obr. 5 Baywater.

"I NOW take the opportunity of informing you as I was standing near the Great Western railway Station having a leisure five Minutes a train come in and I saw get out one of the carriages six or eight of the royal horse guard blues on leaf of absence for 36 hours each of them having a box or a Carpet bag and one of them having a pair of top boots and they engaged as many dirty ragged lot of little boys to carry them wick drawd great atteration and I hope I shall not intrude in sending this as a copy fo punch

"I have the honour to remain Sir,
"Yours obidient Servant,"
"DR. HEULET."

AN EARLY SIGN OF CHRISTMAS.—MR. HARRY BOLENO, the Clown, was seen hovering about the stage-door of Drury Lane Theatre last week.

THE BATTLE OF CREMORNE.



R. PUNCH derives satisfaction from finding that the Middlesex Magistrates will not punish Mr. SIMPSON, of Cremorne, because the Police, as usual, neglect their duty. Middlesex Justice is not so blind as to charge Mr. SIMPSON with the overcharges of cabmen, and with the consequent squabbles between them and their fares, nor will it visit upon him the fact that some of his visitors express their satisfaction with his entertainments by uncouth shouting and inharmonious singing. Such demonstrations, both hostile and applauding, have, Mr. Punch is informed, been once or twice heard before the hospitable mansions of more than one most distinguished host, "the only veritable Amphitryon—him with whom one dines." Mr. Punch is pleased with the decision by which eighteen to eight Magistrates have refused to injure Mr. SIMPSON because cab-wheels and snobs make a noise, and because gents may not be

as well up in the table of fares as they are in the Ready Reckoner.

But as the recognised LORD CHAMBERLAIN, Censor, and Master of the Revels of the world, it may be expected from him that he should express with more completeness his view of the whole Cremorne case. He states, without the least hesitation, that he concurs with several of his friends, members of the Royal Family, that Mr. SIMPSON's gardens are very delightful ones, and for a daylight visit, a place to which a Bishop may go without risk of a speck upon what MR. JOHN TIMES aptly informs us is called by uninformed laics, the Apron, but which the Christian world ought to know is nothing more than the short cassock, ordered by the 74th canon. Furthermore, Mr. Punch is happy to add, that Mr. SIMPSON's evening entertainments are not merely unexceptionable, but excellent, the coloured lamps are Alhambraic, the music Jullienesque, the Marionettes an immense improvement upon the wooden actors at several theatres that might be mentioned, the fireworks worthy to celebrate a Peace by which we gained something (everybody will comprehend that we don't refer to the Treaty of Paris), while the poetry of the Hermit seems modelled upon—though superior to the compositions of—but perhaps we have touched up that great bard often enough. The refreshments are capital, and though not unmindful of the Château Margaux and the punch, we have been particularly struck with the rich flavour and aroma of the Imperial Pop, vintage 1857, the Comet year. Lastly, while on the credit side of the account, Mr. Punch must not omit to say, that the behaviour of the visitors is exceedingly exemplary, far better, especially as regards the dancers, than that of many of the attendants at similar Parisian places, to which Paterfamilias, once away from the respectability of Bloomsbury Square, hurries, and very often takes Materfamilias, and thinks he has rather done a knowing thing than not. And whether all the said visitors may take with them "all the Virtues under Heaven," (the demise of BISHOP BERKELEY having left those amiables without a residence, an allusion which no fast man will understand, and so we refer him to MR. PETER CUNNINGHAM for explanation) we do not exactly know. Some people behave all the better in the absence of a conviction that they are immaculate, and can do nothing wrong.

But Mr. Punch begs to state, with equal distinctness, that he knows, and desires to know nothing of the Gardens after the evening's programme is over. They may, after midnight, be as orderly as before. He has no evidence before him. Decent people walk off before to-morrow walks in. And so they ought. Any person with the duties of life to do—we don't speak of idle Swells, War Ministers, Members of the Metropolitan Central Board, and other useless beings—must be up at eight o'clock, and be well through his hearty breakfast by nine. Nobody, whether he be Member of Parliament, clergyman, doctor, lawyer, tradesman, author, or anybody else with anything to do, can want to be at a place of amusement after midnight. Allow another hour for the home journey, and tranquillising cigar, and curtain lecture, and the clock strikes one. Seven golden hours of sleep are coins the strongest must pay as ground-rent to Nature. And therefore we have nothing to say to anybody who stays at Cremorne, or anywhere else, at unseemly hours, except that he ought to be ashamed of himself.

Nathless, Mr. P. is glad that the Magistrates did not make an exceptional rule against Cremorne, and compel closing at an hour when, if a theatrical manager has the cruelty, and a playgoer the folly, to inflict and to witness dramatic debility, the playhouse may remain open. Fair play all round. And Mr. Punch will not conclude without

adding, that the Magistrates must have arrived at their decision from the promptings of their own sense of justice and logic, for the trashy clap-trap chiefly offered in favour of the licence was worthy of all contempt. Had it been proved that the Gardens were a nuisance, it was not because the owner "had laid out £30,000," and given "£325 to the Indian Fund," and "was the largest ratepayer in the parish," that the licence ought to have been granted. It certainly ought not—even in money-grubbing England—to be in favour of a nuisance that it was established at a great expense, or that a fraction of its profits was given in charity. The fact was, that there was no case; and satisfied as Mr. Punch is with the result, he would have liked it better, un-garnished with Bosh.

POETRY OF COURT JOURNALISM.

"MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,
"THE following beautiful piece of writing is taken from the *Court Journal*. It occurs in a description of the Ball Room at Balmoral:—

"Above, the walls are decorated with sylvan trophies and emblems—stags' heads, the spoils of the Prince's rifle, forming conspicuous objects."

"'Spoils of the Prince's rifle!' Oh! how elegant! how sweetly pretty! Any common coarse writer would have said 'shot by the Prince.' What a nice man that writer in the *Court Journal* must be, who expresses himself with reference to the trophies of his Royal Highness's sportsmanship in such charming and appropriate language.

"Ever yours,
"MELISSA GUSH."

"P.S. I wonder if he is handsome."



TELEGRAPH AND TELEGRAM.

By a Dublin University Poet.

HERE is a bother, here's a to-do,
About using one letter instead of two!
And why are the Greeks to teach us to call
A thing the spalpeens never heard of at all?
(Unless you suppose the spark in the wire
Was known to them by the name of Greek Fire).
End it with Phi, or end it with Mu,
What does it signify which you do?
End it with Mu, or end it with Phi,
The point's not worth a potat's eye,
Contemn such ultrapedantic appeals,
And put your shoulders to these two wheels:
Reduce the charges, which now is plundering,
And teach the clerks to spell without blundering.

Badly Brought Up.

A SWELL-MORSMAN, hearing a moralist enlarge on the benefits of self-examination, said: "It was all very fine, but he had often been before the Magistrate of the Thames Police-Court, and he must say he didn't like a SELF-Examination at all!"



THE NICE LITTLE DINNER.

Tommy (who is standing a feed to Harry). "OH, HANG IT, YOU KNOW, FOURTEEN BOB FOR A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE! THAT'S COMING IT RATHER STRONG, AIN'T IT?"

Waiter (with perfect composure). "WE HAVE SOME CHEAP WINE, SIR, AT HALF-A-GUINEA!"

SNOBS ALL, MY MASTERS!

OH, Flunkeydom, flunkeydom, what paragraphs are written in thy name! Thy domain is co-extensive with the spread of the great Anglo-Saxon Race! I apprehend that it is a fact not to be gainsaid that, taking JOHN BULL, in the widest sense—as including the American branch of the family—he is the greatest snob beyond comparison, and most abject flunkey, ever known in this world.

I find nothing of the same peculiar kind in France, or Germany, or Italy, or Spain, or Turkey, or even Russia. In the latter country the serf bows down to the noble—the *Tschin* is respected by all classes not included within its thirteen grades—because nobility in Russia is the symbol of power and authority, and means the right and privilege to inflict some kind of punishment or pain. I do not call this sort of kotosnobbishness. It is slavishness, if you will—a dog-like feeling—but there is no flunkeyism in it. So in Austria, what people bow down to, is military rank, or official position, both sources of possible oppression, if not conciliated. But only in England do I find that abject worship of a Lord as a Lord—that licking the shoes of a class, which has no power or privilege to oppress or brow-beat, or bastinado either literally or metaphorically—that hoisting of them into every chair at every public dinner—that foisting of them into every office, of every calibre—that silent reverence of them in every private gathering of every condition of men—that hustling and hurraing of them in every public concourse on every occasion.

The DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, and a distinguished party—distinguished as containing a large proportion of peers, and peer's kith and kin—visits the Manchester Exhibition; straightway the Ancient Masters are abandoned, and the moderns cease to charm. MR. HALLÉ's cunning fails in the orchestra, and even the Corporation Gold plate no longer attracts a ring of gapers. The Art Treasures of the United Kingdom are for the moment eclipsed and swallowed up, and set aside by the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE. The crowd run after him, they dog his heels, they

PATTERNS FOR DRAPERS' YOUNG MEN.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"ALLOW me to observe, Sir, that we Linen-drappers' Assistants are not the only parties who are doing women's work whilst they might be fighting the battles of their country. What do you say to the great majority of the Parliamentary gents? At present, to be sure, they are doing nothing but shooting pheasants; but their work, when they do any, consists in talk, if I may be allowed to express myself in fine Irish. Now, Sir, I ask you whether talk, and mere talk please to observe, is not, of all occupations, most decidedly that of a woman. Well, then, suppose, by way of setting us an example, honourable members leave words to the ladies, and resort to blows instead, and relinquish the fowling-piece for the rifle. They might take their footmen of six feet—you see the joke, Sir?—with them; and then they would revive the romantic arrangement of knight and squire, usual in the good old times of chivalry. Noble lords, with their retainers, might also go out to India, in the capacity of volunteers. The Bishops could not accompany the temporal nobles, but they might send their domestics to serve under them; and in the meanwhile do without coaches, and be satisfied with first-class railway carriages, and with the apostles' horses. Parties in a superior station would have a great advantage over us as soldiers. Pay would be no object to them; but it would be important to us gents, and how can we be expected to throw up our situations for 13*d.* a-day, reduced by sundry stoppages to 2½*d.*? One-and-one cut down to nought two-and-a-half is too low. We couldn't do it. We should have much pleasure in making some sacrifice; but really it must not be quite so alarming as that. We should be happy to do business with the recruiting-sergeant on reasonable terms—but, at the above, certainly not at this establishment. I am, Sir,

"Your obedient Servant,

"Crinoline House, 21/10-57."

"SILKSHOT."

Going Awry.

A DAMSEL of Rye has (to the great wrath of the *Morning Advertiser*) permitted a Popish priest to cajole her into renouncing a religion for a superstition. We can spare the silly girl to Romanism; but, in the name of GEORGE BORROW, must protest against her being known as the Romany Rye.

press upon him. It is necessary to form a ring of policemen round the ducal person to save it from damage. So, girt by his ring of protecting policemen, the Duke, with much ado, gets the Art-Treasures seen, himself the sole and single Art-Treasure, while he remains in the building. He looks at everything—and as if all the fruit of his gazing passed into him, and there became quintessentialised and sublimated, everybody else looks only upon him!

Our Yankee friends are as bad, for 'all their affected equality and democracy. JONATHAN loves a Lord as absolutely, abjectly, and offensively, as JOHN BULL.

It is not enough for us to mob their movements, and drive them into a hedge of policemen, but we must follow them about with the most miserable drivel of recording penny-alinism, and Court Newsmanship. We must have a human being paid to solemnly record how particularly "affable and amusing" His Royal Highness, PRINCE ALBERT, was, when he met "a select party at the MAYOR OF MANCHESTER'S," and how he told several anecdotes.

Among others was the following:—

"While in Osborne he was in the habit of getting up very early, and walking about his farm. Passing a farmer's house he stopped to make some inquiries; knocked at the door, and asked the servant if his master were in? The servant replied, 'He is in, Sir, but not down-stairs.' 'Oh, very well,' was PRINCE ALBERT's reply, and he was about to leave. 'Would you be kind enough to leave your name, Sir?' said the servant. 'Oh, it does not matter,' said the PRINCE. 'Because,' said the servant, 'my master would be angry with me if I did not tell him who called.' 'Very well,' said the other, 'You may say PRINCE ALBERT.' Upon which the man drew back, looked up significantly, put his thumb to the tip of his nose, extended his fingers, and exclaimed 'Walker!'"

Whereupon the reader, exhausted with the sustained and breathless interest with which he has followed his Royal Highness to this point, can but ejaculate, in faint echo, "Walker!" also, and put his thumb to the tip of his nose, and extend his fingers, in the direction of the gifted penny-aliner.



First Boy. "What does he do with all them Whiskers?"

Second Boy. "Why, when 'e's got enough of 'em, 'e cuts 'em off to stuff 'is Heasy Chair with!"

A LEADER FROM THE "STAR."

[We have great pleasure in giving extended publicity to the views of the expencemongers, as set forth in their Penny Daily Organ. The following is an excellent specimen of the mode in which the Manchester-men treat the Indian crisis.]

THE British dear newspapers continue to bluster, but we cannot see that Old HAVELOCK and Old CAMPBELL are a bit nearer the crime which is being urged upon them than they were months ago. Of course, if a British officer mounted on a tremendous Life Guard's horse, and armed with a sword, revolvers, and a lance, and sheathed between an impenetrable cuirass and backpiece, rushes upon a few of the QUEEN's half-naked subjects with dark skins, and they run away to save their wives and children from outrage, the high-priced press makes him a hero. We should like to know where in the Scripture Life Guards are ordered to charge Hindoos, and yet we call ourselves a Christian nation, and the writers in the *Times* very likely drive to church in carriages.

As to "punishing" the Orientals, the insolence of the word is only equalled by its absurdity. To punish is the act of a superior, unless, to be sure, the word is taken from the brutalities of the prize-ring which is so great a favourite with our aristocracy, and whose atrocities are equalled in their fashionable schools, which the *Quarterly* parsons laud. In that case "punishment" is a thing which either side may get, and for all we can see, our dark fellow-subjects are as able to administer it as our white ones. We do not profess intimate acquaintance with the ferocious science of war, but we take it, that if a cannon is laid properly, the ball will do equal execution, whether the gun be fired by an Artillery Colonel or a Bumbasheeboo. Cannon-balls are sad democrats, and won't listen to the gentlemen in Printing-House Square, who would kindly direct them on their way.

Old HAVELOCK is said to have fought nine battles, and as nine tailors make a man, nine battles may make a hero. Mars covered nine acres of ground in his fall, and our Indian Mars may have the same luck. Of course, anything is called a battle when furious officers, with hands red with gore, dismount in an infuriated state, and pen despatches. If we could read what the so-called rebels say about the matter, we dare say that a good deal of the swagger would be taken out of these victories. But if they are all they are said to be, we see

POMPEY ON TELEGRAM.

TUNE—"Sitch a guttin up-stairs."

Oor! hab you heard ob de row dere am,
'Bout dis here new word 'Telegram'?
De Cambridge and de Oxford School,
Boaf ob dem call de oder a fool.
Sitch a quotin' ob Greek, and makin' ob a riddle,
Sitch a quotin' ob Greek I nebber did see.

De word he may be foul Greek or fair,
Which him don't know and him don't care;
But him sound more tickle dis nigger's ear,
Dan any him's heard for many a year.
Sitch, &c.

De word him short, de word him sweet,
And berry pleasant to repeat,
Him 'zackly fit de nigger's lip,
And de debble may care for him scollumship:
Sitch, &c.

Derefore in *Johnson* jest you look,
When next him publish him spelling-book,
And dere I spects dere will be found
Dat lilly new word wid de lubly sound:
Sitch, &c.

De telegram a 'greeable name;
Him wish him news may be ebber de same;
De next we gets, widout no flam,
Him hope a berry good telegram:
Sitch, &c.

MEDICINE OF THE MONEY-MARKET.

By a telegram from New Orleans we learn, with considerable alarm, that—

"The Money Market is feverish."

We suppose the fever is worse than a common intermittent; for we miss the additional intelligence that—

"Quinine is riz."

On the other hand, nothing whatever is mentioned of antimony and camphor-julep.

nothing in them to warrant exultation, because such victories imply that the sword and violence are having it their own way. Far better that the Indian Mars should be checked, and a Commissioner, say MR. MILNER GIBSON, or MR. W. J. FOX, be sent out to treat between the belligerents. It may come to this, in spite of the vaunting of the high-priced newspapers, for we rejoice to read that Nature would not stay her hand to assist the fiend of blood, and that the Jumna, swollen by rains from the Himalayas and the Mountains of the Moon, was offering an obstacle daily becoming more formidable to the invincible HAVELOCK, or HAVOC.

But if Delhi should be taken, which we pray may not be the case, the very cant of the military trade ought to secure leniency to those within its walls. They call it glory to defend a position. What then must be the glory of those who could defend Delhi against the miraculous *prestige* of the English name, and against the thunders of the English press. Had Delhi been Jericho, the brazen trumpets would have had it down long ago. But we do hope that should HAVELOCK or CAMPBELL, or whichever of these fiery old gentlemen is to have the honour of ravaging a noble city, succeed in entering its walls, he will bear in mind that if the so-called rebels killed some women and children, they were equally ready to kill the terrible soldiers of England, and therefore are entitled to the tender mercies of the Pagan code of war. Stupid as the military may be, they cannot fail to see this, if all the lead in all the types of the *Times* were in their heads. As for the writers in that journal, they are simply fools, knaves, and idiots.

CHEVALIER EXTRAORDINARY.

A GENTLEMAN who calls himself the CHEVALIER LUMLEY DE WOOD-YEAR LUMLEY, has published an account of his distinguished origin and magnificent titles, and therewith a statement that the Sardinian Government had offered spontaneously to KING BOMBA to expel from the Piedmontese territory twenty-six Neapolitan and Sicilian refugees, of whose names he gives a list. This story has been contradicted by the Government of Sardinia; it is, then, doubtless, the product of the imagination of the Chevalier. We apprehend that this inventive Chevalier is a Chevalier of the industrious order.

JUVENILE ART-TREASURES.

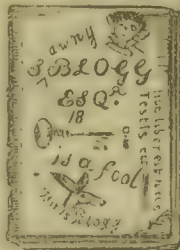
PRIVATE VIEW.



FOLLOWING the lead of the Manchester Art-people, a committee of young gentlemen has recently been formed, with the view of getting up an Exhibition of all the Juvenile Art-Treasures they can anyhow lay their hands on. It is intended to confine the specimens exhibited to the very early works of our exceedingly young

masters; and any master who exceeds the age of ten will be esteemed too ancient to have his works exhibited. The object, which the Art-Committee will keep steadily before them, is to show the progress of the Arts from the earliest infancy, and it is confidently hoped that specimens may reach them even from the cradle. Of the works which have already been entrusted to their care, we have been courteously invited to a private view, and we have our own permission to make public the results of our inspection.

No oil-paintings as yet have been received by the Committee, and indeed the only bit of canvas in their hands is a piece used as the ground of an unfinished work in worsted, on which the outline of a kettle has been traced in marking-ink. This has been sent in by a young Welsh master, MASTER JONES; and having been achieved at the age of not quite three, may be viewed as a specimen of his very early period. Several water-colour sketches have, however, come to hand, one or two of which are quite *chefs-d'œuvre* in their way, and are prized by the mammas of the young masters who have painted them as being early sweepings of the brush of genius. Some of these, we note, are somewhat smudgy in their tone, and must perhaps be viewed as being rather after rubbings than they can be after RUBENS; still, upon the whole, the colour-boxes have been used with singular effect, and, for first attempts, the landscapes are perhaps not more completely unlike nature than is usually the case. MASTER SMITH's in this way are especially unique, and may be fairly viewed as JEM's—that being the Christian name of this now rising-six young artist.



A POLIC
e MAN

been resorted to, and the words "This is a Horse!" prevent one's guessing that a pig must be the animal depicted.

With the sole exception of some ornamented book-covers (many of them so injured as to be quite past repairing) no specimens of Ornamental Art have been as yet contributed. A few carvings have arrived, of cherry-stones and hockey-sticks; and some spoons, bit nearly

through, and otherwise embossed, will be sure to claim attention as choice specimens of metal work. To Connoisseurs in chicken-bone a highly-decorated skipjack, from MASTER GREEN's collection, will doubtless be an object of considerable interest: while those who have a taste for Sculpture can hardly fail to be delighted with the ROBINSON Marbles, which, in the estimation of their owner, are not second to the ELGIN ones. They will be found to contain specimens of both the antique styles, the plain style and the coloured: as they comprise a goodly show of Alley Tors as well as Commoners.

The Armoury Compartment will be very rich in specimens. Several of the fly-guns will be found most delicately finished, and well worthy of inspection; and although the pop-guns show less polish, and perhaps more hasty workmanship, still, their elegant simplicity is in itself a beauty. The pea-shooters and pin-darts are also very choice, and some of the toy-cannon will be viewed as highly interesting specimens of early English ordnance. But perhaps the gem of this compartment is a suit of pasteboard armour, lately manufactured for some nursery theatricals. This will be found to repay the closest study, being exquisitely finished, and complete in every detail, down to the lath dagger and the paste and paper battle-axe.

Comprising as it will such young Masterpieces as these, there can be small doubt of the attractiveness of the intended Exhibition: and the Art-magnet, it is hoped, will be found strong enough to draw, even at the distance at which it will be placed. The first idea of putting it in an accessible locality, was scouted as not following the Manchester Art-precedent, and it has been finally resolved to hold the show at Mitcham, that being esteemed as much out of the way a spot as could be chosen for the purpose. A spacious nursery has there been fitted up as an Art-Palace, and will be open for a week, of course excluding Sunday. Day admission fee, one penny; Season Tickets, sixpence. At these charges it is hoped the Exhibition will be self-supporting; but in order to place it on a firm financial footing, a Guarantee Fund has been raised, to the amount of seven shillings. The Committee will defray their own expenses from the money taken at the door; and should there be a surplus, they will devote it to the purchase of Art-brandyballs and lollipops.



FASHION WITHIN COMPASS.

INDULGE not, husbands and lovers, the fond hope that ladies are about to abandon unlimited petticoats. Our good news is merely this: that, for once in the way, Fashion is mathematically and logically correct in a statement respecting the Circle. We congratulate the *Morning Post* on publishing this quite unobjectionable announcement:—

"The MARQUIS OF BRISTOL is at Ickworth, near Bury St. Edmund's, surrounded by a select circle."

Some critics may demur to "select;" but the expression is lawful. "Select," according to DR. JOHNSON, means "nicely chosen; choice; culled out on account of superior excellence." The circumference of the circle, whereof the MARQUIS OF BRISTOL is the centre, is perhaps at every point as nearly equidistant from the centre as it is possible for any circle to be drawn. Consequently, it is the nearest actual approach that can be made to a perfect circle; and it may, on that account, have been "culled out" of a number of other circles less accurately described, "on account of superior excellence." It is quite clear that the circumference of the circle whose centre is the MARQUIS OF BRISTOL cannot be formed of other Marquises, because there must be some degree of distance, however small, between the circumference and the centre. It cannot be formed of Dukes, because a Duke is above a Marquis, and the centre of a circle can nohow be below the circumference. Neither can it be constituted of Earls, inasmuch as a Marquis is above an Earl, and the circumference of a circle cannot be below the centre. Perhaps it consists of plain gentlemen, who may be said to be on a plane or level with anybody.

To be told, in reasonable terms, simply that a nobleman is surrounded by a select circle, is something agreeable after having been so

often absurdly informed, that this or that man of rank was entertaining one: a thing that a clown in the ring only can do, though no clown in the ring very often does it. We once heard a clown who was surrounded, not only by a ring, but also by a circle in the shape of a hoop, which had been reversed upon himself whilst he was in the act of putting it around somebody else, say, before he could check himself, "High-diddle-diddle, the fool in the middle;" but it would be improper to apply this quotation to the centre of that circle which surrounds the MARQUIS OF BRISTOL: for the centre of a circle has a point, and a point has no parts or magnitude, whereas the Noble Marquis possesses some understanding, and is, moreover, one of the great.

JAMES THOMPSON, ESQ.

(OF CHEAPSIDE.)

THE Initial System has turned out partially a dead letter; at least, the Dead Letter Office never was so full as at the present moment. The Initials only cause a greater waste than economy of time, and this waste arises from the endless mistakes that are constantly occurring. Persons are too lazy, or else too busy, to consult their Street Guide; and so, in their hurry or indolence, they dab down any initial, that, to their geographical mind, seems to be the nearest approach to the truth. Hence, confusion after confusion; so that letters are carried to the wrong district, or else have to be sorted and resorted, until the error is corrected. We need hardly state, that this loose system is not exactly the right sort to avoid delay. Sometimes the mistake is on the side of the Post Office; as, for instance, when a letter is marked N.W., and, intended for the North-West division of London, is forwarded to North Wales. But more frequently the error is the natural result of the stupidity or carelessness of the correspondent.

Our readers, doubtless, recollect the sample address that was given in the Post-Office Guide (price 1d.). It ran as follows:—

James Thompson, Esq.,
200, Cheapside,
London.
E.C.

Now, will it be believed—and the fact is so outrageously absurd that it is almost incredible—that hundreds and hundreds of fools have copied the above address literally. James Thompson has enjoyed for months past the largest correspondence of any man in the world. The Editor of *Bell's Life*, to whom most matters of dispute, from tennis to theology, are referred, does not receive one-thousandth part the number of missives that are sent to the address of the illustrious unknown, who does not live at No. 300, Cheapside, for the simple reason that there are not three hundred houses in that street. No man has given the Post-Office so much trouble since the days of JOSEPH ADY, of something (on the receipt of twelve postage stamps) to your advantage memory. James Thompson, Esq., be he living or dead, can certainly boast of being the best-lettered man of the day. It takes more clerks than BARING BROTHERS have in their lordly establishment to open and attend to his extensive correspondence. What a man of information he must be! What secrets!—what locks of hair!—what slices of wedding-cake!—what political watchwords!—what vestry conspiracies!—what tender avowals of blushing affection!—must be poured into his confiding ear! He could tell you, probably, what the Second-Floor of No. 59, Upper Baker Street, Little Pedlington, had for dinner yesterday! Gain his confidence, and you will doubtless be able to learn the name of the "Winner of the Derby" three years in advance! We think *Selections from the Correspondence of James Thompson, Esq.*, would make the most curious book of the day.

There are other fools, who, mixing up a little caution with their folly, address their *lettres-doux* "to the care of" the favoured J. T. Thus, we have seen a letter, in a beautiful little handwriting, directed thus:—

HIS EXCELLENCE, CARDINAL WISEMAN,
35, Golden Square,
To the Care of
James Thompson, Esq.,
200, Cheapside,
London.
E.C.

Who would believe that Folly in England ever extended over so large an area? It is our opinion that its Empire is only restricted by the limits of the *Penny Post*. We hope the incredulous reader will not imagine that we have invented the above incidents. We can assure him that, strange as they appear, they are *positive facts*. If he doubts our word, let him write to James Thompson, Esq., and ask him whether we have made an improper use of his name.

PIOUS BLACKING.

We are happy to read the announcement that a great religious movement is on foot. Roman Catholic Blacking is now to be set up against Evangelical Blacking. In other words, the Society of S. VINCENT DE PAUL is organising a Blacking Brigade for the enlistment of little Papists who decline to enrol themselves among the red coats of LORD SHAFTESBURY'S squadron. They wear a blue uniform with red cuffs, and the emblazoned initials S.V.P., which may either refer to their patron saint, or imply "Shoes Vell Polished." Some of the Lads are already at work at the West-end. We hear that so keen are their religious scruples, that they refuse to use Protestant liquid for their brushes, and that a supply of penny coagulated blacking has been forwarded from Rome by the eminent chemist who manufactures the red pomatum called the blood of S. JANUARY. This orthodox blacking is warranted to melt on a Catholic foot being placed on the lad's board, but to remain hard as coal should a Protestant try to get a polish.

This is all right, and we are glad to see industry encouraged. But is there to be no provision for other divisions of religionists? Are none but Evangelicals and Catholics to black and be blacked? Are Puseyites to go about with muddy boots? Is the High Church to wear dirty Highlows? Is the Dissenter to be refused a scrub? And the Jew, are pig's bristles to deny him their office? This is sectarian intolerance, and not to be endured in the nineteenth century. Agitation ought at once to be commenced. For ourselves, we are, in this matter, somewhat of the opinion of MR. THOMAS MOORE, who beautifully says:—

"Shall I ask the bold child of the Blacking Brigade,
Who scrubs at my corns, if our creeds agree;
Shall I injure that gay little shoe-blacker's trade,
If he kneels not in Protestant orthodoxe?
From the heretic Boots at the Swan shall I stir,
To some Papist who over my bluchers shall hiss;
No; perish the hearts and the laws that would try
Brush, blacking, or shine by a standard like this."

THE PARTING OF THE PICTURES.



RAFFORD mourns—or rather, by the way, does not mourn, for all its inhabitants have protested against anything so rational and popular as a Museum of Art being continued in their dusty suburb; Old Trafford, therefore, may be more accurately said to rejoice, while MR. JOHN DEANE stands, like another WELLINGTON, making restitution of Art Treasures. For the Manchester Exhibition is over.

The parting of pictures that will never meet again in this world, except by a chance as remote as that of VISCOUNT WILLIAMS'S making a good speech, was most affecting. Henry the Eighth howled as he separated from George the Fourth, the Blue Boy blubbered as they tore him from the Flower Girl, and Sir Isaac Newton looked miserable as MR. DEANE

gallantly led away Nelly O'Brien. The clatter and clamour among the men-in-armour as they swore eternal friendship before they were pulled to pieces by the stern Chief Commissioner, resembled that of the congregation of lobsters breaking up after S. ANTHONY'S sermon to the fishes. The Old Masters were men of a stronger type. They have known the world long, and know that nothing is so evanescent as friendship; but RUBENS had something to whisper to ETTY, and CLAUDE and TURNER were observed in a long confabulation. Several great men said words of encouragement and applause to WALLIS; and AUGUSTUS EGG, seeing MAMMON coming up with greedy eyes, affectionately tucked his friend under his arm, and bore him away in safety.

We have likened MR. JOHN DEANE to the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, but we should in justice first liken him to NAPOLEON. For, did he not ransack the most sacred treasure-houses of art, and bear away their

choicest contents to Manchester? Echo answers in the affirmative. For months the nation has been revelling in the rich stores thus brought together; and it is agreed in society, that the man who has not seen the Art-Treasures has seen nothing. And then cometh our well-beloved DEANE in his second Avatar, and banishing the public from his sight, and kicking DONALD, the extortionate suttler, into infinite space, he makes such restoration as did the Iron Duke when he bade the Louvre render up to its lawful owners the spoils of a Continent.

And therefore *Mr. Punch* deems that some signal honour should be

conferred upon the said NAPOLEON-WELLINGTON-DEANE. Knighthood! Bah! They knight mayors, and aldermen, and all sorts of fat cattle. Baronetcy! Why, SIR JOHN SHELLEY's a baronet, and DUNDAS CHRISTOPHER HAMILTON NISBET means to be one. Baron! Pooh, ROBERT GROSVENOR's a baron; and so we could run up to the top, or exceeding near it, of the ladder of honour. What shall be done unto NAPOLEON-WELLINGTON-DEANE for that which he has done?

We will consider of it, and the public shall know the result. Meantime, it is not a bad instalment of his reward, that *Mr. Punch* claps him on the back, and says "Bono, JOHNNY!"



THE WARRIOR AND THE WAITER.

A SERGEANT, recruiting, his energies spent,
And was forced to recruit his own frame;
So into a Tavern and Chophouse he went.
He called, and a tall waiter came.

"A steak!" said the Soldier, and, "Cook! a rump-steak!"
The waiter immediately cried.
"Any beer, ale or porter, Sir? which would you take?"
"Pint of stout!" the bold Sergeant replied.

The steak soon was brought, with potatoes and bread,
And one thing to state I forgot,
That his steak when he ordered, the customer said,
That he with it would have a 'chalot.

To follow, the Sergeant then ordered stewed-cheese;
And, having sufficiently dined,
Cried, "Hoy, there! a glass of mixed punch, if you please;
And let it be hot, young man, mind."

The tumbler of punch soon our hero drank out,
And then summoned the waiter, to say
"Rump-steak, 'chalot, taters, one bread, pint of stout,
And stewed-cheese, and mixed punch. What's to pay?"

"Two-and-eight," was the answer: the Sergeant put down
On the table before him the sum,
With a penny moreover: at which single "brown"
The dissatisfied waiter looked glum.

"Ay, ay," said the Sergeant, "I know that won't do.
Here take this, my lad—you understand:
This will much better suit a fine fellow like you:"
And a shilling he slipped in his hand.

It closed on the coin, and the napkin let drop.
"I'll hand plates," cried the waiter, "no more;
Let girls serve in Tavern as well as in Shop!"—
He is now on his way to Cawnpore.

ORIENTAL ORTHOGRAPHY.

It used to be a rule in orthography that *q* is always followed by *u*. To this rule even an exception has, however, been presented by MR. W. N. LEES, who, in a letter to the *Post*, spells Koran with a *Q* simply instead of a *K*—"Qoran." This gentleman signs himself "Principal of the Mohummudun College, Calcutta." His orthographical notions appear to be peculiar. We have seen MAHOMET's book spelt Kuran, and his own name all manner of odd ways; but none of the methods of spelling either the Prophet's name or his book that we have before met with have equalled in eccentricity "Mohummud" and "Qoran." In writing "Mohummudun" for "Mahometau," MR. LEES appears to have completely "done it."

A Bit of Pig.

THE *Siecle* has been lately giving the details of a stupendous project for connecting England and France by means of a submarine tunnel. The projector of the scheme is a certain M. A. THOMÉ DE GAMOND. To an English ear this sounds very much like Gammon.



MR. BULL'S EXPENSIVE TOYS.

FIRST HOUSEHOLD SWELL. "SHARP WORK IN INDIAN!"

SECOND DO. DO. "YA'AS!—WHAT A BAW A SOLDIER'S LIFE MUST BE!"



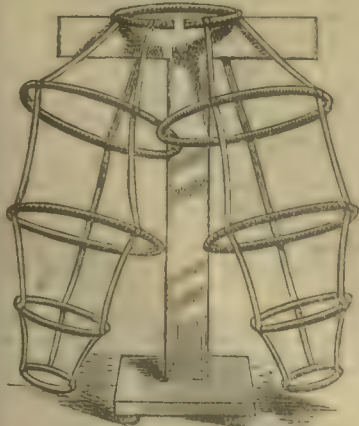
WILL IT WASH?

AN apparently funny invention has just been patented by a gentleman of Manchester, MR. JOHN DE LA HAYE. It consists in a contrivance for submerging electric cables. Apparently funny we call it, because, even if we were not so wise as we should be, and are, experience, which would have taught even ourselves wisdom, would have made us know better than to make fun of any invention without sufficiently understanding it to be quite sure that it involved something impossible or absurd. There are wiseacres yet living who ought to blush at a gas-lamp, and hide their faces at the sight of a locomotive. We will not risk classification in their category, by comparing the project of MR. DE LA HAYE with the devices of the Laputan sages—but its seeming oddity suggests to us a question which appears not to have occurred to any one of a numerous meeting of engineers to whom, at the Town-hall, Manchester, the plan was expounded by its inventor: who, according to the *Times*, said that—

“The plan he would adopt would be to encase a cable prepared like that for the Atlantic Ocean in a soluble compound (the composition of which he would not now mention), capable of floating it for a time on the surface of the water. The coating he proposed to use for this purpose he supposed would hold it on the surface of the waves while about five miles of cable were payed out from the vessel before it began to dissolve, and as it would dissolve gradually, so the cable would sink gradually to the bed of the ocean. By this means he calculated that there would always be about five miles of cable lying on the surface of the water in the wake of the vessel, and the remainder would describe an incline to within 100 or 200 feet of the bed of the ocean, so that there would be comparatively little strain, and consequently less liability of breakage. The cable would descend into the ocean almost horizontally instead of perpendicularly.”

In the above account there is a little parenthesis which deters us from recommending MR. DE LA HAYE to turn his attention to the problem of extracting sunbeams from cucumbers. His soluble compound, he said, was one, “the composition of which he would not now mention.” Iced cream adroitly disposed around a cable would perhaps support it in the manner above described, if it could be procured in sufficient quantity, and laid down continuously in weather not too cold—upon one condition. A dead calm would be required to reign at the time. At least the operation would not be practicable whilst the waves were running mountains high, even if the cream were laid down in long ice-bergs. It would be necessary that the Atlantic should be in a particularly good humour to enable it to be performed. A large flock of halcyons or kingfishers would have to be collected and trained, if possible, to produce the desired effect. With any ordinary substance it would be impossible to accomplish the design. But perhaps MR. DE LA HAYE employs an extraordinary substance, and is prepared to answer the question:—How about the waves?

CRINOLINE FOR GENTLEMEN.



O BLANK PUNCH, ESQUIRE.
These with care.

“I PROPOSE, Sir, to call them the INFLATED PEGTOPS. Under that name I intend forthwith to make them Patent. Had the Manchester Art Palace continued to be open, I should have exhibited these Treasures on my own lay figure. As it is, I must resort to other means to show them to the world; and I petition you, Sir, therefore to allow an illustration of them to adorn your pages. If you fear their exhibition will offend your lady-readers, allow me a few inches of your valuable space (space is always ‘valuable,’ even in the *Morning Herald*), and I will tell

them what has tempted me to take this leaf out of their Fashion-books.

“In the first place, the dear creatures must believe me when I say, that I am perfectly incapable of joining in a laugh at them. However near I may unguardedly approach the verge of doing so, my better nature always is quite sure to get the better of me, and I then recoil from the enormity as though it were a precipice. When, therefore, I submit my new invention to their eyes, I do so without fear of their mistaking it for ridicule. I should not ask their sanction to my putting on my pegtops, if I thought they would consider them a take-off of their petticoats. In fact, if I imagined that the cuts which illustrate this article would be viewed by the dear creatures as cuts at their costume, I would rather, Sir, have lived when heads were taken off, and that myself, and not my sketches, had been brought to the Block.

“Acquitting me, therefore, of all thought of making fun of them, ladies will feel naturally curious to know, why I purpose wearing my Inflated Pegtops? and what can be the good of their preposterous expansion? To these momentous questions permit me, ladies, for the moment, to return you Quaker answers, by asking why do *you* wear Crinolines? where on earth’s the good of it?

“Now, of course, ladies, I am not so outrageously absurd as to expect that you will favour me at once with reasonable responses. The utmost I can hope from any living woman is that, in answer to my one query, she should say, Because we choose; and, in answer to my other, she should tell me Not to bother. In ladies’ logic, these replies would be accounted ‘reasons;’ for, as SYDNEY SMITH the reverend, unflinchingly asserts, the mind female does not *reason*, in the sense in which the mind male understands that verb.

“I will, therefore, ladies, take the liberty of answering my questions myself, and of seeking out some reasons—*boni fide* reasons—for you. Next week, if you please, and if *Mr. Punch* will let you, you will have the pleasure in your hands of saying the last word, and of showing, if you can, that I have jumped to false conclusions.

“Now, why do you wear Crinolines?—Because your next-door neighbours do? Because the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH does? This would only prove what SYDNEY SMITH—that ungallant divine—has also said, that ‘Woman is at best but an imitative animal.’ Would you have your heads shaved, because your next-door neighbours had? Your grandmothers wore hair-powder for no more reasonable reason. Of the two, I think a head clean shaved would be a sight more comely than a dust-and-dirt-bepowdered one. And pray, what have you to do with what the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH does? What’s EUGÉNIE to you, or you to EUGÉNIE? If an Englishwoman *must* take a Queen as her life model, let her be a loyal subject, and not look across the Channel for one.

“But why do you wear Crinolines?—Because it is the fashion? Well, but who sets the fashion? the lady, or the milliner? the wearer, or the worker? Are you not all slaves, abject slaves, to your *modistes*? Is not every one of you at the mercy of her dress-maker: under her thumb and thimble as completely, aleeve and body, as though you were but serfs, and she enthroned in might, Empress of all the Bustles? But then there are the fashion-books. Following the fashion, of course you read the fashion-books. You consult them as your oracles; and regard them as infallible (being printed) proofs that Crinolines ‘*The Thing*,’ let men say what they will of it. But you forget to ask the question, Who gets up the fashion-books? And might you not be startled if you learnt that in accepting them as absolute authorities, and bowing to their nod, you are in fact complacently salaaming to your dress-makers.

“Why, then, do you wear Crinolines?—Because you think it is becoming to you? Well, a bread-and-butter Miss might be excused such miss-conception; but that any grown-up Woman, who is passed her skipping-rope and pinafore, should entertain that thought, it quite surpasses man’s believing. I cannot yield my faith to such a libel on the sex. The mind female may not reason, but it is not idiotic. The brain feminine is capable of ocular impression. Mirrors give the means of outward self-examination; and the lady who can look her cheval-glass in the face, and say deformity becomes her, must have a blinding pigstye in her mental vision.

“Then why do you wear—No, don’t say that. Don’t catch me up so short, that it’s ‘to please the gentlemen!’ I really cannot suffer you to foster that delusion. After all we’ve said and written to you, how can you dream of doing so? Pick out any number of unbiassed men you will—by ‘unbiassed’ I mean, being neither henpecked fools nor lovers,—put them in a jury-box (an opera one will do), and ask them what they think of you, in Crinolines and out of it. There would not be need of much deliberation. Were I their foreman, I should have to say (however it might pain me to use such harsh expressions)—

“*When lovely Woman stoops to Crinolines, she ceases to be Woman, and becomes a Monster.*”

“This would be their verdict. Were a million men empanelled, still I’d bet you gloves all round you’d not find a dissident.

“After all, then, I must own the Why you wear your Crinolines? is an unguessable conundrum. The mysteries of female dress are not for men to fathom. To the male eye there is neither use nor beauty in exuberance of skirt; or, at least, its only use appears to be in hiding dirty stockings, or some personal defect. Men in general believe, that the inventress of Crinolines was a sloven about her ankles, or had possibly splay feet. And then they draw the cruel inference, that those who copy her invention are impelled by reasons similar: seeing that no better have as yet forthcome from them.

“*Mais revenons à nos Pegtops.* My reasons for inventing THEM it needs no blush to palliate. I did so purely out of compliment to your superior sagacity. As you seem to think that Nature is improved by wearing Crinolines, let me profit by the thought, and share with you the benefit. If the ‘human form divine’ be beautified by hoops, being human I may claim an equal right with you to wear them. For what reason should my sex debar me from the privilege? Why should you

keep all the 'good figures' to yourselves? Free trade in them, say I! The unfairest of your sex would surely not be a Monopolist.

"In one point, though, we are not quite on an equality. In the matter of expense I have certainly the better of you—or I should say, of your husbands. My Pegtops are not costly in the mode of their expansion. To inflate them there is no need of such raising of the wind as there is with your air-petticoats. Old oyster barrel hoops are cheaper than steel fixings. And I can tie them in myself—*non tailori auxilio*—without calling in a STULTZ. Expansive as you please; but not expensive likewise.

"Having thus explained myself, I ask you, ladies, not to laugh at me if you should see me wear them. Recollect that I shall do so in pure compliment to you. Cumbersome they may be; oppressive; inconvenient; nay, I'll even go so far as to admit them to be ugly! But then, what of that? Rightly viewed, their very ugliness will constitute their beauty. For the more they may with truth be called cumbersome and uncouth, the more they will resemble those stiff petticoats of yours, and the more you will appreciate my delicate intentions. To keep the THING in countenance, so long as you wear Crinoline I shall sport my Pegtops; and I hope you will agree, ladies, with one who *even now* admires you, that—



"IMITATION IS BUT THE SINCEREST FORM OF FLATTERY!"

MR. COX ON ENGLISH HISTORY.

Most members of Parliament enliven their little holiday by giving lectures to their constituents. The mind of MR. COX has long been nobly intent upon a similar pursuit. The young men of Finsbury have been recently enlightened with his peculiar views upon English History. The whole lecture was a great treat. It was given before the assembled intellect of the borough, at the *Wat Tyler*, abutting Constitution Place, near the spot where formerly stood the Mechanics' Institute, which has since been converted into a shooting gallery.

Our limited space spitefully deprives us of the pleasure of giving the entire lecture, but the following extracts will suffice to give the reader a tolerable taste of what the intellectual banquet was like:—

"Gentlemen (began MR. COX, after smoothing his brow, and coughing nervously two or three times), it was not until after the Flood, that WILLIAM the Conqueror sprang upon the British shore, exclaiming in his rich Norman dialect, *Vens, Vidi, Vici*. In a moment the land, feeling the iron foot-print of his power, lay like a door-mat at his feet. He did not abuse his power, for PLINY tells us in his *Commentaries* that, night and day he went about searching for the body of HAROLD, which, greatly owing to the remissness of a bloated aristocracy (*cheers*), in not offering a suitable reward for its recovery, has, like the secret of the authorship of the *Letters of Lord Chesterfield*, never been discovered to the present day. We next come to ALFRED, and the fine picture he presents in history, of selling cakes at three a penny, which has been so beautifully engraved by WILKIN. This

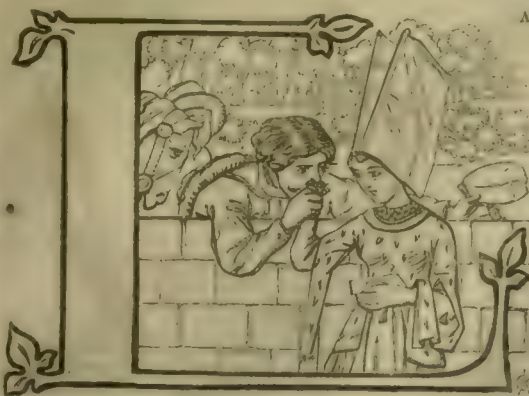
picture, Gentlemen, is in its line, only a proof impression of what a king can do when he is driven to earn his bread, as ALFRED was driven by the ST. CLEMENT DANCES of that dark period, long before gas was invented. (*Two cries of hear! hear!*) From bread to BACON, the transition is only natural. It is only in the reign of QUEEN ANNE, of whose death I take this premature opportunity of giving you the early intelligence (*a cheer*), that we find BACON in his prime. However, I need not tell you, what must be sufficiently well known to you all, that the philosophy of BACON is pure gammon. There is no doubt of that, and so I will not follow the bad taste shown by LADY BASIL MONTAGUE, and others, in pouring butter upon BACON. (*Loud cheers.*) Let us rather follow the flowery meads of Smithfield, and passing the fires which are blazing there, and one of which afterwards burnt down three-fourths of the city, run to meet our old favourite, GUY FAUX. The city at that time had risen, like a second Venice, from its ashes. The Battle of Battle Bridge had been fought. CHARLES had lost his head at King's Cross. MONK long ago had retired into a monastery. The political horizon was as black as that of Manchester, when all of a sudden, GUY FAUX burst upon the astonished view of the nation, like a meteoric sky-rocket. He is generally drawn as a lank lantern-jawed miscreant, but that, my friends, is only a squib of the day. I can tell you, Gentlemen, that GUY was a match for any king. (*Long-continued applause.*) It is true that he was unpopular—and why? Because he attempted to blow up the House of Lords, as LORD JOHN RUSSELL has since done, because they would not admit the Jews into Parliament. Is LORD JOHN carried about in a chair? No—his chairing is always of a more triumphant kind. Is straw put into LORD JOHN's boots? Is a pipe stuck into his mouth? Is he compelled to strut about the streets with a Pope's cap on his head, a Roman candle in his hand, and all the Cardinal virtues trampled, like so many oyster-shells at Billingsgate, under his feet? No—no—no. Then why, I demand, are these iniquities put upon poor GUY, who, in spite of his being broken at Tyburn on a Catherine Wheel, is, and ever will be, one of the most shining lights of the British Constitution. (*Tremendous applause, during which the meeting was suspended for ten minutes.*) In the heat of our enthusiasm, we must not forget HENRY THE EIGHTH. We may not admire him as a king, but as a husband we are bound to confess he was first-chop. BLUE BEARD wasn't a patch upon him. (*A laugh.*) He attempted the Lives of the Queens of England, and got through several of them, long before MISS STRICKLAND ever laid her hand upon the series. (*Sensation.*) The four GEORGES follow in their due order. They had what I call a Georgeous reign of it. (*Another laugh.*) One of them went down at Spithead, but which of the *Royal Georges* it was, I should be out of my depth if I attempted to tell you. No statement should be delivered freely, any more than a letter, unless it has the Truth, like a postage-stamp, boldly conspicuous on the front of it. If it were not for accuracy, the multiplication-table would not have a leg to stand upon. Fair-play was observed by the late MR. RICHARDSON even at Greenwich. The Battle of Waterloo was fought, if I mistake not, during the present century. I am not deceiving you, Gentlemen; I have witnessed it myself at ASTLEY's very often. I never saw NAPOLEON, but I am told that he was something like MR. GOMERSAL. WILLIAM THE FOURTH has written his name on the Reform Bill, so familiarly called BILL, because it was carried during his immortal reign. Our present monarch is HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA. This last piece of information concludes my lecture. My historical facts are all uniformly correct. I am too much of a lawyer not to know that 'What is writ is writ.' Service, like practice, makes perfect, and it is specially true of a legal practice; but should there be any misrepresentation, I must beg of you to bear fully in mind, Gentlemen, that I am your Member. I can safely take upon myself to say, that it would not be the first time, to my knowledge, that Finsbury had been misrepresented."

[*Tumultuous cheering, and a general rush for great coats and sticks.*
MR. COX had to take refuge in a Police-van that was passing, in order to escape from the enthusiastic embraces of the multitude!]

A SNEER AND A BLUNDER.

THE advocates of the Sepoys, and advocates of all or any black-guards and scoundrels who provoke the just ire of everybody else, have repeatedly cast an extremely ridiculous taunt against those who desire that the Indian mutineers should be hanged. "It is all very well," they say, "for writers sitting quietly at their desks to call for the extermination of the revolted troops." Just as if the wish for the destruction of those wretches would not be rather highly intensified on the writers' parts, if, instead of sitting quietly at their desks in England, they were sitting, or standing, or occupying any other position of danger from insurgents in India. Probably, gentlemen who sit quietly at their desks and sympathize with the Sepoy murderers and torturers of women and babes, would, if situated themselves in peril of those miscreants, sympathize rather more than they seem now to do with the victims of their cruelty.

MARRIAGE AND ITS DIFFICULTIES.



ATTERLY marriage has become a more perplexing ceremony than ever. We say this, merely judging from the notices inserted in the newspapers, which are positively terrifying in the mysteries they shadow. The rite appears to be attended now with such bewildering complexity, that one almost wonders how young couples can find courage to confront it. The boldest-hearted bachelor must quail at the ordeal he now daily sees described, and the strongest-minded of her sex

must shudder at the knot, when she finds how many terrors are involved in tying it. Even to ourselves, who are matrimony-proof, the marriage notices occasion a continual perplexity. As members of society, it is of course incumbent on us daily to peruse the first half-column of the *Times*, and for gossip's sake to take especial note of the marriage portion of it. To this hard labour we have long been sentenced, but of late its hardness has so much increased that there is really some excuse if we occasionally grumble at it. What with the names of the officiating and assisting clergymen, and the appendages and pedigrees of the bride and bridegroom, together not unfrequently with those of the distinguished relatives who were present at the ceremony, we are generally puzzled to know who has married whom; and as business men we calculate we lose a daily average of twelve minutes and three-quarters in our efforts at unravelling the problems that perplex us.

As a sample of the mysteries which puzzle us at breakfast-time, and sadly interfere with the process of digestion, we beg the reader's notice to the following advertisement; which, merely altering the surnames to avoid the charge of personality, we quote from the *Times* in its bewildering entirety:

"On the 9th inst., at St. John's, Notting Hill, by the three brothers of the bridegroom, the REV. JOHN JONES, M.A., the REV. HENRY JONES, M.A., and the REV. ROBERT LANCASTER JONES, B.A., TOM JONES, ESQ., of H.E.I.C.S., third son of the late REV. JOHN JONES, D.D., to ANNIE, youngest daughter of the late JOHN JONES, ESQ., of Birmingham."

Really now, of all the marriages that we can call to mind as ever having startled us, we think this of TOM JONES is perhaps the one most formidable. We may certainly congratulate him on the pluck he has displayed, in braving such a ceremony as has faintly been depicted; and it delights us to observe that his ANNIE is in this respect a most befitting helpmate. Having the foreknowledge of what she must go through, it showed, we think, uncommon strength of nerve in her to face it.

Viewed in the most favourable light, it can be no joke being married by three clergymen: and when the parsons are all brothers, and the brothers of the bridegroom, there is something in the pomp and circumstance enough to overwhelm one. You hear of persons sometimes "marrying a family," but here are actually a couple married by a family—or at any rate, we may assume, by far the major part of one. Supposing even the three reverends the mildest-faced of men, it must have tried their brother somewhat to confront them at the altar; and to the lady they were making then their Sister-in-law their aggregate appearance could not but be formidable.

But if it puzzles us to think why these three clergymen attended, it still more perplexes us to guess how they performed the ceremony: and in behalf of lady readers, who must share our curiosity, we regret that the report has not supplied us with full details. As no mention is made of either reverend brother having principally officiated, while the others, in the usual phrase, "assisted" at the service, we infer that each of them had equally a Voice in the matter; still the question remains open whether they all spoke at once, or whether each one had a share of what was to be said allotted him. In the first supposition, if the service were a chanted one, the "organs" of the trio might have blended with advantage: but the notice in the paper being silent on the point, we must perforce regard it as a moot one.

Although we own it somewhat puzzles us, we are quite disposed to view the presence of the parsons as a mark of unadulterated brotherly affection. But the cynical are not so clemently inclined, and might assign the meanest motives for the brethren all appearing in their bands. It might be argued by such people, that something like a "scene" was intended to be got up, and that the supernumeraries appeared to add to the effect: or it might be said that, the Divorce Bill having recently been passed, it was fancied that three clergymen perhaps might make the nuptial knot a triply tight one.

For ourselves, we have a horror of such mean imputations. But although perhaps the brothers showed their faces at the ceremony just to show that they completely countenanced the match, we really think it was a waste of work for all of them to do the service. There cannot be more firmness in the bonds of matrimony from this 3-parson power being used to clench them, and therefore in this extra "benefit of clergy" there can be, at least as far as we can judge it, no advantage.

THE BATTLE OF THE TELEGRAM;
OR, LANGUAGE IN 1857.

"O FORTUNATI nimium!" the sage
Of Mantua styled the farmers of his age;
Knaves, who on Pan-pipes strove for cheese and curds,
Rough as their goats, and playful as their herds.

Such praise as this, and happiness the same,
English grammarians for themselves may claim,
So singularly clear the meaning seems
Of each new word invented in their dreams:
Brown cannot dress (his very words I quote)
Save in a "normal" waistcoat, "normal" coat;
JONES cannot eat potatoes, if not done
In an "anhydropesterion."
JANE too, at Hastings, as the breeze she courts,
Her "Alee-Kephalee-skepasteer" sports.

My son, young TOM of Trin. Coll., Oxbridge, raves
In Temyssonian strains of winds and waves,
Of deep "aesthetic" gushings, gew-gaws rare,
And "crispéd" smiles, and "glory-crowned" hair;
Of slumbrous caves where "CLARIBEL low lieth,"
Where the wind "lispeeth," and the brook "replieth,"
And "telletth" tales of him who walked abroad
On "wannish" evenings with his "snow-limb'd" MAUD;
When "dry-tongued" laurels "pattered" in their talk
To "perky" larches in the garden walk!

Now TOM's young friend from Wadham, all last Long
In KEATS and MUMFES and BAILY came out strong;
O'er *Hiascaltha* dropped the frequent tear,
And means to win the Newdegate next year.
—And oft I saw him reading to Miss FRITH
Thy terse grammatic lays, sublime A. SMITH!
She weeps—I listen to the strain which thrills
With "passion-panting" seas, and "yearning rills,"
With "king-thoughts" grand, and "ruffian" winds that
howl

Through areas lone where "crass" policemen prow.
She trembles as she reads—"Tear-dabbled, fair,
That white, white face, hid in a night of hair"—
It comes!—while winks "the penitential moon,"
Even at "the bridegroom sea!"—it comes too soon,
I hear "faint trickling sounds," and "dim halloos,"
In "sanded bars" where JAMES the egg-flip brews,—
My brain reels dizzy, and that white white face,
By some strange fancy has become a brace!

Now, Sir? (as men address the mighty *Times*),
I do protest against these novel rhymes;
How, in the name of goodness, can a star
"Yearn in its pulses" through a cloud afar?
How can a "half-smile dwell" on EMMA's lips,
"Touching, yet settling not upon the tips?"
How can "deep silence" be a "grim ravine
That never dared to laugh in Spring's bright green?"
—In vain I strive to solve these mystic strains,
And leave their riddles for TOM's clearer brains.
—And, Sir!—not only do the Poets rave
In "sensuous" raptures over Grammar's grave;
But TOM now says that our Philologists
Seem likely to proceed from words to fists,
While pugilistic Oxford dares to cram
Poor sickening Cambridge with a Telegram!
Who, when "First-Class men" scuffle, shall decide,
When each claims "every school-boy" on his side?
Lost in a labyrinth of "graphs" and "grams,"
We still should blunder 'twixt true words and shams;
Let then poor erring "Telegram," be shriven,
And take the sanction that the Press has given.

Trust not Tigers.

By the Speech of MR. WILLOUGHBY, at Leominster, it appears that the Sepoys mutinied chiefly because they had nothing to do. Not being able to gratify their ferocity in regular war, they vented it in murder and cruelty. That is to say, we kept a tiger and ceased to feed it, when it broke loose and glutted itself.

TOLERATION.

BARON ROTHSCHILD has consented to give away the Flitch of Bacon next year at Dunmow!



"These Dresses are very well in their way, but they make us all appear the same size. Why, a Girl might be as thin as a Whipping-post, and yet be taken for a Decent Figure."

THE SUGAR-MARKET.

MR. ANTONY WOSPE, after a long-continued tiff with his wife, in which he has clearly confessed himself to be in the wrong, took her to the Adelphi Theatre, on Saturday evening, at half-price. The happy pair, after mutually agreeing that "they had spent a remarkably pleasant evening," returned home for supper. Oysters were laid for two. Nothing was wanting to complete the harmony of the entertainment. The baby was fast asleep, and the beer had been fetched most fortunately only the minute before "The Widow's Struggle" closed for the night.

MRS. POPPETS has only the wing of a butterfly to finish to complete the beautiful pair of braces she is embroidering for her "dear duck of a husband," JOSHUA. They are to be presented to POPPETS, after tea, on the 30th, in commemoration of their nineteenth wedding-day. MRS. POPPETS has already prepared a most ingenious device to induce JOSHUA to take off his coat, the better to enable her to put on the braces herself, in presence of the assembled company. The water-rate collector (to whom two years' arrears are owing) has been invited.

MR. GEORGE FREDERICK SPUNGE sent the barrel of oysters to his rich uncle only yesterday week. He has not as yet received the customary invitation for Christmas Day, but he is expecting it every post. The bank-note, that is usually folded up inside the napkins of all the nephews and nieces present on that festive occasion, has already been promised to not less than nine different tradesmen. MR. GEORGE FREDERICK will be so puzzled to know to whom he ought to present it, that it is a question of exactly nine to one, whether he will not keep it himself.

The Critic of the *Learned Pig* had a friendly chop with the REVEREND ALFRED SOPHTE SAWDERS one day this week. The chop lasted three hours, and did the greatest honour to the *cuisine* of the Talleyrand Club. The Critic was good-natured enough to express his unqualified admiration of the wine. We see that a new book of poems (*A Wreath of Orange Blossoms*) by the gushing Reverend is announced as "Nearly Ready." By the merest accident the learned author had a copy of the Poems in his pocket, and, with many compliments, presented it after the third bottle to his "dear and esteemed friend," who, not being in

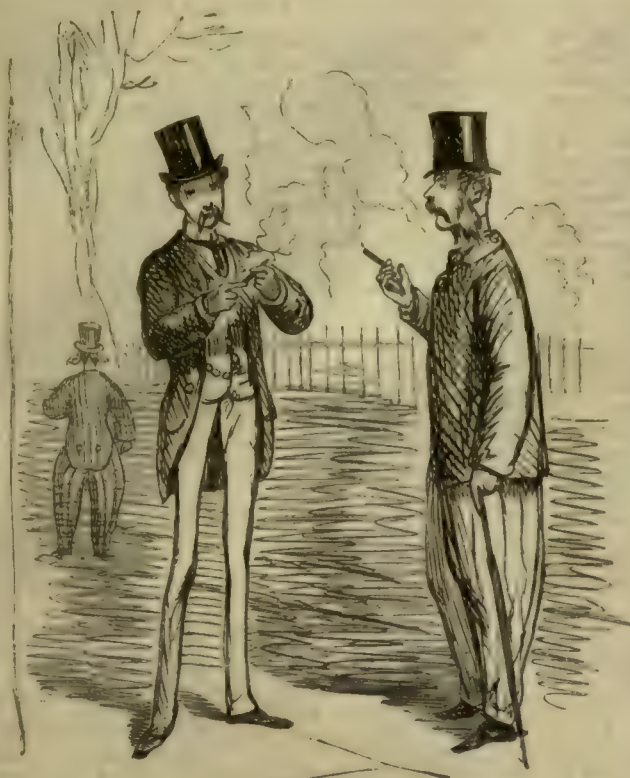
the best state to appreciate its beauties then, quietly put it into his pocket. Before parting, an early day was fixed for another dinner to discuss the merits of the book, when the amiable Critic promised to favour the accomplished author with his candid opinion on the *Orange Blossoms*.

As the New Year is approaching, the laundress of MR. SKEENE FLINT, the well-known conveyancer of Thavies' Inn, redoubles in her attentions and kindness to her aged master. Yesterday, he had a basin of Irish stew for his luncheon. The windows have been cleared of a considerable portion of their dirt. The dust is by no means so plentiful about the room, nor has the diminution been at all obtained by throwing the various deeds and mortgages, which lie scattered about the room, into hopeless confusion. The laundress knows only too well that it is MR. SKEENE FLINT's most sensitive horror (next to a client who doesn't pay) to have "his papers" touched—and so she has wisely refrained from laying a profane finger on any one of them. Her weekly bill, too, for office-dinners, teas, &c., has wonderfully decreased of late. A chop and potato, that, but a few weeks ago, cost ninepence, has since fallen to sevenpence. These are unmistakable signs that New Year's day is rapidly approaching.

MADAME LA BARONNE DE H'OLDE-SOLDIERSE indiscreetly left out on the sideboard, yesterday, a handsome silver goblet. On it was engraved "A ADOLPHE," and underneath it, the year "1858." ADOLPHE is the name of MADAME LA BARONNE's husband. She snatched up the goblet, as soon as ADOLPHE had seen it, and was so angry that to avoid "*une scène*," and hide her tears, she rushed madly out of the room!

A Contribution to Social Science.

SOME people, mostly old gentlemen, demand to know, what is the use of teaching the people music, or, as fine speakers say, "cultivating the musical faculty of the population?" The use is this; that if you could improve the musical taste of the British Public, they would not stand organ-grinders any more, and your sight would no longer be offended with grinning vagrants, and your ears with "*Æmo, Kimo*."



"WHY, FWEED!—WHAWT'S THE MATTER WITH YOUR LEGS?"

"WHY, YOU SEE, PIG-TOP TROUSERS ARE GETTING SO COMMON, I'M GOING TO GIVE NATURE A CHANGE!"

HOW MERRILY WE LIVE THAT LODGERS BE!

"ALL ye who music love, and would its pleasures prove," give a glance, if you let lodgings, to the following advertisement, which was inserted for your benefit in the *Times* a few days since:—

APARTMENTS WANTED, viz.:—A Sitting and Bed Room, with use of Piano, by a gentleman engaged in the City. Must be in the house of a professional or that of a private musical family, where a lady would take the trouble to instruct the advertiser on the pianoforte: in the latter case board would not be objected to, where a good table is kept and inmates cheerful. Address, with terms, and full particulars, to DELTA, care of Messrs. Asterisk & Blank, No. 0, Dash Street, near Circle Square.

The wording is slightly ambiguous in this, but it is clear at any rate that DELTA has not been deterred by diffidence from stating what he wishes. There is a coolness quite cucumbrian in his asking to be let into the bosom of a private family, where he would just trouble some kind lady to teach him the piano, *gratis*; for the phrase, "take the trouble," quite prohibits our believing that he has any thought of paying his instructress. Then, mark how finely he distinguishes between mere professionals and really private people. Only in the latter case will he sit at table with the inmates. Nay, even here again his diffidence deserts him, and he imposes the condition that the table must be "good," and the inmates "cheerful." Only on these terms will he condescend to their society. Good livers they must be, and "jolly companions every one," or they must not hope for the pleasure of his company. Unless they live like fighting-cocks, and are of good cheer in their hearts as well as their *cuisine*, he will shut himself up in his "sitting and bedroom" (we are doubtful if he means by this one or two apartments), and will hold himself aloof from all except his music mistress.

As we like to study "characters," we have been speculating somewhat deeply with ourselves for near five seconds, as to what this DELTA can be guessed to be. His engagement in the City, and his fondness for good living, are properties which might be viewed as aldermanic; but our fancy fails to picture an alderman in lodgings, and playing the piano! Perhaps he is a wretched valetudinarian, and has been prescribed good dinners, and a little gentle exercise on the piano for an appetite. Or it may be he's in love, and to test the strength of his affections, the fair engrossress of them may perhaps have forbidden him her presence until he can play her a tune on the piano. Reduced to this "most musical, most melancholy" plight, no

wonder he should crave good dinners to sustain him, as well as "cheerful inmates" to revive his drooping spirits. It sounds very well in poetry to say that music is the food of love: but in real life, a man, however love-sick he may be, wants something more than a piano for his dinner. In the way of nutriment it would be found an "airy nothing," though it is not a wind instrument. All the airs that could be played on it would fail to satisfy an appetite, even were they HANDEL's, which we have heard called "the roast beef of music." *Life let us Cherish* is a commonly shared sentiment, but playing it on the piano would not much promote the end it inculcates: nor would there be much stimulant in *Drops of Brandy*, if they were drunk in by the ear alone, and poured out from a BROADWOOD instead of a black bottle.

But, whatever be the reasons which have induced this *Nice Young Man* (or older one) to advertise himself as desirous of becoming a small musical party, we should caution his respondents to think twice about the "terms" on which they would receive him. A good appetite peeps out in the demand of a good table, and besides his turn for music, they may be assured that he has also a good twist. Although ignorant as yet of playing the piano, depend on it he knows how to play a knife and fork: and as a prelude to his "*morceaux de concert*," would indulge in several *morceaux de mouton*, or other choice tit-bits. Indeed, should any lady "take the trouble to instruct him," we have very little doubt that she would find she had a sinecure, so far, at least as teaching him the Exercise of *Crammer*.

DARING CRITICISM ON A NOBLEMAN.

WE have more than once, latterly, had occasion to remark on the great improvement manifested by our fashionable contemporary. The following paragraph, which appeared in that journal the other day, exhibits a great advance in the manner of chronicling the acts of noblemen:—

"THE EARL OF HARROWBY ON THE INDIAN MUTINY AND THE STATE OF THE ARMY.—At the Annual Dinner of the Sandon and Marston Agricultural Society, at Sandon, on Wednesday, the RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF HARROWBY, in proposing the toast of the 'Army and Navy,' spoke at considerable length on the existing state of affairs in India. LORD HARROWBY'S observations were not remarkable for any peculiarity or force, but were of a purely general and common-place character."

In the critical remark which concludes the above announcement there is a freedom and independence of tone which could not be surpassed by the most democratic journal in New York. At the same time there is nothing offensive in it; nothing, at least, at which the EARL OF HARROWBY can take offence, unless he is a vain man. In that case, indeed, his appetite for breakfast the other morning may have been somewhat impaired by finding his observations described as "not remarkable for any peculiarity or force," and as being of a "purely general and common-place character." There are not a few gentlemen whose muffin would be embittered, egg disrelished, coffee deprived of aroma, milk soured, and morning repast altogether spoiled, by the sight of a report of their speech so summary, and of remarks thereupon so compendious and unflattering as the above. But an Earl can afford to laugh at any criticism, however severe; nor, if he is a reasonable nobleman, will anything of the kind occasion him to quarrel with his bread-and-butter, whilst he exults in the reflection that the butter on the bread, and on both sides of it, is spread thick; and that no critic, however savage, is able to scrape it any thinner.

CURATES AND THEIR PROPRIETORS.

THE clerical instructors of the British Public are accustomed frequently to reprove their hearers for making too much haste to be rich. Some of those divines may not themselves be chargeable with going too fast in the pursuit of wealth, simply because they have no occasion to be in any hurry. The annual value of the ecclesiastical property attached to the perpetual curacy of St. Cuthbert, in the city of Carlisle, is upwards of £1,500; of St. Mary, in the same city, £1,000; of Hesketh, £1,100; and of Warwick and Wetheral, £1,600. The respective stipends of these curacies are £5 6s. 8d., £6, £18 5s., and £52. These facts are set forth in a memorial from landowners and others, presented by the Justices of the Cumberland Quarter Sessions to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. Have those Magistrates, at their Sessions, any rogues to punish more nefarious and impudent than those who sack so much Church property, and allow their Curates such shamefully small shares of the swag?

Puzzling Announcement.

ADMIRAL BERKELEY, having succeeded to his Castle, is succeeded, at the Admiralty, by ADMIRAL DUNDAS, who succeeded in the Baltic, ADMIRAL NAPIER, who succeeded—No, no, *that* must be a mistake. Oh, ah, he succeeded in getting into Southwark.

MIND YOUR EYE!



of Magistrate or Judge to prescribe, in addition to several years' penal servitude, as a cure for vitriol-throwing. We hope that Parliament, when it meets, will, as soon as possible, enable the ministers of justice to inflict the proper correction on the throwers of vitriol. Justice herself must be blind indeed not to see that no corporal punishment can be too severe for the crime of wilfully putting out eyes.

THE subjoined extract from the *Times* may suggest the expediency of making, next Session, a slight addition to the statutes:—

"MALICIOUSLY THROWING VITRIOL.—Some miscreant or miscreants have for the last seven or eight days been exercising their malicious propensities in the neighbourhood of Knightsbridge, Piccadilly, and the Strand, at dusk, by throwing vitriol over the dresses of ladies and others. The police have been made acquainted with this infamous practice, and are on the alert for the detection of the perpetrators, and a reward has been offered for their apprehension, which it is to be hoped, will lead to their punishment."

Unfortunately, their punishment—unless, perhaps, they are very young rascals—will not be that which would be most appropriate to their offence, and most likely to prevent its repetition. The very severest whipping that a human scoundrel can possibly survive will not be, in the present state of the law, a remedy in the power

DOWNING-STREET AND HOLYWELL-STREET.

WE quote the subjoined portion of a Holywell Doctor's advertisement from a country paper—one, doubtless, of many country papers in which this fellow's lying advertisements have appeared. With one exception, we have exactly reproduced the Holywell Doctor's text. That exception is the Holywell Doctor's name, which we have taken the liberty of changing for more reasons than one, but chiefly in order that we may not give him any publicity, even the publicity of infamy; which Holywell Doctors prefer to none at all:—

"CAUTION.—Sufferers are cautioned against a quack who advertises in the same street, and should also guard against the recommendation of spurious or other medicines by unprincipled vendors, who thereby obtain a large profit. To protect the public HER MAJESTY'S Hon. Commissioners have directed the words 'GUALTIER DE LA RUSE, London,' to be printed in white letters on the stamp affixed to the above, without which none can be genuine, and to imitate which is felony, and the offender will be prosecuted by HER MAJESTY'S Government."

The above quotation sufficiently proves that there is one quack who advertises in the advertiser's street, but does not prove, but only intimates, that there is another. We do not, however, print it for the purpose of making that remark, nor yet for that of suggesting to those whom it may concern, that the recommendation of "unprincipled vendors" to take "other medicines" than those of DR. DE LA RUSE may be wisely adopted, unless the other medicines recommended are other quack medicines. Our object is to point out to LORD PALMERSTON and to SIR GEORGE GREY, the relation existing between "HER MAJESTY'S Hon. Commissioners," and the respectable GUALTIER DE LA RUSE, London. It is that of patrons and client. DE LA RUSE is the protégé of HER MAJESTY'S Hon. Commissioners. Not only that; but they specially ratify his pretensions; they endorse his puff; and HER MAJESTY'S Government is prepared to back their act with the weight of its authority and power. Surely the QUEEN'S name is grievously misused in this. Ministers are supposed to be meditating a Medical Reform Bill. They had better bring it into Parliament with clean hands, and to that end, wash them carefully from the results of contact with DOCTOR GUALTIER DE LA RUSE.

BOARD OF ORDNANCE FOR INDIA.

SOME say that India is governed by Cannon-Row. A very good Government too, provided the Row of Cannon consisted of great guns, inclusive of mortars, and were served exclusively by European artillerymen.

WHO CARES?

WHAT have they done to GRANTLEY BERKELEY, Who has been "punching" that delicate "head," What is the wrong he hints so darkly In that long letter the clubs have read?

What is the point on which the war is Among a party where peace should be; What's the offence of the stern SIR MAURICE, And why did he bully his brother G?

Why did the latter enact *The Stranger*, And stalk away from his kindred's sight? And why would it put his right in danger To witness the late Earl's funeral rite?

What have the lawyers done askantly, How have they "duped" the lawful Earl, And out of the coronet waiting GRANTLEY Picked, as he fancies, a precious pearl.

Why not, if he's received a snub, lick *More suo*, his fancied foe; Instead of writing to bore the public With what they don't care a dump to know.

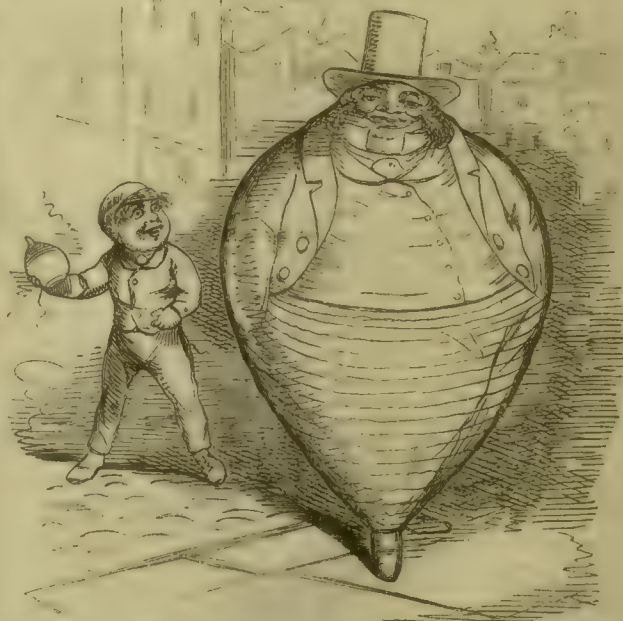
Operatic Scale of Measurement.

Englishman. Well, Sir, how did CASSEVOIX's new opera go?

Manager. A fiasco—a complete fiasco!

Englishman. How so? Why, I'm told that the composer was called forward not less than nineteen times?

Manager. You're right, Sir, perfectly right,—but then you must know that in Italy we never begin to reckon a success until after the thirtieth call. Fifty calls make a Triumph—one hundred a *Furore*! [*Exit Manager, tearing his hair.*]



An Alarming Illustration of the Peg-Top Trousers.

NEWS FROM THE STRAND. I

MR. BALFE has just produced a new opera, with brilliant success. It is called *The Rose of Castille*. But everybody knows this, and *Punch* alludes to the fact merely to mention that some of the carrion-mongers who "burlesque" anything that is too good, unadulterated, for their vulgar patrons, are already preparing a theatrical nuisance to be called *Black Rose of Castille*, or, *How are you off for Soap?* Of course, LORD BREADALBANE will license it.

A NICE WET DAY.



How delighted I am when it rains !
The more so the harder it pours ;
If business on that day constrains
Myself to remain within doors.
Come down, cats and dogs ! I exclaim ;
With pleasure I view your descent.
Suppose now a walk were my aim,
I could not fulfill my intent.

I could not, with Fashion attired,
As I am accustomed to be,
In Regent Street figure, admired,
By every fair maiden I see.
I could not be seen in the Park,
For I should be drenched if I were ;
Besides, you will justly remark,
Because no one else would be there.

MONTGOMERY wants to go out,
And appetite earn for his grub ;
And MONTAGUE can't get about,
Confined by the wet in his club ;
And BUGGINS, together with them,
Strong language applies to the rain,
Which I not only do not condemn,
But approve of, whilst others complain.

Of exercise WILKINSON makes
A point—there is wisdom in that—
And his long constitutional takes,
All the while he is spoiling his hat.
My fingers are grasping the pen,
My person is fixed in the chair ;
I'm obliged to stay in—but what then ?
My hat still remains fit to wear.

Some fellows the wet to defy,
Are forced by their urgent affairs ;
Of cabs, if they wish to keep dry,
The frightful expense must be theirs.
No cab-hire have I to disburse,
Or else catch a cold in the nose,
And suffer invasion of purse,
Or tantamount damage in clothes.

Then let it rain heavily on,
The tempest however severe,
Till this day and my work are both done ;
I say ditto, in fact, to *King Lear* ;
I not being out in the storm :
At least that is what I *should* say,
If all had a house snug and warm,
To return to, or stop in, to-day.

THE SURPLICE AT THE FOOTLIGHTS.

MR. PUNCH has observed an announcement to the following effect:—

"It is intended, very soon, to commence a series of Special Sunday Services at some of the Metropolitan Theatres. Notice will be given when the arrangements are complete."

Now this may be a hoax, invented by some member of the Puseyite persuasion, indignant that hierarchs should preach in Exeter Hall. If so, let him enjoy the bitterness of his satire. But, if the announcement be of a Bonafidian character, *Mr. Punch* has a word or two to say upon the proposal.

There can be but one object in offering to perform a religious service in buildings erected for, and specially adapted to amusement. There is no want of church or chapel accommodation in the localities in which the theatres are situated. St. Martin's is near the Haymarket, St. Clement Danes is not far from the Olympic, and PORR's couplet disposes of Mr. E. T. SMITH's neighbourhood,—

"Now, so ANNE and piety ordain,
A church collects the saints of Drury Lane."

A very big church is a very few yards from the Victoria, and a huge chapel near the Surrey. St. Paul, of Covent Garden, is the patron saint of the Adelphi, and, as for the city, it has three theatres and fifty places of worship. *Ergo*, it is not for want of room that it is proposed to turn the theatre into a church. The idea, of course, is that the novelty of the thing may attract those who are not habitual frequenters of the sacred edifice.

But *Mr. Punch* begs to ask, (with the sincerest reverence for the subject involved, and with earnest respect for all who labour conscientiously in the matter) where is this kind of thing to end? If our clergy, with all their advantages of education, prestige, and position, cannot get the people into church, and therefore are obliged to ask them to come to the theatre, where will the attraction system stop? After a time, the mere novelty of seeing a minister of religion declaiming on the spot where a few hours earlier a *dansuse* exhibited her skill, will fail to "draw." It is not so very exciting to call your pew a private box, that the pleasure of doing so will long attract. To hear *Moss in Egitto* or the *Prophète*, on Saturday, and on Sunday, in the same place, to listen to *Moss* and the *Prophète*, will not long retain its charm. And if attractions are to be the rule, you must devise something new to bring the people in. How far are you prepared to go? Will you, having called the theatre to your aid, avail yourself of its resources? Will you borrow scenic aid, and while a preacher talks of Palestine will you have a moving diorama from DAVID ROBERTS? Or will you go still further, and employ other theatrical arts—as MR. MOORE puts it, shall

"DANIEL, in pantomime, bid bold defiance
To NEBUCHADNEZZAR and all his stuffed lions,
While pretty young Israelites dance round the prophet,
In very thin clothing, and so little of it?"

There is really no logical reason for halting when once you admit the validity of the plea on which the use of the theatre for purposes utterly foreign to its objects and associations is justified.

There is something wrong, when contrivances like these are required by our priesthood. Had they not better reconsider the matter, and before invading the temples of the drama, examine whether their own temples are so thoroughly in order that throngs of votaries may reasonably be expected there. The theatre is not the place for sermons, and those who took Orders at Lambeth Palace, ought not to be seen taking them at a free-list entrance. As *Clifford* exclaims in *Henry VI.* "Chaplain—away!"

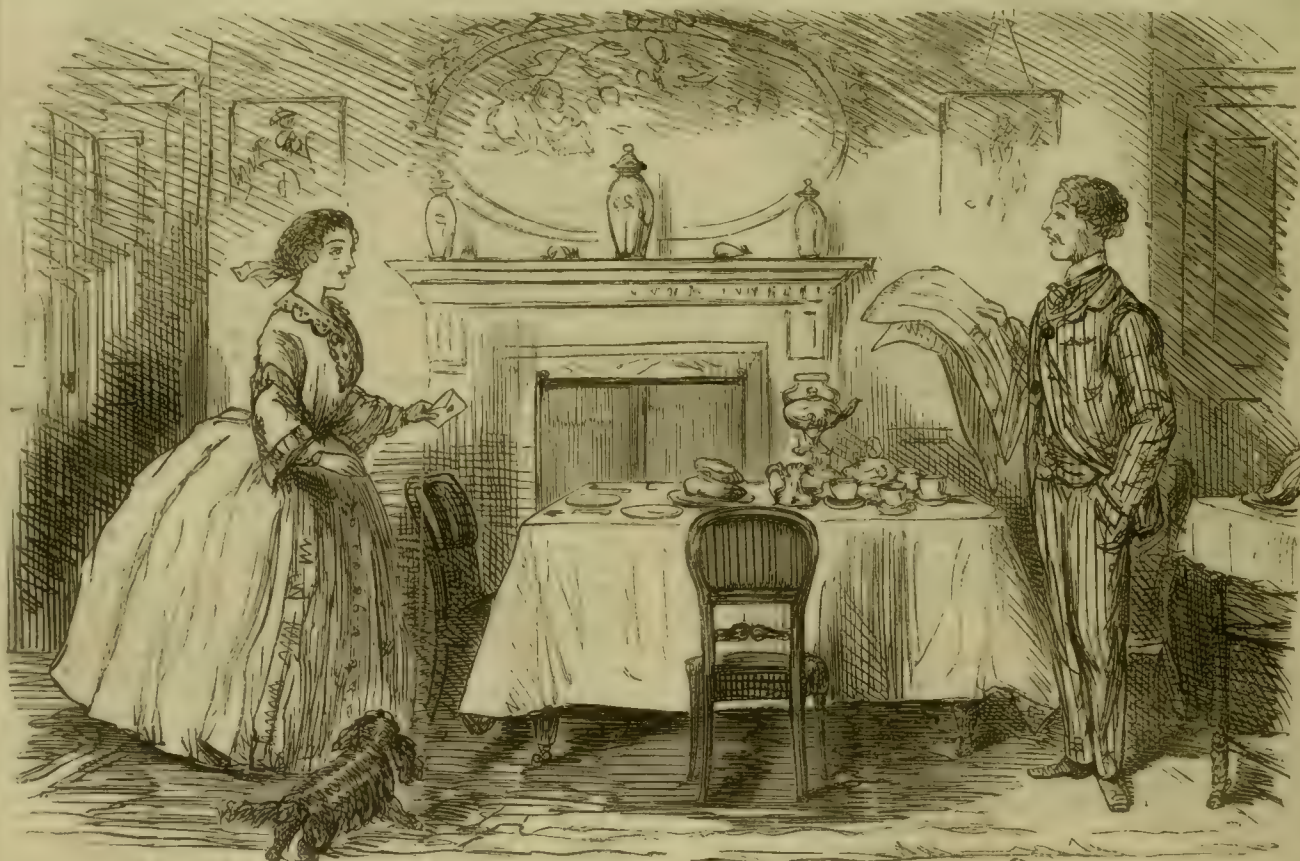
[ADVERTISEMENT.]

TO BE DISPOSED OF, CHEAP, A FIRST-RATE BETTING WALK
In an Unfrequented Public Thoroughfare, doing a matter of some Fifty Flats a week. Good business situation, and everything Slap Up. May be taken with the fixtures—in fact, can't be had without 'em. The Inventory whereof includes as follows, viz. :—Comfortable wide pavement, with lamp and other lounging postea, affording every convenience for betting men of business. Overhanging doorways to shelter from the rain, and so recessed as to be snugish nooks for doing a snug thing or two, heither taking out a betting-book or taking in a better. A first-class public for to get one's stake or mutton at, and handy for a drain when one can get stood Samuel. Barman up to snuff, and will give the Walk the benefit of his connection. N.B. Rites a good Flat, and may be entrusted with the Correspondence department. Halso may be trusted (as far as you can see 'em) to take cheques to be cashed, as is sent up for "lowestment." Post Offices close by, where letters may be left, and P. O. orders addressed to. In short, every facility for Town or Country custom. A good neighbourhood for Cocks, so the Crushers come like Hangs, few and far between. Odds 99 to 1 against your being nobbled.

Refers Slap-up, and No Capital Required!

For further particulars, and Cards to View, apply (after dusk) to MESSRS. COWARD AND CHINKIN, late betting shop keepers, No. 1, Grab Street, Handover All Square. N.B. This being a boney fide lucrative concern and no mistake, none but boney fide purchasers will be attended to. Parties game to buy must come prepared to stump up pretty stiff. Terms: No trust to Nobody: Cash down on the Nail. notey beany hals—No Detective need Hupply.

ADVICE TO ACTORS.—Act as though you believed *Mr. Punch* was present, and had to write an account of you in his next week's publication.



RATHER DEEP!

Cousin. "CHARLIE!—JUST FANCY WHAT PEOPLE ARE SAYING!"

Captain Charlie. "WELL, GEORGIE!"

Cousin. "THAT—THAT—YOU AND I ARE GOING—A—A—TO BE—MARRIED!"

Charlie (with presence of mind). "A—NEVER MIND, GEORGIE,—WE KNOW BETTER—WE ARE NOT SO FOOLISH!"

AN IMPUDENT JEW.

MR. "JO. JOSEPH, a general shopkeeper, of the Hebrew persuasion," would seem to consider that as he is not permitted to be a legislator, he may indemnify himself by criticism on the laws that are made for him, and the judges who administer them. The other day, MR. JO., if the police-report in a four-farthing contemporary be correct (which, by the way, we don't guarantee to be the case), did bring a poor woman named KENDALL before MR. SELFE, because he, JOSEPH, had lately missed two spoons, two sheets, and what he probably called a veskit. As these articles were left in an open box, and KENDALL, as charwoman, came in and out of the room in which it was kept, it was clear to JOSEPH the Ebrew that she must have taken them. The accused cried, and declared her innocence, and, we quote the report, remarked: "That wicked Jew wants to send me to prison." But the evidence that satisfied JO. JOSEPH would not satisfy the exigent MR. SELFE, who came out with the following observation, to the discomfiture of the Hebrew:—

"There is no evidence at all against her. She ought not to have been taken into custody at all. She is discharged. I tell you what, MR. JO. JOSEPH, you are liable to have an action for false imprisonment brought against you."

Upon this the enraged shopkeeper charged the Magistrate with being mistaken, and reiterated that the accused was the thief.

MR. SELFE, however, retained his opinion, and said—

"There is not a tittle of evidence against her, MR. JO. JOSEPH. You have done very wrong, and more respect should be paid to the liberty of the subject. The poor woman has been deeply wronged, and is discharged."

But the pertinacious Jew was not finished off. He would have the last word, and (according to the report) he made his exit, observing—

"The Law ith ath good as the Judge ith bad."

For which piece of impertinence, MR. SELFE, if he heard it, should have locked up the Jew until he made a penitent appeal for pardon.

Even *Shylock*, who had really a good case, and was scandalously treated by the quibbling Christians, complimented his judge, and behaved himself like a gentlemanly Hebrew. But really, that JO. JOSEPH, having committed a gross wrong, should be permitted to be insolent to the Magistrate, is a little too good. However, if a decent attorney will take MR. SELFE's hint, and present JO. with an instrument inviting him to have the question re-considered, at the suit of poor MRS. KENDALL, the punishment which he earned in Court may be administered in the way best calculated to touch his feelings. As he thinks Christian law so good, it would be liberal to let him have a little more of it.

DELHI.

Five days of grim struggle and carnage had passed,
But each night showed a gain on the gain of the last,
Then a bright Sabbath Morning arose on her towers,—
Ere that Sabbath was ended, red Delhi was ours.

Too soon for the plaudit—too soon for the crown:
We wait for the tidings how Delhi went down,
For the proud scroll of honour whose record shall tell
Who bore him the boldest, where all did so well.

But up with the wine-cup—one toast, and but one!
The vengeance of England hath sternly begun,
The Toast shall be DELHI, for WILSON is there,
And treason lies stabbed in its best-guarded lair.

YOU BRUTE!—Tears on the eyelash of a complaining wife sparkle like Diamonds. But she should not play these Diamonds too often, as they rather tend to drive a husband to his Clubs.




TOO "CIVIL," BY HALF.

The Governor-General Defending the POOR Sepoy.



THE CORPORATION ITSELF AGAIN.



ANY persons thought the conventional idea of the LORD MAYOR and the Aldermen was beginning to be regarded as a vulgar error. The notion that they were especially addicted to venison and turtle was taking a place amongst popular fallacies. To suppose them to be particularly fat, and peculiarly prone to those indulgences which produce corpulence, namely eating and drinking, was fast getting regarded as a mistake, evincing a want of sharpness and practical knowledge; an innocence and a greenness. Many a fond lover of comic antiquity was yielding to an apprehension that the burlesque glory of Guildhall and the Mansion-house was departing. There remained, to be sure, the Lord-Mayor's Show, and Temple Bar, and Gog and Magog, to rebuke their despondency; nevertheless it was a fact that the civic monarch and the civic nobility were occasionally, if not often, to be heard talking wisely, and even grammatically; not necessarily misjoining singular and plural, confounding *v* with *w*, and omitting or superadding *k*. Reflecting minds were entertaining serious anxiety for the conservation of that ludicrous element, the ancient, venerable, endearing, and peculiar characteristic of the corporation of London. All who may have been influenced by these melancholy misgivings will derive a most comfortable reassurance from a short report lately given by the *Examiner* of a discussion which had just occurred among the Aldermen,

under the LORD MAYOR in Court assembled. It is headed:—

PITIFUL CONDITION OF THE COURT OF ALDERMEN.

Under this affecting title, it informs the sympathizing reader that

"The following interesting conversation took place on Tuesday in the Court of Aldermen:—

"The LORD MAYOR. This reminds me of a matter of privilege. The Crown has each year been in the habit of sending eight bucks to the LORD MAYOR. This year I have not had them, although I have applied for them. (Laughter.)"

There, was a time, perhaps, when the LORD MAYOR's statement, that he had not received the venison which he expected and had asked for, would not have been taken as a joke, and hailed with laughter. However, the Aldermen may, though really viewing their disappointment as no joke, have determined to bear it with forced good humour. In the same apparently merry mood they received the similar complaint of one of their brethren:—

"ALDERMAN ROSE. I never had the bucks to which I was entitled forwarded to me when I was Sheriff. (Laughter.)"

The LORD MAYOR and ALDERMAN ROSE, however, appear to have stated their grievances with becoming gravity; and ALDERMAN COPELAND followed them on the same subject, evidently impressed with a due sense of its importance:—

"ALDERMAN COPELAND. It is a well-known fact that the Aldermen are very fond of venison, and therefore it is hard to cut it off."

The inference is a logical touch of pathos. "It is hard to cut it off!" This, simply regarded, appears to be the mournful exclamation of some meek and patient sufferer: but ALDERMAN COPELAND is no such spoony. No, Sir; the worthy Alderman suggests reprisals:—

"The Corporation is in the habit of providing livery for the Officers of State, and I would suggest, that as they have stopped the venison, we should stop the clothing. (Much laughter, and 'No, no!')

GOG and MAGOG, on this occasion, seem to have been agog for fun; and would not listen with the solemnity which the topic demanded. So the LORD MAYOR was obliged to insist upon it.

"The LORD MAYOR. The RECORDER says he has never had his three bucks."

This remark brought up the RECORDER; and that learned gentleman certainly evinced an adequate sense of the weightiness of the matter in question. He pronounced the following judicial opinion:—

"It is, perhaps, important that it should be known that this is not a mere privilege granted, but it is an absolute right. Formerly the Citizens of London had the right of hunting in the Royal forests, and it was then agreed that in lieu of their hunting in the Royal forests, a certain amount of venison should be sent to the officers of the Corporation. Therefore, this was compounding a legal right which the officers of the Corporation possess. It is not a mere gift of the Crown; but it is a composition in lieu of an ancient right. (Hear, Hear.)"

The above reads partly like a legal opinion, and partly like a legend related by a forester in a melodrama. It suggests an idea of the learned speaker attired, as to one half of his person, in official wig and gown, knee shorts, black silks, shoes and buckles; and bedizened, as to the other, with hat and feathers, green braided tunic and breeches, and russet boots, and a girdle, with a horn in it and a hanger at it, half round the waist. It also causes imagination to picture to itself London citizens stag-hunting in the Royal Forests—JOHN GILPIN associated with SIR WALTER TYRREL—and conjures up a vision of the horse and his civic rider, too extremely ridiculous to be further dwelt upon without pain.

It is worthy of note that the LORD MAYOR expected eight bucks, Alderman ROSE more than one, and the RECORDER three. Hence arises a question, which never perhaps occurred before; namely, How many fat bucks is a Lord Mayor, an Alderman, or a Recorder, capable of eating up in a season? Waiving this, however, let us rejoice in the above-quoted specimen of the discussions of the Court of Aldermen. Taken in connection with the altercation which lately took place on the bench between two of those dignitaries about an allusion to tallow, which one of them thought personal, it affords hope that the good old times of the city are not yet gone.

A PRODIGY IN AN HUMBLE STATION.

ANY gentleman desirous of losing his life without appearing to destroy it by his own act, so as not to incur the suspicion of suicide, should travel backwards and forwards by rail between Banbury and Oxford, until he meets with a fatal accident—at least, if dependance is to be placed on the statement of the writer of a letter in the *Times*, signed A. A., who avers that—

"At the Kirtlington Road Station (a small one, no doubt) between Banbury and Oxford, one man, and one man only, has every day to do the following duty:—He has to issue tickets for the up and down trains, frequently coming and going close together: he has six signals to attend to, and four pair of points; to attend to all passengers' luggage, and to receive all parcels, to collect tickets, to carry a lamp in the evening half a mile on each side of the Station, his office and signals in the meantime being left without any one; he has also to weigh up coal for the company and to load the corn-trucks. . . . He has also to put any horses and carriages on the rails."

The description of this individual's ordinary avocation reads like an account in our sporting contemporary of one of those feats which are performed for a wager, and which consist in running so many miles, and in the meanwhile picking up a lot of stones with the mouth, and doing a number of other almost impossible things. Railway station-master and railway station man-of-all-work, this person must be a ROBERT HOUDIN in his way, or even possess an amount of versatility, activity, and power of simultaneous attention to a multitude of different subjects, almost equalling the endowments of LORD BROUGHAM himself. His abilities are wasted at the Kirtlington Road Station, he should come up to Town, and eclipse the Wizard of the North. If he stays where he is, his prodigious abilities will not be sufficient to prevent somebody some day from being smashed through some inevitable confusion in his arrangements, and then a British Jury will find a verdict of manslaughter against him, instead of his employers, who ought to employ more servants at the Kirtlington Road Station at least, if they do not want life to be very shortly sacrificed on their Railway.

DEFIANCE.

Who says we can't frame
A rhyme to each name
Of the bold Siamese
Who have just crossed the seas?
Says BRACKY to MUNTRI,
"I don't like this country;"
Says MUNTRI to BRACKY,
"They've got no good black tea;"
"You haven't yet tried; ax,"
Says SARBICK to BIDACKS;
Says BIDACKS to SARBICK,
"I can't in this garb kick."

So there are four rhymes for the queerest *adnomina*
Vessel of England has ever brought home in her.

Revolted Anecdote.

A WRETCH of a husband, coming home at one in the morning, found his angel wife sitting up reading an old novel. With a coarseness almost amounting to cruelty, he took the book from her hand, and placed before her a pair of her child's socks, which happened to have holes in them, disgustingly observing: "If you *will* fatigue yourself, my love, with any work at such an hour, I would suggest *It is Never too Late to Mend*."

TO GOLIGHTLY TEAZLE, ESQ., M.A.,

Of the Saturday Review.



YRTÆUS," of the *Saturday Review*, of October 24th, informs us of the sudden and alarming indisposition of MR. GOLIGHTLY TEAZLE, wherefore *Mr. Punch* presents his compliments to that afflicted gentleman, and in acknowledgment of his exertions as an operator *secundum artem* or *secundum artes*, as the diploma runs, *Mr. Punch* undertakes to prescribe for him gratis.

Mr. Punch has the more confidence in dealing with his case as experience recalls to him many similar. There is the case

of A., who received a corporal chastisement, and who was in consequence driven insane by an imputation on his second cousin. There is the case of B., who relieved a painful corn by applying a dozen leeches to the foot of her bedstead. And there is the case of C., who received a contusion on the nose, and who extracted the bruise by a blister on his *os sacrum*. These are cases in point, and *Mr. Punch* has great pleasure in making a note of them to console MR. TEAZLE. If *Mr. Punch* is right as to MR. T.'s constitution, it is by no means liable to the serious attack of which he complains. It is quite out of the question that he could suffer from *verbum sapienti*, because for this there must be a predisposition in the patient, which *Mr. Punch* does not recognise in the case of MR. TEAZLE.

Nothing is more common, as *Mr. Punch* observes, than for a patient to mistake the nature of his own disorder, and so in this instance MR. TEAZLE supposes that he is touched in the region of the heart by a *verbum sapienti*, when the true seat of his discomfort is somewhere else, probably in a less vital and delicate part of his organism. It is true that, by what DR. MARSHALL HALL designated the reflex action of the nerves of sensation, the symptoms of MR. TEAZLE do, no doubt, bespeak a very considerable cerebral irritation. "Common-place folly," "bigotry," "imbecility," "miserable doggerel," "brutality," "irreverence," "dirty," "nauseous," "contemptible," "pitiful drivel," "professional buffoons," "beslobber," and the like, indicate a foul state of the tongue, and disclose the existence of a lurking fever in the system.

Mr. Punch is the more concerned for MR. TEAZLE, as such symptoms incapacitate him for the performance of his functions as the calm monitor and critic of the vulgar "middle classes." The air of superior refinement and repose which is requisite for this office is thus obliterated, and MR. TEAZLE, like one of the coarse middle-classes themselves, is betrayed into motions of an expansive nature, which ruffle his shirt-front, disorder his neckcloth, entail a larger outlay for starch on his washerwoman, and in the meantime impair his influence with polite society.

Mr. Punch must not only take into account the detriment to MR. TEAZLE and the wax-lights of literature, but the encouragement to those greasy and illiterate persons whom the bad taste of the public has rendered so offensively popular. There is no doubt that some of these low people will be encouraged in consequence to think less deferentially of their Saturday Reviewers. Hitherto they have acquiesced, as far as they were capable of understanding it, in the esoteric doctrine of the Eton Philosopher—*ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes, emollit mores, nec sinit esse ferus*. But if the mastery of arts is combined with such manners as these, and has so little influence on the irritability of the initiated, the reverence for Masters of Arts will decrease simultaneously with the general loss of confidence in the Latin Syntax and its examples, till by-and-by even a Popjoy Prizeman will come to be thought of little more account than the "serial" scribblers who write for the world at large, and for whom the fact that their writings are popular affords a presumption that they are contemptible.

Mr. Punch is so concerned for the apprehended consequences, that he wishes MR. TEAZLE to be instantly bled, and the refined extract to be preserved in a Dresden China Vase for a regular analysis by the College of Physicians.

In the meantime, apart from the immediate cause of the complaint,

and the nature of which *Mr. Punch* understands perfectly, he is inclined to attribute much of the consequent irritation to the circumstances of MR. TEAZLE's early diet and nurture. If it is true that MR. T. was weaned upon pickles, in *Mr. Punch's* opinion the vinegar is still in his system.

But *Mr. Punch* will pay every attention to MR. TEAZLE's case, and hopes shortly to report favourably on his progress.

THE CRACKING OF BIG BEN.

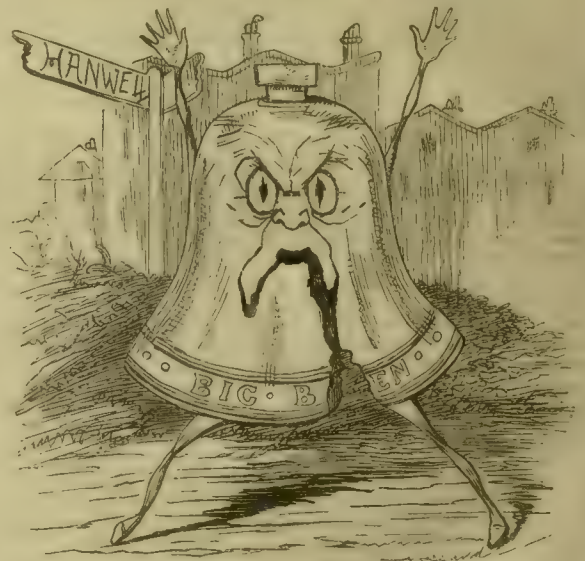
Who cracked the Bell?
"I," says JOHN BULL,
"Because I'm a fool:
And I cracked the Bell."

O BULL, you're a Booby. You'd got a fine Bell,
A thing that did credit to HALL and to WARNER,
And stupidly eager for toll and for knell,
You stick up your Bell to be banged in a corner.

And why so impatient, and why could you not
Till the Bell was in place condescend just to tarry?
You've cracked it,—in two senses sent it to pot,
And the tower must be dumb, to the fury of BARRY.

You can't make a statue, no more could old Rome,
Who vaunted that "others might model the brasses"
(See *Virgil*, lib. vi., where each schoolboy's at home,
And every one else, except ignorant asses).

But when *alii* had *mollius* practised their skill,
Not even the Romans, so clumsy and conky,
Went pounding the *era spirantia*, until
The "breath" came through cracks, as you've done, you
old donkey.



AN UNFORTUNATE OBSERVATION.

MR. HAMILTON NISBET, that great landed Squire and Protectionist has been abusing the London shopkeepers. The ox of Protection has been heard to speak often enough, but has never, hitherto, proclaimed himself an ox. MR. NISBET, however, has done something even worse than that. He calls the shopkeepers of London "butchers going to cut the throats of the landed interest." In this remark, does not MR. NISBET, as a member of the landed interest, appear to express an apprehension of being converted into veal?

SO MOST PEOPLE THINK.

WHEN BISHOP BERKELEY raised the cry "No Matter,"
He used two words than which no answer's patter
When the existing BERKELEYS scrawl, or chatter.

A BELL FOR BEDLAM.—Poor Big Ben is cracked. His case is hopeless, and he ought to be sent to an Asylum.

KEYS OF MYSTERY.



LORD PROVOST, in a few loyal sentences, bidding HER MAJESTY welcome, and the QUEEN expressing gratification at being once more in the City of Aberdeen."

Now, as far as the loyalty and welcome are concerned, we can see no cause to quarrel with this ceremony; but the presentation of the keys is now a meaningless absurdity, which we are quite sure could not have "gratified" HER MAJESTY. When cities had walls, and city keys had locks to them, there might have been some sense in handing them to royalty; but we regard the ceremony now as an effete superfluity, a piece of mere theatricalism which must annoy the QUEEN, and, indeed, is only fit for the Princess's. Of course we shall be told that the custom is an "ancient" one, and that loyalty and homage are implied in the observance of it; but to modern minds these ancient customs are of questionable import, and partake rather more of nuisance than advantage.

It really seems ridiculous that in this boasted age of Progress the QUEEN should be arrested by these key-presenting Provosts, who seize on her like button-holders, with their small talk and inanities. It is time the royal road were cleared of these infesters, who do not hesitate to stop the QUEEN upon her own highway; and, presenting keys like pistols rob her of some golden minutes every time they catch her. Paying them attention is as bad as paying turnpikes, and the QUEEN should be relieved of all such taxes on her patience. Of course etiquette demands that she should "express her gratification" at these trials of her temper, but we believe that the QUEEN'S English of her speech is something different. Every time she has to stop to have some City keys presented to her, we can imagine HER MAJESTY saying to herself, "Don't come stopping me, you tiresome men. Go away, do; and take away those Baubles!"

The ceremony, too, is the more absurdly stupid, as the keys are "presented" only to be handed back again. How the QUEEN can be gratified by this inane anomaly, it is only for the minds of Corporations to conceive. Were she to express her thanks for it, she could not use a truer phrase than "Thank you, gentlemen, for nothing." Of course when one's presented with a thing, one naturally expects that one will be allowed to keep it; and although bunches of keys are somewhat troublesome ironmongery, we really should insist, if we were HER MAJESTY, upon our clear right to pocket all that were presented to us. It is true that keeping keys is a source of great anxiety (the wear and tear of mind from the mislaying of our own turns, we quite believe, at least a dozen hairs grey weekly), still the QUEEN might have a keeper of her keys as of her conscience: in fact, at no great rise of salary, LORD CRANWORTH would, no doubt, consent to act in both capacities.

In cases where the keys were, as at Aberdeen, of silver, we should ourselves, were we HER MAJESTY, be still more disposed to keep them; for although of neither use nor ornament as keys, we might get them melted into tea-spoons, and so enrich Our royal plate-basket. The keys might then be looked on in the light of royal perquisites, and there would be some consolation for the stopping to receive them. As it is, their presentation—recalled as soon as made—amounts only to the giving of the airiest of nothings: in fact, is what CARLYLE would term, a Windbag, to which nothing that we know of can give an air of usefulness.

If the custom be persisted in (and these ancient ones die hard), we should recommend at least that our suggestion should be taken, and

I have no wish to be thought of a Paul-Prying disposition, or desirous to protrude our nasal feature into secrets of the State, but we must say we feel femininely curious to learn why the QUEEN can never travel in her own dominions, without having to pull up at every city that she comes to, and receive a bunch of keys from the hands of the authorities. At Aberdeen the other day, the chroniclers inform us:—

"A magnificent arch was erected at the boundary, and here the ceremony of presenting the keys of the City was performed: the

that any keys when presented should be considered given out and out. It would however be still more an amendment of the matter, if a bunch of grapes were substituted for the bunch of keys. The presentation of a pound or so of juicy cool Black Hambro' would be a graceful act of homage to HER MAJESTY when travelling; and a much more refreshing ceremony to stop for, than the presentation of some tasteless specimens of metal-work. We are not in general rabidly utilitarian, but in this matter of the keys we feel certainly disposed to ask, What can be the use of it? and till some one solves the mystery, as we consider it affects HER MAJESTY'S convenience, we shall hold ourselves excused for feeling so key-urious.

LEARNING AND POLITENESS.

If Latin and Greek are meant by the ingenuous arts which, according to the parliamentary quotation in the Eton Grammar, soften men's minds and do not suffer them to be brutal, the quotation is at fault, and should cease to be made in the House of Commons, the Mansion House, and elsewhere. Scholars, engaged in any dispute about words, have always been peculiarly abusive; and some of the disputants in the late "Telegram" controversy have very signally exemplified this characteristic of the scholastic mind. Short of calling each other dunces, fools, blockheads, simpletons, and jackasses, they have used towards one another the most contemptuous language possible. It is very odd that pride and vanity should be so often found associated with Greek and Latin—that proficiency in those two particular dead languages should so frequently be combined with insolence. The want of classical knowledge is sometimes ascribed to the circumstance that the deficient individual was not properly whipped, but the possession of it seems to be frequently accompanied with a very serious need of horsewhipping.

TITE BARNACLE'S CUR.

THE cur that on a recent grave
Betrayed his nature's failing,
Continues still to misbehave,
And kicks invite by railing.

What earnestness of would-be scorn!
What eagerness in sneering!
Not Hate, of smarting Envy born,
Could be more persevering.

Was his tail trodden on, one day?
His ear, all sore with canker,
Wrung hard, to make him thus display
His little dogged rancour?

APROPOS OF THE GREAT BONNET QUESTION.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"I AM delighted to see that the Reviews are, at last, beginning to give their attention to really important subjects. The last *Westminster* for instance, has an article on Female Dress, which I hope will be followed by others on 'Housekeeping,' 'Cookery,' 'The present treatment of Wives by Husbands,' and so on. These are matters which really come home to people's businesses and bosoms. I should like to know how many readers honestly care a bit about 'The Life of Michael Angelo,' or 'The Works of Bacon,' or the 'Present Aspect of Aesthetic Philosophy'; or any such far-fetched out-of-the-way matters, as now fill up two-thirds of all the Quarterlies. They are all very well for the men who write them, because they have got up the subject, and like to show off.

"But if the publishers want to sell a hundred copies of their reviews for one, they should take up things that everybody knows something about, or ought to know something about. They ought to have more lady contributors, like the authoress of that article in the *Westminster* upon 'Dress.' All I complain of is, that the subject is too cursorily treated. You can't deal with Dress as a whole in a single paper. You want one article for the Bonnet alone, and another for the Mantle, and another for the Morning Gown, and another for Evening Dress, and so forth. So as to complete the female wardrobe, perhaps, in twelve articles.

"Take the Bonnet for example. Only think what a range the reviewer ought to traverse to exhaust that. Why to deal with 'the Bonnet' alone in a way commensurate with its importance, would take volumes instead of a single article, much less a few paragraphs of an article. I venture to offer a hint, or contribution, to this article whenever it is written.

"When we were at Scarborough this year—I say we, for I have

sisters, and if you have any curiosity to know what we are like, some of us sat for the faces in the drawings I send with this letter—we were wearing round hats, which *we* thought very becoming; but we found to our astonishment that it was considered quite *improper* to go to church in them.

"Now I wish to ask you, *Mr. Punch*, to compare No. 1 and No. 2 of the accompanying sketches.



"Now, if it is quite out of the question to wear, in church, the same hat we may wear on the cliff, or the castle-walks, or the sands, or anywhere else out of doors, I *do* think one might invent a more church-going style of bonnet than the frail and flashy little *chignon* of flowers, lace, ribbons, and bugles, which I have tried to sketch in No. 2.

"It ought to be something demure, modest, and nun-like. At the same time, you know, dear *Mr. Punch*, it needn't be absolutely ugly.

"I can't help thinking this would be very devotional, and decidedly becoming:—



"I have put in both the front and side-face, that you may judge of the effect, as a whole. I am wild to try one of my '*Coiffures à la Carmélite*,' if you say you think it the right style of thing.

"Your devoted reader, LUY."

[We congratulate "LUY" on her invention, and heartily recommend it to milliners, with a church-going connection.]

Cheering for the Spanish Bondholders.

It seems that the great man of the new Spanish Ministry is our old friend MON. We do not think that MON will feel comfortable, or be able to do justice to himself as well as others, until he gets TOX by his side. We all know if there is a greater characteristic than another of a Spanish Ministry it is its special talent for looking after the *Meum* and *Tuum*; and MON and TOX, we imagine, will be an agreeable suggestion of the fate that is in store for *Le Mien* and *Le Tien*. That is decidedly the Alpha and Omega of a Spanish Ministry. Every other interest is a complete dead letter.

CIVES ROMANI.

In Quod—rectius, we shall probably be informed, In quo.

WE are two Roman Citizens,
Two Englishmen, we mean,
Confined in one of BOMBA's dens,
In scorn of England's QUEEN.
No cause for our imprisonment
Can BOURBON BOMBA show;
And why in dungeon we are pent,
Is what we wish to know.

On board the steamer *Cagliari*,
We happened to be found,
Upon our lawful business, we
Were in that vessel bound,
When by insurgents she was seized,
Against our wish and will.
So here we are. Is England pleased
That we should lie here still?

We ask that BOMBA would our case
To open trial bring;
Against that claim he sets his face,
Unjust, despotic King!
Has England nothing like a fleet,
And no such things as guns,
To teach a tyrant not to treat
In such a sort, her sons?

There was a DON PACIFICO,
A subject of the Crown,
Your teeth for him you did but show,
And OTHO knuckled down.
Quite true it is that Greece was weak;
Is Naples then so strong,
That, with submission tame and meek,
You'll pocket BOMBA's wrong?

A TALE OF A TIGER.

A FEW days ago (the narrative is in all the journals) a Bengal Tiger, on its way from the docks, where it had been landed, to the premises of MR. JAMBACH, an importer of such luxuries, broke loose, and after running crouching along the street, sprang upon a poor child, and mangled him cruelly. MR. JAMBACH rushed to the rescue with a crowbar, and was dealing the savage animal a series of heavy blows, in order to deliver the boy, when the editor of a penny humanitarian paper came up, and begged MR. J. not to be hard on the poor beast, who knew no better than to mangle children, and had also a grievance, in being restrained from his wild liberty. But MR. JAMBACH rudely shoved the mediator out of the way, and with a few more vigorous strokes discomfited the brute, and saved the child's life. The editor is virtuously indignant, and declares that JAMBACH is no better than HAVELOCK and WILSON.

To Disraeli.

BIG BEN is cracked, we needs must own,
Small BEN is sane, past disputation;
Yet we should like to know whose tone
Is most offensive to the nation.

What Shall we Do with our Convicts?

IN answer to the above question—and it has been waiting long enough for an answer—we beg to say: "Send your convicts out to India"—and make them associate with the natives. It cannot possibly do them any harm, and there is just a chance that they may civilise the Sepoys. They may teach them acts of gentleness, and other lessons of humanity; for really, compared to the Sepoys, our convicts are respectable human beings. Our blackest criminal, by the side of NENA SAHIB, would appear of an angelical whiteness.



A HINT TO THE ENTERPRISING.

Boy. "HERE YOU ARE, SIR. BLACK YER BOOTS, AND TAKE YER LIKENESS FOR THE SMALL CHARGE OF THREEPENCE!"

WE CAN'T MAKE A BRIDGE.

WE can't make a monument, and now it seems we can't make a bridge. A poor simple suspension bridge is completely above us. It is worth while walking down to St. James's Park, merely to see how clever we are in making a failure. All lovers of the grotesque should make the muddy pilgrimage. If a prize had been offered for an ugly bridge, we doubt if a finer specimen could have been selected than the one which rears its puny head over the ornamental water at the old spot, where the ferryman used to feather his oar with so much dexterity. Surely, ornamental water deserved a bridge with some pretensions to ornament. As it is, we believe a long plank, stretched across, would have been less stuck up, and far more ornamental. The worst is that, since the water has been purified, you have the hideousness twice over. Not only do you have the eyesore above, but the bright reflection of it, also, below. The advantage of this improvement is, that you have two eyesores instead of one. It lies so squat on the water (as though it were taking a sitz-bath), that the poor birds can hardly swim underneath it. Some of the swans have already got stiff necks, from stooping so continually to avoid receiving a knock on the head. It would not astonish us, as the winter advances, to see them with their throats wrapped up in flannel; an aged swan, with an old stocking tied round its neck, would certainly be a most moving object of sympathy.

We suppose we shall get accustomed, in time, to this new disfigurement of our mutilated metropolis, as we have done to others of a kindred ugliness; but it is very trying at first. To complete the mockery, we hope that a board will be put up with the following entreaty:—"The Public is respectfully requested to protect this valuable bridge." On our word, it is such a malefactor against the rules of good taste, that it richly deserves being hung, as it is, in chains not less black than those that are suspended over the Felon's Gate at Newgate.

To give it an air of additional lightness, we must not omit to state that the iron-work has all been painted a deep funereal black, that

ODE TO FRANCATELLI,

After a Dinner at the Reform Club.

HAIL, FRANCATELLI, mighty chef,
Whose culinary sway,
Which all allow, has made thee now
First Artist of the day.

The feast divine, by thee prepared,
Which stands recorded here,
Enjoyed last night, though lost to sight,
Is still to memory dear.

Who can describe the Consommé
Which spreads thy fame so far,
What language paints, that food for saints,
KRÖMESKY'S de Foies gras?

What honour was it for La Dinde
Picked from the flock with care,
By thee truffé, by us mangée
With Jambon au Madère!

Proud must have been those partridges
If they when dying knew,
That they would be, in thy Salmi,
Dressed à la Richelieu!

Thy perfect entremets will live
In glory ever green;
Who would not praise thy Mayonnaise,
Or Croque-en-Bouche d'Avelines?

Who tasted once will ne'er forget
Thy Gélée au Noyau,
Immortal fame surrounds the name,
Of Tartalettes d'Abricots!

In humble verse, great chef, I thus
Acknowledge thy success;
But still I wish, of every dish,
I'd eaten rather less.

A MUSICAL RECEPTION.—When the whale was stranded at Scarborough, an ex-baritone went down and serenaded it with the air from *Il Trovatore*:—"Il Baleine."

imparts to the structure a rich coal-barge heaviness, worthier one of the wharves at Blackfriars than the pellucid banks of St. James's. It is so black, that we fancied the drawing must have been made by COLE; only for the credit of our Schools of Design, we cannot and will not believe it. Let us trust that Art has not sunk so low in this country as this Suspension Bridge in the St. James's Park would indicate. Without any offence to the Chinese, we must say that it would be a disgrace to the Willow-Pattern Plate.

LOCUS PŒNITENTIÆ.

ROME aids a work her priests have shunned,
If, from his Holiness's banks,
The POPE has helped the Indian Fund
To (journals say) Two thousand francs.

Come, CULLEN, humble that stiff neck,
Good men should pull in the same boat, all,
Cry *Mea culpa!* Draw your cheque.
Salute the Toe, and swell the total.

THIEVES BEFORE AND BEHIND THE COUNTER.

A CASE FOR LEGISLATORS.

IF I go into a Grocer's shop, and steal two or three pieces of sugar, I am a thief. But if the Grocer sells me a pound of sugar, and there are one or two ounces short, he merely sells things by false weight. I am imprisoned. The Grocer is fined a few shillings, and escapes. I am guilty of but one theft. The Grocer, it may be, is guilty of a thousand, for he robs every person to whom he sells goods with those false weights. Now, can you tell us, by what strange anomaly of the Law, the greater Thief is allowed to get off so much more cheaply than the lesser? Why shouldn't there be the same Law for both?

A NEW ORDER OF CHIVALRY.



D ID any gentleman ever buy a horse without being cheated?

Is not the brute always found, within some short time after the purchase, to have something or other the matter with it, which must have been well known to the vendor, and which rendered it worth less than its price? To these questions there can be but one answer, which is so obvious, that all equestrians, whose legs are of a natural honest colour, will rejoice greatly to hear that an Association is about to be established for the purpose of securing good horses for respectable people, under the name of the Horse Society.

The object of the Horse Society will be to provide purchasers with horses correctly described, and really and truly appraised at their actual value. With this view the most eminent jockeys, veterinary surgeons, and horse-dealers, will be engaged by the Society to pronounce opinions on all the animals offered by it for sale, and as these opinions will be liberally paid for, buyers will, of course, be enabled to depend upon them, how great rogues soever those who deliver them may be. It is calculated that even people accustomed to deal in horses will speak the truth when they know it is their interest to do so, and therefore the Horse Society intends to engage, as professional advisers, some of the greatest rascals on the Turf, that is to say, on the face of the Earth.

The Horse Society will be a joint-stock company; and though it will be essentially based on the principles of truth and honour, some minds, perhaps, will entertain a little doubt whether it will be able very long to preserve its integrity. For Companies, on the one hand, are proverbially said to have no conscience, and on the other, we know that very few indeed, even of the most high-minded men, can be long concerned in horse-dealings without slipping into fraud. The horse demoralizes almost everybody who has anything to do with him more than merely to ride him; and we can only hope that the poisonous moral atmosphere which appears to surround that so-called noble animal may not overpower the Society that will be obliged to breathe it, and degrade a chivalrous band of gentlemen into a set of 'ossy blackguards.

COOKING BY ELECTRICITY.

We have read an interesting account of a dinner that took place at St. Denis, at which all the good things were cooked by electricity. According to this, the old *batterie de cuisine* will soon be replaced by a galvanic battery. Our plum-puddings will be boiled by means of electric currents. Dishes of electric eels will become as common as plates of boiled beef at the Old Bailey. Pots and pans will be replaced by Leyden jars, and the old spit will be driven out of the kitchen by the positive, or negative, pole.

An "Electric Cook-shop" will be a new opening in this scientific age. We may live to see at the corner of streets, electric potato-cans, with a stream of electricity fizzing out instead of the jet of steam.

By the bye, we wonder if, in Telegraph Offices, the accounts will be "cooked" by electricity? It will be as well for Directors to abstain from the Stock Exchange, and to give up the practice, after receiving an important dispatch, of rushing to their broker's two or three times a-day, or else the public may be raising the cry that the accounts are "highly charged." In the meantime, we shall look out anxiously every time we go to the City, to see if there has not shot into existence a scientific Joe's, where the visitor sees his mutton-chop cooked in the same room by means of electricity!

THE CAMBRIDGE BANQUET.

How the City can ever forgive itself for having delayed an opportunity to eat, drink, and flatter, so long as it has postponed these performances in the case of the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, God only knows—unless he has told MAGOG. Usually, the instant a man, no matter what his antecedents, has reached the top of the tree, pole, ladder, or whatever other good or bad eminence he has coveted, the citizens are at him with their turtle and flummery. *Punch* need not name names, now that all is serene, but he has not the faintest doubt that were WISCOUNT WILLIAMS himself, at the head of a rabble of his vassals, to rush into the royal palace, terrify the FIELD-MARSHAL P. A. into a fainting fit, and by menaces obtain (not that he would, if we know our courageous SOVEREIGN) the promise of a Dukedom and estates to match, the City of London would be at the DUKE OF LAMBETH's door, simultaneously with the milk and cat next morning, begging his Grace to fix a day to receive the Freedom. Drawing a veil over the terrible picture, and simply noting that the City measures men, and measures, by one test only, Success, *Punch* cannot but record his astonishment that the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, who has really merited, and received, far better things than City honours, should so long have been permitted to enjoy the golden opinions he had won, without the additional daub of Guildhall gold-leaf being smudged upon them.

Amends, however, have been made this last week, when the fated COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF was fêted in the City, and after enduring a long address from SIR JOHN KEY, one of the few civic magnates who can speak English (LORD MELBOURNE said so) had to sit out a Mansion House dinner, whereat assuredly his fellow-guests were of a mixed order. It might be amusing to sit down with the Siamese and American Ambassadors, all of whom are acquainted with our language, the hero CARDIGAN is not unimposing at table, PRINCE VOGORIDES may have entertaining anecdotes from Moldo-Wallachia, and there were some distinguished soldiers, whom even *Mr. Punch* would gladly see at his board. But these were the plums of the City pudding, and most of the remainder might be what is called in Hebrew "a feast of Fat Things," but by no means what a decent Duke is accustomed to. However, good fortune makes us acquainted with strange dinner-fellows.

SIR JOHN KEY gave the Duke some well-deserved praise in some well-rounded periods, one of the best of which was that in which the CHAMBERLAIN (not the LORD CHAMBERLAIN—copy the address) paid an admirable tribute to "a pen, as fearless in its exposure of abuses as unsurpassed by the vividness of its graphic power" in dealing with the Crimean Campaign where the Duke's laurels were won. Nevertheless, we do not observe the name of the applauded WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL in the list of guests at the banquet, and we congratulate him thereon, for this was not "empty praise," and was far preferable to the "solid pudding" *Mr. Punch* has mentioned.

The City gave the Duke a sword in the afternoon, and a knife and fork in the evening. The inscription on the former must have been revised by some intelligent foreman at HANCOCKS', the manufacturers, for it presents no grammatical error that we can detect. Long may H. R. H. behold it hanging over his chimney-piece among his pipes and Crimean relics. The knife bore only one word, namely, "ROGERS," and the fork was impressed with the City device. Both had been unexceptionably cleaned, the one by the rotatory knife-cleansing apparatus, the fork by a piece of wash-leather bought by the LORD MAYOR's servant from a Jew named, we believe, ISAACS.

The earlier speeches at the banquet demand, and received, no particular attention, except from PRINCE VOGORIDES and one or two other foreigners who could not understand a word of them. The American Minister was good enough to say, in reference to the ceremony of the day, that he knew nothing about titles, but "could understand" a prince being a very decent kind of critter, and also that he hoped the Indian scoundrels would be farnation well licked. He then liquored, and the MAYOR gave the President of the Council, the EARL GRANVILLE.

NOW GRANVILLE's speech was really the event of the week, because this is the first time that a Minister of any standing has come out upon Indian affairs. It was clear that the Earl had been getting up the steam, for he had a lot of notes to help him, in case, *Mr. Punch* supposes, the Mansion-House champagne might make him more ecstatic than rationalistic. He went to work like a man, and after the expected praise of the Duke, began to praise LORD ELGIN, for his noble conduct in coming across to India when he had nothing to do in China.

Having thus got the audience into a laudatory state of mind, GRANVILLE began to eulogise LORD CANNING, and set forth how he had not begged for the office of Governor-General, but, being appointed, took off his coat to think the more intensely how he should improve India, and then, putting it on again, went out and improved it until India rebelled. But GRANNY is a clever man, and was very cautious, and begged only "Fair-Play" for CANNING. This he is sure of, but what was asked from him in return was Fair-Work, which is not exactly apparent from any dispatches Mr. Punch has seen. GRANVILLE solemnly promised that if CANNING should have acted in a "maudlin" manner, he, GRANVILLE, would be the first to serve him out, but he revealed that in a private letter LORD CANNING had spoken most severely of the Sepoys, and called them Devils. The rest of the speech was apologetic, but hypothetically so, for LORD GRANVILLE evidently knew nothing more of what has been going on between the authorities in India than Mr. Punch does, and we have no doubt that the only brief he received *in re* CANNING was the following note from Broadlands:—

"Dear GRANNY,
Go and puff CANNY:
Lay it on thick,
And swear he's a brick."—P.

But when the laying on comes to be looked at, it is really very little that the President of the Council can say for the GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA. For once in his life, GRANVILLE tired his heavens, and PRINCE VOGORIDES was observed to be fast asleep long before the oration was over, while the Aldermen were yawning like mad.

An artful dodge had been contrived in order to get LORD GRANVILLE a hearing. The MAYOR proposed the House of Lords, and the citizens who love a real lord dearly, and would marry him to their daughters, or do anything but his "paper," waited for the expected aristocrat. And when they only found a law-lord, who had been not very much better than one of themselves in early life, they could not exactly run away, especially as the bottles were not empty. So CRANNY got an audience, and even a cheer, and went home and dreamt that he was DEMOSTHENES and was sitting upon LORD BROUGHAM.

Punch is happy to know that his friend the DUKE has, since the banquet, been as well as could be expected, and is highly thankful for his Freedom from the City.

THE ART OF SINKING A TELEGRAPH.

MR. PUNCH has received a good-humoured letter from MR. JOHN DE LA HAYE, of Manchester; a remarkably good-humoured letter as coming from a gentleman who thinks that Mr. Punch pronounced his invention absurd. Mr. Punch, however, in noticing a newspaper paragraph, relative to MR. DE LA HAYE's contrivance for the sinking of submarine telegraphs, took particular care to guard himself from being understood, and misunderstood, to impute absurdity to the plan of MR. DE LA HAYE, even taking the paragraph in question as correctly describing it. However, the paragraph is inaccurate; and here is MR. DE LA HAYE's own specification of his patent:—

"In order to prevent the cable from breaking through the strain caused by its weight in sinking perpendicularly from the ship, we propose to render it partially buoyant by surrounding it, its whole length, with a light substance, such as coopers' rushes, so that its specific gravity would be about one-sixth more than that of water. This would allow the cable to sink slowly, a sufficient depth, so as to be safe from the effects of the waves; but would prevent its sinking at once on the bed of the ocean. As the rushes would be only temporarily connected to the cable, by means of bands of tape, made to adhere by a compound soluble in water; it would be freed at any given time; and resuming its original specific gravity, would sink on the bed of the sea, but only at a considerable distance from the vessel paying it out."

Mr. Punch has still to ask, as he asked before, concerning the invention above detailed, How about the waves, and Will it wash? or Won't it wash too well? That these questions may not be satisfactorily answerable he does not say. His hope is, that it will wash in a perfectly successful manner. In that happy event, the sub-Atlantic cable, although really submerged by the help of coopers' rushes, will doubtless be said by execrable punsters, to have been sunk by means of DE LA HAYE-bands.

PROFITABLE PARTNERSHIP.

We have heard of two brothers (their united ages do not exceed 27, and their united heights cannot soar much above 5 feet 10), who have gone into partnership at the West End. They have commenced operations at the corner of two fashionable streets. One is a Crossing-sweeper, and the other is a Shoe-black. Their places of business are, you may say, next door to each other. The first dirties, as though by accident, the boots of those Swells, who do not give him anything, as they step over his crossing, and the second comes in for the benefit of cleaning them. In this way, they play into each other's hands, and divide a considerable sum at the end of the day. Their system is

doubly sure, for it is rare that a Swell gets off without paying one or the other. If he escapes the broom of SCYLLA, there is the brush of CHARYBDIS that is certain to be down upon him at the next step. So lucrative has the partnership hitherto been, that we understand as much as a hurdy-gurdy, a monkey, and a cage full of white mice, besides a central lamp-post, where a good penny paper business is done, has been refused for it.

A ROMANCE OF THE POST OFFICE.

WITH A MORAL FOR ALL LONDONERS.



PRETTY FLORA ST. CLAIR was a milliner fair,
Her smile it was pleasant to view,
And so thought the grave ALEXANDER BOLAIR,
And so thought the gay HARRY BLEW.

Pretty FLOSSY ST. CLAIR didn't very much care
Which Swell her devotion should bless;
BOLAIR had dark eyes and magnificent hair,
But BLEW was a stunner at dress.

She would wait till one chose for her charms to propose:
Not long her suspense was to be,
For the very same Sunday both gentlemen rose,
Determined to write to Miss C.

Each penned his best vows that, if she'd be his spouse,
He'd be true as that nuisance, Dog Tray;
Each posted his letter, to be at her house
The very first thing the next day.

On Monday Miss FLOSSY, with ringlets so glossy,
Received at 9'30, BOLAIR's,
And instantly wrote and accepted, because he
Had chanced to be first with his prayers.

But at 10'45 did BLEW's letter arrive,
Too late: she was pledged to the first,
And the elegant HENRY's intention to wive
Has (perhaps for his good) been reversed.

"But," asks a sharp *vox*, "why with different knocks
Were the letters delivered?" All fair.
BLEW simply employed a *Receiving-House Box*,
A *Pillar-Box* clicked for BOLAIR.

The latter they clear ere the dawn-streaks appear,
And Aurora's red fingers make sign,
While *Receiving-House* letters, O lovers give ear!
Are not fetched from the shops until IX.

And FLORA ST. CLAIR is now MRS. BOLAIR,
And like NOURMAHAL (in edged frills),
She whispers, and twines his magnificent hair—
"Remember the Pillar of HILL's."



AN INCIDENT WITH THE O. P. Q. HOUNDS.

MISS DIANA SLIPS OFF AT A FENCE, AND IS SO UNFORTUNATE AS TO LEAVE THE BETTER HALF OF HER HABIT ON THE PUMMELS OF HER SADDLE.

A VULGAR FELLOW.

WE never heard of one ABSALOM DELL, a Brighton auctioneer, until reading the following advertisement, and after reading it few people will wish to hear of the man again:—

THIS DAY.

A SAIL! A SAIL!!

What life-inspiring words to shipwrecked fellow creatures!

MR. ABSALOM DELL is instructed by the owner to Sell by Public Auction, at the King and Queen Hotel, Brighton, on Thursday (THIS DAY), October 29th, 1857, at Half-past Three o'clock, THE FORE AND AFT MAIN-SAIL of the unfortunate Ship "PILGRIM," recently wrecked off Brighton. Her fate, alas! was the reverse of our good friend BUNYAN's *Pilgrim*. Also, at the same time and place of sale will be offered, &c. &c.

The heartless flippancy with which ideas of the saddest and gravest character are used by this man DELL to make up an advertisement needs no comment. But what does he mean by saying, in his abominable English, that "the fate of the *Pilgrim* was the reverse of BUNYAN's *Pilgrim*." The latter went to HEAVEN—the ship came to Brighton. It is really dangerous for fools to play with serious words, and we recommend this DELL to adhere to the legitimate clap-trap and cackle of his calling, and to abstain from topics which belong to another pulpit than his.

ONE OF DOVOR'S POWDERS.

A FAVOURITE underling of the Admiralty rushed one day last week, with the speed of the "hurried Hudson," into the room of the Hon. Member for Shakspeare's Cliff, and exclaimed, breathlessly: "Have you heard the last report, Sir? They say that our friend BEN's cracked!"

"Poor Dizzy!" involuntarily exclaimed the melancholy OSBORNE. "Well, do you know, it always struck me that it would come to that!" and he was pumping up a flood of sympathy, when it was explained to him who the "cracked" object was that he was pouring his lamentations over.

REVEREND JOCKO.

CONSIDERABLE astonishment has no doubt been created by the following advertisement, which appeared in most of the papers:—

EXETER HALL SERVICES for the WORKING CLASSES, under the sanction of the BISHOP OF LONDON.—The SERVICE fixed for To-Morrow (SUNDAY) 8th instant, WILL NOT TAKE PLACE. The REV. A. G. EDOUARD, Incumbent of the Parish, has, by a notice served yesterday, FORBIDDEN THE SERVICES. Until the legal question shall have been decided, the Committee will therefore suspend the course. SHAFESBURY, Chairman.

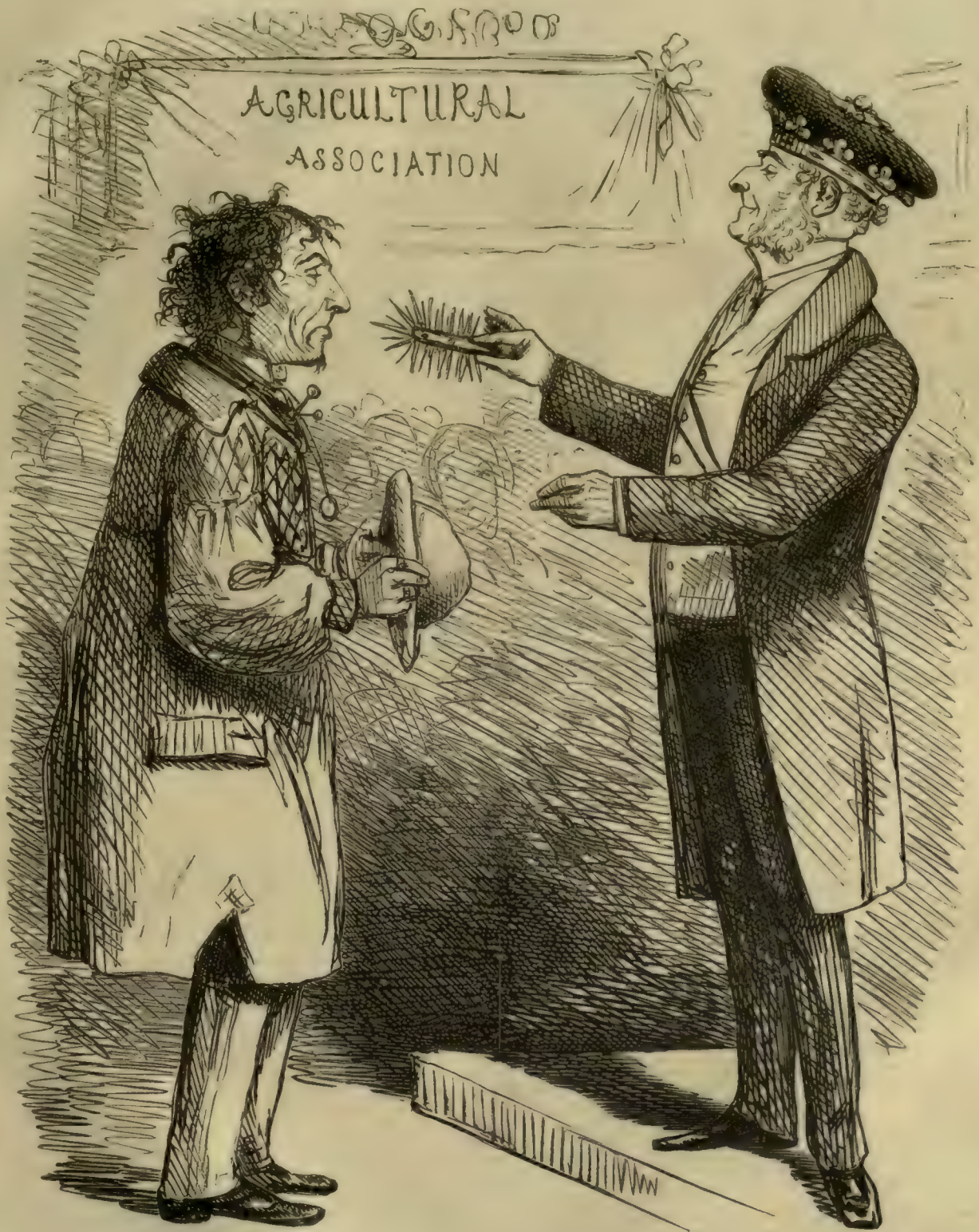
Office of Special Services Committee, 1, Robert Street, Adelphi, Nov. 6, 1857.

Now that patent theatres have been abolished, so that SHAKSPEARE can be lawfully performed elsewhere than at Drury Lane, it seems hard that a clerical manager should have the power to interdict the performance of the Church Service in a rival House of Worship. Manager, we say, because this prank which the REV. MR. EDOUARD has played the Exeter Hall Committee, looks very much like the proceeding of a member of that histrionic sect which affects stoles, copes, and candles, and in general imitates the antics of Roman Catholic priests. We shall be surprised to find, if we do find, that this divine is not a Puseyite. The Puseyite may be said to be a fanatic bearing the same relation to a Papist that an ape bears to a fool, or a monkey to a monk; and the stoppage of the Exeter Hall services can only be regarded as an ecclesiastical monkey's trick.

Entertainment in High Life.

AMONG the fashionable intelligence we find the announcement that the DUKE and DUCHESS of NORTHUMBERLAND are entertaining a select circle of visitors. What a funny Duke and Duchess! We hope their entertainment is received with roars of laughter.

ADVICE TO YOUNG ENGLAND.—To ridicule Old Age is like pouring in the morning cold water into the bed in which you may have to sleep at night.—*Hermit of the Haymarket.*



INTERESTING CEREMONY.

THE DUKE OF BROADACRES PRESENTING A HANDSOME KNIFE WITH A HUNDRED BLADES TO BEN D-ZZY, A TIME-SERVER OF THIRTY YEARS' STANDING.

SEBASTOPOL AVENGED !

(An Article supposed to have been written for the Penny Morning Startler.)



THE CZAR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS has wreaked a subtle vengeance on us. With our arms away in India he feels we're at his mercy: as hot-pressed and defenceless as a sheet of cream-laid foolscap. The sheet is in his grasp: he can "crumple" it at pleasure. But first he writes on it our Doom in the plainest Russian text. The English nation shall be struck off from the face of the earth: nay, their very language even shall be forthwith obliterated. The tongue they speak shall not survive, even as a dead one. Henceforth there in fact is no such word as "English." See how he has done it. We quote from a contemporary; our foreign staff is limited:—

"The EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has annihilated the English language by a stroke of his pen. German is no longer to be taught in the College of Iskutsh (where there

is a considerable trade with California), and the programme of the studies announces that 'la langue Americaine' is to take its place."

Perhaps, though, we are hasty. In the blindness of our fear we may have jumped to false conclusions. The CZAR may only mean to act the part of a wise sovereign, and have his subjects taught the language of the countries where they trade. Yet why draw this distinction between Yankee-tongue and English? Is it simply from a wise, paternal, kinglike reason? Is it simply because Yankee-slang is more uncouth than our "QUEEN'S English," and therefore would assimilate more closely with *langue Russe*? Does the CZAR think *langue Americaine* would come more easy to his students; and that tongues used to such sounds as *Istovostchik* and *Golopeshin* would give congenial glibness to *Slogdollarise*, *Abagutillate*, *Gin-juleps*, and the like? Yet may it not embroil us with our brother JONATHAN—this giving him the credit for a language of his own—this subtle snake-like hint that he speaks doubtful English? JONATHAN is touchy. His dander's easy rized. 'Twould be a dark day for Old England should this elevate his monkey. With Cotton in war's balance, how Manchester would tremble! And when MANCHESTER were fallen, where would stand Great Britain!

Alarmists we are not; but there is fearful cause to quiver. Flesh is however fallible: we may be mistaken. From our hearts we hope it. But our knowledge is but human. There is no telling what may happen. It is as well always to be on the safe side. If our hints be not taken by our Slumbering Government, let it not at least be forgotten that we gave them. We have sounded the alarm. *Ruat Hanglia!* We have done our duty. On the Russian horizon the least cloud is portentous. Let Ministers have heed to that which we have shown them. Though no "bigger than a weasel," it may overspread Great Britain. In our present hour of peril, precaution is our policy. Let Official Benches look to it. Let PALMERSTON, with bated pride of place, condescend for once to take a morsel of advice. Far-seeing he may be (for he has somehow scrambled to a high position), yet the "smallest monstrous" penny-a-liner of the MIGHTY PRESS sees farther. Bear witness this Great Russian Portent! *Eureka*—we have spoken!

SWEEP FOR THE SWEEPS.

THE City authorities seem to be taking a step to get rid of a nuisance. The statement may appear incredible, but the facts are before the world. The highwaymen, who under the name of crossing-sweepers, plunder the nervous and molest the brave, are to be got rid of. Their intolerable pertinacity has brought this upon them. Any person who has a walk of twenty minutes between his residence and his place of business, is persecuted by at least a dozen of these pests, who have either a right to his money, or have not. If they have a right, who pockets the rate for Paving and Cleansing; if they have not, where's the police?

It is idle to say that giving is voluntary. People pay rather than be bothered, perhaps splashed, by the whining mendicants, and no one has a right to annoy another. So the Sewers Commissioners think, and they have granted the prayer of a Ragged Brigade to be allowed to fix

money-boxes at certain crossings which they will sweep, without importuning passengers, who can give or not as they please. This is only half a reform, because the parish officers who take our money are bound to keep the streets in order, and it is still a swindle that we should be even "invited" to pay twice. But it is better than the old system, and now ladies and other timid persons will approach a crossing without double terror, that of being badgered by a mendicant, and that of being run over by an omnibus.

As for the proposed folly of calling the Brigadiers Path-wardens, that is simple boobyism, and we solemnly swear never to be a Church-warden if such a profane mockery of the title is permitted. Why, the sweepers must be as silly as THWAITES and his central Scavengers, with their seal of office and their pomposity. Wardens, indeed! Look into a cookery-book, and see what a Warden-pie is, and then think whether it is anything like a Dirt-pie. New brooms, but no new names.

A TWO-FOOT RULE.

OF course we adore pictures, and the new Paul Veronese (our £14,000 bargain) is worthy of all homage. But really SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE has proposed, to all who came to see *Alexander and the Ladies*, such a preposterous ceremonial that we trust he will reconsider the matter. He, or the authority in charge of the National Gallery, has fixed up a notice, requesting Visitors "to scrape and wipe their Feet." Now we really cannot do this. When our boots are once buttoned up, we hate unfastening them, and then the pulling off one's socks on the steps of the National Gallery is a great bore. And for ladies such a process must be singularly inconvenient. We repeat that with all reverence for Art, we cannot consent to go through a more than Oriental humiliation at the shrine of Paul Very-uneasy.

THE GREAT-BERKELEY BUSINESS.

(Summary, to the very latest Electric Dispatch.)

SAYS GRANTLEY to BOODLE,
"EARL BERKELEY's a noodle
Whom you all lead along in a string like a peoodle;
And I've just diskivered
He's sealed and delivered
Some deed by which all my own fortunes are shivered."
Writes BOODLE, "Suspicious
Or even propositions
Like those, we discuss on no kind of conditions;
But a scolding you mention,
Though bitter as gentian,
SIR MAURICE served out with the kindest intention."

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

TO THE COMMERCIAL WORLD AND TRADERS GENERALLY.

SACKIT, KITE, and SWAG, Bill Manufacturers and Accommodation Paper Makers, solicit the attention of the heads of shabby firms and tradesmen (large or small) of exhausted capital and credit, to their unrivalled manufactures of an artificial currency, whereby the solvency of bankrupt traders may (one time in ten million) be securely re-established. Without much labour and at no expense, SACKIT, KITE, and SWAG have set up the most perfect machinery for turning out "good paper" with the greatest possible despatch, and from their unbanded means of manufacture the largest orders can be executed at the very cheapest rates. Their "first-class bill" may be pronounced a most superior article, and well worthy of inspection: the neatness of its make concealing almost wholly its flimsiness of texture, and rendering it negotiable at any rate as waste-paper. Their blank acceptances are also strongly recommended, as being highly serviceable in cases of emergency: the body of the draft being left in blank, the filling up is left to the discretion of the holder, who may insert whatever sum and date and drawer's signature he chooses.

SACKIT, KITE, and SWAG, likewise beg inspection of their Imitation Autographs, which are got up with such nicety of finish that only the expertest Banker's clerk would doubt their being genuine. The names, being those of perfect Rothschilden in credit, may be used with much advantage as endorsements to a Bill, and will impart a good appearance to the very worst of paper.

SACKIT, KITE, and SWAG would also direct notice to their List of References, which will be found a highly useful appendage to the counting-house. It contains some hundred names of non-existent persons, to whom inquiries as to solvency may safely be permitted. In case of such inquiries applying through the Post Office, care is requisite, of course, to have them taken in, by providing proper agents to receive their letters, and so preventing their return through the Dead department. The answers sent can then of course be made in any terms that may be deemed advisable. In cases where inquiry is to be made in person, S. K. & S. can supply efficient representatives at the very shortest notice, and will guarantee their playing any part that is assigned to them, whether it be a LADY CRESSUS living in the country, or a retired—to-Bayswater commercial millionaire.

Note. The principles, or want of them, on which S. K. & S. conduct their business will not allow them to send out their manufactures upon approbation. All articles are warranted, but no trial is allowed. Parties in need of them must buy out and out. Terms, cash down, and no money returned on no pretence whatever.

Observe. S. K. & S. being determined to maintain their reputation for supplying their goods genuine as made, have resolved not to trust to any Agents for supplying them. Their manufactures are therefore not to be distinguished by any known trade-mark, but are to be had only at the Manufactory, Front and Back Cellars, 19, Cadogan's Rents, Whitechapel. N.B. No admittance to the works except after nightfall. Knock three times, and whistle 'Nix my Dilly'.

Country applications must be accompanied with cash, or they cannot be attended to. No cheques taken, and bad language returned.



SOMETHING LIKE A PANIC!

Crossing-Sweeper. "Things keeps werry tight in the City, Jimmy?"

Costermonger. "Tight! I b'lieve yer, they jist does, indeed! Why there, you has my word o' Honner as a Genelman, I haint so much as touched a bit o' Gold this Three Weeks! And as fur getting of one's Paper done, why them ere Banks is so pertickler now, they won't do it at no price!"

A LOVE OF A DOG LOST.

REALLY, people set their affections on the strangest objects.

We do not use this latter substantive in the feminine acceptance of it, as meaning "perfect frights:" in which sense it is mostly used for human application. We admit, though, that our strikingly original expression might with some truth be received as including human "objects;" for, CUPID being blind, it is no strange thing to find people make the queerest "objects" objects of affection. But the reflection we began with was induced by a perusal of the following advertisement, by which it will be seen that an objective passion can be kindled by another object than a human one:—

DOG LOST.—STRAYED, on Wednesday last, from No. 11, Westbourne Villas, Harrow Road, a small WHITE POODLE. He has a paralytic affection which occasions him to throw up his head every moment. If brought back a handsome REWARD will be paid.

If we lived in the neighbourhood of Westbourne Villas, we should certainly consider it a melancholy duty to call twice a-day at least at No. 11, for the purpose of inquiring if their treasure had returned to them. As it is, we trust they will accept our deepest condolence for their irreparable loss. We are induced to use this adjective, because we fancy that a dog which "throws his head up every moment" is not to be replaced for either love or money. Of course, throwing up his head involves its coming down again: so that this extraordinary animal performs, in fact, twice sixty distinct movements of the cranium per minute. This is an amount of head-work such as no dog could be trained to, and indeed it puzzles us to fancy how it can have been accomplished. Two movements per moment amount to nearly constant action, and the animal that made them may be almost viewed as the exponent of perpetual motion.

We are naturally unwilling to confess a want of taste, but we own that had we owned such a pet as this, we should have carefully abstained from advertising in the case of having lost him. We do not

EXTENSIVE ROBBERY OF CORN.

REALLY, the Court of Quarter Sessions is not a fit tribunal to entertain such a case as that which is thus stated by the *Sherborne Journal*:—

"MARTHA ALLEN surrendered on bail to take her trial on a charge of stealing a quantity of wheat of the value of one penny, the property of JAMES PHIPPEN, farmer, of Frome, on the 1st of August last."

On a charge so grave and important as the above a culprit ought, manifestly, to be arraigned before a Judge at the Assizes—if arraigned at all. The prisoner was proved, in evidence, to have been nursing some children in a field, and one of these little robbers plucked several ears of corn, and gave them to her. All a set of rogues in grain together. The receiver was clearly as bad as the thief; yet why was not the thief indicted as well as the receiver? Perhaps, because any jury would have declared the thief innocent: as the jury before whom this case was tried actually did declare the receiver to be. MARTHA ALLEN was acquitted of the penny, or Phippeny, accusation which had been brought against her. Her case might have been summarily disposed of, but she, with a due sense of its character, refused to be tried by the Magistrates. Three courses were then open to those gentlemen: they might have committed her for trial at the Assizes, they might have done what they actually did, or they might have dismissed the case. The wonder is that they did not do the first of these things—the last was, of course, out of the question.

MR. PHIPPEN appears to have been compelled to bring MARTHA ALLEN to what he fondly hoped would be justice by the fact that he had lost several pennyworths of wheat by the ravages of small depredators; sparrows, probably, as well as children. Might not a farmer, by a new statute for that case made and provided, be empowered to employ old men and boys to shoot the nursemaids and children as well as the sparrows, that come to prey upon his corn?

MARTHA ALLEN—a young woman, but evidently an old hand—acted wisely enough in electing not to have her case disposed of by the Great Unpaid of Zuymeresetshire. As they did not dismiss it, perhaps, had they adjudicated on it, MARTHA ALLEN, for receiving, at the hands of an infant, unlawfully plucked wheat, value 1d., would now be tripping it on the treadmill.

JUVENAL TO CANNING.

"I, NUNC, curre per Indos,
Ut Asinis placeas, et Proclamatio fias."

think a paralytic poodle can anyhow be looked on as a healthy object of affection, and if we happened to have so misplaced our own, we should have accepted our bereavement as a salutary lesson. However much affection we might have felt for such a creature, we can but think his constant twitchings would have fidgeted us somewhat, and that we should have regarded his evaporation as a happy release. Although the reward is a "handsome" one, we cannot well believe the poodle to have been so; and we regard it as a part of the extravagance of the age that his late possessors should have gone to the expense of an advertisement about him. It seems preposterous to fancy he was valued as an ornament: and as for being useful, the only use one could have put him to would have been as a performing dog, to execute a capital accompaniment to the popular street-tune of *Bobbing Around*.

We trust we shall escape being thought unfeeling in our comments, but we candidly admit, that there are other reasons than his smallness for which we think that this "small poodle" can be viewed as no great loss.

INFANCY AND RACES.

AMONG the racing intelligence we observe mention made of a race at Newmarket, the prize contended for being denominated the "Nursery Stakes." The horses entered for these stakes, one would think, should be cock-horses, and the jockeys very young gentlemen. The Nursery, in connection with the Turf, is suggestive of pleasing, but perhaps illusory, ideas of innocence and verdure. We should like to know what the Nursery Stakes consist of. Perhaps they are comprised in a little drinking-cup, bearing the inscription of "A Present from Newmarket," or, "For a Good Boy." Such a little cup would be a suitable reward for a lesson learned in the "*Child's First Betting-Book*," a work which should be procured by all trainers who wish to train up their children in the way best calculated to develop the stable mind.

MR. PUNCH AT THE LAUNCH.



R. PUNCH went to the Great Ship Yard, on Tuesday, the 3rd of this present November, but not with the slightest idea of seeing the vessel launched. He knew, in fact, that the experiment would not succeed on that day. He knew it from having read on the card of admission—

"The Directors have not been able to determine the period of launching, and consequently have been unable to provide refreshment for visitors."

The want of logic in this announcement made it clear to Mr. Punch's mind that something would go wrong where the reasoning power was so inadequately put forth. He wept, in fact, as he got into one of the dirty carriages on the Blackwall Railway. Why, he mournfully said, did not the Directors think for a moment. Why not have printed,—

'Launch when we can, Lunch at 1:30.' A gloom was over his soul, and it was in keeping with the dismal, muggy day selected for promoting MR. SCOTT RUSSELL'S gigantic Baby from its cradle to the bed of Thames.

He reached the quarter, termed by the Railway officials, Limos, without any accident to speak of, or any event of more importance than his threatening to give into custody a kind of marine commercial gent unless he took his exceeding muddy boots off the cushion on which a lady would probably take her place at the next station. The snob obeyed. But there are scores of snobs who commit the same offence, and encounter no Mr. Punch. This little act of chivalry somewhat brought up his spirits, and at the Limos Station, he cheerfully scrambled to the top of an omnibus, in company with thirty or forty other gentlemen, and the vehicle went off at a rattling pace through the narrow lanes, supposed to be streets, in Limos. A new line of passenger-traffic seemed to be open for the occasion, to the discontent of the aborigines, who scowled at the omnibus in savage dislike, scarcely justified by the driver's evident determination to run over some of them, if he could, in memory of the Launch.

For about a mile, between Limos and Millwall, and up to the very yard, a sort of fair was being held, where was congregated a great mass of ruffianism. The honest artisans of the neighbourhood, of whom there are thousands, had gone with laudable curiosity to see what they could of the great experiment, but no such healthy excitement had charms for the scoundrelism of the Isle of Dogs. A very brutal assemblage was gathered, and it yelled, larked, hooted, gambled, and emitted foul language, and made some of the spectators consider whether MR. CHARLES SELBY'S bold device of a Press Gang for recruiting, might not be tried with advantage at such re-unions. Their material might be used up in the coarser work of war, and the educated soldier might be reserved for duties worthy of him.

The mounted Police seemed quite aware of the character of the mob, and rode about and across it with diligence, and passengers received no worse treatment than vile tongues can bestow. And the yard was reached, and in two minutes more the two Greatest Facts of modern time, the *Eastern* and Mr. Punch (he gives the sex the *pas*) might be beheld together. The cheers with which the latter was greeted on his entrance were only less flattering than the welcoming smiles his appearance called up on the lovely faces of the ladies, who were perched everywhere, like beautiful birds, on the rugged timbers and beams, and to whom circumstances, viz., the damp and muddy character of the scene, afforded considerable advantages for displaying the piquant red petticoat, and the exquisitely-fitting military-heeled boot. These opportunities were not entirely lost sight of by his delightful friends, and he hereby records his gratitude. Also he beheld the Siamese Embassy, smoking very complacently, and this reminded him to do the same. He had at this period occasion to observe the perfectly helpless air with which the majority of spectators regarded the launching machinery, and to note the insane explanations which others were giving of it. Mr. Punch's amusement in this respect was largely shared by some of MR. RUSSELL'S intelligent workmen, who grinned grimly at the amateur engineers.

But the time approached for the christening of the Baby, and Mr. Punch, invited by general acclaim, advanced with his usual pre-

ternatural courtesy, took the fair hand of the young lady who was to perform the baptismal rite, and escorted her with great devotion to the platform near the bow. Her graceful yet emphatic dash of the flower-encircled bottle against the vessel was the only success of the day. The *Great Eastern* was christened, and it is surely a fortunate omen for her that the officiating clergywoman's name is HOPE. This would be a good place for a Latin quotation, only Mr. Punch doesn't happen to remember one. He has, however, set a young friend to search the Delphin HORACE for every *spes* and *spem* in the index, and if that party finds anything appropriate, it shall be added in a note. Is nobody to use hack quotations but a *Saturday Reviewer*?

Well, there is not much more to be said. The wonderful machinery was brought into play, and the monster suddenly and certainly shifted the spot on which she had reposed for four years. She gave a grunt, and got a little nearer the water. The moving of that mountain instantly wrought disaster to which light reference must not be made. And it is no wonder—the miracle would have been the absence of casualty—that against the strain of that awful mass some of the machinery could not hold its own.

Whether the officials are right in blaming workmen, or workmen were justified in what they did, matters not much. The mighty experiment was brought to a stand-still, and cannot be renewed for three weeks to come. The vessel, though christened, hesitates to renounce the Works of MR. SCOTT RUSSELL. She will be taught her duty better, Mr. Punch hopes and believes, early in December. There seems no cause for discouragement. A difficulty, we are informed by LORD LYNDBURST, means a thing to be overcome, and MR. BRUNEL agrees with his Lordship.

Soon after it had been announced that there would be no more launching, and while a small gentleman in a state of excitement was frantically adjuring the police to clear the premises, and abusing them as sticks dressed up as policemen, because they took the process rather easy, Mr. Punch happened to discover that he was wet through. With his usual prompt intelligence he decided that it must be raining, and this he speedily perceived was the case. Therefore, having helped a good many red petticoats to jump off wet beams, and having been rewarded with a good many charming smiles, Mr. Punch threw his fine form into a Hansom cab, and returned to his native metropolis, singing,

BRUNEL is a Brick, and SCOTT RUSSELL'S a Bean,
And their ship is the grandest that ever was seen,
And shall still have the aid and protection of Punch,
Though to-day he saw neither a Launch nor a Lunch.



A Knowing Beggar.

A BEGGAR posted himself at the door of the Chancery Court, and kept saying: "A penny please, Sir! Only one penny, Sir, before you go in!" "And why, my man?" inquired an old country gentleman; "Because, Sir, the chances are, you will not have one when you come out," was the beggar's reply.



Youth. "HERE'S A NUISANCE, NOW! BLOWED IF I AIN'T LEFT MY CIGAR-CASE ON MY DRESSING-ROOM TABLE, AND THAT YOUNG BROTHER OF MINE WILL BE SMOKING ALL MY BEST REGALIAS!"

ANOTHER ILLUSION GONE!

It seems that there are to be juvenile crossing-sweepers dotted all over London, on the same plan as the Shoe-Black Brigade. Now, we always thought that a good crossing was a most valuable property. To our ignorant minds, twelve yards of mud, in a populous thoroughfare, fetched full as much money as a share in the New River Company. We implicitly believed that a crossing was handed down from father to son, and was revered by grateful generations as a heirloom that nothing but a personal calamity, such as an involuntary trip to Botany Bay, or a fit of apoplexy from over-feeding, ever forced the happy owner to part with! What becomes of all the marvellous stories about crossing-sweepers upbraiding their wives for having neglected to bring them a lemon with their breast of veal, and of daughters having incurred their father's wrath for putting juggled hare before them on the door-step without the usual accompaniment of currant-jelly? We always looked with reverential eyes on a crossing-sweeper, as a superior being, who was lined with venison and bank-notes, and had his family pew, and sent his sons to college, and engaged MADAME PLEYEL to teach his daughters the piano. It was only necessary for him, we fondly imagined, to go into the City at any time to alter the rate of Discount.

We pictured him at home, in a magnificent velvet dressing-gown, sitting by the side of a comfortable fire, with his pine-apple before him, and a Turkish pipe coiled like an American sea-serpent about his feet. The room, in which he lolled his ambrosial evenings away, breathed—so we drew the gorgeous vision—a Hyde-Park-Gardens air of luxury, and the damask D'Oyleys had, to our mental nostrils, the perfume of choice wines. Did we not hear of his bequeathing stupendous legacies to friendless old gentlemen, who occasionally had dropped a stray penny into his huge Midas-gifted palm, which, like a banker's scoop, was busy in taking up money, all day long? And do all these glorious fictions topple down, like so many others, into the mud, and betray to us the sad truth that the crossings of London are no more "paved with gold" than any other part of the dirty metropolis? It would seem that a crossing is not sold, like a milk-walk, or a copper-mine, or a gold-field, but is to be had, as Delhi was, merely

AN INVASION OF PRIVILEGES.

At a Court of Common Council, held last Friday, there was strange language used, which astonished us rather, though we were perfectly aware that Common Councilmen were speaking. Amongst other elegancies, one gentleman advised another "to wash his dirty linen at home," whereupon MR. LAWLEY, protesting, said that:—

"In such a place he should think gentlemen might use respectful language, although he knew how difficult it was for some animals to leave their dirt at home. (*Confusion.*)"

MR. LAWLEY's notion of "respectful language," judged by the language he makes use of himself, seems to be drawn from somewhat impure sources. We think the Waterman on the cabstand of the Haymarket, even late at night, would have reproofed a "cabby," if he had indulged in such an elegant retort as the above. No wonder that the LORD MAYOR rose to order,—though whether he ordered *eau-de-Cologne*, or lime, or burnt feathers, or rose-water, or whitewash, or what peculiar deodorising mixture, the report omits to state. However, the beauty of the satire has yet to come.

The very next piece of business of the Common Council turns on Billingsgate Market, and an orator jumps on his legs, to move:—

"That it be referred to the Market Committee, to examine into the rights of the Corporation to let standings at Billingsgate Market, &c., &c."

Oh! yes, a perfect right, we should say, not only a right to "let standings," but thoroughly qualified, as tested by the above specimens of oratory, to hold standings likewise. But few fishfags, we should think, would like to enter into verbal competition with Common Councilmen.

However, the close partnership between Billingsgate and had language, in the above report, amuses us amazingly from the force of old association, living, as we do, in a hard prosaic age, when so very few associations are left to us. Even now, a friend assures us, that you might go into Billingsgate Market for an entire month, and your ears would not be assailed with a personality half so offensive as MR. LAWLEY'S.

If so, the Market and the Common Council had better change places.

for the taking. Like any other path through life, the only value of it depends upon the industry you devote to it. Well, if these *désillusions* continue much longer, the time will come when we shall begin to doubt whether sailors fry watches, and eat sandwiches of fives, tens, and fifties; and, growing gradually credulous of the wildest improbabilities, we shall actually learn to put faith in the existence of a Policeman!

BIGOTRY, INTOLERANCE, AND FIREWORKS.

We have great pleasure in announcing that the observance of the Fifth of November was very general, and very signal this year. No less than 5,000 persons were employed in letting off fireworks on Tower-Hill. At Hammersmith—a place which is greatly infested with Roman aliens—numerous GUYS were paraded; among them there was a living reality on horseback; a gentleman who had got himself up in a style combining FAWKES with FALSTAFF. These displays of popular bigotry and intolerance are greatly to be commended; and they are very seasonable just now, when Popery is trying to enslave the Continent, and genteel Puseyites at home are slyly doing its work wherever they can; as, for instance, in a certain Review.

As saints, and thorough-going adherents to Exeter Hall, we rejoice in the demonstration which was made on Thursday last against the subjects of a foreign power, who are plotting, and scheming, and intriguing, and chanting through the nose, in the view of setting up their Italian Empire in HER MAJESTY'S dominions. May the British Public continue to burn the POPE annually in effigy, so long as there exists a British gander capable of allowing his goose to frequent the confessional! Squibs and crackers are not arguments exactly, but they are very good answers to dogmatic lies. They cannot hurt the feelings of our Catholic fellow-subjects, because we have no such fellows. What fellowship is there between the subjects of the QUEEN OF ENGLAND and those of the POPE OF ROME?

THE SNOB'S DEFINITION OF THE SATISFACTION OF A GENTLEMAN.
—Self-satisfaction.

A NEW FORCE IN THE ARMY.

WE are at liberty to announce the contemplated formation of a new regiment of infantry. It is to be composed, on a principle suggested by the organization of the Russian army, of the grimmest and ugliest fellows that can possibly be found; and "Wanted a number of frightfully ill-looking Young Men" will be the heading of the advertisement of the recruiting sergeant. The idea of this corps has been borrowed from the Russian service, for an object indicated by the Chinese: in order that we may more effectually carry on the war in China by fighting our Celestial enemies to a certain extent with their own weapons. It is hoped that our ugly soldiers will the more speedily put their Chinese antagonists to flight by the repulsiveness of their looks; and, to further that end, their drill will partly consist in instruction in making faces; in which they will be tutored by a Clown Sergeant; and they will be daily practised in horse-collar exercise.

But the principal feature of this regiment, which is expected to be more terrible in effect than all the monstrous noses and horrid squints which will render it formidable, will be the Band. This will be composed entirely of foreign musicians; namely, of the Italian organ-grinders, who infest our streets, and lacerate the nerves of our countrymen whilst they might be employed in routing our enemies.

The dreadful noises which they make in playing *Keemo Kimo* and the like airs, which, instead of being "airs from heaven," may be said to be musically, "blasts from—" another place, are obviously calculated so to terrify ignorant barbarians as, immediately on being heard, to set them running away with the utmost possible expedition. This regiment, of which no troops whatever will probably be able to stand the onset, will be called The Stunners.



EGLINTON TO THE RESCUE!

WE have much pleasure in extracting from the celebrated Morning Journal which especially devotes itself to the publication of fashionable intelligence, the following announcement:—

"**LORD EGLINTON AND FINANCIAL CRISIS IN SCOTLAND.**—The EARL OF EGLINTON announces that he will take payment of the rents on his estates due at this term in deposit receipts of the Western, or in the notes of any Scotch bank."

The name of EGLINTON was already celebrated in connection with a modern tournament; but the bearer of it will now have earned a reputation for serious chivalry. To rush to the rescue, to dash into the midst of a fray, and, regardless of personal safety, to rally a retreating host, and arrest a panic, is just that particular kind of exploit the performance of which is characteristic of a true Knight. It was also customary for knightly heroes to scatter largess among their followers, occasionally, when they happened to have a little money about them. Their followers very often consisted of the rabble, and the money which they caused a parcel of knaves to scramble for was generally thrown away. But the largess which the EARL OF EGLINTON has virtually bestowed on his tenants, will doubtless be the means of saving from ignoble insolvency, and preserving from capture and durance vile, a goodly multitude of true lieges; right worshipful citizens and burghers and stout yeomen.

THE IRISH SEPOY.

OUR execrable contemporary, the *Irish National Sepoy*, raves in the following terms:—

"No one now denies that England has received her mortal wound—that however long or short she may linger, her days are numbered. A unanimous feeling seems to be taking possession of the public mind, that England, in a sorer strait than she was in '82, will ere long be glad to act as she did then, if we ourselves will only use our opportunity as our fathers did theirs."

The *National Sepoy* should not say too much about opportunities. Language apparently meant to excite rebellion may afford a certain opportunity. That opportunity may be taken; and then, some fine morning, about eight o'clock, we may see the *Irish National Sepoy* suspended. The *National Sepoy* is allowed plenty of rope, and he is at least putting it about his neck. A trap-door may, in a very short time, fall down beneath the soles of his boots, unless, before its descent, he shall have kicked his boots off, in order to falsify the predictions of his friendly monitors. He may be sure that any attempt to create another Sepoy mutiny will be crushed in the bud without ceremony; and that if he does not even now meet with a more ignoble punishment than that which *Punch* recommends to be inflicted on him, the reason is, that in the opinion of HER MAJESTY'S Government, and the British Public, as well as that of *Punch*, it is sufficient to annihilate him by blowing him away from a popgun.

PHYSIC FOR THE FAIR.



AMONG the various cures through which relief is promised, by advertisements, to suffering humanity, may now be enumerated the "Movement Cure." Not knowing the nature of this remedy, we cannot say whether it is a novelty or a method of treatment known for a considerable time. Dancing, if it has been successfully prescribed and practised in cases of bite by the Tarantula spider, was a species of Movement Cure; and it may be supposed to form an element in the system advertised under that name. Accordingly, the position of the dancing-master will be greatly elevated, so, indeed as to become quite a first position, for he will henceforth take his place as a professor of the toe-and-healing art. Balls will be given instead of boluses, and polkas and waltzes will be prescribed, to be danced at bed-time, and repeated every few minutes, to the great delight of interesting invalids: though as a movement cure, the dancing would be more effectual if taken in the morning and during the day.

The Movement Cure would also greatly benefit many delicate young ladies, if they resorted to it by walking several miles daily at a good brisk pace in the open air. This is a well-known cure for the effects of champagne, and cheaper beverages, imbibed in excessive

quantity over-night: but as the complaint is chiefly confined to the groarser sex, so is the use of the remedy. The skipping-rope may afford one means of adopting the Movement Cure; and that noble animal the horse may furnish another to beautiful beings who would be so much more beautiful because so much more healthy than they are, if they would but put themselves under the Movement Cure by taking plenty of exercise. Not only would the Movement Cure of walking remove numerous headaches and most of the similar complaints to which young ladies are subject; but it would also put an end to a complaint, not medical, with which they are assailed. In order to take proper walking exercise, it would be necessary for them to wear clothes which they could freely step out in, and which they would not be obliged to keep holding up with both hands out of the mud.

MR. PUNCH'S POLICE.

BRUTAL TREATMENT OF A HUSBAND.—Yesterday, after the other charges had been disposed of, a rather mild-looking, well-dressed man, named *Moses Joseph Veal*, aged about 40, was placed in the dock, charged by his wife with having stayed at his club until two in the morning, and having then come home in a cab, and a state of obfuscation. The charge was heard by all present, including numerous females, with a shudder, and the prisoner, who seemed desirous to speak, was indignantly ordered by the worthy Magistrate to hold his tongue.

Margaret Veal, wife of the prisoner, deposed that they had been married several years, during which time he had treated her tolerably well until of late, when he had taken to use very strong language in her presence, had frequently absented himself from the house at the dinner hour, had committed outrages upon her relatives, and had refused her the necessaries of life. She had borne all this with patience, but on the preceding night he had committed the offence with which he was charged.

Judith Tigertail, mother of the witness, corroborated the daughter's evidence in every respect, except in declaring that the latter had not told half the wickedness of the prisoner.

James Diddle, driver of cab 198,276, gave evidence of having brought the prisoner from the Taraxicum Club to Somers Town, and was convinced that he was drunk, inasmuch as he had disputed the amount of the fare.

Rosa Johnson, servant in the family, deposed to having opened the door to her master, who was unable to come in with his latch-key. In reply to a question from the Magistrate the witness said,

that this might have arisen from her master's being intoxicated, but also from her mistress having put the chain up.

The worthy Magistrate, with evident disgust, asked the prisoner whether he would be sent for trial, or summarily punished.

The prisoner said, that if it was all the same to the Magistrate, he should like to say a few words, and he made a statement which not only completely met the allegations of the prosecutrix, but excited the liveliest sympathy from every one, except the females, in court. He said that he had been a good husband to the complainant, had allowed her plenty of money, and never inquired where it went to, and that he had frequently, after taking off his boots on a wet night, put them on again, and gone out to buy her some delicacy for her supper. That she had behaved herself well until in an evil hour he had permitted the witness Tigertail to reside in the house, since when all had gone wrong. He could never get his breakfast punctually, though, having a situation it was important to him to be to his time in the city. He had (and here the prisoner shed tears) had cold meat for dinner three times in one week, though the complainant and her mother had always a hot lunch. He had not, he said, a button on his shirt, and here the poor fellow turned up his sleeves, and the condition of his wristbands caused a sensation among the spectators. When he had remonstrated he had been abused by the witness Tigertail, who had asked him whether he fancied he had married a needlewoman, and had flung into his face her deceased husband, an officer in the Excise. (*Sensation.*) He admitted that on the occasion in question, after a long series of snubbing and privation, he had so far forgotten himself as to say he would be hanged if he would take the complainant and her mother to a Little Bethel at Clapham, instead of keeping his promise to spend an hour or two with an old schoolfellow. As for being intoxicated, the Magistrate might, as a married man, know that a woman always threw that charge into her complaints, as an honest baker adds the lump of bread that makes up the quartern. He had been sober enough to take the cabman's number, and begged to charge him with extortion and insolence.

The witness Tigertail, who had been very violent during portions of the prisoner's statement, here flung a corpulent old umbrella at him. The complainant offered no further evidence beyond hysterics.

MR. PUNCH said that this was a case which showed the advantage of hearing both sides, a plan which he had always adopted. The charge was dismissed, and the accused might, if he pleased, place his wife in the dock. This the latter declined, but manifested no disinclination to see his mother-in-law there. Ultimately after a feeling remonstrance with Mrs. Veal, and a severe lecture to the witness Tigertail, the Magistrate sent the cabman to prison, and recommended Mr. Veal to forgive his wife this time on her promising to amend, and giving Mrs. Tigertail notice to quit. The parties then left the court.

THERMOPYLÆ AND CAWNPORE.

THE glory of LEONIDAS
Eternal wall and should remain,
With his small band who held the Pass,
When those three hundred men were slain.
England has sons as good as he,
As hard a brunt as well who bore;
Old Sparta kept Thermopylæ:
Old England longer held Cawnpore.

And Lucknow was relieved and won,
Against an overwhelming mass,
And HAVELOCK, conquering chief, has done
Yet better than LEONIDAS.
How Lacedæmon nobly failed,
Will History never cease to tell:
How England, in like strait, prevailed,
And Britons triumphed as they fell.

The Spread of the Fashion.

A Scene at a German Fair Bazaar.

Fashionable Infant (rejecting contumeliously a Quakerish-looking *Poupée*). "No, Mamma, I won't have that doll—I want one that has got lots of Crinoline!"

A NOTION OF TALKERS.

It seems that the French language has 5,000 more words than the English. Upon this fact being mentioned to a lady, she said: "Well, I'm sure they must want them all, for the French talk ever so much more than we do."

THE REAL "RELIEVING OFFICER."—SIR HENRY HAVELOCK.

EVENING RHYMES.—BY A MAN OF FEELING.

How sweet the perfume in the streets
About the hour of six one meets;
The steaming soup, and savoury stew,
Commencing with the rich *ragout*!

What nasal bliss to me afford
The odours from that kitchen stored
With condiments so choice and rare
As venison roast and jugged hare!

The homely peascod here I smell,
And there the richer vermicell:
While haply next-door I inhale
The sweetest perfumes of ox-tail.

Such fragrance as the turtle yields
Were meet for the Elysian Fields;
No nectar-fume could rival that—
Rare odorous essence of green fat!

Soon of fried sole a sniff I get,
And turbot makes me happier yet:
While the red mullet down the street
Renders my ecstasy complete.

'Tis useful too by frequent smellings
To note the fare in friendly dwellings;
GREEN hath a savourless *cuisine*—
I would not care to dine with GREEN.

At neighbour WHITE's a smell of pickles
With souring twinge my nostril tickles;
Cold meat I love not: therefore *Mum*.
To be engaged when asked by them.

Nor do I envy neighbour JONES
His devilled chops and grilled bones:
The sniffs I catch on bid me hurry,—
Bad meat is often cooked with curry.

But ah! my bump of friendship's big
For BROWN, who loveth sucking pig!
It wafts a fragrance so divine,
I die to enter in and dine!

Here lovingly boiled fowl I sniff,
Or of stewed oysters catch a whiff:
And there at once my practised nose
Tells me to pot the calf's-head goes.

I smell a goose at Number Ten,
And feel the happiest of men:
Until the odorous grouse next door
Bid me on goose reflect no more.

In short, where'er my steps I wend,
New fragrances my nose befriending:
E'en now my nasal memory dwells
With rapture on those evening smells!

THE PANIC AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.



FORTUNATELY, the City is becoming gradually itself again. The tightness of the money-chest with which it was attacked, has been relieved by the remedy which DOCTOR PAM prescribed for it. The current of the currency is returning to its channels, and the banks are in no danger of breaking with the pressure. Respiration for a while had very nearly ceased. Men feared almost to breathe, for there was such infection in the air that a breath might have destroyed them. But, the crisis once past, signs of health are quickly returning. PHYSICIAN PAM's prescription has been followed by a "Ha, ha! cured in an instant!" As a proof of how much easier things are daily getting, it is enough to say a Scotchman yesterday was seen to take a ride upon a penny omnibus.

Eighty-five, Fleet Street, being in the City, Mr. Punch of course was much affected by the panic.

With his usual noble heroism he held himself in readiness to play the part of CURTIUS, and plunge into the gulf as soon as it was asked of him and he was shown its whereabouts. Besides doing this, he sacrificed his pocket on the altar of his country, by expending a considerable portion of his capital in collecting fullest details of the progress of the panic, and getting all the earliest and latest of intelligence. This he sent by special Tobygrams half-hourly to the Treasury, and thus apprised the State-Physician of the symptoms of the case. It was in this way that the crisis was perceived, and was prescribed for. Bankruptcy impended, like the Sword of DAMOCLES. All England was, in fact, just going through the Court. A *deus ex machina* was of course in requisition; and the demand was of course supplied by Mr. Punch.

And now, the country being saved, Mr. Punch serenely contemplates the fact of its rescue, and with untiring energy applies himself unrelentingly to a new Herculean labour for it. Sparing no expense in cabs, Mr. Punch has gathered some statistics of the consequences of the crash, and as cautions to posterity, he now proceeds to print them:—

The Editor of one of the pro-Sepoy penny papers, was in such consternation at the tightness of his money-market, that he exclusively confined himself to monetary "leaders," and abstained for a whole week from abusing that wretch HAVELOCK.

Mc. FLIMSY and Co., the great North Country house, had been preparing to smash for upwards of a twelvemonth: and now, it is believed, will attribute their misfortune entirely to the Panic, and no doubt will be rewarded with a first-class certificate.

The wife of a respectable and highly cautious stockbroker was so alarmed by what she heard her husband say about the "low state of the bank resources" and the "drain of gold from the establishment," that she made haste to realise the notes she had for housekeeping, and in her hurry purchased more things for her wardrobe than the larder.

MR. LARKER was so "engaged in the City" while the money pressure lasted, that he never once reached home until long past midnight, and then was so much overcome that he could not take his boots off.

A "pious" maid-of-all-work, holding a situation in a serious family, being confidentially informed by the baker's boy that his master said as he was getting in a mess and won't to have no credit, acted on the hint that very afternoon, and decamped with her piety and half-a-dozen teaspoons.

A constant rider in the comfortable New Saloon Omnibuses was so distracted by the panic from his usual intelligence, that he jumped into one of the French Company's Menageries, and did not find out until afterwards how he had been bumped and battered.

No less than nineteen done-up gentlemen made excuses to their tailors, on the ground that money was so tight they had really no loose cash for them.

The Chairman at a Meeting of an Agricultural Society was so affected by the sight of the new sovereigns he was awarding to Prize Labourers, that he immediately wrote off a letter to the *Times*, declaring that there need be no fears of distress among the working classes, for the peasantry he knew had hoards of gold which they, when out of work, could well fall back upon.

A Belgravian footman who had been "investing" some spare "puckwits" in the Three per Cents, was so overjoyed at the suspension of the Bank Act, and the consequent advance of Government Securities, that he actually returned a civil answer to a lady who called to apply for a governess's place.

At least ten dozen stingy husbands who had promised to escort their wives and families to JULIEN's, took advantage of the Panic for the postponement of their visit.

MR. TIPLER found his nerves so shattered by the influence of the Panic, that he was forced to take more than ordinary measures of relief, and he therefore took three extra half-pints daily to fortify his confidence that things were all serene with him.

One of the most eminent of the Hebrew bill-discounters had worked himself one day to such a pitch of excitement that he swallowed three pork-sausages for supper without discovering his error.

Another bill-discounter, of strictly Christian tenets, was thrown in such a state of mind by finding that some "paper" he had been "doing" had in fact been doing him, that to compose himself for rest he was prescribed the strongest anodyne, and even MR. SMITH's Poems failed to set him nodding.

MR. BROWN's wife's mother, chancing to be staying with them, took occasion of the Panic to read a lecture on economy to MR. B. at dinner-time, in answer to his grumbling at "that blanked cold mutton!"

These are some of the effects of the late monetary crisis; and the nation may determine if they are not of a monetary nature.

GOOD NEWS FROM OXFORD.

We were much gratified by the perusal of the following announcement in the *Guardian*:—

"DR. FUSEY.—Our readers will be glad to hear that DR. FUSEY has returned to Christchurch considerably benefited by his residence at Malvern."

What has been the matter with the celebrated leader of the Tractarians, our contemporary and *Guardian* does not state. We apprehend it to have been a sort of ague or malaria which, as DR. HOOPER informs the medical student, "attacks people in the neighbourhood of Rome."



MORE NOVELTY.

THE MISSES WEASEL THINK CRINOLINE A PREPOSTEROUS AND EXTRAVAGANT INVENTION, AND APPEAR AT MRS. ROUNDABOUT'S PARTY IN A SIMPLE AND ELEGANT ATTIRE.

MRS. FANNY FERN ON THE AMERICAN CRISIS.



ELL, I never! No! Snakes and bracelets, darned (as stockings are darned, you know) if I ever did. MOSES and AARON! So it's us—us, women, ladies, us, the delicious little blue-eyed tremblers, at whose tiny tootsieums you've been kneeling for nobody never knows how long—it's us who have been and done it, and got you all into debt, and stopped your banks, and made your bills good for nothing but to light the beastly

cigars you've got on tick, ain't that the word? By Diana and the mischievous urchin Dan Cupid, that is what you've concluded to come to, is it? And you call yourselves men! If I could blush, I'd blush for you, but I calculate it wouldn't do you more good than emptying my teapot into the almighty Niagara.

"And what have we, poor timid slaves, been doing, if it please my lords and masters of the Creation to certify. Let us hear our crimes, anyhow. What? Buying too many robes, and spending too much in jewellery, and perfumes, and soap, and gloves, and flowers, and slippers for our dear little trotters. Those are the things that you are not ashamed to throw into our faces. Grant me patience, gracious Jupiter, while I write such matters down. Why, a right minded man, not to say American, would down upon his marrow-bones to his wife, and humbly thank her for having at all events got some pleasure out of his money while it lasted. And she, if she was a dear, warm, kind, affectionate, sweet, good, darling little rib (as we all are till you make us more t'other), would say to him, shaking her lovely

curls over his face, 'SAM,' or 'BILL,' or 'ALCIBIADES,' as the case might be, 'I forgive you,'—and I don't know—I say I don't know, but if he looked very penitent indeed, and was a handsome fellow—I don't know, but she might just—there, it's out—give him a kiss. Ah, and a good one too—not one of the touches that wouldn't make a dew-drop absquatulate from a rose-leaf, but one as if she meant it. But the notion of a husband charging his ruin upon one of those angels, who in the disguise of wives, float about your homes, and fill the air with essence of Paradise—well, there!

"In course its all *our* doing too. No little trifle of extravagance on your side the table. Nothing about poker, or any other little game. Nothing about racing or bets on horses to be sent over to England, to have their hearts broken by the cheating of JOHN BULL's jockeys, or to be poisoned by dukes and marquises for fear the Stars and the Stripes should bang the old country on its own turf. No oysters and portwine, and such like, monkeying the aristocrats of Britain. No chests of cigars as big as umbrellas. No Gunticklers, and Neck-twisters, and Brandysmashes, and Bullsmilk, and Tonguescrapers; nor any other of your nasty excuses for liquoring when you're ashamed to call out, like free citizens of the noblest empire in the world, for what you really mean. No opera-boxes that ain't always filled with your own wives, but are sometimes sent as presents to somebody else's—same remark as to shawls and trinkets, my masters. Oh, no! nothing of all this. Ask about these things and the lords of creation are as mute as a dead nigger in a coal-hole. But there's something in all this, girls, notwithstanding, I swear it by the memory of St. WASHINGTON.

"But come, girls, up and be doing! If we've done the mischief, (and my lords say so, and therefore, of course it must be so) we must repair it. We'll have a good time.



THE AMERICAN CRISIS.

MR. BULL (TO HIS EXTRAVAGANT CHILD). "THE FACT IS, JONATHAN, BOTH YOU AND YOUR WIFE HAVE BEEN LIVING TOO FAST."



They've shown that they ain't up to the pace required in these go-ahead days, so now we'll try our luck. Let them be off to Saratoga or SARAH anybody they like. We conclude to take the business in hand. Yes, Siree. We'll begin by making one big bonfire in Broadway of all their books and bills and botheration, and the gallant firemen of New York (far nobler fellows, as I have said elsewhere, than any of the haughty aristocracy of England, or the Upper Ten either) shall see that we don't set the City afire. Then we'll take business into our own keeping, and whip me for a fool if by next Fall everything ain't slick and slivery. No more loaning, and discounts, and protests (except about our beauty, eh, girls?) and all that blitherumskite, as the poor Irish exiled patriots prettily call it. We will have the almighty dollar naked in all its silver loveliness, and he shall be wrapped up in no paper of any kind. That's our basis, our Declaration of Independence, and we'll fight any number of Bunker's Hills upon it. Hail, Columbia, happy land, the gals have took your cause in hand. What do you say to *that*, my Cats?

"FANNY FERN."

HINT TO THE ANTI-DIVORCE LEAGUE.



LL the Puseyite Clergy, and their allies, roused into fresh wrath by the announcement that MR. JUSTICE CRESSWELL is to be the grand arbiter in Matrimonial Disputes, have got up a sort of memorial protest against the new Divorce Act. Their document reads like a sneering joke, and will be received as such a joke should be. Their point is, that the Act of Uniformity (usually one of the grievances of the Church-above-State party) ordains that a clergyman shall proclaim his approbation of the marriage service, which, according to these interpreters, declares marriage indissoluble under any circumstances. It is not worth while arguing with such gentlemen, and indeed, as was said about GIBBON'S irreverences, "who can refute a sneer?"—but as the

Divorce Act is, happily, law, and is not going to be altered to please certain priests, whose professional whims have already been largely considered, suppose they go on doing what they have been doing for years past, namely, altering the Marriage Service. Mr. Punch has given away about a hundred brides, and has wept among a thousand bridesmaids and never once heard that remarkable service read throughout, every parson exercising his own discretion, and mutilating according to his own notions of decorum, tediousness, or modern manners. The remedy is evidently in the hands of the Puseyites, and it is a little unworthy of them to affect respect for Acts of Parliament.

CANNING PÈRE ON CANNING FILS.

So great a stress has been laid by LORD PALMERSTON, EARL GRANVILLE, and others, as to LORD CANNING and SIR COLIN CAMPBELL being the best of friends, that we are reminded of the celebrated line in *The Rovers*—a production written by a very near relative of the GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA, viz:—"A sudden thought strikes me. Let us swear eternal friendship." We have no doubt, after the very strong assurances that have been publicly made, that LORD CANNING, the moment he saw SIR COLIN, delivered, with due theatrical emphasis, the above noble sentiment, and then, retreating a few steps, and baring their manly breasts, they rushed into each others' arms. You may be sure that on LORD CANNING'S side, "the wish was father to the thought." The "eternal friendship" has already lasted three weeks! and why, pray, shouldn't it last three weeks longer?

THE UNIVERSAL ALPHABET.—It has only three letters, but they are understood all over the world; viz. "L. S. D."

MOTTO FOR QUEEN ISABELLA.—"The pleasure that we love physics (S) pain."

MERCY FOR NANA SAHIB.

BY A HUMANITARIAN.

TUNE.—"Guy Fawkes."

FIRST catch your NANA SAHIB; then, though you may speak your mind to him.

Oh! pray do not harsh language use, or be at all unkind to him.

Point out how naughty 'twas of him with cruelty to slaughter

The mother and her little boy, and helpless infant daughter:

But there stop.

Don't doom your brother NANA SAHIB to the drop.

Reprove him in a gentle way, and don't severely scold him;

And if he weeps with penitence, in soft embraces fold him;

Say all you can to comfort him, should he remorse exhibit;

But be not so hard-hearted as to swing him on a gibbet.

No; there stop, &c.

Say nothing calculated to distress, or pain, or frighten him;

Sing DOCTOR WATTS'S hymn to him, in order to enlighten him,

And teach him that according to the principles of charity,

His little hands were never made to perpetrate barbarity.

And there stop, &c.

Obdurate should he show himself, and of rebuke a scorner,

As it is possible he may; then put him in a corner:

Till he shall say that he'll be good, and promise reformation,

Keep MASTER NANA SAHIB in that weary situation:

But there stop, &c.

If for an inconvenient time, he stand there, contumacious,

Confine him to a lonely room, but one that's light and spacious;

And threaten, merely threaten, though you prove a story-teller,

'Mong toads and frogs and beetles, that you'll put him in a cellar:

But there stop, &c.

His spirit should these measures fail, as fail they may, of breaking,

Lay hands upon his shoulders then, and give him a good shaking;

If in his course of obstinacy still you cannot stop him,

Then say, but only say, mind, that you'll take him up and pop him.

But there stop, &c.

All these means of correcting him in vain when you've gone through with him,

Then let him go, and tell him you'll have nothing more to do with him;

But leave him to the Bad Man, and let Bogy fly away with him,

And take him to a wicked place, where nobody will play with him:

But there stop, &c.

Though NANA SAHIB may have done some deeds of slight atrocity;

In fact, though he has far surpassed a tiger in ferocity;

Oh, never hang him like a dog—for hanging him would hurt him

But preach to him, and leave him, if unable to convert him.

And there stop.

Send not Cawnpore's gory butcher to the drop.

ANOTHER STOPPAGE.

WE regret to have to announce the sudden stoppage of one of the largest firms at Poplar. We allude to the *Leviathan* steam-ship, that was obliged to bring its operations to a stand-still on the third of this month. A run was expected on the banks of the Thames, but this calamity, by resorting to measures of the most vigorous nature, was fortunately averted. The fix of the *Leviathan*, we are informed by persons possessed of means almost as extensive as the ship itself, is only a temporary one. The moment the "pressure" begins to relax, there is but little doubt that she will get off her difficulties, and go on most swimmingly. In fact, business is announced to be resumed at the beginning of next month, when every effort is to be made to ease her present position. It is confidently asserted that all expectations, as soon as the ship commences "paying out," will be honourably liquidated in full. It has a large floating capital at command, if it could only get at it. The most stirring energy will be brought to bear upon it in order to surmount this passing difficulty.

A CORK SAYING.—You may take your health to the whiskey-shop once too often, until it gets broken.

ADVICE.—To a fool, Advice is like an Almanack—it goes in at one ear, and flies out at the other.

THE DEMONS OF PIMLICO.

EDWIN is a Young Bachelor, who has taken a lodging in a quiet Street in Belgrave, that he may write his Original Prize Poems. The Interclocators are Demons of both Sexes.

Edwin (composing). Where the bright fountain, sparkling, never ceases

Its gush of liquid music

Female Demon. "Wa—ter—creee—ses!"

Edwin. Where plashing on the marble floor it tinkles

In silver cadence,

Male Demon. "Buy my perriwinkles!"

Edwin. Where the sad Oread oft retires to weep

Her long lost love, her unforgiving

Black Demon. "Sweep!"

Edwin. And tears that comfort not must ever flow

At thought of every joy departed,

Demon from Palestine. "Clo!"

Edwin. There let me linger, stretched beneath the trees,

Tracing in air fantastic

Italian Demon. "Images!"

Edwin. And weave long grasses into lovers' knots,

And wish the spell had power to silence

Demon in Apron. "Pots!"

Edwin. What varied dreams the vagrant fancy hatches,

A playful Leda with her Jove-born

Ragged Old Demon. "Matches!"

Edwin. She opens her treasure-cells, like *Portia's* caskets,

And bids me choose her

Demon with Cart. "Baskets, any baskets!"

Edwin. Spangles the air with thousand-coloured silks,

That float like clouds in dying sunset

Old Demon. "Whilks!"

Edwin. Garments of which the fairies might make habits,

When *Oberon* holds his court and

Lame Demon. "Ostend rabbits!"

Edwin. Visions like those the *Interpreter*, of *BUNYAN'S*,

Displayed to *Mercy* and young *Matthew*

Demon with a Stick. "Onions!"

Edwin. And prompted glowing utterances, to their's kin

Who sang, when Earth was younger,

Dirty Demon. "Hareskin! hareskin!"

Edwin. In thoughts so bright the aching sense they blind,

In their own lustrous languor

Demon with Wheel. "Knives to grind!"

Edwin. Though gone, the Deities that long ago

Haunted *Arcadia's* perfumed meads

Grim Demon. "Dust-Ho!"

Edwin. Though, from her radiant bow no Iris settles,

Like some bright butterfly to

Swarthy Demon. "Mend your kettles!"

Edwin. Though sad and silent is the ancient seat,

Where the Olympians raised their proud

Demon with Shovelers. "Cat's me-e-et!"

Edwin. There is a spell that none can chase away,

From scenes once visited by

Demon with Organ. "Poor Dog Tray."

Edwin. There is a charm whose power must ever blend

The past and present in its

Demon with Rushes. "Chairs to mend!"

Edwin. And still unbanished falters on the ear,

The Dryad's voice of music

Demon with Can. "Any Beer!"

Edwin. Still Pan and *Syrinx* wander through the groves,

Still Zephyr murmurs

Shr-Demon. "Shavings for your stoves!"

Edwin. The spot, god-visited, is sacred ground,

And Echo answers

Second Demon with Organ. "Bobbing all around."

Edwin. Ay, and for ever, while this planet rolls,

To its sphere music

Demon with Fish. "Mackerel or Soles!"

Edwin. While crushed *Enceladus* in torment groans

Beneath his *Etna*, shrieking

Little Demon. "Stones, hearthstones!"

Edwin. While laves the tideless sea the glittering strand

Of *Grecia*

Third Demon with Organ. "O, 'tis hard to give the hand."

Edwin. While, as the cygnet nobly walks the water,

So moves on Earth the fair

Fourth Demon with Organ. "Ratcatcher's Daughter."

Edwin. And the Acropolis reveals to man

Thy stately loveliness

Fifth Demon with Organ. "My Mary Anne."

Edwin. So long the Presence, yes, the *Mens Divina*

That once inspired both

Sixth Demon with Organ. "Villikins and Dinah."

Edwin. Shall breathe o'er every land wheresoe'er the eye shoots,

Or ocean plays

Sev dirty German Demons } "The Overture to Freischütz."

with Brass.

(EDWIN Goes Mad.)

WHAT IS A TUBMAN?



THE sitting of the Court of Exchequer on Monday week, it is reported that—

"At the sitting of the Court to-day, Mr. COLE was called upon to take his seat as *Tubman*, he having been appointed to that ancient and honourable office, vacated by the elevation of Mr. LUSH to the dignity of Queen's Counsel."

We are curious to know what a *Tubman* is? Will Mr. JOHN TIMBS, in his next edition of *Things not Generally Known*, kindly inform us? It is so far satisfactory to know that it is an "honourable" office; but in what, pray, does the honour consist? Mythology acquaints us that the residence of Truth was at the bottom of a well. Our legal reports now give us the information that Honour resides, like a second *DIOSGENES*, inside a tub.

What does the Exchequer want with a tub more than any other Court? Is it to carry away the fees? The Court that of all others needed the assistance, we should say, of a tub, would have been the Bail Court; and, for what we know, the duties of this very *Tubman* may consist in lending a hand occasionally in bailing out the different suitors. A cab-stand has its waterman, and why should not a Court of Law have its *Tubman*? In our ignorance of his "ancient and honourable functions," it may come within the sphere of this *Tubman* to hand "refreshers" to the various Counsels and, speaking at random, it is probable that, for convenience sake, he keeps all his Tubs in the Rolls' Court? You may be sure that it is some meaningless and lucrative office, that, in sense and decency, ought to be abolished. We should like to see this rotten old tub sent rolling down hill after our Silver Sticks, and Gold Sticks, and numerous other sticks and forms that block up the entrance to our Courts, royal, legal, and otherwise.

Before concluding, we will make one more guess. We are all of us familiar with the *Æsopian* illustration of the lawyer swallowing the oyster, and handing the Plaintiff and Defendant each a shell. Now, it may be the office of this *Tubman* to be in attendance—like the one at the Albion, SIMPSON'S, and other places—and open the oysters for the lawyers!

IRISH PROVERBS.

EVERY goose thinks his wife a duck.

No news in a Newspaper isn't good news.

Manners make the gentleman, and the want of them drives him elsewhere for his shooting.

A miss is as good as a mile of old women.

Too many cooks spoil the broth of a boy.

It is a good head of hair that has no turning.

It's foolish to spoil one's dinner for a ha'porth of tarts.

There are as fine bulls in Ireland as ever came out of it.

Necessity has no law, but an uncommon number of lawyers.

Better to look like a great fool, than to be the great fool you look.

A soft answer may turn away wrath, but in a Chancery suit, a soft answer is only likely to turn the scales against you.

One fortune is remarkably good until you have had another one told you.

Don't halloo, until you have got your head safe out of the wood, particularly at Donnybrook Fair.

THE FRENCHMAN'S TRANSLATION OF "Queer STREET."—Leather Lane.

THE TURNING-POINT OF LIFE.—See grey hair, and then dye.—Truefitt.



DEER-STALKING MADE EASY. A HINT TO LUSTY SPORTSMEN.

A LESSON IN TOLERATION.

IN DICKENS'S *Household Words*, an old Thug, in India, is described as putting his five children through the Thug exercise; making them go through the business of strangling and robbing a victim—much as MR. DICKENS'S OWN *Fagin* practised young thieves in picking pockets. The narrator informs us that among the lookers-on was "a very interesting looking woman of about two-and-twenty years of age." He asked her what she thought of the exhibition, and her answer, prettily couched in a proverb, was:—

"The mango always falls beneath the shade of the parent tree?"

The moral view of the case did not seem to present itself to the young lady's mind; so her interrogator naturally turned her attention to that, by asking her opinion of the crime. Mark her exquisitely beautiful reply:—

"She looked up with as lovely a pair of eyes as ever saw the light, smiled, and responded, 'Heaven will hold us all, Sahib!'"

What a lesson of kindness and charity this gentle Thug, of the softer sex of Thugs, should teach us bigoted and intolerant English people! When devotees of a different persuasion from our own, commit, on the Continent, and elsewhere, little outrages upon humanity; such as the denial of decent burial: when they imprison those who forsake their sect: when they impose other little restraints upon personal liberty: when they suppress the sale of books merely for being inconsistent with their opinions: when, as now at Vienna, they hinder the study of medicine and surgery by forbidding dissection: when they side with tyrants who torture statesmen, and oppose and malign liberal Sovereigns and their enlightened Ministers: when, nearer home, they foment sedition, intimidate voters, and evince sympathies more or less ill-disguised with our enemies, and particularly with murderous and inhuman rebels: when they exultingly anticipate our downfall, and gloat over our reverses: when they employ the political power with which in our once liberal and tolerant mood we trusted them, for the obstruction of our public business, and in subservience to their own sectarian views;—why should we allow ourselves to be so enslaved by our narrow prejudices as to take any notice of such trifles?

Doubtless many of these things are done in perfect sincerity. "Heaven will hold us all, Sahib!" And what if those, whose ideas of veracity are more liberal than ours, occasionally cause the eyes of a picture or a statue to move, or get up a supernatural apparition, in order to feed a faith of which the appetite is more craving than our own? Why should we have the bad taste to ridicule the sanctified imposture? The motive was good; or even if it were bad, what then? "Heaven will hold us all, Sahib!" And why, if the zeal of the predecessors of certain religionists was once so burning that it consumed other religionists at the stake, should we remember, far less commemorate, any such painful matter of history? Let us forget it. Let us bury it in oblivion. If it could be now repeated—if several hundreds of martyrs could be burned in Smithfield to-morrow, an enlightened politician would ignore that event the next day. "Heaven will hold us all, Sahib!" And besides that, when men go into Society, they meet lots of fellows who have formed connections which render any allusion to such subjects as those above mentioned an unpardonable offence against good taste. Besides not being genteel, it is also a bore. What if a band of pious conspirators, at home and abroad, are saying and doing all they can to injure old MRS. ENGLAND and her vulgar institutions? "Heaven will hold us all, Sahib!" Give us a cigar.

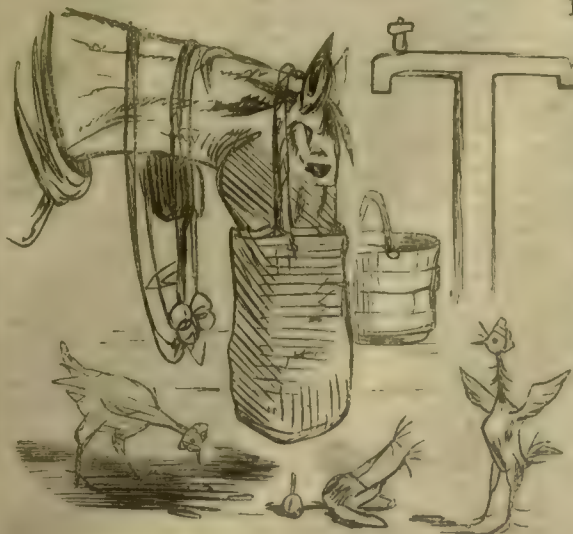
An Extract from "Bell's Life."

MR. BERNAL OSBORNE, being asked at the Reform Club what was the resemblance between BIG BEN and the Ministry, replied knowingly: "I suppose, because there is a *split in it*." We do not know whether MR. OSBORNE'S is the real answer, but we have no doubt it is just as good as the real one. We have no great admiration for the riddles of the Reform Club. ROEBUCK'S, WALMSLEY'S, COX'S, and WILLIAMS', are all detestable—but especially WILLIAMS'.

"WE'LL HANG THE BANK CHARTER AND THEM IN A ROPE."—*Lillabulero*.

We are, generally, opposed to specifics. But the same cure seems available for the Sepoy Mutiny and the City panic—Suspension.

OMNIBUSTERS.



HE occasional rides we have taken in the vehicles of that remarkable institution, the General Omnibus Company, had not led us to suppose it within the compass of probability that an accusation of fast travelling would ever be brought against them. Anybody who will get into one of the Company's Westminster Omnibuses (out of humanity to the conductor we do not recommend the process to any irascible gentleman with a good stick for prodding), and will endure the progress from Warwick Street

to the Abbey, will have at once a good notion of the speed of the caterpillar and of the Company. For no amount of money would we incur the guilt of causing the execrations which burst forth from the insides (when there are any) during that alternation of crawling and halting. The Association is a foreign one, and foreigners have seldom any real idea of the value of time. But it seems that the Company's drivers can "wake up" sometimes, as befits the servants of a society that by creating a monopoly was to reform a system. Twice, last week, the Company was brought under the notice of the Courts of Law, and in each case it was heavily mulcted. In the first case, had it not been that a poor horse was

injured, our sympathies would not have been with the plaintiffs, for the vehicle assailed was one of those abominable nuisances, the Vans, which the other abominable nuisance, the Corporation, permits to block up the traffic, and round which *Mr. Punch* and the world in general dance a frantic dance of triumph whenever the monstrous and over-loaded piles come to grief. But as the Company's omnibus so wounded a horse that he had to be killed, the jury's love of justice triumphed over its hatred of Vans, and a verdict was given against the Company for Fifty-six pounds.

But the Second Case was more amusing. The Company have proclaimed, in a published document, that it is determined to promote its interests by the usual means—or some such words. The usual means would appear to be what is called "nursing" any omnibus that presumes to carry passengers on the Company's line of road. "Nursing" means the driving one vehicle close before, and another close behind, the objectionable omnibus, so as to prevent its getting custom, or, should it have secured a rider, to present to his alighting the mild obstacle of a pole and a couple of horses. But matrons tell us there is such a thing as over-nursing, and in one case the efforts of the Company to drive opposition off the road seem to have been something of that kind. In fact, if the rival was nursed, the Company has been brought up by hand, and brought up pretty sharply—the hand being that of a conductor of the opposition omnibus. The nursing experiment having crushed and maimed his hand, a jury was again appealed to, and a verdict was given against the Company for One Hundred Pounds.

Let us hope that the apparently misplaced energy of the Company will henceforth be exerted in a way more advantageous to the public and to the Society. Let the omnibuses run fast and run fairly, and the rest may be left to the public. Omnibuses that require such Pulling-Up as backs them into a Court of Law, can hardly be remunerative in the long run.

A HERO AND A HUMBUG.

LIFE assurance does not prosper in France, owing to the priests, who have a well-grounded objection to a man's arranging his money affairs except when he is upon a sick-bed. But there is another kind of Assurance which is proverbially French, and of which our diverting friend MONSIEUR JULLIEN has brought over an exceedingly large supply. We had indeed no notion, until a recent Thursday, how much of the article the musical Hebrew possessed. Upon that occasion—and upon occasion of his producing at the Promenade Concert a piece of blatant quackery called a *Delhi Quadrille*—MONSIEUR JULLIEN certainly developed an audacity to which, were we writing of anybody not a mountebank, we should apply a harder name.

If he had only taken the most serious subject of the day as a theme for fiddles and fifes, and for the delectation of his patrons the gents, *Mr. Punch* would scarcely have noticed it. Such topics have been selected so often, that such dodges have almost become legitimate devices for folks of the JULLIEN order. To be sure, at the very moment that M. JULLIEN's trumpets were braying or piccolos squeaking in imitation of the sounds of battle, the real thing might have been going on, and his audience's fellow-countrymen might have been slaying and being slain, with all the ghastly accompaniments of the battle-field. But we agree to forget these things. A quadrille is named from Delhi, because everybody is thinking about Delhi, no matter in what connection, and we are really grateful to M. JULLIEN, or to the ingenious writer who supplies his literature and advertisements, for taking as his theme the terrors of Delhi instead of the horrors of Cawnpore. This piece of delicacy, this concession to English feelings could hardly have been expected. We should have repaid his forbearance by silence, but for his subsequent proceeding.

The wife and daughters of the noble soldier who has been fighting a battle every other day, and, under Providence, saving India to us, had received a box for the concert, and had occupied it. At the close of the quadrille a noble idea struck M. JULLIEN—unless, indeed, he had all along planned his *coup*, and had entrapped LADY HAVELOCK in order to execute it. He, the great MONSIEUR JULLIEN, conductor of the fiddles, He would be the man to present to the public the wife of the victorious English General. He would do her that honour—it was a great one, doubtless, from a Frenchman and a musician—but He would not be proud. So, waving his arms as gracefully as adiposity permitted, he pointed out LADY HAVELOCK to the crowd, and graciously commanded that they should give her some token of their appreciation of her husband's valour. And there was no escape, the lady was dragged forward, and the first public recognition of SIR HENRY HAVELOCK's heroism was actually performed in England at the bidding of the

French conductor of a Shilling Concert! O! bravo, M. JULLIEN, and again bravo!

Perhaps to the lady whose name has been brought into his comment *Mr. Punch's* apologies are due for his having commemorated such an exploit of unmatched effrontery. Perhaps, too, he should add—though it is almost needless to do so—that though he treats the simial feats and frisks of a JULLIEN with good-nature, there is but one feeling among *Mr. Punch's* readers, that is to say, English society, touching the impertinence that made a Lady its victim for the sake of giving *éclat* to a piece of musical quackery.



Mr. Punch to Mons Jul—en. "LOOK HERE, MONS, YOU'RE A CLEVER FELLOW IN YOUR WAY, BUT LET THE BRITISH LION ALONE—HE ISN'T A POODLE!"

PRIZE LABOUR IN LONDON.



It delights us to announce that the happy notion of rewarding years of service by a moment's exhibition on the platform at a meeting, and the presentation of a sovereign or so, by way of prize-money, will no longer be confined to the provincial districts, but will be yearly carried out in those of the Metropolis. In each of the Ten Towns initiated by the Post-office steps are being taken now to set on foot Societies, whose aim will be to give encouragement to a protracted course of industry, by holding out rewards to those who

labour longest. Extremely odious comparisons have recently been drawn between the never-publicly-rewarded lives of servants here in London and the far more favoured lot of those residing in the country: whose services are sure (provided only their employer have paid up his subscription) to meet with their reward at the hands of a Society, with perhaps an ex-Exchequer Chancellor attending, all alive, to see the premiums distributed. "O fortunate ninium!" has been the general exclamation of all the London men servants acquainted with the Georgies:—

"O fortunati ninium, sua si bona norint,
Auricolæ quibus ipse, procul politæque criticeque,
Fundit humi faciem plausum DISRAELI facundus!"

Besides, as that great orator has stated his conviction that such societies are "wise and prescient undertakings, and have raised the character of all classes of the Community," it is felt that as Londoners are part of the community, they will clearly be found raisable by this great elevating influence. Moreover, it is known that the machinery for raising them will not be very costly. It worked upon the principle adopted in the country. "The vulgar test of money," which Mr. DISRAELI disapproves of for the valuing of conduct, will be, so far as it is possible, discontinued. Cheap but nicely suitable rewards for merit will be chosen, and annually submitted to a public competition. The selection of the prizes will be entrusted always to the strictest of economists, and a committee of Scotchmen will be yearly called upon to certify that the articles selected are of the lowest market value. In short, every care will be adopted to ensure the presentation of the cheapest of rewards, so as to leave no doubt upon the minds of the recipients that it is not the "mere moneysworth" of the prizes which are given, by which "the excellence of the individual" is appraised by the community.

It will, in fact, be the object of these Metropolitan Societies to extend the sphere of usefulness, which is limited at present to the Agricultural Associations; whose members have for years enjoyed an enviable monopoly in the annual production of their crops of prize labourers, to whose existence the research of Mr. DISRAELI assigns eleven months at least of our national prosperity:—

"Cerevisia and corn may languish and may fail;
Cereals decline till there be found no sale:
Still our Prize Peasantry, the platform's pride,
With funds anew Old England will provide."

To facilitate the growth of the Prize-Servant Crop in London, the system which has proved so efficacious in the provinces will be generally adopted by the metropolitan producers, and as fruitful results are as confidently looked-for as those which have attended the provincial cultivation. It is conceived that the effects of "emulative competition" will be shown in our Ten Townsmen as well as in the rustics; and that the "spirit of improvement" will prove as strong a stimulant, whether those to be excited by it are countrymen or cockneys. We are ourselves unwilling to admit that we are ever ignorant of anything, but we must candidly confess we know of no sufficient reason for forming any different conception of the matter. Indeed, we entertain no doubt that if the public-platform system, praised by orator DISRAELI, have really as he says "imparted life" to country clods, this one successful trial is enough to prove the fact of its "vitalising influence," no matter where that influence may happen to be exercised.

As the Town Associations have not actually started, it is only with an eye to futurity that we regard their institution. Some preliminary steps have, we are told, been taken; and by those who support the old associations they will doubtless be deemed steps in the right direction.

We are not at liberty as yet to divulge any more than we actually know; but we at least shall break no confidence, if we give a pen-and-inkling of the nature of the premiums, which, we have our own authority to state, will be most probably awarded.

Beginning, as our sex inclines us, with the other, we believe that the First Prize for the reward of female merit will be a corkscrew and liqueur-glass to the oldest chamber laundress, on service in the Temple or any of the Inns: her age to be computed by competent authorities, and to date not from her birth, but from the commencement of her legal practice. Candidates will all have to produce their testimonials, supplied by the gentlemen whose chambers they have tended; and in cases where the gin-corks of any one employer are shown to have been tampered with above a dozen times per diem, the candidate shall be ineligible to receive a premium.

To the Prize Maid-of-all-work, serving in a lodging-house, will be presented a new cap, of the value of two shillings. No applicant, however, will be suffered to compete unless provided with certificates that in at least three situations held within a twelve-month, the duration of her service has been longer than a fortnight. Extra premiums of ribbon will also be awarded, if sufficient proof be furnished that, in five times out of twelve, any candidates have wiped the black-lead from their fingers before trifling with the jam-pots; and a pair of worsted mittens, of not less cost than fourpence, will be given where two lodgers shall be found attesting witnesses that they have ever had their shaving-water brought up hot enough to use, and within twenty minutes from the time they rang for it.

A Prize Snuff-box, priced at sixpence, will be publicly contended for by workers-out as charwomen, being offered as a stimulus to their competitive exertions. Any candidate attested by the master of a dwelling-house to have gone through a day's charring without leaving her pail for him to break his shins against, will be presented, in addition, with a new pair of pattens.

All early-rising housemaids who can prove they have got up within five-and-twenty minutes after "missus' bell have rung" for them, will be rewarded for their merit by a cotton nightcap; and the Prize Cook, who brings evidence of having kept her temper, during dinner-serving time, once a week upon an average throughout a twelve months' service, will be entitled to receive an ornamental pepper-box, engraved with an appropriate inscription of the fact. Small pecuniary premiums will also be awarded to maid-servants who prove that they have entertained their "cousins" not more than twice a week where followers have been forbidden; and any cook who shows that she has passed a fortnight in a family, without having asked a policeman in to sup with her, will receive a wreath of daisies from the hands of the Society, in recognition of her virtuous and self-denying abstinence.

The Prize Monthly Nurse who never makes excuse of her weakly constitution to have sweetbreads for her dinner, and "somethink oted hup" for supper, with a rum-and-water nightcap medicinally after it, will receive a child's mug, mottoed in gold letters with the words "Reward of Merit," and a satin ribbon book-marker inscribed "For a good Girl," will be presented to the nursemaid who can take her charges to the park, without reading a romance, or flirting with a soldier. The prizes for male servants will be similarly chosen. A whisker-brush and pocket-comb will be awarded to Adonises in plush and powder, who can now and then so far forget their ornamental qualities as to make themselves of use to anybody but their masters; and a prize of a new shaving-pot will be publicly presented to any British footman who can so far forget the precedents of plush as to treat the "famby" governess with an occasional approach to something like civility. The groom who never lends nor lets his master's horses will get a pair of riding-gloves and half-a-crown for beer; while the Buttons who is proved to have ever gone an errand without stopping on the way to have a game of marbles or a pennyworth of suckers, will be awarded six large brandy-balls and a prize penny whistle.

We have said enough to indicate the nature of the premiums by which deserving servants will in London be rewarded. It will be owned there is no fear of the prizes being prized for their intrinsic value; and we see no reason why they should not prove as strong "encouragements of industry" as those which are provided in provincial districts. We have little doubt ourselves that the prizes we have mentioned as awardable in town will be as thoroughly "appreciated" by their praiseworthy recipients, as are the sovereigns presented for long service in the country: of which appreciation Mr. DISRAELI's insight has enabled him to state that "the manner of receiving them" is a convincing proof. "Miserable critics" may sneer at the sheer worthlessness of the articles presented, but we may remind them that merit, like virtue, is its own reward; and that, since good servants are in fact beyond all price, it is idle to attempt to present them with a prize which should in any way pretend to represent their money value.

"We reward," as Mr. DISRAELI has so analogously put it; "we reward with prizes of blue and red riband acts of the greatest patriotism and heroism;" and surely therefore Servantism need not be affronted, if the rewards it is presented with are as intrinsically valueless. A sovereign

"received in the spirit in which it is offered" is doubtless quite as much appreciated at the end of fifty years of service, as the presentation of a cottage to be held rent-free, and five-and-twenty pounds or so per annum for a maintenance. To encourage length of servitude the honours of the platform are honours long deferred, however much the critics may denounce them as shortcoming; and if the system has proved one of such bucolic benefit, it is time that London Servants should likewise be improved, upon the plan of Slow Rewards and Very Little Profits.

THE INVISIBLE PICTURES.



EARLY every one has heard of pictures that can only be seen in a certain light, and of others so contrived that they can only be seen from a certain direction. But the most magical paintings are those in the National Gallery. They are invisible, except by glimpses, from the opening of the doors until one o'clock in the day. The phenomenon has been variously explained, but while trying, for an hour or two, the other morning, to get a view of the new VERONESE, we fancied we had solved the problem. At one o'clock children must go home to dinner: so nursery-maids must depart, and, soldiers having no further reason for lounging against the rail, the pictures come into view.—Q. E. D.

A SCENE IN A CHURCHYARD. GROSS OUTRAGE ON THE ACTORS.

WE are sorry to say that, at Lewes, the other day, the British Public allowed itself to be betrayed into excitement and violence. It rushed upon a reverend gentleman and seven or eight Sisters of Mercy, turned them out of a churchyard, hunted them through the streets, and tore the ladies' dresses and the priest's surplice and hat. It chased them into a public-house at Southover, and then remained outside, yelling and shouting "No Popery!" The poor priest contrived to slip away from the public-house, and bolted in his shirt-sleeves across a field to the railway-station. Whether his shirt-sleeves were all the clothes he had on, or not, the contemporary from whom we derive the particulars does not state. By the help of the police the Sisters of Mercy were conveyed to the same place in a fly, followed by the British Public and the boys, who continued whooping and crying "No Popery!"

What provocation could have so highly exasperated the British Public, and so inflamed its noble mind with rage as to urge it to hoot a priest and a party of ladies through the streets, and tear the clothes, not only of the former but also of the latter, forgetful of all respect for the cloth, and even of all reverence for the Crinoline?

It appears that after the conclusion of the burial service, the priest, the REV. MR. NIBB, attempted to read an additional service, contrary to the desire of the officiating clergyman, and also to the wish of the father of the deceased. One of the bystanders then cried, "No Popery!" another exclaimed, "Muck him out!"—and this suggestion seems to have been immediately acted upon. The Sisters of Mercy apparently involved themselves in the reverend gentleman's calamity, by acting with him, or taking a part in his performance as supernumeraries in a very melancholy scene.

The priest who thus contrived to attract the British Public at his heels, and the heels of his female attendants was not, we apprehend, a regular Roman, although his pursuers bawled "No Popery!" We suppose that he was merely one of those imitative English parsons who ape the alien original. Nor do we imagine that his assistants of the softer sex were genuine nuns; we surmise that they were but mimic sisters, and not so much even, as half-sisters.

Of course such mock-brothers and sham-sisters have a right to play Popery if they please; but they should choose some other theatre than a churchyard. However we may deplore the maltreatment which they experienced at the hands of an infuriated British Public, we cannot wonder that such actors were hissed off such a stage.

A Question in Bankruptcy.

A BANKER, ere accused of fraud,
The country left, and went abroad,
To mend his health; he took a dance
Out of England into France,
Out of France and into Spain—
And when will he come back again?

CASE OF CLERICAL NERVOUSNESS.

SOME years ago, an advertisement was continually appearing in the papers, announcing that "a Clergyman of Cambridge University," having cured himself of a "nervous disorder with which he had been afflicted for many years, offered, "from benevolence rather than gain," to cure others. For some time we have missed this old familiar advertisement; and we are afraid that its author sleeps with his fathers, and with DR. DULCAMARA. But if that divine and empiric, and ornament of the University of Cambridge, is still in the land of the living, and if he really can cure others of nervous diseases, it would be desirable, for the friends of a nervous patient, to invoke his assistance in a case thus reported by the *Caernarvon Herald*:—

"The REV. D. R. DAVIES is an extreme Puseyite, holding very high doctrines on Priestly authority and the powers of the Church. On a recent occasion he declined to be present at a festive treat given by a gentleman of large property in the neighbourhood to the children of the various schools, alleging 'that he could not sanction with his presence any communication between the children of the Church and the children of Dissenters, heretics, and schismatics, who were out of the pale of salvation.'"

The above forms the conclusion of an account of a scene which the reverend gentleman named in the narrative is reported to have caused in Rhos-y-medre Church, Rhwabon, during Communion, by extraordinary behaviour exhibited towards a brother clergyman. If it is correct as to facts, Benevolence rather than Gain should be instantly appealed to on his behalf, provided that Benevolence can do anything for him, even although not without deriving considerable gain from the transaction. He must, indeed, be very far gone in Puseyism, and ought to have his hair removed in time, and before his malady shall have reached that final stage in which the sufferer often shaves his own head. That head has taken unto itself the notion that the children of Dissenters are out of the pale of salvation. It is a pity that such a head, whilst it continues to be so hot as it is, should long remain out of a pail of cold water.



APPALLING LEGAL NEWS.

MR. JUSTICE ERLE did one day last week, administer to MR. SERJEANT THOMAS the following rebuke:—

"The licence of questioning allowed to Counsel had become a public nuisance. For some questions a barrister ought to be prosecuted."

In consequence of these observations, a meeting of certain members of the Bar has been held at the Alibi Tavern, and the following resolution has been unanimously agreed to:—

"That this meeting views with alarm and disgust, the possible interference of the Judge with the free and unbridled exercise of speech by the British Advocate, and considers that if a barrister, in the exercise of his vocation, is to be interdicted from questions to any witness, implying that such witness, if a man, is dishonest, and if a woman, is unvirtuous, such barrister is crippled in the discharge of the sacred duty for which he is hired. And this meeting hereby records its conviction, that if such a restriction be enforced, no honourable and high-minded man can henceforward accept a brief."

The profession is, however, under the circumstances, as well as can be expected—or desired.

THE BANK OF ELEGANCE.—The Old Lady in Threadneedle Street has turned Bloomer. To the alarm and consternation of her relations and friends, she has been exhibiting herself in tights.



"THE CHESNUT HAS SURELY BOLTED? JOE!"

"AY! AY! SIR, HE B'LONGED TO A COSSACK IN THE CRIMEA, AND THERE AIN'T NO HOLDING OF HIM WITH BRITISH CAVALRY IN HIS REAR."

MRS. THREADNEEDLE'S COMPLAINT.

I AM a poor old lady, and my health is rather failing me,
The Doctors are to meet and try to find out what is ailing me,
And, please the pigs, I hope and trust they'll manage to discover it,
And though my time of life is such, perhaps I shall get over it.

'Tis a return of that complaint at intervals that teases me,
Every ten years or thereabouts that regularly seizes me;
A sort of a contraction, with a tightness and a dizziness,
That won't allow a body for to go about her business.

It comes on with a pressure, and a clutching and a clawing,
Then there's a running at the chest, a pulling, and a drawing,
And then there is an emptiness, and sort of feel of sinking,
With a kind of nervous shaking, and a fainting and a shrinking.

And then I've noises in my ears; a breaking and a crashing,
A blowing up and bursting, and a falling, and a smashing,
Which worries me to that degree which is beyond expressing,
None knows but they that feels how them there noises is distressing.

I feel that I must die if this goes on a minute longer,
Then some one comes and cuts my stays and I'm directly stronger.
Which makes them say I lace too tight—I scorn the accusation:
But I must have that support for to maintain my situation.

The truth is this; I'm worried by nephews and by nieces,
That plagues me, and that bothers me, and tears me into pieces,
They go too fast a pace for me, pursuing some delusion,
And then I lag, and the result is ruin and confusion.

I am too old a soldier to cajole, or coax, or wheedle,
And still enjoy so good a sight that I can thread my needle,
My dwelling is Threadneedle Street, and England is my nation,
And Parliament and PALMERSTON I look to for salvation.

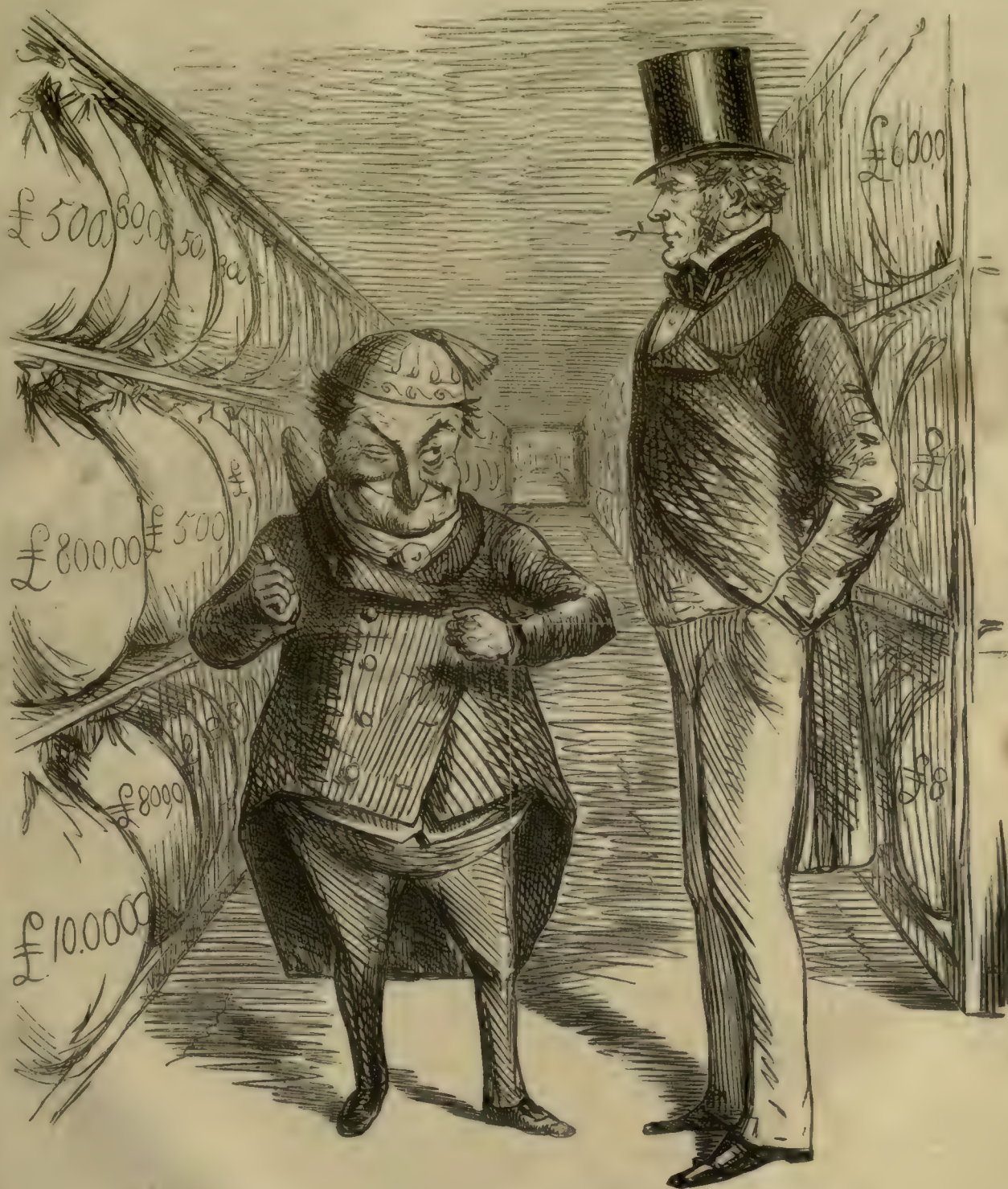
A "WESSEL" OF WRATH.

THE exultation of the Editor of the *Record* at learning that the second attempt to launch the Great Ship had failed was perfectly ecstatic. The amiable religionist had specified his belief that the defeat of the first attempt, and the killing two of the workmen was a judgment of Providence upon the directors of the company for calling the ship *Leviathan*, a name which some interpreters of THE BOOK conceive to mean Satan, while others think it denotes something the *Record* considers a great deal worse, namely, the Church of Rome. The *Record* appears to believe that unless the name is changed, the vessel will, if launched, sink. The ill-success of the new attempt, on Thursday, the 19th, has confirmed our contemporary's convictions. Yet, if the name of a ship is really of such awful import, what would the *Record* say to one who should set out on a missionary excursion, deliberately embarking on board a vessel named after two Pagan demigods, who, when on earth, were the foulest criminals, treacherous murder being one of their offences.

The so-called Evangelicals are not celebrated for their learning, and therefore we will explain that we allude to the Dioscuri, better known as CASTOR AND POLLUX, whose names were borne by the Alexandrian vessel selected by the great APOSTLE OF THE GENTILES to take him to Italy—and which did take him there in perfect safety. But it would not in the least surprise us to find the *Record*, with its superior lights, accusing ST. PAUL of "presumption"—the school to which our contemporary belongs is, by no means reverent when its Pharisaical tenets are controverted.

Fellow Feeling among Foreigners.

SOME of our continental contemporaries are greatly shocked at the severity with which our conquering troops have punished the miscreants who outraged and tortured English women and children. Perhaps they can more easily apprehend the unpleasantness of the punishment than the atrocity of the crime.



WHERE THE MONEY REALLY IS!

MR. P—NCH (TO HIS FRIEND PAM). "THERE, MY BOY! I'M NOT FOND OF BOASTING, BUT THESE ARE SOME OF THE RESULTS OF UNTIRING INDUSTRY, COMBINED WITH EXTRAORDINARY GENIUS, GREAT ENERGY AND PRUDENCE. COME, NOW, REWARD OUR INDIAN HEROES PROPERLY, AND I'LL HELP YOU OUT OF YOUR DIFFICULTY!"



PARAGONS IN PETTICOATS.



HERE is something afflict-
ing in the observation
that, in spite of Matri-
mony Agencies and match-
making Mammias, not to
speak of the quadrennial
recurrence of the oppor-
tunities of Leap Year,
there is still kept up a
standing army of those
blighted beings yelet
Bachelors, who are actu-
ally driven to make known
by an advertisement their
eagerness to present arms,
and receive into them a
wife. Being of a sensitive
and sympathising nature,
we generally lose an
appetite a-week from
the saddening announce-
ments which appear in
Sunday papers, headed
with the word "Matri-
mony," and tailed with an
address where addresses
will be paid to ladies who
apply for them. Were we

of either French or fashionable *de* extraction, we should confess that we are "desolated" weekly by regrets, that these lone ones have as yet found no philanthropist to help them, and save them the expense of advertising their heart-wants. Surely an appeal might be urged to the Benevolent, asking aid to set on foot a Connubial Humane Society, where proper means of rescue from a life of single wretchedness might be had on application at the *dépôts* or receiving-houses. Ladies of all aspects might be kept on show by the Society, and cards to view supplied to the forlorn ones who required them: substantial guarantee being furnished by the applicants that their better halves would be inducted into comfortable quarters.

Meanwhile, in the absence of this charitable institution, we think that we may do the single state some service if we suggest another way of filling up the vacuum which the advertising gentlemen announce in their affections. If we happened to be single (*Judy*, pardon us the thought!) and felt doubtful where to look for a heart-treasure of a wife, we really think we should betake ourselves to a Domestic Out-of-Place Office, and ask some highly recommended housemaid to be partner of our bosom. Judging from the requisitions we see daily in the papers, we feel sure that if perfection exists anywhere in petticoats, it is personified on this side of the Channel by a maid-servant. See here, for example, what a bundle of requirements we found the other day inserted in the *Times*: and the catalogue is really not much longer than is now becoming usual. We quote word for word, merely changing the address to one which, we conceive, if there be anything in names, reads rather more appropriate:—

WANTED, for a gentleman's family, TWO MAID SERVANTS; one as good cook, with a thorough knowledge of foreign dishes, to assist in the housework; the other as nurse and housemaid, good needlewoman, to wait well at table. Both must be early risers, with personal recommendations for strict honesty, sobriety, cleanliness, activity, good temper, trustworthiness, and respectability. Wages.—Housemaid, about £10 per annum, everything found; beer money, three half-pence per day. Apply by letter only to Mrs. FIDGETS, Omelette Villa, Grub Street. A French person, with good references, preferred. No Irish need apply.

There is somewhat of ambiguousness in the verbiage of this: for instance, how a knowledge of foreign dishes is "to assist in the housework" it is not slightly puzzling to a male mind to conceive: but it is clear at least that persons who respond to Mrs. FIDGETS' advertisement must, in addition to their other properties, possess considerable cheek. To own herself the owner of such a string of qualities as is specified above, an applicant must needs be anything but modest; and it is hardly likely she would put so low a value on herself as to come to terms with Mrs. F. at the wages above hinted at. There is a vagueness in the phrase "about £10 per annum," which to cautious minds would somewhat seem to smack of the suspicious; but even granting that this sum be paid down annually in full, it would be scarcely giving more than a sovereign apiece for the good qualities engaged for it. Merely in that one sentence which begins with "early rising," and exhausts itself at length in the word "respectability," there are specified no less than eight distinct essentials; and besides all these, the cook must be "good," as well in cookery as temper, and however highly she be thought of by those who recommend her, she must not think herself above assisting in the housework: an assistance which is certainly not more than will be needed, where the nurse, that is the housemaid, is to serve also, habitually, as sempstress and as

waiter. One would think the labour-market must be tolerably glutted, when requirements such as these are quoted at so low a figure as a £10 note per annum, *plus* three half-pennies per diem for expenditure in beer; an allowance which might almost lead recipients to fancy that their character for soberness was thought a little doubtful.

It is said that a demand induces always a supply, and we presume that Mrs. FIDGETS will find what she was "wanting" at the date of her advertisement. For ourselves, with the experience which we have had as housekeepers, we should as soon have thought of advertising for a pair of female Dodos, as for a pair of female servants such as Mrs. F. has pictured. A good-tempered cook and an early rising housemaid, have long been classed in our belief with the extinct creation: and we have imagined that one might as well expect to find the Lost Tribes of Israel, by now inserting in the *Times* a reward for their discovery.

But, really—to conclude as we commenced—if such paragons of femininity as Mrs. F. requires, exist, we should recommend all wife-seekers to be on the look-out for them. Such housemaids should at once be offered their promotion from the scrub-brush to the key-basket, and should be no longer let to waste their sweetness upon the dusty air. "Clean, active, and good-tempered"—what more would man require? And "trustworthy" withal! No fear of a new bonnet being, once a-week or so charged among the puddings! Clearly, bachelors at any rate should copy Mr. FIDGETS; for were they advertising for a wife, they could not well be more particular. For ourselves, we are most happily in no want of that article; and should we hear of such personified perfections as Mrs. F. requires, she may rely, at least, we shall not be connubially deterred from forwarding them on to her. As it is, however, we have not the remotest notion where such paragons in petticoats exist, and we can therefore but assure her of our wish that she may get them.

A SPICY ARTICLE.

IN RE WOOLF LEVY, *alias* HORACE MONTEFIORE, *alias* WILLIAM LANGFELDT, *alias* WILLIAM LYON, before Mr. COMMISSIONER PHILLIPS, in the Insolvent Court, the subjoined conversation is reported to have occurred between the learned Commissioner and the unfortunate, but worthy, insolvent; the latter having stated that about 1850 he had visited the United States with another gentleman in partnership as general dealers, and that, in that capacity, they had travelled throughout the Union with American curiosities:—

"COMMISSIONER. What are American curiosities?"
"INSOLVENT. Wooden nutmegs, and such things. (Laughter.)"
"COMMISSIONER. Did you sell them for real spice?"
"INSOLVENT. We did. (Continued laughter.)"
"COMMISSIONER. And did you persuade the Yankees to buy them?"
"INSOLVENT. They did not know the difference. We sold them in the cities of the West, Indianapolis, and other places. Others sold wooden hams, but we did not."

Probably this respectable merchant deceived himself in the supposition that the Yankees actually took the wooden nutmegs for real ones. Of course, they were far too 'cute to make any such mistake. They affected to receive them as genuine out of that politeness which is characteristic of American gentlemen. MR. WOOLF LEVY, in the simplicity of his nature, could not conceive them capable of such dissimulation; but doubtless the fact was, that the Yankees knew very well what sort of nutmegs they were buying, and bought them to sell again.

When we ascribe innocence to MR. WOOLF LEVY, perhaps we are in a measure wrong. We may be incorrect as to the name. It would probably be better to say WILLIAM LANGFELDT. WILLIAM is a Christian name, and LANGFELDT does not seem to imply descent from ABRAHAM. And the funny little trick of selling wooden nutmegs for real spice is just that which one can hardly imagine a gentleman, who really rejoices in such names as WOOLF LEVY, playing.

TALK ACROSS A TURNIP FIELD.

Farmer Holloway (bawling). What is this here bisnus as Parlimunt's gwaion to meet about in such a hurry?

Farmer Hooper (replying in the same key). Currency question, accardon to what they sez in the peaspers.

Farmer Holloway. I'm afear'd they'll play old gooseberry wi' that are currency.

Farmer Hooper. Make gooseberry fools o' theirzelves.

Farmer Holloway. Ah! and o' we too.

Farmer Hooper. Ees; and we be ate up moor nor enough already.

Farmer Holloway. Well, but what's this here currency question all about?

Farmer Hooper. What is a Pound?

Farmer Holloway. I thinks they ought to know that purty well by this time, zo many stray Jackasses as they've got among um.

THE SIMPLE HISTORY OF A PORTRAIT. (Price £3 3s.)

Husband. Who has been tearing off one of these Photographs?

Wife. I did, dear. I hope I've done no harm?

Husband. Harm! You have simply destroyed the value of the Stereoscope. It's only a dead loss of three guineas, that's all!

Wife. Dear me! Well, I'm sure I'm very sorry—but the truth is, dear, I saw two portraits—one by side of the other—and they were exactly alike—and I did not altogether see the object of having two portraits, you know, and not a hair's difference between 'em—and so, as old Mrs. JONES was expressing her very great admiration of it, I said, "I'm sure, you are perfectly welcome to one of them, if you like, Mrs. JONES," and accordingly, I tore one off, and gave it to her, dear, there and then. The good old soul was so pleased, you can't tell, and she has promised me her portrait, and, if you are very good, I will tell you, pet, what I'll do for you? You shall put hers' in your stead, dear. There!

[The Wife looks delighted at this proposition—but the husband, apparently, is not equally charmed. Perhaps, he is thinking that he is young, and is endowed with the richest black whiskers; and, on the other side, he is recollecting that Mrs. JONES is old, even for an old woman, and wears an antediluvian cap, with an inner border of false curls, that are black and curled tightly round, like small black puddings. He is wondering how oddly their portraits, placed stereoscopically, phiz-à-phiz, would look together!



THE HUSBAND.



OLD MRS. JONES.

This is how the young husband and old Mrs. JONES would have looked, when, by the unitive effect of the stereoscope, their two physiognomies were rolled into one:



OUR FRIEND MR. COX.

"THE opinion of the two Divans has been obtained upon the question of the union of Moldavia and Wallachia." Having perused this statement in a Daily Paper, and being particularly anxious to know what the opinion was, Mr. COX, M.P. for Finsbury, hurried off, the other morning, to ascertain the fact for himself. He first called at the Divan in the Strand, and began his inquiries. MR. RIES politely replied that he had not heard anything on the subject, but thought that Mr. COX had better take a bone ticket and go up-stairs and ask in the place itself,

when, if he did not receive the information he wanted, he would at least have had a cigar and a cup of coffee. MR. COX said he would consider before he incurred the preliminary outlay, and, going out, ran up Southampton Street to MR. KILPACK's, where he anew propounded his inquiry.

MR. KILPACK, after some meditation, said that he did not think any question about Moldavia had been raised in his Divan, but he certainly had heard some gentleman speaking about the Wallachs, though whether it was JAMES or HENRY he was not sure. He invited MR. COX to enter the American alley, and see whether anybody there looked likely to be able to satisfy him; but MR. COX, who has a general notion that every American carries a revolver in one hand and a bowie-knife in the other, and shoots or stabs anybody who asks him a question, declined somewhat hastily, and went away, declaring that he would bring the want of information, remarkable in the Newspapers, before Parliament.

Latest about the Bell.

POOR MR. WARNER,
Is put in the corner,
For making a bad Big Ben;
And now it appears
That the good MR. MEARS
Is to furnish a new Bell. When?

MR. CHRISTOPHER CLOD UPON THE PRIZE SERVANT SYSTEM.

"MESTER PUNCH, SUR,
"I BAIN'T much of a scollard, but ise got a pair o' ears, and as i wur down at the black Lion last toosday was a week, i heerd a chap a readun of a speech as wur spoke lately somewheres in the Midlands at a meetun for promotun aggericultur and Sarvunts. Sur, i wur so tickled with a good deal as wur said that I had the Curocity fur to ax who twos as wur a Speekun, which i larnt as how it wur MESTER DIZZY RALY, him as used Fur to call hisself the Faermer's friind, which as he duzzent stand so i in parliament as formally, he's now a condessendun fur to call hisself the Labrer's. You see Sur, they'd a bin 'encurryjun o native Industry' by giyun Suvverings to Sarvunts as had worked the longest—nigh 4 a sentry some on em twur said—and i thort as this year observation wur a speshul tickler:—

"In giving rewards for excellent moral character we do not pretend to measure the excellence of the individual by the mere money value of the prize, but to single him out from the crowd and show that his services are appreciated by the community in which he lives."

"Sur, i got my boy BILL, him as goes to the Nashnal skules, fur to copy this year out for me, that you mite have it giniwine and not spilt wi' my bad spellun, fur i jest Wants to ax this MESTER DIZZYRELLI (which peraps you'll print is anser in yure kollums—when you gits un) weather as How the crackters as air guy by the kommoony air of Sarvice to a labrer as is lookun fur a plaice. Praps MISTER DIZZY RALY will be good enuff to say if e'd consent to ire a sarvunt as ad bin 'appreciated by the kommoony' vithout inquirun if his Maister had appreshiated of un also. Seems to me as a sarvunt is a sarvunt of his Maister and not o' the kommoony, and ise doubtful wur I out o' plaice if a krakter as wur got from the kommoony ud help me.

"MESTER DIZRELLI he also torked a deal (uncommon gift o' Gab he have, sure-ly!) about us fairm sarvunts bein 'elevated by the spirit of competition' and beun most on us 'stimulated by the spirit of improvement' and Jennyrally 'raised in the public estimation by the public recognition of good conduct.' ise not quite Sartin as i knows the Public he makes mention on, but Us at the Black lion we wos all on us agreed as how a Public wornt exackerly the Plaice as wun ud goo to fur a crackter. I cant o course say anythin agin them Sperrits as he talks on, seeun as how i haint yet been so fortnight as to git a Taste on em. but as fur beun stimmilants and elewatun of a man, us at the Black Lion we wos pretty girrelly agreed as Beer wur quite suffishunt.

"Awaitun your reply, leastways MESTER DISRELLIS, i remane sur your obajent umble sarvunt To comand,

"KRISTOPHER CLOD."

"uppuds a Thutty year plowman down tunstle Way
"nigh FAIRMER FLATS, suffuk."



John Thomas, his notshun of wot the Arms of the Ile of Man had ought to be—with a "Matter" which tis 'is hone inventshun and he thinks very appropriate.

SILLY SOLONS.

CERTAIN Magistrates of Wakefield have (if a report before us be trustworthy) singularly illustrated the extreme fitness of the country gentleman for the judicial duty. One of those foreign rascals, so dear to our female population, one of the scoundrels who import unfortunate creatures to grind organs for the torment of rational persons, was charged at Wakefield with brutal ill-treatment of a poor German girl. Her hurdy-gurdy, or whatever nuisance it was, had not brought sufficient hushmoney on a particular day, and so the fellow—her fellow-countryman—is sworn to have assaulted her abominably, and taken away her shoes and stockings, and some other portions of her dress. The case was clearly made out, and then the Magistrates made tools of themselves, collectively, by inflicting a trifling fine, and one of them made himself a fool, individually, by an offensive and silly speech. The ruffian was amerced in twenty shillings, and the Justice said "Such things might do in Germany, but would not do here." The ridiculously slight fine speaks for its own absurdity, and anybody who knows the Germans is aware that brutality is the very last charge which can be brought against them. They smoke, and drink beer, and talk queer philosophy, and do very little, but they are a very humane people, and far in advance of ourselves in the knowledge of what is due to the so-called weaker sex. We assume the accuracy of the report, but should be glad to learn that it is incorrect, for the sake of the British bench and British courtesy.

AN END OF EVERYTHING.

Hope, where wilt thou cast thine anchor?
Faith, where wilt thou make thy nest?
If we cannot trust our banker,
Where is confidence to rest?

Earth below will seem forsaken,
Sky appear ajblank above,
When Commercial Credit's shaken,
Who will dream of Woman's Love?

HUMOURS OF THE CITY COMMISSION OF SEWERS.

WE record with pleasure a few amenities of language interchanged between some worthy members of the City Commission of Sewers, which afford a fresh indication that the City is beginning to be itself again, and to transact business after the worshipful old fashion. At a meeting of the Court of that civic Commission, the Chairman announced that the Ilford Cemetery had been consecrated the day before by the Bishop of London, and highly praised the arrangements made on the occasion, by the Burial Board Committee, for the convenience and comfort of those who had been invited to attend. He also strongly eulogised the conduct of the Bishop, and the discourse delivered by the Right Reverend Prelate. In the praise of the arrangements one gentleman, however, could not concur. Mr. DEPUTY LOTT complained that "he himself was shut out from the chapel after struggling and fighting his way through a dense mob, and was unable to witness the ceremony." Whereupon DEPUTY BOWER, after making some laudatory remarks on the Bishop's address, which he described as "so wise and so impressive, that every Dissenting clergyman in the Kingdom would have been proud to have delivered it," observed that—

"DEPUTY LOTT, no doubt purposely kept in the background during the performance of the ceremony, in order that he might find an opportunity of making a complaint, which was his invariable custom. (Hear, hear.)"

Strange to say, this extremely personal imputation of motives elicited no retort—no reply even—from DEPUTY LOTT—who presently, however, showed that his silence probably was owing to deafness rather than forbearance. The altercation was taken up, with a slightly irrelevant turn, by MR. H. L. TAYLOR, in the following polite and humorous speech:—

"MR. H. L. TAYLOR. I am glad to find that so many people were pleased with the address of the Bishop. I should have been at the cemetery yesterday but for a circumstance which prevented me, and which will prevent me at any future time from visiting it. I allude to the armorial bearings of our clerk, Mr. DAW. Three jackdaws form a sort of heraldic device or bearing, which, with the worst taste, has been placed against one of the houses. These are called the armorial bearings of Mr. JESSE DAW, the clerk to the commission. Solong as they remain there, I never will be a party to put my foot inside that place. (Laughter.)"

MR. TAYLOR's heraldry would seem to be small, whatever may be thought of his breeding. On the former point he was gently corrected

by the supposed exhibitor of the symbols which he took for armorial bearings; who gave him the following brief lesson in blazon:—

"MR. DAW. I may state that the armorial bearings referred to by MR. TAYLOR are not jackdaws, they are three crosses. (Laughter.)"

The conversation on the ceremony of the previous day—not a word having been uttered about the sewers over which the Commission is supposed to preside—went on a little further without any reciprocation of civic compliments, until, on a vote of thanks to the Bishop,

"DEPUTY LOTT, in supporting the resolution, loudly complained that he was not able to hear the sentence of consecration."

Doubtless he had also not heard the speech of DEPUTY BOWER; for if he had, it would of course have produced a little explosion of feeling, like that evinced in the succeeding dialogue:—

"MR. ABRAHAM. MR. DEPUTY LOTT was in the foremost rank.

"DEPUTY LOTT. You are stating that which you know is untrue.

"MR. ABRAHAM. You were.

"DEPUTY LOTT. I deny it. (Confusion.)"

There was a time when the further discussion of this question of veracity might have been adjourned to Chalk Farm, even from a City meeting—a time happily past. The courtesies of debate, however, were thus further exemplified:—

"MR. ABRAHAM. I witnessed it with my own eyes. MR. DEPUTY LOTT was present in the chapel during the whole of the first stage of the proceedings for more than half an hour until we went out to perambulate the grounds. He might have read the sentence of consecration—it was printed.

"DEPUTY LOTT. I had a right to be inside to hear it.

"MR. ABRAHAM. You were standing within a few feet of the Bishop.

"DEPUTY LOTT. That's wholly untrue. (Confusion.)"

Here the Chairman interfered—not too soon, perhaps. If he had not, bottles might have been thrown—had there been any at hand.

Such a growling and grunting and barking as that above quoted, we have not heard in the City for many a day. Such a mode of transacting civic business had almost fallen into desuetude. To read of it will make many of our senior subscribers feel quite young again. Some people may think the language, with specimens of which we have been entertaining them, unbecoming. It is not altogether unbecoming. "Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat,"—and sewers have foul mouths. We need not complete the parallel.



IMPERTINENT CURIOSITY.

Military Man. "WELL! WHAT ARE YER A STARIN' AT—AIN'T YER NEVER SEED A SODGER BEFORE?"

MORE NEWS OF ALEXANDER POPE.

(From the *Literary Gazette*.)

THE world of letters will rejoice to hear that in addition to the recent invaluable discoveries bearing upon the history of ALEXANDER POPE, the poet, several new facts have come to light. Although these will tend to render useless and obsolete all the existing biographies of the bard of Twickenham, the truth in such matters is too important and solemn not to be received with gratitude even by those who may suffer. Without further prelude, we are enabled to announce, first, that the dog "Harlequin," which was presented to the wife of BISHOP ATTERBURY, was never quite cured of its broken leg, and ultimately died of the distemper, in or about 1724. Secondly, that EDMUND CURRIE's maternal uncle had a severe attack of toothache in June, 1716. Thirdly, that the Christian name of the wife of the Sexton at Twickenham was not JANE, but JOAN. Fourthly, that the poet himself sometimes shaved himself, but not often, though he would frequently apply the lather, leaving the razor to his servant. Fifthly, that though not robust enough for much gardening, he would often remove dead leaves from the bed with a small hoe (by the way, does this throw any light on the line: "Every woman is at heart a rake"?) Sixthly, that MARTHA BLOUNT took very little sugar in her tea, and also liked to sit, in the evening, with her shoes down at heel, because that arrangement gave relief to her corns. (Mark that, MR. CORNEY.) Seventhly, that when QUIN helped POPE on with his scarlet cloak behind the scenes, after *Mustapha*, the poet desired him to let the servant do it. Eighthly, that the poet was much displeased, when, on some one saying that the verse of his *Odyssey* swept nobly along, LORD CHESTERFIELD answered, "No wonder; there is so much of BROOME in it." And lastly, that the little ivory instrument with which POPE used to adjust his nails never came into HORACE WALPOLE's possession at all, but was given by LADY HERVEY (MOLLY LEPEL) to the grandfather of a Welsh gentleman whose name we have not yet discovered, but who lived, or at all events was in Montgomeryshire in 1819. These facts, though they may tend to overthrow many received theories, and may startle those who deem themselves best acquainted with the poet's

THE MODEL WIFE IN 1857.

SHE dwells in fair Belgravia's halls,
Sweet Fashion's peerless Queen,
And all her soul, in *fêles* and balls,
Is in her Crinoline.

Her "jupon," like the Nassau globe,
Cremorne did nightly see,
Flaunts its inflated gauzy robe,
Or swirls tempestuously.

And thus expanding more and more,
She fluctuates in her walk,
Subduing SWAN AND EDGAR's corps
With undulating talk.

She names a time, with kindling eye,
When, soaring through the air,
Sweet maids, balloon-like, up shall fly,
To call in Cloud-land Square.

When PAM, in peg-top breeks array'd,
Shall DIZZY take to see
The realm of fogs whose mists pervade
His speech at Aylesbury.

When airy Dowagers shall skim
Upborne on hoops of steel,
Quiring to old-eyed cherubim
In an "Excelsior" reel!

When Hyde-Park dames aloft shall glow
In surging skirts and frills,
Leaving poor manhood here below
To cash their little bills.

Her husband's purse is small—but no!—
What though her form be slim—
Her jupon still expands,—and oh!
The difference to him!

SIMPLY UNBEARABLE.—WISCOUNT WILLIAMS never said a worse thing than this. He declared that the ruin of Big Ben was caused by two of the ancient tribes of Palestine—the Hammer-wrights and the Hittites.

history, are all indisputable, and can be proved by evidence. We shall look eagerly to see them embodied in the next biography of "the Swan of Thames."

OUR BROTHER OF PIEDMONT.

THERE appears, at last, a solid ground of hope for Italy. According to the correspondent of the *Times*, at Turin, that city has actually attained to such a height of constitutional liberty as to be capable of supporting a *Punch*, an actual *Punch*, with a real large cut. Our Piedmontese counterpart rejoices in the name of *Fischietto*, and is at present laudably employed in deriding the attempts of the priest-party to get the upper-hand. To this end he has published a work of art, in reference to the pending elections, thus described by the *Times*' correspondent:—

"It is entitled 'The real national arms if the clericals were to triumph.' The design is a huge Austrian eagle, holding in one claw a cudgel, in the other a shoe, with the papal tiara and the keys of St. Peter embroidered on it. On a shield covering the eagle's body, a priest and an Austrian soldier, with hands joined, are grotesquely dancing in triumphant joy, with the motto beneath *Viribus unitis*, and below the *Statuto*, or Constitution of Piedmont, is personified in the form of a child hung by the neck and with tongue protruding."

This last symbol is not exactly in the style of *Mr. Punch*—but then *Mr. Punch* appeals not only to free men and Britons, but also to wives and mothers. In addition—

"On small shields surrounding the larger one, are various emblematical devices of the state of things to be expected if the priestly party come into power—the prison gratings of Fenestrelle, boys dressed as priests going to school, the Press personified as a woman put into a sack, with a dog's muzzle on her mouth and a pair of scissors stuck into her bleeding bosom."

Very bad taste, of course all this will be voted by the genteel and refined persons who are shocked by irreverent allusions to red stockings. By the expression, however, of such bad taste and vulgarity, red stockings, and the like trumpery, are brought into that illiberal but popular contempt with which it is desirable that all the symbols of opposition to liberty of the press and freedom of opinion, should be regarded all over the world.

LAWN-SLEEVES AND SHIRT-SLEEVES.



ANY respectable persons will perhaps be very much shocked by the following statement made the other day by the BISHOP OF LINCOLN, in addressing a meeting of the Church Pastoral Aid Society:—

"Nevertheless, out-door preaching was a most valuable aid to the minister of a large parish. 'For the first time,' said the incumbent of Nottingham Church to him, a short time ago, 'since I have been appointed to this Church, I saw men at Church in their shirt-sleeves soon after I commenced open-air preaching.' Now, he (the Bishop) did not say that it was desirable that persons should come to Church in their shirt-sleeves, but if they were to be in their shirt-sleeves, they had better go to Church than elsewhere."

Ladies belonging to the superior classes often carry smelling-bottles with them to Church, lest they should faint there; but the precaution of providing themselves with Leamington salts will be even more generally taken by them in visiting a place of worship, if they think they are likely to be horrified by the sight of men in shirt-sleeves among the congregation. The fact that a Bishop has expressed an opinion that shirt-sleeves under any circumstances are admissible in Church, is calculated to excite terror and alarm in exclusive circles. The beadle of every fashionable Church which is furnished with a gallery will, of course, be directed to show all comers in shirt-sleeves into that part of the building, inasmuch as the law will not permit him to turn them back from the doors, for the reason that they are not in correct costume. A grate or screen of ornamental scroll-work will have to be erected in front of every such gallery, in order to conceal the horrid men who sit there, and most of whom not only would otherwise appear in shirt-sleeves, but also in beards of a week's growth. How to dispose of these shocking fellows in the new Churches, which are built without galleries or pews, will puzzle the authorities. In some of these, where the service is conducted in the histrionic manner, the officiating priest will perhaps sprinkle the shirt-sleeved portion of his flock with eau-de-Cologne, and call it holy water. After what the BISHOP OF LINCOLN has said upon the subject, it will perhaps be considered, in elegant society, that he himself stands decidedly in need of some sort of purification. Most sweet voices will vote that he ought to be deodorized, and disinfected, and perfumed. They will doubtless propose to sweeten him with chloride of lime, and then to scent him with lavender-water, or fumigate him with incense.

Where, it will be demanded by the better orders, can people in their shirt-sleeves expect to go to? And how, then, can a Bishop think them fit to go to Church in such a state? The public-house is the place for them; the proper accompaniments of shirt-sleeves are a pipe and a pewter-pot. It is quite clear that the BISHOP OF LINCOLN is forgetful of his dignity, and utterly regardless of the difference and the distance which have so long existed between lawn-sleeves and shirt-sleeves.

REDEEMERS OF OUR NATIONAL CHARACTER.

It may be, in a measure, true that we are, as a nation, somewhat too intent on aggrandizement, and that we are apt to make a little too much haste to be rich. Yet there are not wanting among us noble examples of disinterestedness, evinced in the most tremendous pecuniary sacrifices. For instance, the *Times* says that—

"The Election Auditor for the North Riding of Yorkshire, has published his return of the expenses incurred at the last Election for that Division of the County, from which it appears that between £11,000 and £12,000 was spent by the three candidates—viz., about £6,000 by the HON. COLONEL DUNCOMBE, M.P., nearly £5,000 by the HON. J. C. DUNDAS, and only £620 by MR. E. S. CAYLEY, M.P."

Now, take even the last and least of these sums; it really would be a great deal for a man to spend for the good of his country, even if the mere expenditure were all. But when we consider that the money is expended in order that the donor may make the additional sacrifice of time and labour for his country's benefit; we are lost in admiration of such munificent patriotism, which, did we not roll in unbounded riches, we should hardly know how to imitate. When we look further, and see honourable gentlemen paying from £5,000 to £6,000 to obtain a seat in Parliament, our admiration rises into astonishment. The worst of this is, that it swamps our veneration for kings who shared their loaves, and saints who divided their cloaks, with beggars, in the days of old. What is such small charity to the romantic generosity of modern Members of Parliament, who strip themselves of so many thousands in order that they may serve their constituents, and that with the severest toil? What excellent legislation ours ought to be, since our legislators are so earnest in their task, and so devoted! And

what is their reward? The thanks of a grateful nation? Not necessarily; on the contrary, they are often abused in the newspapers for their conduct, and on the hustings, hissed and pelted with stale eggs. Beyond the applause of a good conscience within, whilst perhaps an ungrateful people pelts and hisses them without, what can these chivalrous gentlemen, who give so much money for a place in Parliament, expect to get for it?

SEVERITY OF THE WEATHER.

As a proof of the extreme severity of the weather, we may mention that we saw last week, at the house of MRS. MATERFAMILIAS, a magnificent Christmas-Tree in full bloom. We have the authority of that respected lady for stating, that she gathered from it, only the evening before, as much as an indiarubber ball, two postilion boots, six paste-board drums, one walnut-shell work-box, one wooden squirrel (whose stomach, we noticed, cleverly contrived to do duty as a nutcracker), besides a whole apronful of dolls, sugar-plums, tin trumpets, coloured candles, and bonbons. There was a variety of fruit, also—preserved, waxen, cotton, and otherwise. An apple, which could scarcely have been ripe, for it was as hard as wood, belonged to a very curious species, for upon its being opened in the middle, a whole set of baby's tea-things was found inside, instead of the ordinary pips. On looking into it, it seemed to us to be a kind of Hoax-apple.

We believe that it is extremely rare that a Christmas-Tree has been known to bear fruit at such an early period of the year. The 25th of December is generally supposed to be the earliest day on which the various branches of this very fruitful tree arrive at full perfection. Christmas Day is the grand harvest-home of all Christmas-Trees, but MRS. MATERFAMILIAS has anticipated that auspicious event, by nearly four weeks. Her numerous progeny are in a state of the most irrepressible ecstasy over this premature inauguration, though we regret to state that, at the last moment of going to press, the rumour reached us that the family doctor had been sent for in the greatest hurry.

MITRES AND FIGHTERS.

OUR beloved hierarchs have had a meeting, and have resolved, that the real remedy for India is the creating new episcopal sees. *Mr. Punch*, with HAVELOCK in view, begs to turn Dissenter, and to cry, "not 'More Bishops,' but More Baptists."



"BRAVO, SAM!"

QUACK! QUACK! QUACK!

A CLEAN sweep has been made of Holywell Street. The obscene pigeons have been turned out of the dirty dove-cotes. But while the pigeons have been vexed, censure spares the crows. The rookery of the quacks is undisturbed, and their vile and lying advertisements still pollute the country newspapers, and some of the London journals, and lie upon the tables of fathers of families to afford Sunday reading to their sons and daughters. To go through Holywell Street or not was optional: but it is impossible to avoid seeing that which is thrust under one's nose. The Society for the Suppression of Vice is evidently afflicted with partial blindness.

MAKING GAME OF JUSTICE.



If there be any excellence more than any other for which this publication is conspicuously famous, it is for its unflinching praise and advocacy of all ancient institutions, and for the efforts which it makes to avert their abolition. Conservative to the backbone, *Punch* is always at his post to defend all good old nuisances against the onslaught of Reformers, and proclaim himself the champion of all the vested wrongs which are a Briton's birthright as they are his boast. Every reader will remember how zealously we strove to perpetuate Protection, and avert the doom which robbed us of our cherished Smithfield Market; and we can point with a proud finger to the course we have pursued in upholding Temple Bar, and the throne of Gog and Magog, and defending the time-honoured Courts of Probate and of Chancery. In short, whenever any Bulwark of the State has been attacked, we have always pointed out that the nation would fall with it; and whatever follies have descended from the "wisdom of our ancestors," we have always done our utmost to preserve them for posterity.

Que cum ita sint—as we never wrote a school theme without more than once remarking—it may surprise our constant readers to be told that we for once must make exception to our rule, and must claim to be excused from the defending of a Nuisance. It afflicts us to confess that we are at length induced to doubt the wisdom of the Game Laws, and the justice of the Justices who are commissioned to dispense them. The case which has compelled us to forswear our old allegiance, and retire from the championship of both Game Laws and preservers, was brought the other day before the Court of Queen's Bench, and is thus epitomised by the *Daily News* paper:—

"The defendant MR. BALLENY, a person of considerable property, and a Justice of the Peace for the County of Durham, had two men brought before him by a couple of policemen, charged with the destruction of a rabbit on his own property. Instead of at once declining, as an interested person, to act in the matter, MR. BALLENY convicted the delinquents in a severe penalty, ordered them in default of immediate payment to be handcuffed and sent to prison, and finally compromised the matter by liberating them on payment of a sovereign a-piece, which instead of handing over to the County fund, he put into his own pocket."

For this trifling offence a criminal information was filed against the Magistrate, and a jury having found him guilty of corruption and extortion under colour of his office, he was sentenced by the Court to a year's imprisonment and the payment of a fine of two hundred pounds. In delivering this sentence the Court, through the lips of MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE, observed that—

"It was the boast of this country that the greater part of the administration of justice was carried on by the unpaid gentry, as a part of the duty which belonged to them in respect of their property; and he (MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE) fully concurred in what had been said by the SOLICITOR-GENERAL, that that duty was in general discharged with strict impartiality to high and low. On the one side there was power, and wealth, and learning; and on the other poverty, and ignorance, and distress; and considering these relative positions, when once a case of extortion was brought before the Court, it was impossible to regard it otherwise than as a crime of great magnitude, and to be visited with very severe punishment. In such a case it was the duty of the Court to deal out its sentences with equal severity, as it would do in the case of the lowest person in the country. Indeed, when the Court considered the advantage which was given to the educated over the uneducated, the offence of the former ought to be visited with greater severity than that of the latter."

There was another little matter too that came out in the evidence, which the Court might have commented on with equal indignation:

namely, that the Magistrate might not improbably have pocketed his two sovereigns, and escaped his punishment, had he not been so indiscreet as to attempt to tamper with the honour of policemen. MR. BALLENY, it appears, when receiving from the poachers the £2 for his rabbit (that being of course the market-price of the commodity in Durham) presented the two officers, who captured the delinquents, with the insufficient hushmoney of five shillings a-piece. Had there been but one of them, the bribe might have succeeded; as it was, their honesty appeared the wiser policy, and their dual better nature prompted them to peach.

Another feature in the case which also should be noted was the fact, that the two sovereigns which MR. BALLENY extorted were actually subscribed by the friends of the two culprits, whom he, the greater culprit, sat in legal judgment over and threatened to lock up. The men pleaded poverty, and requested time to pay; but neither plea nor request would Justice, as personified by worthy MR. BALLENY, stoop in its unbending uprightness to listen to. Having the bandage of self-interest on its eyes, Justice could not see extenuation or excuse. So the men were kept in custody until the hat had been sent round for them, and their neighbours, from the pence they had been weeks perhaps in saving, had raised the pounds for payment of the Great Unpaid.

It was remarked by the Court, in its review of the evidence, that—

"One of the men had said, and there was nothing to show that it was not true, that his whole offence consisted in his desire to shoot a valueless rabbit, which he wished to give as food to his sick wife."

Rabbits valued by their owner at two sovereigns a-piece cannot well, we fancy, be looked upon as "valueless;" but the Court clearly held that there was some extenuation in the fact of a poor man seeking food for his sick wife, albeit in the Game preserves of his rich neighbours. Necessity, no doubt, is a rather loose logician; and the reasons for abstaining to procure his wife a dinner, will not be closely argued by a man who is in search of one. However much he be disposed to reverence the Game Laws, there are times when his hunger gets the better of his judgment, and when in the cravings of his nature he forgets the existence of an Act of Parliament. Even the best educated would find it hard to reason closely on an empty stomach; and where distress is backed by ignorance and sluggish mental faculties, the causes for abstaining from infringement of the law are still less likely, we opine, to prove sufficiently deterrent.

But however much we may approve the sternness of the sentence which was passed on MR. BALLENY, we cannot help regarding him in some sort as a martyr. It is an especially marked attribute of the Game Law that it touches nothing which it does not dishonour. MR. BALLENY's injustice was no doubt mainly the result of the injustice of the law which he was called on to administer, and, in pocketing himself the fines which he imposed, he merely put in practice and reduced to personal application the principle—or want of it—on which the law is founded. The Game Law is entirely a one-sided institution. Of all protective ordinances it is the most selfish. Being instituted solely for the game-preservers' benefit, the spirit of the act is to a surety carried out by their having the dispensing of it. Self-preservation is the first and strongest law of the preserver's nature; and in dealing with a poacher over whom he sits in judgment, the only thing he thinks of is his own protection. From viewing the law solely as a personal convenience, by no great stretch of mental eyesight he gets to view the fines he has the power to impose, in the light of being personal indemnities for loss, and conceives, like MR. BALLENY, that he is authorised to pocket them.

But we must repeat, that we regard this sufferer in some sort as deserving of our sympathy. There must be made allowance for the strength of the temptation to which he was exposed, and for the demoralising influence of the law he was administering. The Judge who sentenced him commented sternly on the fact that he had sat in judgment as an interested person. "The policemen did wrong," said MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE—

"In bringing before a Magistrate two persons charged with an offence on his own property; and the obvious course for the Magistrate was to have dismissed the officers with a rebuke, and have ordered them to take the poachers before some other and disinterested person."

Yes, obviously this would have been the juster course; but in dealing with a poacher, pray where is a disinterested Justice to be found? As well expect a cabman to give you an unbiassed estimate of distance, as expect a country Magistrate to administer unbiassed justice in a game case. No matter whether the offence be committed on their own or another person's property, preservers have a natural antipathy to poachers, and are leagued in common cause to compass their extermination. Wherever a bird falls or a rabbit is "poked up," the legal preserver considers himself injured by the illegal destroyer, and having the law in his own hands, will not hold them from dispensing it. So long as England "boasts" of its unpaid gentry-Justices, so long will biassed sentences continue to be passed, and the temptation to wrongdoing such as MR. BALLENY's exist. As the law is now administered, full preserves inevitably make full prisons. Peasants become gaoled-birds through the keeping up of pheasants; and what is sport to country gentlemen is moral death to numbers of their poorer neighbours. The

Game Law being an ancient institution and of course regarded as a Bulwark of the State, it will be found, (as all these ancient ones die hard,) that there will be no easy work to make it a dead letter. But as anything that tends to bring it into disrepute also tends to bring us nearer to its annihilation, we think the country is indebted to the zeal of Mr. BALLELY, whose overstepping of the law we regard as a right step in the direction to remove it.

THE NOSE A TEST OF COLOUR.



REALLY we fancy that the Nose has a sense of colour. It must be endowed with some faculty of the kind, for there is no other feature that betrays so lively a sensibility to the various gradations of colour. It changes, too, according to the seasons. In summer, it is a delicate red colour; in winter, as if to compensate us for the loss of the fog-craped heavens, the nostrils shine out with a beautiful pale blue. We have seen a nose almost turn black, when a bungling servant has spilt some turtle down the neck of its proprietor's coat. At other times, we have discovered a slight tinge of green settle on the nasal tips of certain elderly ladies, when they have been more than usually jealous of the success of a younger rival. (Crimson tints, we believe, are common enough on clerical countenances in cathedral towns, and other luminaries who are apt to moisten their arguments with plenty of port wine.)

Moreover, have not all of us noticed, when a person has received an unexpected coin from a miser, or a skin-flint, or a practised promise-breaker, or an accomplished swindler, how carefully he approaches it to his nostrils, as though he were anxious, not merely to see the colour of the gentleman's money, but to insinuate the smell of it also? We have observed the same peculiarity in picture-buyers. They seem to rub their noses almost against the canvas. The same forwardness is displayed by young gentlemen, when a pretty young lady is introduced to their notice. The way in which they thrust their noses vulgarly forward, is clearly done to enable them to test the colour of her eyes.

ANOTHER PARISIAN EMBELLISHMENT.

A CORRESPONDENT, on whose veracity we can generally place the greatest reliance, has just written over to us to say, that he has seen a pretty woman in Paris!!!

"On reflection, the above fact seemed to us so incredible, that we thought it our duty to inquire into the truth of it. Accordingly, we lost no time in sending a telegraphic despatch to Paris, and this is the TELEGRAM we have received in answer:

"No romance! It is quite true!!! A pretty woman was seen this morning at 5 m. to 12, on the Boulevard, at the corner of the Rue Montorgueil.

"The whole town has since been in a state of émeute.

"The crowd is tremendous.

"The military are ordered out.

"(Signed) COWLEY."

SECOND TELEGRAM (four hours later).

"The pretty woman has left.

"Order reigns again in Paris.

"(Signed) COWLEY."

THIRD TELEGRAM (five minutes afterwards).

"I have left out the most important fact.

"The pretty woman was an Englishwoman!!!

"(Signed) COWLEY."

Cultivation of the Pair.

Of late years the Pair has been remarkable for its slow growth. While in India it reaches maturity early in the spring, it is often the latter end of summer before it can be forced in the hothouses of Belgravia. The Pair requires warmth, and should be carefully watched. A little gold-dust sprinkled over the younger branches will frequently produce a very nice Pair.

A GARLAND OF WIT.

THE Editor of the Paris *Figaro* has commenced (we learn from the *Globe*) a series of hebdomadal dinners, for the easier accumulation of witticisms to adorn his lively journal. His plan is to invite anybody of decent social standing, and the invited guest is to pay, as the price of his ticket, ten francs and one *bon mot*. The plan answers wonderfully, and several English dramatic authors have clubbed to take a copy of *Figaro*, and divide the jokes as honestly as their temperaments will permit.

The Editor of the *Saturday Review*, being equally alive to the advantage of getting some little liveliness into his pages, has, we understand, adopted the same course, and with even more marked results. He has commenced a series of tripe-suppers to his contributors, which are generously given *gratis*, but each guest must bring a joke. The result has been, that the *Review* sparkles with sudden brilliancy. We are permitted to mention that at the first supper, the following delicious things were said by some of the party:—

Mr. Fozzle. I have lately been reading some *light* literature, but was glad to a-light from that Pegasus.

Mr. Bumbleby. I suppose that you were not in the joke-ular vein. (*Great applause.*)

Mr. Nibbles. Vain, Sir! I hope there's no vanity here.

Mr. Bumptious. Ha! ha! fair—in fact Vanity fair.

Mr. Gimblet. Talking of fair, give me the wing of that fowl. (*Loud applause, and the speaker's salary increased on the spot.*)

Mr. Bonassus. I've got the liver-wing, but the joke sticks in my gizzard. (*Murmurs.*)

Mr. Fozzle. Another supper joke from me would be a work of supererogation. (*Not understood.*)

Mr. Nibbles. Ah, FOZZLE, if you could out-pick a book as well as you do a bird!

Mr. Fozzle. None of your ill-bread sauce, thank you.

Mr. Bumptious (*sonorously*). I believe that very few books are written to be read.

Mr. Gimblet. Surely the Red Book is. (*Cheers for five minutes.*)

Mr. Bonassus. Waiter, a *serviette*. (*The waiter having seen the gentleman one, it is obviously not what he wanted.*) Ah, I mean an *assiette*.

Mr. Nibbles. Your French is queer—as yet. (*Murmurs.*)

Mr. Bumbleby. Well, I think we've all earned our supper, so suppose we leave off sparkling—

Mr. Fozzle (*inexhaustible*). And take to still—champagne, eh?

Everybody (*eagerly*). Sham pain to our real friends, and real pain to our &c., &c., &c. (*Roars of laughter and applause.*)

It is not always that the borrowing a French hint leads to so satisfactory a result, but the improved tone and sportive liveliness now characteristic of the *Saturday Review* completely justify the bold experiment of its conductors. Any assistance Mr. Punch can render to his generous and enterprising contemporary shall be heartily at his service.

LADIES' SCORES AT LINENDRAPERS' SHOPS.

IN RE a fast young lady, who figured the other day in the Insolvent Court; the following dialogue took place between Mr. COMMISSIONER PHILLIPS and Mr. BUCK, a silk mercer, one of the opposing creditors. Mr. BUCK having stated that the insolvent had paid him nothing since he gave her credit:—

"Mr. COMMISSIONER PHILLIPS thought Mr. BUCK should have stopped his hand when the first quarter was not paid.

"Mr. BUCK said that if he adopted such a system with ladies who appeared respectable, he could not, nor could other tradesmen, go on.

"Mr. COMMISSIONER PHILLIPS did not know about going on, but he apprehended it would be the best course to adopt."

The law really ought to come to the assistance of Mr. BUCK, and other tradesmen of his unfortunate class, and enable them to "go on" without letting themselves in for bad debts incurred by extravagant ladies. We think there is a law which renders a pot-house keeper unable to recover from a sot the value of liquor consumed in tipping. Let a similar statute be enacted with reference to the parties who minister to the intoxication of female vanity. It would then be necessary that all payments for finery should be made in ready money; thus, linendrapers would be secured from bad debts, ladies prevented from getting into trouble, and husbands would not find every now and then that they had bills to discharge which they never dreamt of; so that all parties would "go on" much better than they do now; when the linendraper goes on to bankruptcy, and the customer, or the customer's husband, to Portugal Street or the workhouse.

WOULD YOU?—A Reverend naturalist named WOOD has written a very pretty book, called *My Feathered Friends*. It has had such success in America, that an Abolitionist Missionary has pirated the title, and issued *My Turred and Feathered Friends*.



PLEASANT FOR "CHARLES DEAR."

Married Sister. "OH, CHARLES DEAR! NURSE IS NOT VERY WELL, AND AS I MUST STAY WITH BABY, WOULD YOU TAKE FREDDY AND THE TWO LITTLE ONES FOR A WALK, ONLY CARRY THEM OVER THE CROSSINGS, THAT'S A DEAR!"

THE CADGER'S MONEY MARKET.

THE tightness in the City has rather seriously affected the mendicant interests.

Children in arms excited little attention; notwithstanding that they were hardly pinched, and made a proportionate noise.

There has been an almost entire absence of quotations among the preaching and psalm-singing speculators in white aprons.

Little or no business has been transacted on flagstones, in *Ecce Homos* and *Mackerels*, and the state of the weather having rendered it almost impossible for operators with coloured chalks to draw upon the pavement, altogether precludes the possibility of quoting figures.

Sham Abrahams met with small encouragement; and Epileptics were neglected.

Dropped Lucifers were at a discount; but cripples were brisk, owing to an advance of Peelers.

Poor Blinds were apparently looking up; but the movement was deceptive. Lascars commanded little interest, owing to the Indian Mutiny, Irish were heavy, and Chinese Impostors flat.

A few old gentlemen were done at some of the crossings at from ½d. to 1d.

GREAT RELIEF OF SUFFERING.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

THREE WEEKS OF INDESCRIBABLE AGONY, heartbreaking, distress, feelings of sinking, alarm, and terror, oppression and tightness of the chest, shaking and convulsions, horrible nightmare, frightful visions, gloomy forebodings, increasing incapacity for any kind of business, and a threatening break-up of the whole system.—*MARIA JOLLY MOTHERBANK*, Threadneedle Street, London, has been completely cured of the above symptoms by the delicious *PAPYRUS ANGLICANA FOOD*, administered by *PALMERSTON AND CO.* This invaluable article of diet acts so beneficially on the constitution as to arrest the most dangerous disorder, to restore its pristine soundness, and renew a healthy circulation, recourse being required to NO BILLS, or ANY OTHER MEDICINE. The Use of Gold in a great measure superseded by this remedy, which acts as a universal solvent. Prepared and issued at the Bank of England, by authority of *PALMERSTON AND CO.*, Downing Street, and to be obtained at all respectable Establishments in Town and Country.

CLERICAL FIDDLERS.

OUR attention has been called to the following advertisement in the *Guardian* of the 11th ultimo, by a friend of ours, who is himself a Curate out of place, a violinist and violoncellist.

WANTED A CURATE, near Town, unmarried, of good address, who takes an interest in schools, and can accompany with the violin or violoncello the pianoforte. Stipend, £100. Duty not heavy. Address, *REV. M. A., &c.*

The following reply was posted on the 22nd ultimo:—

"REVEREND SIR,

"PERMIT me to reply to your advertisement, and to enumerate my qualifications *seriatim*, according to its requirements.

"I am 'unmarried;' but allow me to add—what I judge from the tenor of your *annonce* will be no disqualification—I am by no means indisposed to change my condition.

"Of good address.' My native modesty forbids me to dwell on this requirement; but the silver teapot now before me, presented by the fair district visitors of my last cure, inspires me with the hope that I am not altogether devoid of those softer adjuncts of humanity, which appertain to the youthful adherents of our school; since I venture to presume you are, like myself, strictly Tractarian.

"Takes an interest in schools.' Where the schools are visited by ladies, which I cannot doubt is the case in the present instance, I beg to say my interest in those establishments is intense.

"And can accompany,' &c. As a pupil of *VENTRE-CHAT fils*, I need perhaps scarcely say the quivering string obeys my plectrum. I am a devotee at the shrine of *CREMONA*; and beg to add that I should consider no amount of 'duty' of this description as 'heavy.'

"Thus, Reverend Sir, I think I may be permitted to say I can fulfil all the requirements detailed by you as necessary to entitle me to a place in your *pulpit and parish*, and am, &c.,

"REVEREND FIDICEN."

"P.S. Please send photograph of the fair accompanist."



THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

OLD LADY OF THREADNEEDLE STREET. "THEY MAY SAY WHAT THEY LIKE, BUT YOU'RE THE ONLY MAN AS DID ME ANY GOOD."





PHOTOGRAPHIC TRUTH.

SKETCHED FROM A CASE OF SPECIMENS.

TO MY MURRAY.

AUTUMN, 1857.

THE wind and tide have brought us fast,
The Custom House is well nigh past,
Alas! that this should be the last;
My Murray.

The spirits in my flask grew low,
Mine sinking too, I rushed below,
And in despair cried, "Steward, ho!"
My Murray.

But once on shore, my troubles end,
Sights, sounds, no longer me offend,
I clap thee on the back, my friend!
My Murray.

My classics, once a shining store,
For thee put by this month or more,
Now rust disused and shine no more,
My Murray.

So well thou'st played the hand-book's part,
For inn's a hint, for routes a chart,
That every line I've got by heart,
My Murray.

And though thou gladly wouldstst fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
My purse now seconds not my will,
My Murray.

Thy shabby sides once crimson bright
Are quite as lovely in my sight,
As mountains bathed in roseate light,
My Murray.

For should I view them without thee,
What sights worth seeing could I see,
The Rhine would run in vain for me,
My Murray.

Companion of my glad ascent,
Mont Blanc I did with thy consent,
And saw wide-spread the Continent,
My Murray.

Once I could scarce walk up the Strand,
What Jungfrau now could us withstand,
When we are walking hand in hand,
My Murray.

But ah! too well some folk I know,
Who friends on dusty shelves do throw,—
With us it never shall be so.
My Murray.

A LADY AND A JUDGE.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"I am a Wife, and not in the least likely to be divorced, having a separate settled income of my own, which I allow my husband (who is a tolerably good boy as times go) to spend for me. Therefore I am not personally interested in the subject on which I address you.

"But, my dear soul, what on earth do they mean by appointing MR. JUSTICE CRESSWELL to be the head of the new Divorce Court? I think that in all my life I never heard anything so preposterously ridiculous.

"Do you know, but of course you do, that MR. JUSTICE CRESSWELL has had the bad taste to remain single all his life. That he is, in fact, a bachelor. And this is the gentleman whom you lords of creation purpose to appoint as the judge of matrimonial differences. I would not at first believe that such a proposition could be seriously made, but my husband took me into the Vice-Chancellor's Court the other day, and there I saw MR. CRESSWELL as calmly as possible hearing a question in marriage law, to break himself in, I suppose, for his new duties. Oh, it's all settled of course, and a protest comes too late.

"Now, in the name of gracious, what can a bachelor know about matrimonial quarrels. Perhaps, being a bachelor, he dislikes women, or has remained unmarried because married men who ought to have known better or have had more pride, have described their condition as uncomfortable. Pretty kind of justice we are likely to get from such a Judge as that. I should not be at all surprised if he gave a brute of a man a divorce from his wife for the most trumpery causes. Suppose she should not air his newspaper, or should mislay his slippers (though the ungrateful fellow never remembers that she worked out her poor eyes making them), or should give him weaker coffee than my lord likes, or should have a headache and not come down to pour out his breakfast (though some brutes like their rubbishy newspaper and sulky breakfast alone), or should forget to tell him of a bill to be paid until the man's in the hall, or should go out and forget to leave the keys and the pig can't get at his whiskey-bottle, or should ask him for a new dress when he has been losing his money at Doncaster, or should like to have her relations in the house (and what is more natural?), or should in fact commit any of the little offences about which you all make such a fuss.

"Well, a married judge would know that they are the common lot of married people, that accidents will happen, that we must take the sours with the sweets, and that a woman who has condescended to marry a man and look after his interests, is not to be nagged and irritated and found fault with for every slight offence against his majesty. But a bachelor, especially if he has been talked at by married men (who will scoff at matrimony like anything, and yet would as soon part with their heads as their wives), I say what does he know about forbearing and putting up with things? Perhaps he has lived in chambers, with a sycophant valet and a terrified laundress, and has been accustomed to find every pin that he has laid down left in the same place. He expects that a wife is to let things alone, and be afraid to disarrange his tables and books. I dare say indeed, and I should like to know how they are to be kept from the dust, and besides, who has a better right.—[Our fair Correspondent here departs so utterly from her argument, and wanders into such a general survey of relative duties, that we have reluctantly cut away four pages of very instructive matter.]

"Then, my dear creature, having shown you that a bachelor judge is unfit for such business, there is another thing. MR. CRESSWELL is specially unfit to decide on our cases, from his own particular habits. DAVID (my husband) asks a good many lawyers to our house—at least they call themselves so, though I never see their names in the papers—and they tell us a good deal about the judges, and what goes on. They all speak very highly of MR. CRESSWELL, and say that he and another judge (is his name EARL?) are the only two who treat what they call juniors with kindness and courtesy. That may be all very proper. But it seems that MR. CRESSWELL likes making short work, and hates long talk and palaver, and so do I, and gracious knows that I never use more words than are necessary to make a person understand a thing, but some people are stupid and then you must say a thing over and over again or it is not impressed upon their minds; and the proof that it is so is their giving way, which husbands won't see, but, while they hold out, they accuse their wives of going on talking in a circle; but as I was saying, he cuts things short. The other day (it has never been published, but it's quite correct) there was a slanderous case, a man had been assailing a woman's character, unjustly, and it had been argued all day, and at last it came to him to—what do they call it—do his Sum up. All the counsel were prepared with their note-taking, and the reporters all attentive, and everybody silent, and what then? The Judge waited to see that all the court was watching, then looked at the jury, and said:—

"Defendant's a foul-mouthed fellow—what damages?"

"Now, Mr. Punch, I say that a Judge who ties up a whole case as

I may say in such a parcel as that, is unfit to sit in judgment on a woman. He would have no sympathy for her eloquence, and would very likely call it nagging, and give the brute who complained a Divorce at once.

"So I hope you will ask them to give Mr. CRESSWELL some other honour, which, apart from the defects I have mentioned, I believe he well deserves, and oblige

"Your faithful admirer, JANE ISABELLA SMITH."



SPITE.

Miss Slimy. "Do you know, Dear, I was asked the other day if you were my Mamma!"

THE FORTIFICATIONS OF CHELSEA.

THANKS to the *Univers*. That enlightened, well-informed, and unprejudiced 'print has unmasked a nefarious design of LORD PALMERSTON upon which *Mr. Punch* in his turn hastens to call down the indignation of the country. Early last week the *Univers* announced—

"England is arming everywhere. SHE IS ABOUT TO SPEND HALF A MILLION IN THE FORTIFICATION OF—CHELSEA."

It is too true. The moment we read it we despatched a note by an express boy to LORD PALMERSTON, demanding an explanation. The miserable boy, wishing to ride home, got into a General Omnibus, and arrived late at night, and nearly starved. But we had not waited during that incredible period. We had dashed down to Chelsea to examine whether lines were being traced, guns mounted, or ditches cut. And we had scarcely got to Cadogan Pier when the whole terrible scheme of fortifications became visible. A fearful job is in contemplation. As calmly as we can, we will tell the nation (still mindful of the Martello Towers) what profligate expenditure of its money is about to be made.

The river Thames is to be diverted from its course at Battersea Park Bridge, and is to be carried round the new park, and out at the Old Swan pier. A strong fort is to be raised on the ground that will thus be vacated, and is to be armed with the long Egyptian gun and the great mortar at present in St. JAMES'S Park. Cremorne Gardens are to be cut up for barracks, MR. SIMPSON receiving a pension of £1000 for three lives, namely his own, the hermit's, and the head-waiter's, and his rifles and targets are taken at a valuation. The fort is to be manned by the Chelsea Collegians. The Grand Junction Water-works have signed a contract to lay the whole district from Sloane Street to the World's End under water at five-and-twenty minutes' notice. All the barges in front of Cheyne Walk have been bought, and are being fitted up as gun-boats, and swivel-guns command the passage and public houses as you go towards Queen's Road. The upper part of the goody-goody shop near this point is to be rebuilt as a residence for the Governor, but until any invasion occurs the juvenile population will be permitted to purchase bullseyes and Albert-toffy as at present. The church tower is being made an observatory, whence to watch an invading enemy, but the Latin inscription on the monument outside is to be kept up, because nobody ever yet got through it. We regret to add, that one whom we believed a patriot, the WISCOUNT OF LAMBETH, is moving heaven and earth and LORD PAMURE to get himself made Governor of the Fort.

Such is the atrocity which the faithful *Univers* has unveiled, and though LORD PALMERSTON'S gold, lavished upon one of the Editors, bribed him to endeavour a few days later to suppress the information, by alleging that when the *Univers* said CHELSEA, it meant PORTSEA, the contemptible stratagem has had no avail. Paris believing, and justly, that Chelsea is to be made a Vincennes, and *Punch* calls upon Parliament to prevent so abominable a scheme.

BULL-DOGS AND RETRIEVERS.

THE fame of England is redeemed
By Indian triumphs won,
The vapours are dispersed, which seemed
Awhile to cloud her sun.
The laurels, that were somewhat nipped
Amid Crimean frost,
Of a few leaves if they were stripped,
Bear loads for handfuls lost.

And yet on Russian ground was shown
What British warriors can,
By hosts in Alma's fight o'erthrown,
Repulsed at Inkermann.
Right well our soldiers did behave,
And, let the truth be said,
Their chiefs approved themselves as brave
As those they should have led.

With valour burning in their veins,
And flaming in each breast,
Undauntedly they risked the brains
Of which they were possessed;
And if those brains had been knocked out
By bullet, shell, or ball,
Save to the owner, it is thought
The loss would have been small.

Yet let us not forget what foe
They had to cope with then;
The rascal, NANA SAHIB'S no
Such man as TODTLEBEN.
Perchance they were not over-wise;
Yet this there is to say,
That second fiddle to Allies
Our leaders had to play.

All whereon Candour can insist
Although we may admit,
Still, that which noble lords have missed,
Have common generals hit;
Reward must correspond to deed,
At any rate this once.
The scholar, by a higher meed,
Distinguish from the dunce.

HOOKEY' MAC WALKER'S CONSCIENCE.

OF all cases of "Conscience Money" ever recorded in the *Times* within our memory, the following is the most wonderful:—

"THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER acknowledges the remaining halves of Bank-notes amounting to £30, on account of unpaid Income Tax from 'Highlander.'"

Fancy ROB ROY, if that worthy were still in existence, sending the Government a lot of money on account of unpaid Income-tax due upon black mail! It is not, perhaps, quite impossible to conceive ROB to have been capable of such a freak of romantic and inconsistent conscientiousness, but that DONALD of the present day could dream of paying any tax of any kind unnecessarily, is altogether incredible. Nobody in the world would be less likely to do such a thing than a Highlander, except a Lowlander.

Besides, there are hardly any Highlanders now, except deer; the dukes having driven almost all the men out of the glens. HER MAJESTY'S once celebrated stag, "Highlander," if he has not been eaten by men or dogs, may have retired on a pension—but Income-tax would have been stopped out of that, as it is stopped out of the scanty dividends of poor young ladies, who are put to the greatest trouble if they attempt to get the undue deduction refunded. The announcement—with all respect for its Right Hon. Author—we conceive to be a facetious fiction, intended to joke Income-tax defaulters into paying up their arrears, by representing that act of reparation as having been performed even by a Scotchman.



THAT HORRID MASTER BOB.

Doggy Young Gent. "Ill is he! Hah! Sickening for the distemper, no doubt!"

INFIRMARY FOR AFFECTIONS OF THE HEART.

We have received the Annual Report of this excellent institution. Though numerous cases have been brought in, there are no complaints of packing; and the proverbial virtue of patients is again strikingly exemplified. The epidemic which broke out last autumn in an establishment for young ladies at Merton is attributed to a French Count who had apartments opposite. It spread with great virulence; but, the noxious agent having been arrested (for debt), the malady was arrested also. Up to Michaelmas Day there were admitted into the infirmary—

Broken hearts 488

Of these, 305 (or five-eighths) were simple fractures, and 61 (or one-eighth) were compound ditto. The rest were cases of mere temporary derangement, and readily yielded to the appropriate remedies of pungent badinage, or mild rebuke.

We subjoin a few extracts:—

GEORGINA ST. G., age nineteen. Cautiousness—small. This was a casualty case, commonly called "love at first sight." The patient was riding on horseback in Hyde Park with her papa, COLONEL ST. G., when she was struck by the appearance of a remarkably fair and handsome man, with an auburn moustache. The shock, as may be supposed, was very severe. For some days she had repeated attacks of despondency, attended with irregular respiration and considerable mental disturbance. In this state she was brought to the infirmary, and placed under the care of Dr. QUIZ. As it threatened to be an obstinate case, Dr. QUIZ at once determined to perform an operation. Having by secret inquiry discovered that the auburn moustache was the symbolic adornment and advertising medium of a fashionable perruquier in — arcade, Dr. QUIZ assumed a white apron and pair of scissors, and approaching his patient with great deference, politely solicited her hand and—a lock of her hair. For some minutes the patient struggled against her sense of the ridiculous. These convulsions were succeeded by a gentle fit—of laughter, and, having expressed her admiration of the doctor's skilful mode of treatment, the patient was discharged—cured.

LYDIA S., age seventeen. Confidence—wonderful. The affection under which this patient suffered was clearly attributable to a pernicious drug administered by an unscrupulous practitioner, the Hon. MELTON MOWBRAY, whose flattery given at a race-ball, in allopathic doses, produced its usual debilitating effects. In this state she was brought to the infirmary, and placed under the care of Dr. DAMPER. Several other patients having manifested similar symptoms, Dr. DAMPER discovered that they also had received prescriptions in the form of billets-doux from the empiric MOWBRAY, the contents of which, upon analysis, Dr. DAMPER found to be highly deleterious. The exhibition of these dangerous compounds by Dr. DAMPER

produced in his patient great nervous excitement. The heart, however, was not seriously implicated, and, having shed one or two small tears, the patient felt herself much relieved, and was given over to her friends, with directions in case of a relapse to administer another reading of the MOWBRAY notes.

ELIZABETH B., age twenty-nine. Dominant feeling—love of the beautiful. This patient being at Paris with her uncle was induced to visit FRANCONI'S Equestrian Establishment, where she became enamoured of an artiste who danced on the tight-rope while playing the violin with inimitable grace. The combined attractions operated magnetically. ELIZABETH looked upon the circus as an elysium. In it she found, what she had long sighed for—a sympathetic cord, and while her heart-strings (to use her own language) were twined around the pole, her reason (to use her uncle's) staggered, unable to maintain its balance. In this state on her return to England she was brought to the infirmary, and placed under the care of Dr. SOOTHE HALL, by whom anodynes were administered in copious doses. The inflammatory symptoms still continuing, Dr. SOOTHE HALL, with ELIZABETH'S consent, wrote to the artiste proposing marriage. The answer was as follows:—

"MONSIEUR.—Si la jeune femme a du talent, et qu'elle veuille consentir à apprendre à marcher sur des échasses, je l'épouserai, bien que vous disiez qu'elle n'a point de fortune; mais mon salaire étant assez faible, j'ai besoin d'une épouse qui puisse faire quelque chose dans ma partie pour contribuer à son entretien et à celui de sa famille. Agréez, monsieur, l'assurance de ma considération distinguée.—APOLLO VOLANTE."

(Translation.)

"SIR,—If the young woman has talent, and would consent to learn to walk on stilts, I am willing to accept her hand, although you say she has no fortune; but, as my salary is small, I require a wife who can do something in my line towards the support of herself and family. Accept, sir, the assurances of my distinguished consideration.—APOLLO VOLANTE."

This fine tonic, though it created a feeling of nausea, produced its anticipated effect. The patient was restored to consciousness, and has had no return of her weakness. She is now married to a brewer.

ETHEL J., age twenty-one. Beau-ideality—large. This patient—a delicate girl, with large, languishing eyes—was suffering from a heated and artificial atmosphere, engendered by indiscriminate reading of foreign romances. She was brought to the infirmary in a very melancholy state, and placed under the care of Dr. DAMPER. Cold applications were made to her understanding; but without producing any sensible effect. She would take no nourishment but a novel. Suspecting that the imagination was morbidly affected by devotion to her favourite author, C—DE E—, a consultation took place between Dr. DAMPER and his colleagues, SOOTHE HALL and QUIZ, when it was thought advisable to dispel the illusion by the exhibition of caustic. Dr. DAMPER accordingly wrote to his agent at Brussels for the required escharotic, which was promptly sent, and consisted of the following composition:—"C—DE E— is an elderly gentleman, irritable, and addicted to snuff. I found him in his chamber, wearing a faded morning gown, and engaged in boiling his own chocolate." Violent hysterical weeping followed the application of the caustic; but the crisis was past, and the patient, though still suffering slightly from hallucinations, may now be pronounced convalescent.

ANGELA W., age thirty-seven. Predilections—ministerial. This patient, having sat for some time under a young transcendental divine, was admitted into the infirmary with an attachment growing out of her admiration. Dr. DAMPER operated. He placed before her a certified statement, by which it appeared that, up to the 1st of April inclusive, the divine had been presented with Berlin slippers, 260 pairs; embroidered braces, 115 pairs; bead-purses, book-markers, dedicatory verses, &c., &c., number unknown. Dr. DAMPER then put it to his patient whether, in defiance of such fearful competition, she would longer cherish her hopeless passion. This powerful irritant was repeated at intervals, but without producing any reply. ANGELINA W. still remains in the infirmary, perfect recovery at her advanced age being considered extremely questionable.

ALDERMAN G., age fifty-seven. Constitution—soft. Another casualty case. This gentleman was brought in suffering severely from a wound inflicted upon him by the eyes of a brilliant young widow. For some months his slumbers had been brief and unrefreshing; his appetite, naturally robust, had completely broken down; real turtle was now a mockery to him, and cold punch had lost its fascinations. The case requiring active treatment, the patient was ordered to read *Bardell v. Pickwick* (DICKENS'S Reports), also *Re Weller, sen.* (idem.).

After consulting these authorities attentively, the patient expressed himself satisfied, and walked out of the infirmary without assistance. That evening he dined at the Albion alone, having previously ordered covers for three.

The report concludes with a neatly-turned compliment to the ladies of the visiting committee, under whose direction eighty-four threats of action for breach of promise have been attended with encouraging results.



Our Friend, MACLUCKIESPECH, mistrusting those confounded Banks, resolves to carry his Capital in his Trousers' pockets—'Tis so comforting to have a feeling of Security.

A HAPPY END FOR HOGS.

"MR. PUNCH, HONER'D ZUR,

"I ZEE as how, by one o' they Northern peepers, they've a got a new way up there o' killun pigs. I thought we know'd all as could be know'd about that subjeet down Zouth here; but howsomever I baint so much consarn'd wi pigs as to be pig-headed; and abuv larnun from them as got zummut to tache, whoever they be. The *Carlisle Examiner* 'tis as gies the 'count on't. It sez as how, 'tother day, there wus a pashunt in the Kendal osspuddle, as had to undergo zum kind o' cuttin or disseckshun for zummut or other, and was accardunly put under clorifarm fur to have ut done. As luck 'ood have ut, 'twus likewise pig-killun day at the osspuddle. The doctor he heerd the pig squake, as o' course you knows pigs be apt to when they be offended, and cries out afore they be hurt even, aa, as zoon, zumtimes, as ever they zeas the pig-butcher. What does the doctor do but perposes to stupidify the pig wi clorifarm, like the Christian, zo as a shouldn't zuffer nothun whiles they wus a killun of un. Zo sed, zo done. They got a sponge, soaked ut in the clorifarm stuff, clapped ut on to the hog's nose, and zent un off in a crack, as quiet as ever you zee are a babby rocked azleep. In that are state of nonsensibleness they stuck un: and a died, as I may zay, without knowun of 't—gied up the ghwoost without a kick or a grunt.

"Well, now, Zur, the proof o' the puddun's in the atun, as the sayun is, and that are's true o' black pudduns as well as plum, and of beeacon likewise. There's no knowun, afore you tries, whether your clorifarm meddn't spile your pork or your beeacon, or your black pudduns; otherways 'twoud be a gurt help and savun in makun of the latter. But if zo be as how clorifarm doan't hurt the pork, sartun 'tis ut perverts the pork-butcher vrom hurtun the pig. It zaves the poor cretur vrom beun punished unnecessary, and a feller oodn't be more crooler to a dum animle, and sarve un wuss nor a could help; 'ticklerly a pig as he'd vatted his self and took a pride in un. 'Sides witch, pig-killun ain't a musickle opperaishun to naaiburs, them as baint used to't, and not very meloadjus to sitch as be. The ladies, I heers, complain on't and sez it disturbs um in bed of a marnun, and spiles their breckgust. Zo, therefour, I thinks I shall try killun

my pigs under clorifarm; only I be afeard 'tis rayther dear stuff. In that case I opes to be sported if I claps on a little extry on the price o' my pigmate; and if you looks out I dare zay you'll zoon zee zum in the shop-winders, wi tickuts on't marked, "Humanaty Beeaconn—Kill'd Under Clorifarm—Tenpence Farden a Pound."

"I be, Mr. Punch, your Respectful umble Sarvunt,

"Milbrook, Dec. 1, 1857.

"CLEMENT FATSTOCK."

PROGRESS OF CIVILISATION.

THERE is an imitation of *Punch* regularly published at Turin.

There is to be a *Punch*, also, in St. Petersburg.

The latter, at all events, will be a novelty, though we can hardly understand "Wit dancing a hornpipe in fetters." Our vanity will not allow us to believe that *Punch* will be any the better for being "bound in Russia," and for having clasps put by the Censorship to each volume! However, the two facts above are highly promising. As the world grows more civilised, we shall next hear of *Punch* appearing, as a second Pasquin at Rome, or at Naples, perhaps; and who knows but we may yet see a *Punch* in Paris, appearing every week with large caricatures right under the nose of LOUIS NAPOLEON? It is the one remaining beauty that Paris wants, to be perfect.

Lord P.'s Last.

LORD PALMERSTON said rather a neat thing to Mr. *Punch* at the Reform Club, last Tuesday, about a quarter before three P.M. Mr. *Punch* was urging him to give something better than a baronetcy to SIR HENRY HAVELOCK. "He ought to have all possible honours," said Mr. *Punch*, "here, the man has won nine battles." "That's just it," said PALMERSTON, "at Nine, honours don't count." "Let's liquor," said Mr. *Punch*.

"IS OLD DOUBLE DEAD?"

INDIA's and England's Governments must mingle:
We'll win the Indian Rubber by a Single.

PUNCH'S IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS.

MR. BENJAMIN DISRAELI AND VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.



Lord P. MR. DISRAELI! A most welcome visitor. Pray sit here, near the fire.

Mr. D. I thank your lordship. Oriental blood is warm enough anywhere. First, apologising for this intrusion upon a political adversary, and a much occupied statesman—

Lord P. Who in either capacity is always happy and honoured in a conference with the most remarkable of modern Chancellors of Exchequer.

Mr. D. (*bows, coldly.*) I postpone accepting your lordship's compliment until destiny shall have permitted me really to develop the financial ideas of which my LORD DERBY's tenure of office allowed me but to ventilate a sample. I have called to talk to you about India.

Lord P. As I have said, I am always honoured and happy to see you; but if there were one subject more than another on which I had rather not be talked to, it would be that infernal Peninsula.

Mr. D. Be not afraid. I am not about to condemn or to instruct. I am not even about to compliment you on the neat trick by which you demolished the Indian reformers, and by causing it to be proclaimed that the Company was to go down, when nothing was further from your intentions, you prevented their meetings and combinations.

Lord P. A trifle. It might have been done better, but it succeeded.

Mr. D. I am not about to submit to you my views in regard to the future administration of India. Those you will hear in the proper place.

Lord P. And, I am sure, with pleasure.

Mr. D. I have no such surety; but we are both too old to care about pleasure.

Lord P. *Puer Hebræus!* I was taking my M.A. degree about the time when you were baptised—or whatever it was that made you the excellent Christian you are.

Mr. D. And your lordship is a judge of orthodoxy. My mission to-day is to make a few inquiries, to which, in all probability you will feel it desirable to make evasive replies.

Lord P. Not improbable.

Mr. D. I am quite aware that I have no right to make them.

Lord P. I trust that you will not adopt the novel course of letting that fact stand in your way.

Mr. D. *Distinguo*, as the Jesuits say. In the House I claim a right to be as impertinent as I please. Here, we meet as gentlemen and men of the world. I shall scarcely be offended if you tell me nothing, and of what you do tell me I shall make what use may suit me.

Lord P. *De deux maux il faut choisir le moindre*, and I am less alarmed at your oratory than your epigrams.

Mr. D. Do you know why my LORD CANNING gagged the Indian Press?

Lord P. He never did any such thing.

Mr. D. Right. It was the English Press in India.

Lord P. Do you want a House of Commons answer? If so, the GOVERNOR-GENERAL, Sir, in the exercise of his discretion, of which no public servant ever had more, or employed it more judiciously, deemed it expedient to repress, by special means adapted to the circumstances, —eh? Oh, you don't want a House of Commons answer? Well, the civilians hated the journalists, and eagerly pounced on an opportunity of serving them out; so CANNING was badgered into the work under pretence that the papers did mischief.

Mr. D. Just so. But why did he not interfere with the native press. Was it not matter of notoriety that the little beastly Indian papers, besides containing all sorts of indecency, were constantly publishing barefaced sedition?

Lord P. The missionaries brought the fact under LORD CANNING's notice, but you could not expect him to attend to missionaries.

Mr. D. But people about him could read. Did not the *Doorbin*

publish in Calcutta a proclamation, under LORD CANNING's very nose, calling on the natives to rise.

Lord P. And it was prosecuted.

Mr. D. After an indignant demand that could not be resisted, and what then? The CHIEF JUSTICE, the old new son-in-law of the philo-sepoy, MR. GRANT, took a verdict of guilty against the conductors and fined them—one rupee. Does your Lordship know how much a rupee is?

Lord P. Two bob.

Mr. D. I congratulate you on your general information. This was the only native paper that LORD CANNING touched, though the others were carrying all over the country seditious news and encouragement to the mutineers.

Lord P. Lor!

Mr. D. Not that he was ignorant of the state of the case, for in June he called the native papers "poisoned weapons," and then had the effrontery to say that he saw "no solid standing-ground" upon which a line could be drawn, separating the white editors from the black ones.

Lord P. By Jove!

Mr. D. But now notice, while the poisoned weapons were let alone, how savagely the English papers were treated. Do you know why the *Friend of India*, always the thick and thin upholder of the Company, was "warned?"

Lord P. Tell us.

Mr. D. Because, in the owner's absence it was confided to an editor who had occasionally touched up the civilians. So he was touched up for a perfectly harmless article on the "Centenary of Plassy," and the paper was threatened with suspension for another harmless article, but forgiven on condition of the dismissal of the new editor.

Lord P. Sharp practice.

Mr. D. Nothing. The *Bangalore Herald* was actually put down for reprinting the "Centenary of Plassy" before its editor knew of the warning to the *Friend*. The *Madras Athenæum* was only warned for the same crime.

Lord P. Smart practice.

Mr. D. Well, the *Akyab Advertiser* was suppressed without any reason at all being assigned, the Commissioner simply refusing the license.

Lord P. Saves trouble, that sort of thing.

Mr. D. Very true. And then there was a general crusade. The *Madras Examiner* was warned for saying that the Madras Government had recommended the removal of a Government agent at Chepauk, for oppression. The *Dacca News* was warned for a legal article on the Tenure of Land by Europeans. All the Arracan circulars were suppressed, though they have no more politics than prices current. And the *Hurkaru* was suppressed for some sarcasms, but the fiercest sarcasm came from the Government against itself; for, my Lord being afraid that such an act would rouse the London press, the veto was taken off the day before the mail left for England.

Lord P. I call that neat, but not gaudy, as the First Whig said when he painted his tail sky-blue.

Mr. D. The *Poonah Observer* and the *Calcutta Englishman* were warned for reprinting an article from the *London Press*.

Lord P. In praise of yourself?

Mr. D. No. That paper may have its own reasons for estimating highly the merits of the humble individual before you, and in some eyes this may weaken its influence, but its Indian articles are admirable.

Lord P. Well, my dear MR. DISRAELI, you were going to 'make some inquiries. At present you have done nothing but give me information.

Mr. D. I want to know how LORD CANNING's three friends in the Cabinet mean to defend him. He has but three—you, who always defend your subordinates; GRAYVILLE, who has his own reasons for admiring CANNING; and ARGYLL, who is a very nice little duke, but knows nothing of the subject?

Lord P. *Quis vituperavit?*

Mr. D. I intend to do it, and in earnest. And I mean also to ask why, when the Calcutta people volunteered to arm, by which means the Calcutta soldiers could have been released, and sent up to save Cawnpore and Lucknow, they were all snubbed and rejected, though now that they have insisted on arming, LADY CANNING is sent down to present colours, and is received in sullen silence.

Lord P. Ah! don't work that subject too much.

Mr. D. No, but I'll work it enough. And incidentally, to show the sweet affection felt for the natives, I shall ask why, when some Mahometans went into one of the Homes of Refuge set up by the Calcutta people for the poor refugees, and when these Mahometans insulted the women, Government neither hanged nor flogged the scoundrels, but, so far as is known, let them go unpunished?

Lord P. I fear you are revengeful.

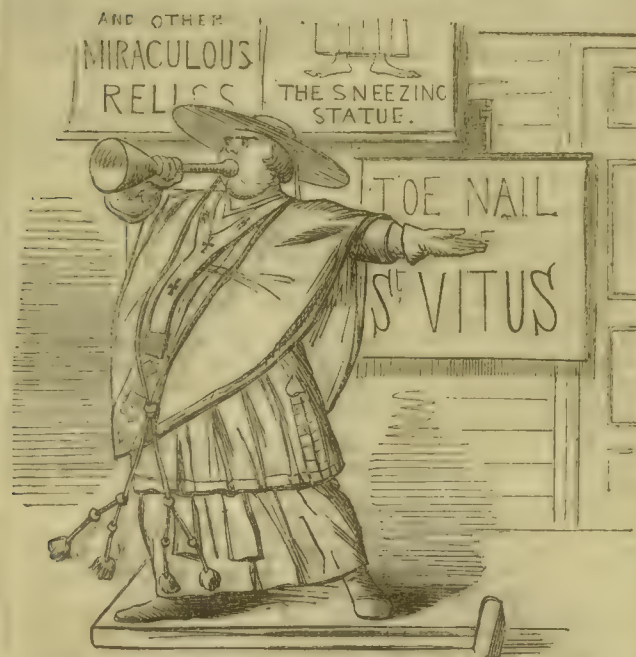
Mr. D. I flatter myself that I am. Well, look out. CANNING is a weak creature, alternately obstinate and helpless, and I know that he was bullied into crushing the Press by HALLIDAY, the Lieutenant

Governor, but his lordship needed not insult it also. LOUIS NAPOLEON don't do that. As I have said, look out; for though you have secured and silenced a good many Englishmen who know the truth, and could make you feel, you have neither secured nor silenced Mr. [Exit.]

Lord P. Confound him! He said he came to inquire, and he has inquired nothing. If he has got up the whole case as well as this specimen, it may be awkward. Deuced rum thing of him to come here making that shillaballoo! By Jove! By Jove, I shouldn't wonder if—

[Considers for eleven minutes whether he will offer Mr. DISRAELI VERNON SMITH's place, and finally decides that he will not.]

MIRACLE-MONGERY.



Writing from Vienna the Own Correspondent of the *Times* informs us that—

"ANTHONY ERNEST, the Lord Bishop of Brünn, has just edified the faithful in this empire by announcing that 'the oil of ST. WALBURGA' possesses miraculous powers. The Right Rev. Shepherd does not inform his flock what kind of fluid the oil in question is, but he certifies that a girl in an institution kept by 'the Daughters of Christian Charity' did on a certain day kiss a bottle containing the aforesaid oil, and was immediately cured of an inflammation of the eyes, which was so violent that she was almost blind. The Bishop was so much struck by this, that he ordered the Daughters of Christian Charity for ever to keep holy the 7th of November, that being the day on which 'the miracle' was performed. It is said that some heretical writer in Germany has dared to call the Daughters of Christian Charity in Brünn imposters, and the VERY REV. ANTHONY ERNEST a credulous old gentleman."

Although we certainly admit that we put no faith in the miraculous oil of ST. WALBURGA, and that as for its ophthalmic properties, we regard them in effect as being all our eye, still we cannot quite agree with the unnamed German heretic in viewing the Lord Bishop as a simply "credulous old gentleman." We believe, indeed, to use a somewhat free expression, that his lordship is in fact a rather deep old file. With our knowledge of the ways in which the Romans "do" at Rome, and why their pictures wink at Rimini, and how their miracle-machinery is generally worked, we are pretty well convinced, that if the Christian Daughters of Brünn Charity have been guilty of imposture, the very good and saint-like ANTHONY has helped to do the trick. We may depend that his certificate of their eye-healing oil was the result not of credulity, but of preconcerted dodgery. Money being tight, the Sisters were perhaps in struggles with their banker: and hit upon the oil as a means to bring "the faithful" to their Christian Institution, where, of course, all comers have to pay their footing. Having worked their miracle, the next thing they required was to advertise the fact—and no doubt by offering the good Bishop a percentage of their profits, they succeeded in engaging him to make the matter public. We regard his "announcement" therefore as a puff, and in no way as a symptom of delusion or credulity. It being to his interest to bring the eye-specific into popular demand, he makes it his business to exhort his blind believers, in the blindness of their faith, to go and try the articles. His certificate, in fact, is just a parallel to those which are furnished by LORD HOLLOAWAY and other vouchers of quack nostrums; and we should recommend, that when the oil of ST. WALBURGA is

advertised in Austria, the announcement should be decorated with a portrait of the Bishop, represented in the act of kissing a quart bottle, and exclaiming in German the equivalent for, "Ha! ha! Cured in an instant!"

We suppose if BISHOP ANTHONY's certificate is ascertained to draw, the example will be followed elsewhere on the Continent, and all the getters-up of miracles; and dealers in infallible specifics for the faithful, will retain a special Bishop as their advertising agent, and set down his "announcements" among their trade expenses. The dodge of the Brünn Daughters in getting their oil certified by a father of the Church will be copied to a certainty by all traders in such nostrums; and doubtless the chief miracle-mongery establishments will offer premiums for the best episcopal advertisement; and in the rivalry of trade, perhaps will find it pay to keep a Bishop on their premises; to certify to customers the genuineness of their wares. Pushing men of business in the quack miracle and medicine line will get episcopal assistance in penning their trade circulars; and with all the unctuousness of language which a Bishop can command, will announce their latest novelties and invite inspection of their stock. The patentees of any Sainted Hair Oil or Holy all-my-Eye Snuff will pay a prelate to attest that he has had his "Baldness Removed," by thirteen bottles of the one, and his eyesight restored by nineteen pinches of the other: and, as usual, his certificate will end with the logical requirement, that the patentees will kindly forward him another large supply of their infallible specifics.

With but very little stretch of our ecnouthetical imagination, we can fancy, if the dodge of these Brünn Sisters is found to be successful, that dealers in old relics will copy their address, and make use of the same means to advertise their treasures. We can readily imagine that the spirited proprietors of old-church curiosity shops would not shrink from posting placards outside their establishments, headed by a picture of their certifying Bishop, with an adjuration in their language to, "Look here! This is the right Shop!" The fortunate possessors of the toe-nails of ST. VITUS might give episcopal warranty that those articles were genuine, and any wholesale dealer in the corners of good ST. LIMPA might similarly certify the truth of their extraction. Following the lead of the Sisterhood of Brünn, the bottler of ST. BLUBBA's tears might get a prelate's voucher that his goods were unadulterated, and sound in preservation: and a Bishop might be paid for announcing to the faithful, that the holders had some remnants of the wardrobe of ST. FILTHUS, and that there were still to be obtained a few remaining hairs of the left whisker of ST. HIRSUTE.

The keepers of church peep-shows might resort to the same means of making known their treasures. In their charges to their flocks, Bishops might continually make announcement of the fact, that the exhibition of the Bleeding Statue was still open to believers: and that crowds were still attracted daily to the interesting show of ST. DOMINGO's hair-shirt. Due notice might in this way be episcopally given of the days on which a picture would next condescend to wink, and of the small charge which had been fixed for the admission; and in short whatever exhibitions were opened to the faithful, recourse might be had to episcopal persuasion, as an inducement to church sight-seers to come and be let in there. We confess we might ourselves be tempted to a peep-show where a Bishop was on hire to officiate as touter, and stood on the outside bawling through a speaking-trumpet words which in his language were equivalent to "Walk up! Honly thr-r-r-r-uppence heah!"

We have no wish to waste space in the conjecture of remote and improbable fortuities; but if ever England should become a Roman Catholic dominion, and the oil of ST. WALBURGA be in demand among our doctors as a remedy for blindness (events of about equal likelihood to happen), we may expect that the Brünn Sisters will, in their Christian charity, appoint some agent to supply it. Purchasers, of course, would have to bear the cost attending exportation: but in spite of this enhancement of the price of the specific, a sufficiently brisk sale might no doubt be commanded, if the Sisters' course of puffing were judiciously pursued. Just to start with, they perhaps would content themselves with advertising "FIFTY MILLION CURES:" every one of which, of course, might be personally certified by the right reverend prelate whom they paid to do so. Should CARDINAL WISEMAN be living at the time, his Eminence perhaps might find it worth his while to undertake the office, for which, indeed, his knowledge of the English language (as proved in his late letters to the *Times*) most admirably fits him.

Not being of "the faithful," we own that we have small belief ourselves in the oil of ST. WALBURGA: and regard the miracles it works as merely optical delusions, which only eyes that are blind with superstition cannot see through. In fact we should not mind confessing, were we privately examined, that if any day be ever set apart in England for the use of this specific, we think it should be, not the Seventh of November, but the First of April.

THE VALUE OF HEALTH.—A good constitution is like a money-box—the full value of it is never properly known until it is broken.

A GENTLEMAN WITH A GRIEVANCE.



O the Heddittur of Punch—horfice aty five feat Street.

"ONERD SUR,

"HAVE got a Bone to pick with this ere MOUNSEER JULYUN which i finds youve bin and guv of him a vipe the other day, So peraps youl b so good As fur to let me give Another. you See Sur this ere MOUNSEER J. E ave bin a givin of a Bal leastways so e calls it, fokes as isnt Furriners ginrelly says Bawl—and as me and BIL SCOGGINS wich you know is fiting name's the *Smitin Spider* was told as all the Fashnabbles wood probable be thare in korse we thought as ow the party wooden be Komplete without Hus. So you must no Sir ve cuts away herly from a spin as ve vos avin with the Gloves at JEMMY NIGHTSHADES and ailing of a Ansum ve purchased horf ful split to ER MADJSTY'S Theaytre weer the bawl was bein eld. But ven as ve Got there wot d'ye think Sur as them coves as take the tikkets ad the Check to do, Y they sed as how they coont hadmit of us at no price—cos we wornt in proper Toggery! which I on em pints out to our hatention this year speshle notice as were Stuck hup at the pay ole and ad bin put E sed in all the Tizements of the bawl wich ide notished it myself in the kollums of the *Hera*—

"No one will be admitted except in evening dress or fancy costume. This regulation will be strictly adhered to."

"A course tworn no use harguifying of it vith them fellers, wich there was krushers andy or BIL SCOGGINS e'd So got is. Monkey hup that e'd ave tried if fizzle force of hargymint wouldn ave persuaded of em as hour Togs was hall serene. my Mawleys was a hitching halso fur to ave a crack at sum of them chaps nuts and if them krushers adnt ad their Ise on us i dont say as i mitent, jist ave guv a few on em a tap upon the Konk. fur i jest puts it to you mister heddittur wot BIL and Me in wot you may call right down reglar Fancy costume? Vy ve vos heach on us, toggged out in reggilar Fancy style wiz: vite Top Coats vith muther 6 purl buttings bottle green Gutaways vith hornamental glass dittos red welwet wests hand Spicy tight cord kickys blue birdseye fogle and vite castors vith black crape on em. If that aint Fancy dress peraps MOUNSEER JULYUN ull tell a cove wot is. And perhaps eel forrud BIL and me the 2 arfguineas as we'd paid a week beforeand fur our tikkets, vith a trifle fur to compensate fur the Hinjry to our Krakters in bein stopped as ve vos in the P's of all the public.

"Awatun your reply leastways MOUNSEER JULYUNS i remane mister heddittur your most obeejunt Savvnt to comand

"SAM BLOBBINS

"wich my fiting Halias is the *Shopping Stammer* & incallunty be cared on at the Kow & Kowcumber Flash street A market."

GOOD-NATURED THOUGHTS.

BY A STUPID HARMLESS FELLOW.

It is not generous to blame Youth for the follies of young men. Good wives, like filberts, will remain good for a long time. It all depends upon the care you take of them, and how you rubsand them.

Supposing Experience does not give us new habits, it teaches us at all events to hide the holes in these we have.

Sold worth is often found in a rough outside. Sovereigns roll repeatedly out of an old stocking.

When a friend is sinking, Hope is like the Anchor that the Deal pilots take out to a ship in distress, and we should all volunteer in carrying it to him.

It is unkind to boast of the English Constitution in the presence of Foreigners. Invalids never exactly like to hear a strong man bragging about his health.

The loss of a joyful maison is always a painful thing. It is like a child looking at *Clown* after he has washed his face.

A surly reception from a debtor raises a pleasing hope of payment!

If we only said one half of the witty things that, on reflection, we feel we might, and ought to, have said, what clever fellows we should be!

We have often seen a cow part with her milk in the most patient manner, and then turn round, and upset the pail. It reminds us always of a generous action gracefully done!

HORRORS OF ENTOMOLOGY.

WHEN SHAKSPEARE tells you, by the mouth of *Hamlet*, that there are more things in Heaven and Earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy, he tells you a little more than what people generally consider. In Earth, he says, as well as in Heaven, there are more things than any of which your philosophy dreams. How accurate was the insight from which he spoke, is proved by steam, gas, railways, the electrotrope, the electric telegraph, the photograph, and other wonders which have turned up since his day. The case of *Granville v. Pugh* is also a case in point. DR. GRANVILLE leaves his house free from bugs; MR. PUGH immediately enters it, and finds it swarming with them.—Whence came the insects? A marvel closely similar has occurred simultaneously. Prodiges like misfortunes, never come single. Among the news of the week we read that:—

"At one of the recent meetings of the Entomological Society, MR. WESTWOOD exhibited a new species of Flea, of a monstrous size, which had first previously been found in a bed at Gateshead. This imperial bloodsucker is twenty times larger than the common flea."

The theory of the Transmigration of Souls might account for the development of this imperial flea: but this is a heresy. But to what degree may not this kind of development proceed, for aught we know? To what dimensions may not a flea-bite attain? What is to prevent the development of a flea as big as a common flea looks when magnified by the oxy-hydrogen microscope? Are we secure against the occurrence of fleas each large enough to eat up a whole man, and requiring the prowess of a St. George or a More of More Hall to destroy it, or the aid of a 48-pounder to crack it effectually?



FLOWERS FROM LE FOLLET.

AMONG other particulars of "Fashions for December" our papilionaceous contemporary informs the ladies that—

"Square low bodies for dinner-dresses are more in request than the low body of the ball-dress."

Square low bodies. My Gracious! "Oh!" Fancy a low square-body in any dress. How very plain! And a low body in a ball-dress would be a perfect fright—wouldn't it?

The softer sex is also presented with the following information:—

"It is said that some of our *déjantés* intend to introduce the fashion of wearing natural flowers in the hair this winter. We hope it will not prove mere rumour, as no work of art can compare with that of nature." Such a coiffure must, of course, be very *recherché*, but it will necessarily be very expensive."

Oh, My! Natural flowers in the hair in December!—won't they be nice? In the summer one wouldn't care about them—but at Christmas they will be—oh!—so very, very pretty. Very likely they will be a little dead, but law, what signifies?—and so much the better for the frozen-out gardeners and people out of employ.

N.B. The above comments are all fancy. Mr. Punch merely imagines that he hears them. It may be very true that he is a goose.

THE "F(R)ONS ET ORIGO" OF A STEREOSCOPE PORTRAIT.—Two Heads are better than one.

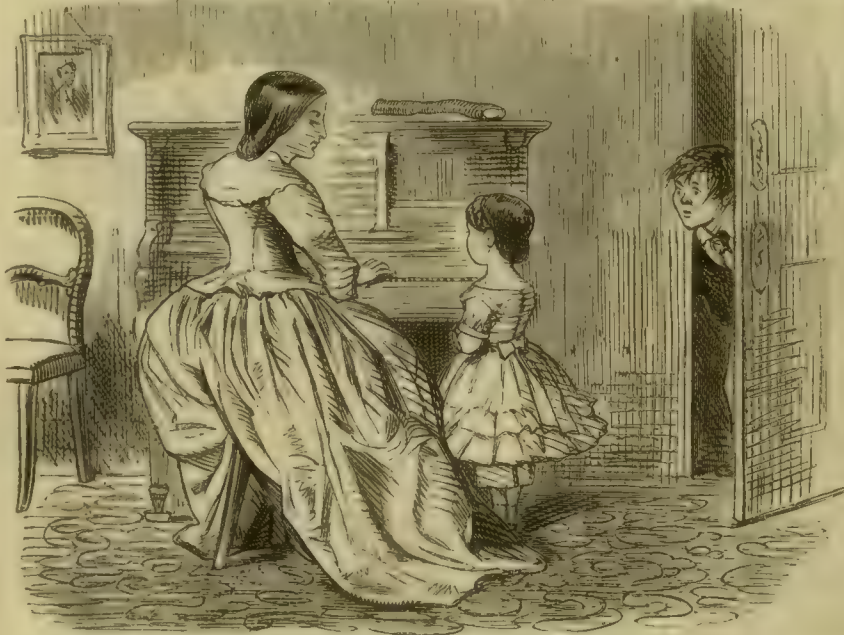
THE QUESTION BEFORE THE HOUSE.—Dry as the Monetary Debates may be deemed, they relate to a subject of immense interest.

"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS."



THE TENT.

Podgers Quintus. "Oh! here's a box o' Lucifers, let's make a fire inside."



Podgers Secundus. "Oh, come up-stairs, Katey, and play 'Soldiers in the Crimea' with us, and (sotto voce) we've got such a stunnin' Tent."

Eldost Miss P. "There, you may go and play with your brothers now, Katey, and don't get into mischief."

THE STRONG-MINDED WOMAN'S CLUB.

CERTAIN Blue-stockings met together to establish a club. Everything was ready—pounds of tea had been ordered in. FANNY FERN was to have taken the chair on the opening-night; when lo and behold! the Committee quarrelled, and the club, in one dark moment, was broken "to little bits." It seems they could not agree as to "WHETHER GENTLEMEN SHOULD BE ADMITTED INTO THE SMOKING-ROOM?" The Blue-Stockings have been at scissors drawn ever since.

SERENADE FOR THE SESSION.

HERE'S Parliament met in December!
What a nuisance to many a member!
Sad abbreviation
Of their short vacation!
For that began hard on September.

THE QUEEN must have had a strong reason
For thus, at this present odd season,
The Houses convoking,
In haste hot and smoking,
But the matter is less than high treason.

For a breach of our mere Constitution,
In order to stop prosecution,
The breakers, confession
Have made of transgression,
And wish to receive absolution.

No doubt 'twill be readily granted;
They having no error recanted:
They will freely be shriven,
And fully forgiven,
When all the great spouters have ranted.

Necessity governed their action,
They had to remove a contraction,
Which commerce entangled,
And soon would have strangled;
They won't have to make satisfaction.

Constraint made them break the Bank Charter,
Which nearly had brought us to barter;
It must have been broken,
When all shall have spoken,
Will be owned in almost every quarter.

But oh! what a deal of debating,
Of mouthing, and preaching, and prating,
Of frothy oration,
And vague declamation,
The matter in hand are awaiting!

LORD DERBY will flow like an ocean,
On amendment as well as on motion,
DISRAELI speak columns,
And GLADSTONE talk volumes,
Devoid of a sensible notion.

For nights will the farce be repeated,
The question confusedly treated,
With cheers and with laughter,
The orators after,
Each joke and each common-place greeted.

And many a diligent crammer,
Statistics and figures will hammer;
And some, approbation,
Will earn by quotation,
From Eton's profound Latin Grammar.

So let us sing, "Ut sunt Divorum,
Mars, Bacchus, Apollo; virorum"—
And "Effodiuntur"
Those "opes" which (sunt) are
Our "irritamenta malorum."

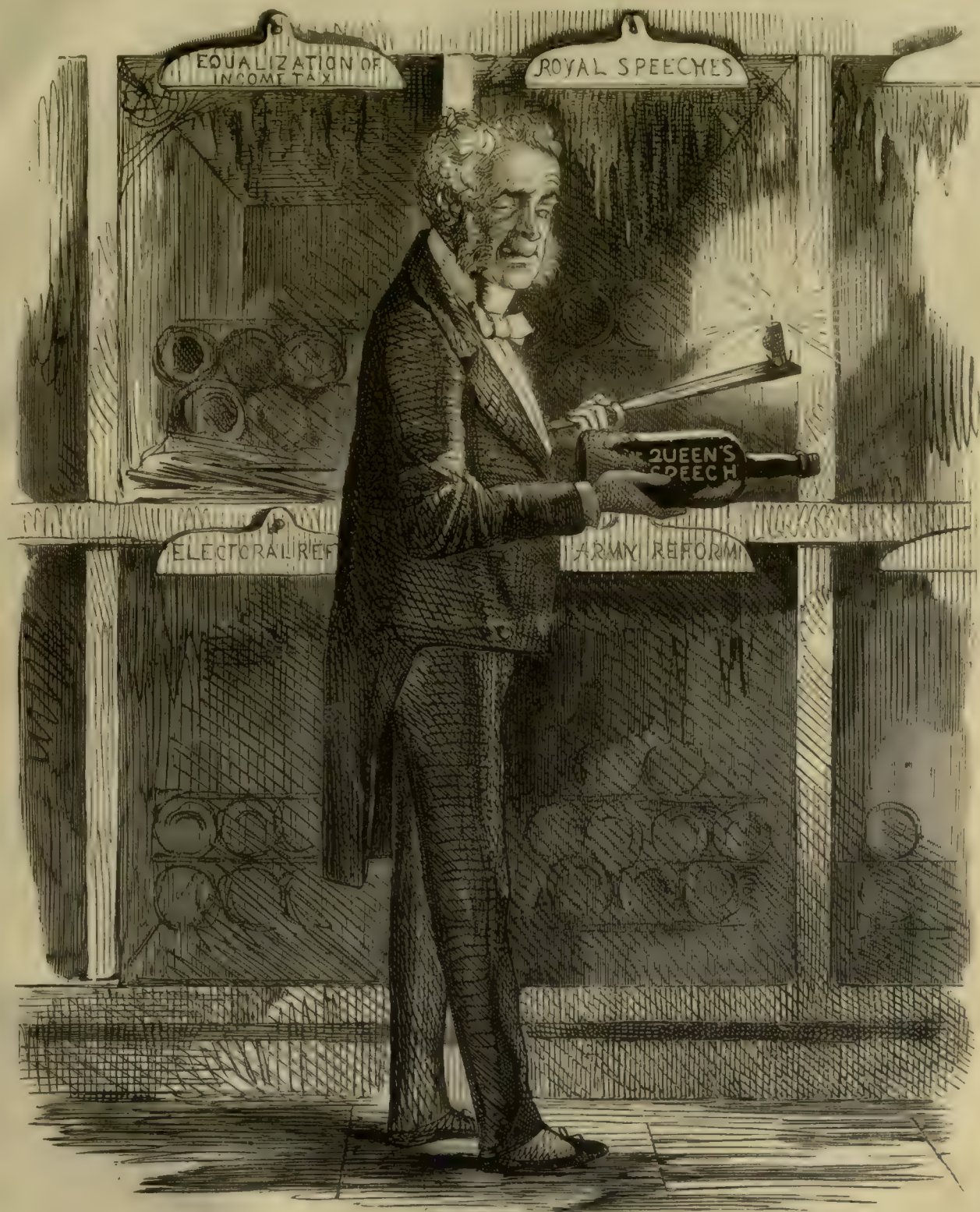
VERY SORRY TO HEAR IT.

IN the last theatrical news from New York we read an announcement evidently intended to be complimentary, but which does not speak well for the kind of entertainments patronised by the Americans.

"At 444 Broadway are NAGLE'S Juvenile Comedians. Here 28 children play light pieces in a manner to put their elders to the blush."

We are extremely sorry, and think that the sooner the 444 is shut up and the 28 well whipped, the better.

INFALLIBLE SIGN OF THE NEAR APPROACH OF CHRISTMAS.—The annual prize has been awarded to PRINCE ALBERT'S Pig.



THE STATE BUTLER

Gets up Another Bottle of Fine Old Smoke.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



THURSDAY, 3rd December, 1857. **UNCLE SAM** called the Britishers' Congress together. Yes, sirs! We will explain presently.

To-day **HER MAJESTY** "opened Parliament," as the newspapers say, talking of Parliament as if it were an oyster, to be opened for its pearls of wisdom. The Royal Speech was singularly ungrammatical, which

was of course not the fault of the **QUEEN**, who is bound by the Constitution to accept **LORD PALMERSTON**'s false concords and **LORD PANMURE**'s rum relatives (**DOWN** included), nor was the objectionable English to be charged to the Minister's Secretary, who drew up the Speech, which was spoiled by the interlunations of such Members of the Cabinet as the **PREMIER** would allow to see the document. For instance, the first paragraph halts thus:—

"Circumstances have recently arisen connected with the commercial interests of the country, which have induced me to call Parliament together before the usual time."

The **QUEEN**, when left to herself, always knows and expresses her own mind, and would not have left it in doubt whether it were the "circumstances" or the "interests" which induced her to summon Parliament. The Secretary had written:—

"I have been induced by circumstances, &c."

But **LORD CRANWORTH** made such a fuss about beginning with what he called a good long word, that he was allowed to make the above null, thereby disloyally assimilating the **QUEEN**'s style to his own. However, the matter is not of much consequence.

The Speech referred to the following subjects:—

- Suspension of the Bank Act.
- Manufacturers' distress.
- India, and our Heroes.
- Indian affairs generally.
- Peace in Europe.
- Evacuation of Herat.
- Estimates.
- Parliamentary Reform.
- Property and Criminal Law Reform.
- Wisdom of **HER MAJESTY**'s audience.

The ceremony was made interesting by the introduction of a little sentiment into it. The Royal young lovers, **PRINCE FREDERICK** and our **PRINCESS** were present (by the way, *Mr. Punch* begs to thank **FREDERICK** for his handsome gift of £160 to the Indian fund) and the people along the line of procession and elsewhere were quite enthusiastic at the sight of the illustrious couple. In other respects, everything was much as usual.

The debates on the Address occupied the Lords until 11, and the Commons until 7'45. **LORD PORTMAN** and **LORD CAREW** were the echoes in the Upper House, and **LORD DERBY**, of course, cavilled at nearly every point in the Address, and gave it his cordial vote. The orator was really eloquent on the deeds of our soldiers in India, and amusingly sarcastic on the general misdoings of Ministers. He gave a good poke at **LORD PALMERSTON** for his declaration, at the Mayor's dinner, that we were ready to fight anybody in Europe; the fact being that, according to **LORD PALMERSTON** himself, there was nobody in Europe who had the least idea of fighting us. [By the way, it was unlucky that a police case, in which "**JOHN PALMERSTON**," charged with firing a pistol in the middle of the night, near the Monument, urged that it was quite an aimless demonstration, had not occurred, to help **LORD DERBY** to a capital hit.] **THE EARL** wanted to know what had become of China, and whether, as threatened last year, we had broken her up as **MR. QUILP**, shipbreaker, broke his ships, namely, so very small that nothing could be seen of her? He walked into the unfortunate **CANNING** and the Indian Government, and was not much more civil to the Government at home. He was for a discriminating but tremendous vengeance on the Indian miscreants, for whom killing was too good, and a long life of humiliations and labour in chains would be a fitter punishment. Finally, he laughed at **LORD PALMERSTON**, the Great Reformer, who was now roaring for reform "like a sucking-dove," and the Earl affected to want to see the Reform Bill as soon as possible. To him **GRANVILLE**, who had not much to say, except that the Bank Act was not to be altered, but that an Indemnity was to be taken, and the subject referred to a Committee. This intimation incensed **LORD GREY**, who thought that an Act which had to be suspended whenever its stringency was inconvenient was a nullity.

LORD MERCATOR (OVERSTONE) was for letting everybody go to ruin or not, just as might happen, provided his system were adhered to. Heaps of people might smash, but the storm would clear the air. **LORD EGLINTON** took a less philosophical and more merciful view. **LORD MONTEAGLE** then rose, and of course we went away.

Be it recorded that **LORD MACAULAY** took the oaths and his seat. **LORD PUNCH** had thoughts of introducing his friend, but **LORD CAMPBELL**, who fancies himself a kind of historian (*MISS STRICKLAND* concurring), was desirous to do so, and **LORD PUNCH** goodnaturedly gave way. The other godfather was **LORD BELPER** (*MR. STURTT*), who was good enough to remain awake long enough to see **LORD MACAULAY** through the oaths, for what will not friendship do?

In the Commons, **MR. WYKEHAM MARTIN** (in clothes he looked uncommon smart in) moved the Address, but **MR. ARROLD**, of Huddersfield, was rather an Irish kind of second, and took a shot at his principal. Of manufacturers' distress, **MR. ARROLD** by no means spoke in the easy hopeful way belittling an echo, but as one who had seen and sympathised. **MR. DISRAELI** then helped the House, very agreeably, through a considerable portion of the evening, and fired off some neat epigrams and nicknames. His success was in part attributable to his having had all the preceding evening to study the Speech, and get up *improvisus* against it. For he and **LORD DERBY** gave no dinners, but while the Ministers (like the English at Hastings), passed the eve of battle in songs and feasting, the Opposition (like the Normans), spent it in religious exercises. Copies of the Speech were duly and courteously sent by Ministers, as usual, to the hostile leaders, but there were no Tory dinner-parties to discuss the manifesto. So a better harangue was got out of **DIZZY** than if he had been asked by **WALPOLE**, **HENLEY**, and such like "to stick *that*," (meaning the other's last dinner-table stupidity) into his speech." **MR. D.** begged hard to have the Reform Bill at once, but **PAM** laughed, and told him that he would, **P.** hoped, spend his Christmas more pleasantly than in culinary experiments upon the Ministerial goose.

Friday. **LORD SHAPTESBURY** proposing a plan for preventing parochial persons from prohibiting promiscuous preaching in their parishes [the writer is open to an engagement for composing any Christmas play-bill] was furiously assailed by **SAMUEL** of the Stalwart Legs, who actually charged him with "indecentcy." **LORD GRANVILLE** thought such language rather objectionable. **LORD ELLENBOROUGH** gave notice of an elephantine charge upon the Government in the matter of India, and if disagreeable things can be said on the subject, *Mr. Punch* has every confidence in **ELLENBOROUGH**'s saying them.

MR. MONCKTON MILES demanded to know what was to be done with those *Cives Romani*, the English engineers in the foul keeping of **KING BOMBA**. **LORD PALMERSTON** did not seem to think that they had much to complain of now (a significant word) and said that we could not prevent their being tried by Neapolitan law. We only hope that he has given orders to our nearest Admiral that they shall not be found guilty.

We incline to think that a certain Cat then looked, if she did not leap, out of a certain Bag.

MR. PACKE, Conservative member for S. Leicestershire, said on the report of the Address, that the Speech from the Throne *promised no Reform Bill*. The words were—

"Your attention will be called to the laws which regulate the representation of the people in Parliament, with a view to consider what amendments may be safely and beneficially made therein."

This vague intimation **MR. PACKE** contrasted with the language of the Speech, when Bills ready for production were spoken of. "Measures will be submitted for your consideration." He expounded that the Ministerial statement meant anything or nothing—perhaps a Committee to consider whether any and what reforms were wanted. If there were a Bill, it ought to be produced at once; and if it were not produced at once, but late, the Conservatives were not to be blamed should they refuse to consider it, except with due leisure.

Here every one of *Mr. Punch's* masculine readers will be kind enough to raise his forefinger, lay it to the side of his nose, wink, and then resume his usual gentlemanly behaviour. There are exigencies when the rules of politeness may be suspended, like those of the Bank.

SIR CORNEWALL LEWIS, Chancellor of the Exchequer, then spoke for about two hours. In two minutes, anybody, with *Mr. Punch's* aid, shall be master of the harangue. **PEEL**'s Act of 1844 was not intended as a panacea, but only to stop paper and panics. This last crisis had nothing to do with the Bank of England, but was the result of American Derangement, which had operated to make necessary a Suspension of the Act, and a meeting of Parliament to indemnify the suspenders. The smashed banks had gone, not on account of their notes, but of other liabilities, out of their legitimate line. **LORD PALMERSTON** having given leave, the Bank clerks were set to carry Two Millions out of the cellar into the parlour of the Bank, and the money was put into the big wine-cooler, to be ready, but the public had called for nothing like the amount. **SIR C.** asked for an Indemnity, and a Select Committee to inquire into the whole question. **MR. GLADSTONE** saw no sense in an inquiry which would come to

nothing, and he would prefer legislation. He said that the currency question had driven more people mad than love. [Want of currency has, Mr. Punch believes, especially as a man must be mad who makes love without it]. MR. SPOONER attributed the crisis to the Bank Act itself, and not at all to Popery. MR. GLYN did not, and being a banker, thought the Bank itself should have the relaxing power. MR. HENLEY charged the Act with having created a false system, founded on re-discounts, and inflated credit. LORD JOHN RUSSELL was so pleased with everything and everybody [being all cock-a-whoop at having the Jews handed over to him this year] that MR. DISRAELI had to rebuke him for "vague declamation," which greatly shocked BENJAMIN. He came out with one of his Bangs. This crisis arose, not from the mismanagement of the currency of England, but that of the capital of Europe. As Europe contains several capitals, it would have been better had he been more precise. But he soon stooped, and objected to the Ministers retaining so mighty a power as that of suspending the Act, because they might use it to oblige a rich supporter. This brought up SIR G. LEWIS again, and he explained that his Government had never promised support to some firm he mentioned—(OVERALLS AND JOURNEY or some such name—we never heard of them) whatever brag their manager might have uttered. He then said, that to pass this Indemnity Bill was the chief object of the early Session, and MR. DISRAELI courteously promised all the opposition in his power. So began the Little Session of 1857.



"Please, Sir, it's Mr. Stork, as 'as called with 'is Little Bill!'"

HIGH 'JINKS FOR THE HUMBLE CLASSES.

It will be cheering to our humbler readers, who peruse us at the parochial institution, or the unpretending public-house, to read the following quotation from the organ of the superior classes:—

"But one or two annual festivals are not enough for the hard-worked peasantry. Every Christmas and Twelfth-Night—every Easter and Whitsuntide, every Mid-summer and Michaelmas—should be marked by meetings of rich and poor together."

This looks very much as if there was a good time coming for ploughmen and carters. Their contemplated meetings will probably begin at Christmas. The landed nobility and gentry of most, if not all counties, and the dignified clergy, will, on the Christmas-Day and Twelfth-Day now approaching, invite their poorer neighbours, the hard-worked peasantry, to meet their richer neighbours, the farmers, millers, and maltsters, and the large grocers, tailors, and other respectable tradesmen and manufacturers in the adjacent towns. On that great festival these several classes will feast together, in various halls, on the usual old English fare. On Twelfth-Day, divers County Balls will be given at which all ranks will be invited to attend, at the expense of the higher. The solicitors and surgeons, among the rest of the lower orders, will then have an opportunity of dancing with the daughters of persons who are infinitely exalted above them by having a great deal to live upon, and nothing to do,

and by being the children of those who have lived in doing nothing for some generations. Curates as well as other poor people, will be invited to these entertainments; and if they do not dance at the Twelfth-Night County Balls, they can look on: and they may play at snap-dragon, and think of spiritualizing that amusement. To carry out these arrangements nothing more will be necessary than, in the rooms where they are to be given, to lay down cocoa-nut matting, so that the nails in the shoes of a large proportion of the guests may not tear up the carpets or scratch the floors.

SECURITY WANTED.

A City Horn.

O FREEDOM, for which I have sighed
So long, from the trammels of care!
Intestate a miser has died,
And I am his fortunate heir.
At last, independence is mine,
From fear I enjoy a release
Of ruin by others' design,
Misconduct, mistake, or caprice.

My eyes I can lift from the board
Before me abundantly spread,
No longer beholding the sword
Of DAMOCLES over my head.
My cheek on my pillow can lay
And around me my warm blanket draw,
Nor think when the workhouse, one day,
May grudge me a litter of straw.

My dwelling to furnish I dare,
With pictures my walls to adorn,
Nor ask myself how I shall fare,
Of all these possessions when shorn.
My home gay and cheerful appears,
With objects which gladden my sight,
No longer an irony leers
In all things that round me look bright.

Ay, now I can travel at ease,
At home if unwilling to stay,
Am able to go where I please,
Not being perplexed how to pay;
Have something to give or to lend,
Without a discouraging sense,
That I may from helping my friend,
My own parish put to expense.

And then I can hunt, fish, and shoot,
In peace, when for sport I'm inclined,
Or give to the higher pursuit
Of knowledge, my undisturbed mind;
Can strive to become good and wise,
And kinsfolk and neighbours to bless,
Not having, before my own eyes,
The spectre of want and distress.

That is, I could do all these things,
Misgiving remote from my breast,
My money—since riches have wings—
If I could but safely invest.
The title of land may be bad,
And tenants may fail of their rents.
Should taxes the people drive mad,
Then, what will ensure Three-per-Cents?

When boards of directors abound
With rogues, what concern can I trust?
I cannot tell rotten from sound,
I know not the thieves from the just;
Alas! I remain insecure,
A beggar's may still be my lot;
Confound it! I cannot make sure
Of keeping the money I've got.

THE PURCHASE SYSTEM.—After all, the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF is only a superior *Commission* Agent.

PROCTORS' PANTOMIME.



MR. Christmas-tide is coming; and, as the *Observer* would redundantly express it, "the note of preparation" is now sounding in our theatres, and their echoes are awakened by the 'busy hum' of labour that precludes the production of those pantomimic novelties, with which the 'festive season' is inaugurated annually within the walls of nearly every English Temple of THESPIA.

Now, we think a proctor on the stage in the part of *Clown* or *Pantaloon* would be as great a novelty as any audience on Boxing-night might reasonably expect: and that this appearance has been actually contemplated, a late passage in the *Daily News* induces us to guess. Under the fit heading of "A Scene in Court," the *Prerogative* reporter thus describes the rehearsal:—

"MR. CHARLES DYNELEY, the Senior Deputy-Registrar, had been admonished to be more guarded in his behaviour to Mr. Crosse in special, and to the profession generally. Last Court day Mr. DYNELEY delivered in a Memorial to the Judge, in which he made a formidable series of counter-complaints against various members of the proctorial body. No copy had, however, been delivered to Mr. Crosse, who was now assigned to answer the charge.

"SIR J. DOWSON, who presided, said that whatever complaint Mr. DYNELEY had to make must be made regularly, and he (SIR J.) would do the best he could to do justice between the parties. MR. DYNELEY'S conduct was really most unseemly.

"MR. DYNELEY. Unseemly! Surely I have a right to protect my character, after my 33 years of service?

"SIR J. DOWSON. Undoubtedly. But other persons have also a right to protect their characters."

It would seem that MR. DYNELEY'S notion of Protection is not dissimilar to that which not long since was entertained by our worthy agriculturists. *Tuat culum*—so long as Number One is safe. Number One is the only unit in the million to whom it is essential that protection be extended. 999,999 other folks may lose their characters, but MR. DYNELEY'S must, of course, at any cost be guarded.

What follows is however still more farcical and footlightish:—

"The learned Judge ordered MR. DYNELEY to furnish copies of his charges to all the parties concerned.

"MR. DYNELEY. Then I shall have to make nine statements, and how I am to conduct the business of my office in addition, I really do not know. MR. ORME has been laughing at me all the morning, and I beg therefore to read a passage from my memorial respecting him.

"SIR J. DOWSON refused to hear: nevertheless MR. DYNELEY persisted in reading the passage. It is he charged MR. ORME with having used the following words to him, in the presence of two clerks; 'I am about to retire from my profession, and my greatest satisfaction in doing so, is that I shall never have any further communication with you, you poor man, you unhappy wretch!' (Laughter.) MR. DYNELEY added—Don't think that I am at all a poor man; for I have my choices of receiving £1100 a year for doing nothing, or of receiving £2000 a year for the discharge of my office in the New Court. I consider that the whole of this affair is to deprive me of a position to which I have fairly earned a right. I feel myself peculiarly aggrieved by the proceedings of this day, and if I don't think proper to deliver the copy ordered by the Court, I shall take my own course.

"The painful discussion was then brought to a close."

The position to which this Senior Deputy Registrar has, in our opinion, "fairly earned a right," and of which we should regret assisting to deprive him, is a place upon "the boards," we will not say as *Clown*, but as *Comical Old Gentleman*. One hardly knows which quality to admire the most—his pathetic humour, or his persevering boreishness. Perhaps the greatest hit of his morning's performance was the way in which he turned from lamenting his distressed and over-worked condition, to attacking MR. ORME for smiling at his grief. The suddenness of the transition from pathos to malignity is really quite Robsonic; and the petulant refusal of the charge of being poor reminds us much of *Daddy Hardacre's* denial that he's rich. In his excitement MR. DYNELEY overlooked the little fact, that the poverty he had been taxed with was that of intellect, not pocket, and his letting out that he could choose between an income of £1100 a-year for doing literally nothing, and one of £2000 a-year for perhaps not doing much, we can but look at as a letting of the cat out of the blue bag, in which receptacle the animal, for proctorial reputation-sake, had best have been kept hidden.

A morning performance is in general, we think, a rather tame affair—but we regret that we missed witnessing the one we have described, for the "scene" must really have been quite as good as any play which

one can now-a-nights see acted. As it is, we must congratulate the body of proctors upon the histrionic talent which their Member has displayed, and we think with very little practice his "position" as a pantomimist might be lastingly secured. By devoting a half-hour or so daily to the study, the learned gentleman would soon acquire a knowledge of traditional stage-business, and climb to an acquaintance with the higher branches of the art. From the laughter-moving way in which he badgered MR. ORME, we have very little doubt that he would speedily succeed in bullying *Pantaloon* in the most risible of fashions; and seeing how he stirred up every one about him, it is clear he has a special aptitude for handling the hot poker.

WORDS TO THE UNWISE; OR, THE DONKEY'S DICTIONARY.

ADVICE. Generally consists, even when the giver is sincere, in recommending somebody else to imitate himself. One man tells another what he would do if he were in that other's place, instead of telling him what would be best for him, differently constated, to do in his own. Advice is very commonly mere dictation; the expression of a desire to control other people's inclinations and regulate their conduct. In reviewing our past career, we, in almost every instance, repent of having taken the advice we took, and rejoice for not having taken that which we rejected. Medical advice is of dubious value, and advice *gratis* is not worth what it is offered for. Little dependence can be placed on any advice but that of a respectable solicitor.

BANTER. Is the polite and playful expression of contempt. It is the conversation of gentlemen who despise one another. Nobody dares to banter the QUEEN, or a judge on the bench, or anybody that he fears. The objects of banter are usually those on whom it can, or gentlemen think that it can, be practised with impunity. Banter tires a philosopher as reasonable conversation bores a fool. To rid yourself of the plague of banter you must retort it, but in the retaliation of banter care should be taken to return insult for insult in an elegant and pleasant manner.

CHAFF. "Who ate puppy-pie under Marlow Bridge?" is an example of chaff, as oftentimes addressed to Thames bargemen. Chaff, between blackguards is what banter is between gentlemen. It is the reciprocal raillery of cads and rascals. "Where were you last night?" and "Who stole ducks?" may be taken as popular instances of chaff. "How about Botley assizes?" is a piece of chaff commonly addressed by Hampshire clowns in general to the particular clowns of Botley, in that county. The Hampshire assizes are held at Winchester; but tradition relates, that once upon a time, a man was hanged by the inhabitants of Botley, because he could not drink more than a certain quantity of beer. Allusion to this piece of Lynch law is a method of insulting, or chaffing a Botley rustic, which is to this day practised with high success—in violently enraging him. Ostlers, and the generality of the rogues that are concerned about horses, are especially prone to bandy chaff. The triumph of chaff lies in the excitement of wrath; but the sting of chaff and banter, for the most part, consists rather in insolence than in satire.

FAIR AND FOUL ILLUSIONS.

FOR once in the way, we are enabled to praise an advertising doctor, and we seize the opportunity of doing so with delighted avidity. PROFESSOR WILALBA FRIKELL, describing himself as "Physician to their Majesties the EMPEROR and EMPRESS OF RUSSIA," announces that "his new and original Entertainment, performed without the aid of any Apparatus, entitled TWO HOURS OF ILLUSIONS, will commence at 8, and terminate at 10 o'clock." Here we have a Physician candidly avowing that his professional practice consists in the production of illusions. How much more honest and respectable is such a Physician than an M.D. who professes to cure diseases by means of homoeopathic globules! Those illusions are merely harmless, but the illusions of DR. FRIKELL are not only harmless but amusing, and hence probably in some degree medicinal. Entertaining illusions are better cures for low spirits than quack medicines. These pretended specifics are illusions of the nature of the Jack-o'-lantern, and lead those who are deceived by them through long and dreary mazes into final grief. The patent medicine is the lantern; the advertiser of it is the Jack, or knave, that goes about with his imposture under the patronage of the Government, whose stamp is a warrant to the British Public that the rascal's good-for-nothing or pernicious compounds are genuine.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

THE GENERAL OMNIBUS COMPANY respectfully begs leave to inform the public that it is a malicious libel, published by an enemy, which invites morning passengers by the Company's Omnibuses from Chelsea to London, to take their dinners with them. It may not be unwise in such passengers to provide lunch in their pockets, but the Company pledges itself that any of its Omnibuses leaving Chelsea before ten o'clock, shall reach Temple Bar before dinner time.



Contemplative Dustman (loq.). "Ha! if them Slops fitted him yesterday, what a Hawful Night the Poor Feller must ha' Passed to Pull Him Down so!"

NO CALLING NAMES.

"MR. PUNCH,
"THERE'S a music-seller in Bond Street as advertises a song of the name of 'Dirt ben mio non vorrei.' Now I say, sur, this here's a comen of it too strong. In course it's quite clear who they means by *Dirt ben*. The honble Member for Bucks mayn't be over-partikler in his opposition manoevers; but he ain't so bad as that comes to. They all flings a little dirt at each other now and then, and they harm't got no call to make songs about he for doing of it, as thof he was any more dirtier than the rest on 'em. I begs to sign myself, accordin to what I be told to by a scollard,

"Your sarvunt to command,
"GRICOLER."

"P.S. I don't know French nor Jarnan; but I can guess. '*Dirt ben non vorrei*,' I fancy, means to tell un not to worry. Means that for wit I sponse. Yaa!"

A Counterblast for Puffing.

(To be Committed to Memory.)

My son, each rogue eschew
Of the Advertising pack.
He's generally a Jew,
Invariably a Quack.

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE.—It must have belonged originally to an omnibus, for it is continually "taking up" and "putting down" people.

ANOTHER COMMERCIAL FAILURE.

FOLLOWING the example of his City acquaintance, our young friend MR. TICKBURY SQUANDER on Saturday last affixed the following notice outside the black door of his chambers in Gray's Inn.

TO MY CREDITORS.

"GENTLEMEN,

December 5, 1857.

"It is with the utmost regret that I inform you, that I have been reduced to the necessity of suspending cash payments.

"Practically, I trust, this announcement will cause you little inconvenience, as the considerable interval which has elapsed since my last liberation of capital will have enabled your affairs to adjust themselves without reference to any extensive issue either of paper or of gold on my part.

"I have handed over my books to my relatives, MESSRS. MELTER and THREEBALL, at the corner of the first passage to the left, and I have every hope that in due time I shall be able to redeem all my pledges.

"Without entering unnecessarily into detail, I am bound to state, that the conduct which has been pursued by the Bank of England has entirely deprived it of my confidence, and that had sounder and more liberal principles actuated parties in possession of capital, it might not have been necessary for me to address you upon the present occasion. I cannot too strongly condemn the course taken by those who are ready to advance money when it is not urgently needed, and having thus created fictitious wants, decline accepting fictitious securities.

"In the course of a few days a Schedule will be laid before you, comprising the total amount of my liabilities, with a scheme for liquidating them, which will, I trust, not only meet your approbation, but that of a distinguished legal personage who will act as arbitrator between us.

"There is a small balance at present in my possession, which I shall feel it a duty to hand over for the benefit of my creditors. It is one of MESSRS. MORDAN'S, for weighing letters, and though rather rusty, and somewhat diminished in value by the loss of the weights, will show my desire to resume metallic operations.

"To preclude any premature efforts of a recuperative character on your part, I will add that, in justice to yourselves, I have retired into provincial seclusion, to make up our accounts, and to prevent the possibility of my assets being diminished by any measures of an aggressive nature, I have taken with me both my laundress's key and my own.

"That wiser and better times may return, accompanied by myself, is, Gentlemen, the sincerest wish of

"Gray's Inn."

"Your obliged and obedient Servant,

"TICKBURY SQUANDER."

POPULATION OF THE ANIMATED KINGDOM.

WE read that "in Austria the Census has begun for animals as well as for human beings!" This is an improvement, we fancy, upon the English plan of merely dotting down the heads or different members of a family. It is true, difficulties might occur, and if there is a WOMBWELL in the Austrian dominions, he will have to send in a tolerably long list. We can imagine the case of an old maid being awfully puzzled with her Census-paper. If one antiquated Fraulein, who lives near the Lust-Garten, in Vienna, sends in all the particulars of her domestic menagerie, it will present some such miscellaneous collection as the following:—"5 canaries, of which 3 are hens and the other 2 draw up their own water by means of little buckets: 1 dormouse that is always asleep; one hedgehog in the kitchen to eat up the filthy blackbeetles; 3 guinea-pigs, that feed out of your hand; 1 Italian greyhound, that is always shivering from the cold, though he has a beautiful *gardessus* on, made of the finest pink merino, and trimmed with blue rosettes and ribbons; 1 Malay parrot, that talks five different languages, and imitates all the cries of the town, besides giving all the words of military command quite as loudly as RADETSKY; 1 cockatoo; 1 spaniel (real Blenheim); 1 French poodle (very clever—beats a drum, rings the bell, rolls a wheelbarrow, and fires off a small cannon); 1 Angola cat; 1 Persian ditto: 12 tortoiseshell ditto; 1 tame squirrel, (follows you all over the house, like a Jesuit); 7 white mice; 28 kittens, of various ages, colours, and sizes, more or less!" The above list would be exclusive of the Cochinchinas, bantams, and other pets of the poultry-yard.

You may be sure, there is an equal amount of brute wealth in England. If a similar Census-paper for animals were circulated here, we have a strong suspicion that the returns would prove that in tame squirrels, accomplished canaries, polyglot parrots, and encyclopaedical dogs and poodles, we were the richest country in the world. Why in cats alone, we should lick the rest of the universe!

NEAT THING BY A DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAN.—A Lady was showing him some terrier puppies, and deploring what they had to undergo. "Their tails are fated," she remarked. "Yes, M'm, as we say in the classics, *Talia fatur*," was his sparkling reply.



HORRIBLE CONSEQUENCE OF EATING TOO MANY MUSHROOMS
FOR SUPPER.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, 7th December. Hereon occurred a good instance of the respect entertained by Ministers for the Houses of Parliament. In the Lords, the EARL OF ELLENBOROUGH brought up the conduct of LORD CANNING towards the English in India, and that unfortunate Lord was severely handled and weakly defended. As CANNING, and by inference, the Government that supported him, were catching it, LORD GRANVILLE dexterously tossed in the telegraphic message which arrived that evening, and the welcome news, that SIR COLIN CAMPBELL had reached Cawnpore, let the Ministers down easy. There was no harm in this device; but now please to notice. In the Commons LORD PALMERSTON was interrogated about the same despatch, and he, not at the moment wanting any sop for Cerberus, declared that he did not think the message had any value, or was more than an echo of what we already knew.

LORD MULGRAVE is made Bailiff of Hempholme, so the virtuous Scarboroughites may choose a new member. They cannot choose a more urbane one than the courtier who has just left them for a better berth.

LORD PALMERSTON brought a message from the QUEEN recommending the Commons to confer a pension of £1000 on SIR HENRY HAVELOCK for saving India. This was not thought enough, as we give VERNON SMITH £4000 for losing India; and later in the week, it was agreed that the pension should be given for two lives, that of the Indian hero and his son. MR. WHITE, member for Plymouth, made some very sensible observations contrasting the small honours given to HAVELOCK with the large ones which had been accorded to the Crimean blunderers, and LORD PAM, who perfectly understood MR. WHITE, pretended to think he meant to disparage the real achievements of the Russian Campaign, and fired away much mock indignation.

But MR. WHITE
Was very right,
And PUNCH declares it hard, again,
That HAVELOCK wears
The badge that flares
On LUCAN and on CARDIGAN.

The Bill approving what LORD PALMERSTON did at the Bank was read a second time, and in the course of the week passed both Houses.

Tuesday. LORD SHAFTESBURY explained his plan for enabling the clergy to preach in Exeter Hall, or where they like, without reference to the clergyman of the parish. To speak theatrically, the Earl thinks that if the regular company cannot "draw," the star system should be introduced. Touching which matter, *Mr. Punch* has one thing to say. It is announced that there are to be night services in the grand old nave of Westminster Abbey. This is well. But the Abbey must be warmed and lighted, and *Mr. Punch* hereby gives notice that he

expects the Chapter personally to see the lights and fires out every night, as he is not going to have the Abbey burned down, merely because the Westminster parsons cannot get people into their own churches. Note, that some of the Bishops do not approve of LORD SHAFTESBURY's plan; but all those whom he has made (he is called the Bishop-Maker in the House) are, of course, on his side.

This was the day of the Great Fog, and the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE could not get to the House in time to speak on the HAVELOCK grant, but came down at last, and appended his approbation, in terms which the Duke possibly did not mean should convey the idea they appear to express; namely, that he undervalues the importance of the Indian Campaign.

In the Commons, Circumlocution came out strong. Calcutta has memorialised Government to take away the ridiculous CANNING. The House wants to see the memorial, but VERNON SMYTHE will not produce it, because it was not forwarded, according to etiquette, through that very Governor-General, and has sent it back to India, to come round the regular way. But surely there must be a copy, which will quite answer the House's purpose.

Wednesday. Nothing particular beyond a rather pedantic protest by MR. GLADSTONE against the House's interfering to increase the reward to HAVELOCK. It would, he thought, lessen the value of such things, if the Crown were dictated to. This is nonsense. If our gracious QUEEN were an autocrat of the days of chivalry, and hung ropes of pearl on a gallant knight's neck while inserting rolls of bank-notes into his gauntlet, interference with a Lady's will and pleasure would be impertinent. But as these Royal Messages are now discussed by some elderly gentlemen in Downing Street, and written out by a clerk, before the QUEEN hears of them, the case is altered, and there is no impropriety whatever, when HER MAJESTY says, "I should like to tip that good boy," for the Parliament to answer, "Do, your MAJESTY, and we'll imitate your Grace." MR. GLADSTONE has been translating HOMER until he has translated himself back to the times of MEMNON, and his daughter AGGY MEMNON.

Thursday. LORD MELVILLE, a grave authority on such a matter, intimated his belief that the Government were deeply culpable in the matter of the Indian revolt, having received long before its breaking out, warnings which should have induced them to take precautionary measures. LORD GRANVILLE pretended not to know anything about it. LORD PUNCH was not in the House, or would have asked, whether LORD DALHOUSIE did not, a year and a half ago, call the attention of the Indian authorities to the absolute necessity for increasing our military force in something like proportion to our increased territories, and whether he was not pooh-pooh'd.

In the Commons the memorial of the oppressed Belgtravians against the Organs was presented by SIR JOHN SHELLEY, and it excited the earnest sympathy and indignation of the House. It is to be hoped that the Nuisance will now be dealt with, either by making organ-grinding a felony. Meantime, and until legislation takes place, why not teach bull-terriers to fly at the leggings of the savages? A couple of docile dogs would clear a whole neighbourhood. We present the hint to MR. BISHOP, of Bond Street, and also to MR. BILL GEORGE, of Tyburnia.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL then brought up a new subject, of much interest. It seems that there are 40,000 Jews in England, but, owing to certain formalities in the oath of a member of Parliament, not one of these Hebrews is able, if elected, to take his seat in the House of Commons. This really seems very hard, not so much upon them, as upon England generally, who is prevented from choosing any representative she may please, or rather who may please her. LORD JOHN proposes, in next Session, to alter the oath, in the case of the Jew, and to enable him to serve his country.

Friday. There were Currency debates in both Houses. *Mr. Punch* would not outrage his readers' feelings by doing more than record such doings. The details are entirely unsuitable for publication.

In the Lords the EARL OF CLARENDON "believed, but could not say for certain," that the French Government meant to abandon its free negro-labour scheme, which LORD DERBY, (the MR. STANLEY of Negro Emancipation days) denounced as a recurrence to the slave-trade.

In the Commons, MR. TOM DUNCOMBE announced a plan of his own for letting the Jews in—returning the kindness which, in his time, some of them have probably shown him. He means to proceed by resolution. But there are such things as Law-courts, and between them and the House would come a collision in regard to certain penalties, and though the two great bodies would be unhurt, the unfortunate Hebrew who would be crushed between them would be in no degree comfortable.

The Corporation of London is to be reformed, if that body is good enough to approve the Government Bill. Another attempt is to be made upon the Medical Profession, and a plan will be introduced for making something like a Minister of Justice.

The officer who captured the hoary scoundrel called the KING OF DELHI, was obliged to promise the old ruffian not to put him to death,

or he would not have come out of his hole. A British officer's word must be respected. Imprisonment in an iron cage for the rest of the miscreant's life, as a spectacle and warning to his ex-subjects, might perhaps be as beneficial as the gibbet to which a wretch who ordered the slaughter of Englishwomen and their children, ought to have been consigned.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER's motion for referring the Bank Act, and the causes of the recent crisis, to a committee, was resisted by MR. DISRAELI, who thought he knew everything connected with the subject, but the House resolved by 295 to 117 that they would have another Blue Book.

Saturday. An inquiry was arranged in which the nation will take much more interest; namely, whether the Government did not send the soldiers to India by the worst road instead of the best. Many might have been sent across Egypt, and the Cockney horror of VERNON SMYTHE at the idea of "plunging men into Egypt to be demoralized," was perfectly ludicrous. He seemed utterly unaware that there is a railway from the Sea to Cairo, and that the East India cadets do the rest of the journey to Suez, (a pleasant ride, with lots of refreshment places) in omnibuses as good as those of the General Omnibus Company, and a great deal faster. In such an atmosphere as this day's, Mr. Punch sighs for the pure skies of Cairo, and his own cloud in the *narphile*. VERNON SMYTHE's face is blackened before him for talking such ineffable bosh. Ho! there, the shoes of glory for his absurd feet. Give him two dozen, and may it do him good.—*Backalloom.*

OUR CITY ARTICLE.



ONEY is money—the first proposition to be established, to an intelligent comprehension of the present monetary crisis.

This proposition we shall prove, as is often done in equally momentous instances, by taking it for granted, or by asserting it, which comes to the same thing.

Well, it being demonstrated that money is money, we come to the second proposition, which involves an analytical disintegration of the foregoing; and accordingly we resolve it from our immemorial experiences into the instrument of purchase in whatever shape, sign, or substance we may possess it for the time being. This power is of two kinds, namely, material and moral, or as the latter might be expressed, moral *plus* material. With the material we have nothing to do at present, so

handing it over to the bullionists, as a settled question, we shall treat entirely of the moral, which is so exceedingly unsettled. A Bank-note is moral money: namely, the promise to pay *plus* the means of paying—moral money of a definite value. A regular attendance at church in a prominent seat with crimson linings, and a large gilt bible and prayer-book, is moral money of indefinite value. A good stock of assurance, or—as it is philosophically expressed—brass, is capital enough to begin the world with, and is one of the most ordinary metallic bases on which men commence the superstructure of the credit system. A superfine coat with a general neatness of attire, is a subsidiary power of purchase; namely, part and parcel of the small change of that golden integer, the *man sterling*. A respectable frequency in subscription lists for benevolent institutions, will stand good for a year's dealings with butchers, bakers, grocers, tailors, haberdashers, shoe-makers, blacksmiths, and the whole circle of local industry. A handle to one's name, a fine house, a handsome equipage, are all so many powers of purchase. A solemn look will always find an old lady to endorse it. A portly figure, grey whiskers, and a port-wine nose, with a slight dash of Burgundy on the cheek, command universal credit. A smooth tongue, a taste for prayer-meetings, the first gloss of a white neckcloth—only the first, the first speck is bankruptcy—commercial enterprise, a character for success, a smooth tongue, worth and counterfeit-worth, are all so many purchase-powers, so much moral money *plus* material—so many constituent parts, so much small change of that golden integer—the man sterling *plus* the £ s. d. sterling for which he promises to stand good. Of course this is all so long as the convertibility of the promise to pay is not called in question; with the stoppage of payments the whole becomes moral *minus*

material, or *plus* immaterial, which comes to the same thing, and is to be balanced against bad half-crowns and counterfeit coin generally.

A five-pound note is five moral sovereigns. A counterfeit five-pound note is five immoral sovereigns—scientifically speaking, and taking into consideration the *judeo ad quem* and the compound interest which they bear in the Milbank Penitentiary, the Hulks, and the Penal Colonies, which merely form the *coupons* paid by the nation on the more unequivocal investments of rascaldom traced back to the purchase power which originally created them. The operations of the counterfeit branch of this power are somewhat exceptional; and although they create and uphold purchase powers of another stamp, namely, Judges' wigs and Barristers' gowns, all the sharp practice of attorneyism, and the whole arms, legs, and instruments of the law, from the Lord Chief Justice's ermine to the hangman's rope; their effect is, upon the whole, the same contraction of the moral purchase money of the country, as the restrictive action of the Bank Charter Act of 1844 exercises on the Bank-note circulation when the gold gets low.

But what are all the Bank-notes in the world against the solemn faces, fine dresses, and addresses, regular church-goings, with crimson-lined pews, handsome equipages, fine houses, name-handles, benevolent subscriptions, soft voices, grey whiskers, portly presences, port-wine noses, business energies, and all the purchase power of the man sterling, *plus* the means sterling: the moral money *plus* the material money, which is one vast "promise to pay" stamped on the face of the whole body social? So to speak syllogistically, if money be money, and purchase power be money, and everything that conduces to credit, or assists rascality, be purchase power; then everything is money—good, bad, or indifferent—all the constituent small change of the man sterling, *plus* the £ s. d. sterling, with their respective counterfeits.

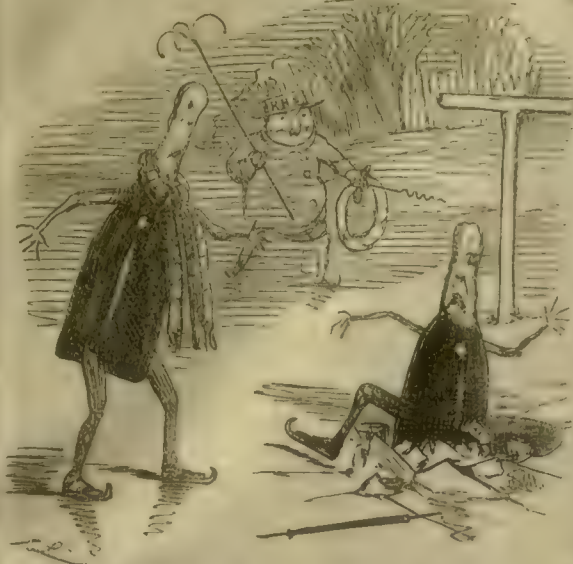
Even let a man's property be entirely personal, that is to say, let his only hereditary estate be "that estate of sin and misery" on which, as we are all heirs to it in common, no one can be expected to advance money: and his personal property, that only real property in the world, —namely, what his hat covers—he has a purchase power proportionate to face, figure and address in the domain of moneyed spinsters and jointured widows so long as he is personally marketable. When sold—that is, when he becomes the property of a wife—he has simply invested his personal capital in the estate of matrimony, with its contingents. He has realised, as we say on 'Change,—no doubt on a due estimate of the capitalisation of dinner-parties, pleasant trips to Richmond, white-bait at Greenwich, *petit-soupers*, balls, and other things of the kind, to which he has been accustomed in his marketable epoch; and draws, if need be, on the credit of the honourable estate and the moral value of the pledges which are its natural produce.

Money, money, money, everything is money. And if everything be money, good money, bad money, or indifferent money, real coin, sweated coin, clipped coin, or counterfeit coin, even down to crapulous head-aches on which the wine merchant, the physician, the apothecary, and the druggist all draw their respective percentages of profit: why all this patching at our monetary system? If the only question be the convertibility, namely, the moral *plus* the material—why such a legislative fuss about that fragment of the great universal promise to pay—the Bank-note? Why make it dance and beck and bow and come and go and rise and fall as the mere shadow of its golden constituent? Why make a mere monetary coquette of it—

"Nolit ubi velis, ubi nolis capiat ultro—"

(alas, how painfully applicable and inapplicable the two clauses) till it cause its most ardent woers, alike the honest and dishonest, to die off in pecuniary phthisis, monetary consumption, and all kinds of disorders of the chest. As well pass a law regulating coats, hats, carriages, horses, houses, name-handles, benevolent subscriptions, solemn faces, port wine noses, Burgundy cheeks, and all the resources of credit or of rascality, and all forms of the moral money, *plus* or *minus* the material as the case may be. Prohibit people from going to church if their bankers' balances do not justify so respectable a line of conduct; ordain that solemn faces shall become miserable faces the moment the golden reserve shows a tendency to exhaustion; that fat comfortable men shall fast and get low in the flesh when their metallic basis does not justify a creditable display of adipose tissue; that portly presences shall deport themselves no longer uprightly when the golden stay is withdrawn; that port wine noses shall bleach themselves blue with tears; and benevolent men contract their benevolent subscriptions to a certain statutory limit, and walk about with their pockets sewed up, to show that they have no more use for them. All these purchasing powers are so much money, so many promises to pay, so many notes on the great *Crédit Mobilier* of public honesty; and all the thirty-eight millions of bank-paper in the three kingdoms are but a fragment in comparison. The great question, therefore, is less the convertibility of the paper money than the convertibility of the paper men; to distinguish the real from the counterfeit, the honest from the dishonest, the enterprising man from the gambler; to find a better standard than gold for moral money, and a better basis than gold for the convertibility of the man sterling.

METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENT.



the Policeman is supping, or lunching, will be given at full-length on the direction-plate. The lamp-posts so enriched will be painted blue, out of respect to the Moral and Physical Forces. There will be as many of these blue-posts about London as there are Policemen on duty at one time. The most dangerous localities will have very few, as it is well-known that the Police are not fond of penetrating into such quarters. Accordingly there will never be more than two blue-posts in the Haymarket at night, whereas fifty would scarcely suffice to remove, or abate, the abominable and immoral nuisance.

HERE is a plan about to be adopted by the Police somewhat similar to the one that has been so long in operation by the Post-Office. The plate, that at certain distances protrudes from the lamp-posts, directing the public where they may find the nearest letter-box, has suggested the brilliant idea that some such indications might be beneficially brought into general use, telling us where we are likely to fall in with the nearest Policeman. This will be a great boon to nervous persons, who may be struggling with a pickpocket for the possession of a pocket-handkerchief, and a considerable relief to elderly ladies, who yield to the importunities of sturdy beggars from force of fear or excess of intimidation. In cases where it is practicable, the name of the street, and the exact number of the very 'area where

COAL-DUST AND GUNPOWDER.

SURELY it must be a *canard*. Yet we are gravely told that a French officer has invented a plan for preventing powder-magazines from exploding. He mixes coal-dust with the gunpowder, and then it will not ignite. When you want the powder, all that you have to do is to sift it! Really, if the tale be true, this must be just the sort of powder and of process that would please our authorities. LORD CANNING would have given the inventor a pension. Powder that can't, by any possibility, be ready at need. Circumlocution Powder, warranted not to be heard until it has passed through several departments. The coal, of course, must be from Newcastle, the Duke whereof was so ready in Crimean times. This scheme was proposed to a personage so remarkably tolerant of dawdling as the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH. The story wants sifting as much as the dust.

Riddle for the City.

OH! why, my friend, is a Joint Stock Concern like, yet unlike a clock? Because it may be wound up; when, Alas! it doesn't go again.

MEMORANDUM FOR THE MERCENARY.

BEFORE you marry a Lady for her money, consider what an encumbrance you will find your wife, in the event of having lost or spent all she was worth.

PUSEYISM AND PRIVATE FAMILIES.

WE have much pleasure in stating that the REV. J. M. NEALE, the unfortunate clergyman, who was so grievously maltreated by the populace the other day in the churchyard row at Lewes, has denied that he attempted, on that occasion, to read any supplement to the burial service. This is not all. The REV. JOHN SCOBELL, the father of the deceased, in a published account of the affair, substantiates his denial. But then the REV. JOHN SCOBELL ascribes to the REV. MR. NEALE conduct much more likely than the recitation of superfluous prayers to have occasioned the Lewes riot. He states that, after the vault in which the body was deposited had been locked, MR. NEALE, quickly and excitedly laying his hand on his arm, exclaimed, "MR. SCOBELL, I must see you; where can I speak to you? I will enter the vault."

Now, if this was really the language and conduct of MR. NEALE, he behaved more histrionically even than we supposed. In insisting on entering the vault, he acted the part of an ecclesiastical *Roméo*.

MR. SCOBELL adds:—

"Unfortunately, as is stated by reliable witnesses, MR. NEALE condescended to enter into altercation and retort with the people around him—to act and speak with violence of manner and gesture, to prolong his stay in the churchyard, to call upon the policeman to break open the door of the vault, to declare that he would stay all night for the purpose—that he would rather die than not enter it."

In February last, MR. SCOBELL had written a letter to MR. NEALE, calling upon him to refute the following, among other accusations:—

"1. That you have been carrying on by letter, under cover to the mistress of my infants' school, a clandestine correspondence with my eldest daughter while in my house.

"2. That you hold clandestine and secret meetings with her, of some hours' duration, in the private apartments of my infants' school-house, situate in my parish of All Saints, Lewes.

"3. That you there usurp, dishonourably and unlawfully, the office of parish priest of All Saints, Lewes; wearing a surplice; exercising Liturgical offices; receiving confession and pronouncing absolution."

To these statements, MR. SCOBELL says that MR. NEALE declined to reply. Perhaps they are erroneous; and perhaps the BISHOP OF CHERESTER had no sufficient reason for withdrawing his countenance from the Sisterhood of St. MARGARET'S, East Grinstead, because "it has for some time past submitted itself to the unlimited influence of MR. NEALE, a clergyman," adds the Bishop, "in whose views and practises it is well known I have no confidence."

The above facts in addition to others, for which we must refer the reader to the *Surrey Gazette* and the *Daily News*, will perhaps explain why, by an indignant multitude, whose proceedings were entirely irregular, the gown of the reverend confessor—and father confessor—came to be stripped off his back.

MR. NEALE may be as innocent as the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY or *Mr. Punch* himself of the charges brought against him by MR. SCOBELL. From the statement of the latter gentleman, however, it is quite clear that somebody decoyed his daughter into the Puseyite nunnery at East Grinstead—to which we believe she has left all her property, MR. NEALE and Miss GREAME the abbess of the convent, being, according to her father's statement, the executor and executrix to her will. Might not that document, by the way, be disputed? MR. SCOBELL had better consult SIR FREDERICK THESIGER on that point. The immediate agents in the enticement of Miss SCOBELL from her family appear to have been two hysterical young ladies, one of whom tells her, in a letter, "I really think our Blessed intends better things for you, dear;" and another presented herself to MR. SCOBELL in a remarkable black dress, and wearing a cross, "which by a long string of beads hung at her feet." The former of these idiots belonged to a nunnery at Oxford, said to be superintended by DR. PUSEY; to whom perhaps she alluded as "Our Blessed."

Enough, probably, has now been said to convince fathers of families of the necessity of employing private watchmen to keep an eye on any of the Puseyite gang who may be lurking about the premises, or trying to sneak down the area. Big brothers will also do well to provide themselves with good sticks, wherewith to expedite the exit of any such intruders who may be found about the house. Rational young ladies, doubtless, will have the water-jug always in readiness, to empty its contents on the head of any Tractarian *Don Giovanni* who may come serenading them with a canonical *Dei, vieni*, under their windows.

A Delicate Ear.

WHAT a very curious conformation of ear must be possessed by MR. GOULBURN, the worthy Commissioner of Bankruptcy. Somebody before him, the other morning, used the word *restaurant*, upon which the Commissioner observed, "I don't like that word, it sounds like one we heard in the last case, namely, *hypothecate*." We have been repeating both words ever since, in the hope of discovering the likeness, but have not yet succeeded. It was surely MR. GOULBURN who pronounced Tobacco to be a legitimate rhyme, to Long Acre.

No More Landlords.

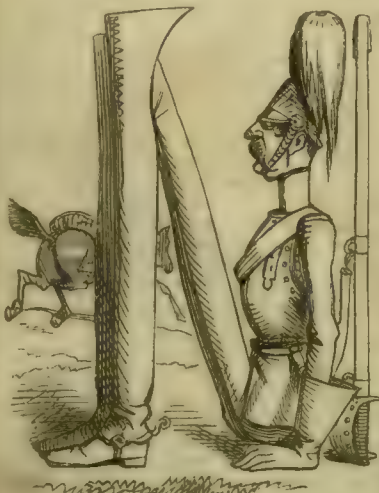
HURRAH! Henceforth, quarter-day will have no terrors. A respectable stationer advertises "Fifty Receipts for Rent for Five Shillings." That's upwards of twelve years of security from involuntary contributions to one's Landlords. Hooray! Who'll lend us Five Shillings?



TERRIFIC ACCIDENT.

BURSTING OF OLD MRS. TWADDLE'S AQUA-VIVARIUM. THE OLD LADY MAY BE OBSERVED ENDEAVOURING TO PICK UP HER FAVOURITE EEL WITH THE TONGS, A WORK REQUIRING SOME ADDRESS.

PUNCH'S IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS.



NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.
LORD CARDIGAN.
LORD LUCAN.

H.R.H. Eh? what? CARDIGAN and LUCAN together! *Par nobile fratrum in lege.* What does this mean? However, let 'em in. Good morning, LORD CARDIGAN. Good morning, LORD LUCAN.

Lord L. (aside). Wonder why he spoke to him first?
Lord C. (aside). Wonder why he shook hands with him first?

H.R.H. Glad to see you, very. What fine weather for the time of year!

Lord L. LORD CARDIGAN, as the senior, will explain to you, Sir, that we have done ourselves the honour of calling upon you to offer you our thanks, as Crimean

heroes, for the tone which you were pleased to adopt in speaking of that Indian fellow, HAVELUCK, in the House the other night.

Lord C. Confound him, he has left me nothing to say.

H.R.H. Ah! eh? I forget. Deuced foggy day, wasn't it? Afraid I shouldn't have got to the House at all.

Lord C. It was very kind and condescending of you, Sir, to take the trouble to go at all. Quite enough, and to my mind a trifle more than enough fuss has been made about these Indian chaps. I don't say

that when a soldier does his work well, and is obedient and subservient to his betters, reasonable notice should not be taken of him, but it's a bad plan to encourage him too much.

H.R.H. H'm—yes—well, but it *was* a foggy day, though. I don't remember such a fog. Does either of you?

Lord L. We had a good deal of fog in the Crimea, Sir.

H.R.H. Ha! ha! yes, and it got into some people's heads, at least so wicked fellows said, eh?

Lord L. Your ROYAL HIGHNESS's allusion to those scenes was most touching, Sir. As you justly remarked, when speaking of this COLONEL HAVELUCK, or whatever his name is—

Lord C. (explodes into his pocket-handkerchief). Poof! (*laughs out*). I beg your pardon, Sir, but that's irresistible. HAVELUCK. Deyvilish good. Ha! ha! ha! And he *has* luck, too, don't you see, Sir? That's the joke. Ha! ha! ha!

H.R.H. I see. Very good. Better, in point of fact, than what they used to call LORD LUCAN, in the war.

Lord C. Ah! LORD UNLUCKY'UN. That was good, too. Ha! ha! ha!

Lord L. It is one thing to joke upon a plebeian's name, and another to take liberties with a title conferred by a member of your ROYAL HIGHNESS's family, the great and good KING GEORGE THE THIRD, whom I should scarcely have deemed that any one would presume to insult in the presence of your ROYAL HIGHNESS.

H.R.H. Ah, well, well, a joke's a joke, and there's an end.

Lord C. I'm sure, I never mean anything—

H.R.H. Everybody's always sure of it—pray not another word.

Lord L. (aside). Cooked his goose. I was endeavouring to recal, Sir, the terms in which you spoke of these Indian affairs. You admirably said, "Doubtless many greater campaigns could be found in history." I was particularly glad to hear this, because the newspapers have been making such a row about Mr. HAVELUCK's doings.

Lord C. They say that he fought eight or nine battles, some of 'em pitched battles, in about three weeks, with awful odds against him, and always licked, and that he has saved the Indian Empire to HER MAJESTY. And India is a big place, I believe, and the stakes in the



VERY GRACEFUL!!!

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF. "ALTHO' THERE HAVE BEEN MANY CAMPAIGNS MORE, &c., &c., AND WITHOUT WISHING IN ANY WAY TO DISPARAGE, &c., &c., OR TO LESSEN, &c., &c., THE DISTANCE IS SO GREAT, &c."—(I'ide U.R.H. The Duke of Cambridge's Speech).



game are about a hundred times heavier than any that were ever played for in Europe. Well, allow that it's all true, what your ROYAL HIGHNESS said showed how thoroughly you really understand the art of war.

Lord L. Of course. The greatness of a campaign is not to be measured by the importance of the objects, or the brilliancy of the strokes, but by the rank and position of the combatants; and two kings fighting for Eel-pie Island would make a greater campaign than two snobs fighting for France or Spain.

Lord C. You spoke royally, Sir, and as a prince should do.

H.R.H. (aside). By Jove, I don't much care about this. To have pleased one of 'em so much wouldn't be any great shakes; but when both are delighted, I must have put my foot in it.

Lord L. Really, Sir, when one considers what was done in the Crimea—

Lord C. The sacrifices that commanding officers made—

Lord L. Losing all one's comforts—for I had no yacht, on board which I could command my cavalry like a gentleman—

Lord C. (in a fury). I wish you'd command your temper like a gentleman.

Lord L. Show me the way.

Lord C. I generally show you the way in most things.

H.R.H. My Lords! But in the argument you are right. Great sacrifices were made in the Crimea, and I hope the country will remember them.

Lord L. And we sustained great losses.

H.R.H. Yes. I have heard of more than one very illustrious officer actually losing his head.

Lord L. It is almost past jesting, Sir, when we find the Army threatened as it now is. If civilians and the House of Commons are to take upon themselves to be judges of military men, and to apply a political standard to their exploits, the service will simply go to the deuce.

Lord C. If the snobs are to take out of the hands of the Fountain of Honour (by which I mean your ROYAL HIGHNESS's most illustrious relative) the right to reward officers, or are to increase rewards because it is fancied that a great object has been gained, there's an end of everything.

H.R.H. Don't let's make it a personal thing. I dare say our Family and the country understand one another very well. We'll leave that out of the discussion. Am I right in supposing that what I said on that foggy evening (and wasn't it foggy, I say?) is taken as a sort of patronising thing, and meaning that the officers in India had done all very well, but were not to be over-estimated? Eh, my Lords?

Lord C. We look at it in that light with great pleasure, Sir.

Lord L. And your ROYAL HIGHNESS expressed the feeling of the best kind of men in the service. I mean, of course, our sort; officers whose rank and wealth have had legitimate influence in their promotion.

Lord C. I don't much fraternise with the snobs, myself, but I'm told, and I'm sorry to hear it, that there's a good deal of low sentimental feeling in the Army about these Indian officers, and that there would be no row if the Company's troops were put on the same footing as the Queen's. Anything more offensive and atrocious I never heard of.

Lord L. But your ROYAL HIGHNESS may be sure that the more the Indian fellows are snubbed the more what I may call the Swells will be pleased, and it is to be hoped that you will go on as you have begun.

H.R.H. My Lords, I have an appointment, and you know my love of punctuality. There has been a misunderstanding, which I attribute to that abominable fog, but I'll clear it up the first opportunity. I tell you what. I wish we'd had HAVELOCK in the Crimea. [*Exit.*]

Lord L. Ah, and I had had to command him. Deuced little praises he'd have got from the House of Commons, if I'd had to cut out his work for him.

Lord C. Just so. I've no patience with snobs. Well, we've done the civil thing by the Duke, I suppose.

Lord L. Though you're no great judge of civility, eh? Yes.

Lord C. You be—(But as his Lordship banged the door, in going out, it is impossible to say what was his parting advice to his Brother-in-law).

A Lost Dog—Neither Here nor There.

THERE was an advertisement in the *Times* a few days ago for "a dog that answers to the name of *Mustard*." Not difficult to find such a dog! *Mustard* is the most natural companion to *meat*. Cut a sandwich for him, and you will see that *Mustard*, if he is a well-bred dog, will come running in as naturally as possible.

THE NEXT EXAMPLE FOR SEPOYS.

THE KING OF DELHI has not been hanged. If that is not enough to put an end to the Indian Mutiny, NANA SAHIB, as soon as LORD CANNING can catch him, will, of course, be pensioned.

A HERO'S SISTER.



LIEUTENANT SALKELD, the young soldier who gloriously blew open the gate of Delhi, is no more. *Mr. Punch* has but one word to say. It has reached him that the heroic SALKELD's sister is admirably doing her duty as Governess in a London family. Surely, LORD PALMERSTON, surely, House of Commons, should the lady remain at that honourable duty, England having read the Delhi despatch, it will be from choice, not from need.

HEBREW WITHOUT POINTS.

REMARKS such as these, coming from a provincial contemporary, should really make us hesitate to give his name, though possibly he may not have the grace to be ashamed of it or them.

"The Jew nuisance is up once more, and LORD JOHN RUSSELL is content to have that well mumbled bone pitched to him by LORD PALMERSTON, in compensation for taking Reform out of the Bedford repertoire. We shall have the old cant and twaddle all over again. We are to hear civil and religious liberty demanded for a set of bigots, who notoriously have among them, in proportion to their numbers, more rascals than any population in Christendom. When do you hear of a piece of knavery requiring courage (not courage, for the Jews are a cowardly lot; do you ever see a Jew soldier?) and one or more of the 'Hebrew persuasion,' as they are foolishly called, is not at the bottom, to instigate, plot, and profit by it? Are not most of the marine store-keepers, who poison and transport generations of children, Jews or Jewesses. Is there not a wholesome instinct that makes us recoil from the race? And in answer to these facts, we are always told that ROTHSCHILD is a good-natured man, and MONTFIORE a generous one, and that the Jews have many schools and no beggars. Fine reasons, certainly, for letting Old Clo' into the House of Commons. We hope that the Lords will be staunch, and if JOHNNY RUSSELL, in gratitude for certain services by his hook-nosed clients, chooses again to advocate so dirty a cause, their Lordships will serve the Jew Sepoys (who hate the Christians as much as their fellow-Asiatics do, and are as delighted to plunder them) in the same unhesitating way as before. A howl may be raised, but the people of England will be pleased."

The singular conglomeration of charges, reasoning, hints, and sneers, in the above remarkable paragraph, seems to entitle it to a place in our columns as a natural curiosity. To attempt to argue with a gentleman who has got his thoughts into such a tangle would be simply waste of time and paper. It may not, however, be amiss to remind him, that the Jew claim does not rest upon the various questions whether the Jews are virtuous, or brave, or friendly to Christians, or whether Christians (excluding the particular Christian above-quoted) like them; but upon the single and simple question, of whether they are Englishmen. If they are Englishmen, each Jew has an Englishman's birth-right, and so long as you keep him out of that, you do him a wrong. We wish we could get the sentimental element taken out of the discussion on both sides. The matter is one of pure law, and BARON ROTHSCHILD's good-nature has, we admit, no more to do with it than MRS. IKKY SOLOMONS' marine-store. If BARON ROTHSCHILD is not an Englishman, that is to say a Briton, and were ten times the excellent and worthy man he is, he has no right to a seat in a British House of Commons; and if MRS. IKKY SOLOMONS' husband is a Briton, and that obese lady had trained into thieves the youth of ten parishes instead of two, MR. IKKY has a right to take his seat, if elected, beside MR. DISRAELI or MR. GLADSTONE. The Hebrewphobist whom we have quoted is probably incapable of perceiving this, but it is right that *Mr. Punch* should point it out; because, and herein he agrees with his brother journalist, there is a probability of a good deal of "cant and twaddle" being talked upon the subject. As to comparing the Jews to the Sepoys, having previously denounced the former as cowards, we must leave the two imputations to be reconciled by the reader. We do not believe, that if the handful of British Hebrews were at liberty to do anything they pleased, they would draw anything sharper than a bill at short date, or charge more furiously than at the rate of sixty per cent., and those who abuse the Jew for "cunning" will please to recollect how many centuries of ill-treatment have beaten him down to the position in which cunning is the only weapon of defence. There was no cunning, save a soldier's, about JUDAS MACCABEUS, when he did things worthy of HENRY HAVELOCK; but the treatment to which the Jew has been subjected for ages tends to convert the MACCABEUS into the SCARABEUS. But, as aforesaid, the Hebrew should rest his claim upon nothing but the rock of right, and in answer to all taunt, say with the Venetian capitalist:—

"I stand here for LAW."



FROM THE MINING DISTRICTS.

(Young Curate finds a Miner sitting on a Gate smoking.)

Curate (desirous to ingratiate himself with one of his flock). A fine morning, my friend. One of his flock gives the slightest nod, and a grunt, and spits.
Curate (supposing that he had not been heard.) A fine morning, my good friend. One of his flock. Did I say it warn't. Do you want to hargue, you beggar?

THREATENED ABOLITION OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

How did we ever come to have an hereditary peerage? How is it that we are blessed with an aristocracy and enjoy the advantage of a House of Lords? These questions are suggested by a statement made by COLONEL NORTH, speaking in the other House, on the pension granted to SIR HENRY HAVELOCK. COLONEL NORTH is reported to have said:—

"CAPTAIN HAVELOCK had participated in all those battles which had gained for his father such world-wide renown; he had highly distinguished himself as an officer, and had received for his gallant conduct the Victoria Cross. He thought, therefore, that this was a case calling most loudly upon them to follow the general practice, which was to grant such pensions for two generations. (Hear, hear.) He hoped the circumstances of CAPTAIN HAVELOCK would be considered by the Government, and that the same pension so deservedly awarded to his distinguished father would be made to descend to him."

If acts like those of HAVELOCK Senior, accompanied by similar acts on the part of HAVELOCK Junior, are not enough to ennoble and enrich all future HAVELOCKS, how came anybody in the House of Lords, except LORD OVERSTONE the capitalist, to be enriched and ennobled? It may be a very sound principle to reward deserving men in their own persons merely; but if this principle is to be adopted by the Government, of course they intend to let the Peerage, and the House of Peers, die a natural death.

Suppose the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE had taken Delhi; suppose the exploits of HAVELOCK and OUTRAM had been performed by the EARL OF LUCAN and the EARL OF CARDIGAN; would not his ROYAL HIGHNESS have instantly received a truncheon like that which has been wielded in the mouths of so many cannons by another ROYAL HIGHNESS? Would not two noble Earls have been exalted into two more noble Dukes, and would they not have been decorated with any and every star, garter, ribbon, cross, medal, or other distinctive bauble which they had not earned, or at least had not received, already?

A thousand a-year is a good income in these times, but if the services of such a man as HAVELOCK are worth only one thousand a-year, whose services, MR. BULL, do you consider to be worth five,—to say nothing of ten or twenty? What has any ex-Chancellor, except LORD BROUGHAM, done for you that can be for a moment named in comparison with the exploits of GENERAL HAVELOCK? Of what use to you is any one of your Bishops in comparison with that hero?

MERCATOR.

MERCATOR growls, like any Bruin,
 At PALMERSTON'S Suspending lines,
 That saved ten thousand homes from ruin,
 But baffled Capital's designs.

"Things should have had their way," he cries,
 "All weakly traders gone to smash;
 The air a storm but purifies,
 And splendid interest's got for Cash."

When, from his counter near St. Paul's,
 They raised him to a Peer's degree,
 What waste to give the man Four balls!
 His much more fitting type were Three.

REWARD OF MERIT.

WE are happy to announce that a subscription has been set on foot for the purpose of conferring a testimonial on MR. GLADSTONE, in acknowledgment of his noble protest against any interference of the House of Commons tending to the increase of SIR HENRY HAVELOCK'S pension. The homage which the Right Honourable Member for Oxford, by that unanimous declaration, rendered to aristocratic principle, has been properly appreciated in the most exclusive circles. At the suggestion of certain influential members of the Carlton Club, arrangements have been made for presenting the Right Honourable Gentleman with a gold-headed stick, a gold-laced hat with a splendid cockade in it, and a pair of breeches manufactured of the richest thunder-and-lightning plush.

A STRANGE REMOVE (for Dinner).—LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE will have his Turkey in England this Christmas.

Either you underpay him shamefully, or you excessively overpay them. It is true that the dignity of a Peerage may necessitate the difference, and HAVELOCK'S pension may suffice a commoner, but if HAVELOCK is to remain a commoner, of course no more Peers will be created, and the Upper House will be allowed to expire.

FUN AND FREEDOM OF OPINION.

THE *Hampshire Independent* contains an account of a comic religious meeting, which took place the other day at the Victoria Rooms, Southampton, when the members of the Independent Congregational Church celebrated their Fourth Anniversary. Our Southampton contemporary thus concludes his report of the proceedings:—

"MR. MARTIN, in a humorous speech, proposed a vote of thanks to the ladies who had supplied so excellent a tea, and also to the indefatigable individuals who kept the tea-pots supplied with boiling-water, and the vote having been carried by acclamation, MR. NASH made a few remarks.

"The Meeting was then closed with the doxology and the benediction."

The doxology and benediction, which succeeded MR. MARTIN'S humorous speech about the ladies, may perhaps have been felt to present some contrast to the facetious address of that gentleman. A transition so abrupt, and so peculiar, by the natural laws of emotion, was likely to produce an effect the reverse of solemn, and, there is reason to fear, occasioned too many mouths to be suddenly stopped with pocket-handkerchiefs. This unhappy result might have been obviated by the introduction of a few dry words on business between the fun relative to the ladies, and the devotion. However, we will not be too critical in a case like this, and we notice, with pleasure, the introduction of hilarity into the transactions of the jolly Independents of Southampton, who enjoy their fun, as well as their faith, at their own expense, and not at that of other people.

Bankruptcy and Boobyism.

WE read in the *Musical World* that at Hamburg a couple of Italian opera-singers have made such a sensation, that in one evening the audience called them before the curtain Thirty times. Is it wonderful that Hamburg should at this moment be in commercial ruin, when its affairs are in the hands of such Fools?

SHAMEFUL SEPOY ROBBERY OF GENERAL HAVELOCK.



who sees everything at home and abroad in the deepest India black, we cannot imagine a more terrible punishment. The only fear is, that the novelty might have the effect of selling this penny organ of the Sepoys.

THE *Morning Star*, in its summary, tells us that GENERAL HAVELOCK gained eight or nine victories in two months and "captured 10 guns." Now, this is a cool robbery committed upon the illustrious General of no less than sixty guns! Isn't it mean, is it not cowardly, to attempt to rob a man of his hard-won glory? Is it not like a Sepoy journal? Of course, we shall be told it is an accident, but we do not think the excuse can be accepted, inasmuch as the summary is generally the best done thing in the paper. We vote that our bilious contemporary be called upon publicly to restore to the insulted General the sixty guns he has been so shamefully plundered of, and further, that he be sentenced, as a fit penalty for his attempt at spoliation, to write ten cheerful articles in ten consecutive numbers. To one of his melancholy disposition, to apprise the Adelphi audience of the same fact, and had deputed our friend—the world's friend—MR. PAUL BEDFORD, and his illustrious ally, MR. WRIGHT, to make the speech. MR. B.'s wink would be worth a Jew's-eye, as he surveyed the pit, and was monarch of all he surveyed:—

THEATRICAL TELEGRAMS.

MR. PUNCH observes, with regret, that the directors of some of our theatres are trying to take the bread out of the mouths of the penny newspaper people, and their allies, the roaring ruffians who bawl news in the quiet streets. It is growing a habit, when real or supposed tidings have come in, for a manager or actor to step before the curtain, and announce to the audience the contents of the Telegram. This seems to us unfair, and calculated to injure the interests of the Catchpenny Press.

At least, we conceive, that, if a theatrical artist *will* meddle with public affairs, he ought to do so artistically. He has no right simply to plunder the newspaper. He ought to dress up his announcements in some little accordance with his vocation. If he be a singer, let him give his news operatically; if a tragedian, poetically; if a comedian, comically; if an equestrian, hoarsely.

For instance, suppose a Telegram has come in, and MR. HARRISON, at the Lyceum, considers it desirable to communicate the news to the house. Let him come forward to the footlights, and, with a glance at MR. MELLOW for a chord, sing what the poet of the *Rose of Castille* would have written, as follows:—

"I am not now a Muleteer,
I've news to tell that you should hear,
It's come by Telegram:
A glorious battle has been fought,
The rascally Sepoys have caught
A licking; yes, and so they ought,
From brave Sir COLIN CAM.

(Bells.) CAM, CAM, CAM, CAM, CAM, CAM, CAM, CAM,
From brave Sir COLIN CAM.
His Bell would not come into rhyme,
And so down there you hear it chime,
(Bells.) CAM, CAM, CAM, CAM, CAM."

Or, in the second case, we will imagine that MR. CRESWICK thought it necessary to communicate the same sort of thing at the Surrey (not that he has ever done so, yet): he should step out before the tragic green baize is removed, and address the house:—

"War's a dread thing, but, sanctified by right,
It is a noble thing. Noblest of all
When it smites down the crest of cruel men.
CAMPBELL has closed with NANA. On the turf
Lie in their blood full fifteen thousand blacks,
And, 'mid them, on a gibbet, fouls the air
Their ruffian chief. Shout we for COLIN CAMPBELL!"

Thirdly, let us suppose that MADAME CELESTE had desired to

SAD OMISSION AT THE CATTLE-SHOW.

WE regret to state, that the editor of the *Saturday Review* sent several Pens to the exhibition in Baker Street, but that they unfortunately arrived too late. They were the Pens of his various contributors. Every one of them was of the cross-breed, but finer specimens of the class could not well have been selected. Judges of such articles declare, with the greatest confidence, that they must have carried off the prizes. All the Pens were to have been exhibited in the Pig-Department. MR. GOLIGHTLY TEAZLE had a highly-bred Pen that was admirably adapted "to go the whole hog"—at least that was the compliment honourably conferred upon it by the classic Editor, who had specially undertaken the rearing of it for purposes of public exhibition, at least once a-week. For porcine beauty it has probably never been surpassed in the literary world. So evident were its merits, that we are informed, it must have taken the curl completely out of the tail of even PRINCE ALBERT'S Pig.

SUBLIME CONTEMPT.—*Proud Man* (whose genealogical tree has been 2000 years, at least, growing). He show you his Portrait-Gallery—the mushroom! Why, I doubt if the Snob has got an Ancestor that dates further back than a Photograph!

Now, my bricksy-wicksy-wicksies, what do you say, eh? Haven't the CAMPBELLS been coming, eh, and coming it pretty strong? We rather flatter our shirtbuttons that they have just been and done that same.

MR. Wright, P.S. (invisible). I say, JACK, what are you cackling about? Mustn't talk to your benefactors like that, you know.

MR. Bedford. Come along here, Gov'nor. Talk of cackling, here's a billy ducks. (Produces paper.)

MR. Wright (enters). Where's BILLY? Why, you stoopid old creature, what d'ye call that a billy for? Nice sort of a rhinoceros you must be.

MR. Bedford. Come, come, Gov'nor, don't be hard on a fellah. We haven't all got your hysterical information, you know. Read that photographic message, Gov'nor.

MR. Wright (with intense contempt). Photographic message! (Takes the paper.) It's my belief, JACK, that you're a megalotherium. That's about the size of it.

MR. Bedford. What's that, Gov'nor?

MR. Wright. A great beast, JACK. But never mind. You can't help it, and you wouldn't if you couldn't. Let's see, you old elephant tiasis. (Reads the Telegram, amid shouts of applause.)

THE NEEDFUL METAL.

SOME of our readers may think that MR. COMMISSIONER GOULBURN was a little hard upon a party who appeared before him the other day in the Court of Bankruptcy; and respecting whom he made the following observation:—

"He then raised money upon those goods, and in the opinion of the Court only satisfied the holder of the bill of lading by committing a fresh crime; namely, by obtaining a quantity of tin, before he failed, from a MR. JONES."

But, how could he, poor fellow, satisfy the holder of the bill otherwise than by obtaining a quantity of tin from somebody or other? If he had not procured the tin from MR. JONES, he would have been obliged to get it from MR. SMITH or MR. BROWN, or MR. ROBINSON. From the fact that he failed after having obtained that tin, his mistake appears to have consisted in not obtaining enough.

THE SULTAN'S DELPHIC ANSWER TO MONS. DE LESSEPS' PETITION ABOUT THE ISTHMUS OF SUEZ.—"CUT."



FLUNKEIANA RUSTICA.

Mistress. "Now, I DO HOPE, SAMUEL, YOU WILL MAKE YOURSELF TIDY, GET YOUR CLOTH LAID IN TIME—AND TAKE GREAT PAINS WITH YOUR WAITING AT TABLE!"

Samuel (who has come recently out of a Strayyard). "YEZ, M'! BUT PLEAZ, M', BE OI TO WEAR MY BREECHES?"

AN ACT OF CONTINENTAL GRACE.

It may be well occasionally to desist awhile from our habitual practice of ridiculing our own British absurdities, in order to animadvert, with playful derision, on those of our Continental neighbours. The subjoined telegram from Madrid is a piece of intelligence which will excite the laughter of every rational Englishman:—

"The Prince has been baptized.

"An amnesty has been granted for political offences, and to persons condemned to light punishments."

That any excuse for pardoning political offenders may be a good one in Spain, is possible enough; but what reason is afforded by the baptism of a royal baby for remitting the punishments of common offenders? What a set of fools we should have thought HER MAJESTY'S Ministers, if, on the occasion of our last Royal christening, the HOME SECRETARY had ordered all the convicts under sentence for petty larceny to be let out of gaol! Rogues are punished for the protection of the public; and all remission of the punishment of such offenders is an abatement of that protection.

To signalize a baptism by the amnesty of pickpockets, is to increase the general liability to the loss of pocket-handkerchiefs, and to make that solemnity an occasion for indulging the worse portion of the people to the detriment of the better.

There is a very particular reason why the inconsistent and irrational doings of foreigners should be carefully held up to the ridicule of the British Public. A set of boobies, who affect what they call cosmopolitan ideas, are continually trying to persuade their hearers and readers to regard the silly manners and foolish customs, and preposterous acts, of other nations in a liberal point of view: that is to ignore their imbecility, fatuity, folly, immorality and injustice. Such people would have us consider almost any of the practices of all natives whomsoever, in a "spirit of toleration" as their cant phrase is, and would desire us to acquiesce in all, and imitate many, of the various zanyisms, idiotisms, and tomfooleries of the rest of the world. Let us, on the contrary, preserve our insular peculiarities, while they ape all manner of childish Continentalisms, or, going farther still, paint their faces sky-blue and red, and dance, howling, after the fashion of GREAT RIBBED-NOSE YAHOO, and RUSTY TOMAHAWK.

MR. PUNCH'S HUMANITY.

ONE HOCKLEY WOOD, an attorney, seems to have been utterly flabbergasted at a major and a minor proposition set before him, last week by LORD MAYOR CARDEN. HOCKLEY had been acting for some people who were making an unjust charge of felony; and the case having proved rotten, the MAYOR observed that it was "monstrous that any solicitor should undertake such a case." This speech presented a new idea to MR. WOOD, who in his utter bewilderment remarked that, "any solicitor must undertake any case that is brought to him, so long as he is on the rolls." The MAYOR begged not only to contradict WOOD, but to add that no respectable solicitor would have undertaken such a case as that? And he discharged the prisoner, the audience "cheering loudly." We think SIR ROBERT was a little hard on WOOD. Perhaps it was really the first time he had ever heard that any work that is paid for is regarded by society as too dirty for an attorney. His legal education was incomplete. We do not think that ignorance should be treated so harshly. Now that MR. WOOD has had a hint, he will apply a new test to cases in which he may be retained, and "bless the useful light" held to him by the MAYOR. We have compassion for everything, even an attorney, and would gladly help HOCKLEY WOOD out of what a facetious archæologist would call Hockley Hole.

Paper and Bronze.

THE great Prussian Sculptor, CHRISTIAN RAUCH, has departed, full of honours. His splendid monument to FREDERIC THE GREAT will endure as long as earth worships conquerors—perhaps longer. To the same man THOMAS CARLYLE has just completed another memorial. We wonder which is the heavier.

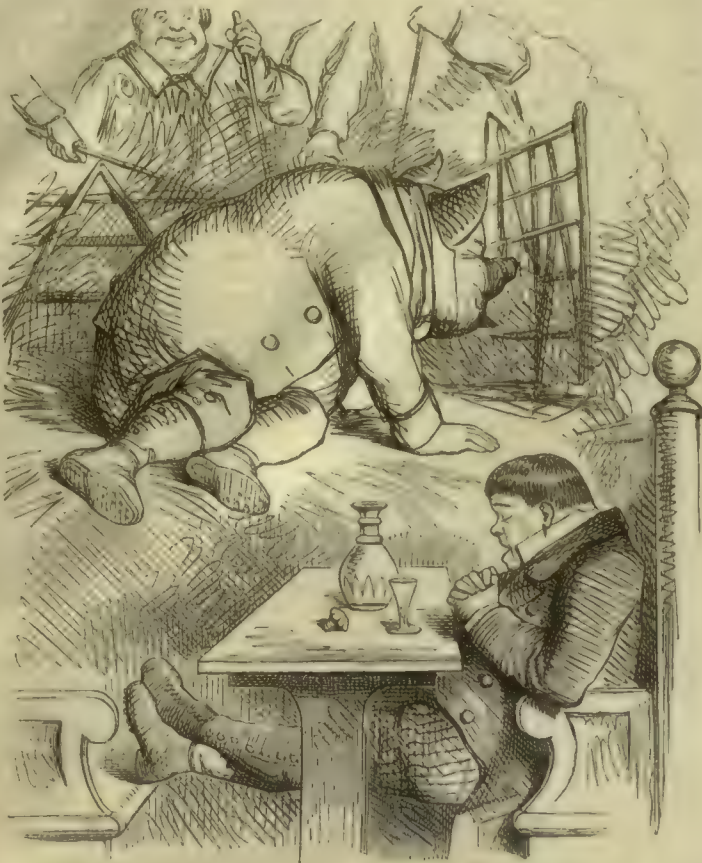
A MITRE IN BETHNAL GREEN.

DIVERS Bishops, in lawn, and in the richer livery of the Scarlet Lady, have, at fitting times, received in these pages such castigation as erring hierarchs deserve. But what are we to say of the new BISHOP OF LONDON, DR. TAIT? Truly he is a scandal. This man has been down among the dirty and squalid people of Bethnal Green, for the purpose, as he says, of making himself acquainted with their condition. More, he specially invited them to come to a church, whence he did his best to exclude on that occasion (by what right, we should like to know,) respectable folks. And he, the Bishop, a Lord in the House of Lords, preached to these unclean creatures, and with his own lips (not even filtering the doctrine through a clean chaplain) pressed upon them his views for their welfare. He told them not to indulge in dreamy notions about a heaven up in cloud-land, but assured them that there would be a tangible new earth, on which should be neither sin, poverty, nor sorrow, and he gave them certain advice as to qualifying themselves for it. And hundreds of these creatures expressed their thankfulness. This sort of thing will not do. We can't have seedy-minded Bishops. We are happy to know that, painful as the task may be, DR. WILBERFORCE has undertaken to remonstrate with the eccentric DR. TAIT, and remind his Lordship of what he owes to his order. Luckily neither on a Bishop's mitre nor a Baron's coronet are there leaves, or we should have trembled for their fate among the silkworms.

Relief for Rich and Poor.

THE suspension of the stringent provision of the Bank Charter Act has relieved the dealers in money. Could not the stringent provisions of the Poor Law be slightly relaxed, also, in favour of the destitute, thrown out of employment by the crisis? Surely Government and the legislature will not play fast and loose: loose with the discount-houses, and fast with the workhouses!

ORTHOGRAPHY FOR TAILORS.—Sydenham Trousers, 17s. 6d.! Go where you will, you encounter a placard or a poster relative to Sydenham Trousers. Sydenham!—why Sydenham? Don't the people know how to spell? Shouldn't it be Sit-in-em?



After visiting the Cattle Show, Farmer Giles gets a "little bit o' dinner," drinks a bottle of "red port," and has a fearful dream in consequence.

A COMET IN A LAW COURT.

WITH all our depth of penetration, there are occasionally mysteries too deep for us to fathom; and such a one we find in the following statement by the *Daily News* reporter, *in re* a recent applicant to the Insolvent Debtors' Court:—

"This insolvent, a butcher, who applied under the Protection Act, attributed his appearance to the high price of meat, and the loss he had sustained in June, when the Comet was expected, by a large quantity being spoilt."

Whatever the "appearance" of this butcher may have been, we are puzzled to conjecture how, in any way, he could assign it to the causes which he mentions. The high price of meat might undoubtedly affect the looks of many people, by forcing them to total abstinence from that nutritious condiment, and compliance with the dietary rules of Vegetarianism. The ruddiest of beef-eaters might show a change in his appearance, were he driven by high prices to farinaceous viands, and lived a month or two on cabbages washed down with toast and water. But we should have thought a butcher was one of the last people to be forced to give up eating meat, just as we should fancy that in case of any scarcity of coals, the last persons to use wood would be the people of Newcastle.

But much as this may puzzle us, the second cause alleged is greatly more perplexing. How a butcher's meat can have been spoilt by the expectation of a Comet, it really quite surpasses our imagination to conceive. We have heard wondrous tales of the appendages of Comets, which we have generally regarded as tails for the Marines; but here we have a Comet appearing in a Law Court with a tale of its destructiveness in *bonâ fide* evidence, and no doubt supported by a host of affidavits; it is worthy, too, of notice, as showing in the strongest light the baleful influence of Comets, that the damage was occasioned not by actual approach, but by mere expectation of the vagrant body. As coming events cast their shadows before, so Comets, it would seem, are capable of damaging when merely in expectancy.

Although we sympathise immensely with this unlucky butcher (who may thank his stars, however, that he was not Comet-struck himself, as well as his large quantity of meat), we can hardly be surprised at the upshot of his case, which resulted, we are told, in an adjournment *sine die*; or, in other words, until the plea which he set up should be capable of proof. In applying on such grounds for the protection of the Court, the insolvent might as well have sued for its protection from the Comet; and when next that visitor is currently expected, we should recommend his seeking magisterial advice, as to how best to preserve his meat from being spoilt by it. If it be thought that he would only show his weakness by taking

such a course, we consider that such imbecility would be about on a par with the strength of his late argument, in showing cometary cause why he was entitled to protection by the Act. We know when men are pushed for reasons, they often have recourse to forcible expressions, but really this assigning one's misfortunes to a non-arriving Comet, we can but view as an attempt to come-it much too strong.

SIGNS OF THE SEASON.

DISMANTLED now, the forest trees,
Are in the dreary case,
Since they have doffed their liveries,
Of footmen out of place.
All bare, except the evergreens,¹
Their leaves which do not shed,
The gloomy paths of sylvan scenes,
My highlows, cease to tread.

Along the pavements now to pad,
It is the better way,
Where, whilst the groves are dark and sad,
The shops are bright and gay.
There let us muse upon the goods,
Which bid us understand,
As fully as the leafless woods,
That Christmas is at hand.

The butchers' to the pensive mind,
Impart a sweet relief;
There Meditation food may find
In lovely bits of beef.
And if perchance, a thought of gloom
May on the heart intrude,
We smile to think who can consume
All that amount of food.

The linendrapers' also teem
With objects rich and rare,
Which lovely beings truly dream
That they shall shortly wear,
Burnous, and Bertha, and Visite
Of azure, white and pink,
You hear them cry, "Oh dear! how sweet!
How charming! Only think!"

Nor do the sons of Crispin not
The wayfarer amuse,
See in their windows, what a lot
Of smart white satin shoes!
Approaching parties these portend
To every thinking mind;
And thus, wherever we may wend,
Diversion still we find.

We see the grocers' windows piled
With raisins, currants, spice.
"My eye!" exclaims the gazing child,
"How plummy! Oh! how nice!"
And then a maddening thought there comes,
And rushes o'er the brain:
We wish, when we behold those plums,
That we were boys again!

Tests of the Passions.

(By our Tame Misogynist.)

To find out whom a child loves, make it a present, and notice to whom it is most eager to show that present, exultingly. To find out whom a woman hates—do exactly the same things.

The Hero of Millwall.

MR. BRUNEL is undaunted by the scoffs launched at his launch. He may be observed, in the evenings, gazing hopefully on the *Leviathan*, and ejaculating, like another GALILEO, *E pur ee muove*.

CORN EXCHANGE.

MR. EISENBERG is building a tower for the express purpose of calling it the "*Tour de Nail*."

UNFASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.



ILL and Mrs. FENCER will cease to receive as usual, in consequence of having been committed to Newgate.

MR. MOTLEY is entertaining a select circle at his place in the Ring.

MR. FAKER has arrived at the *Spotted Dog*.

MR. BILL SNORKEY has invited to his suburban establishment a large party of the democracy to partake of the sport of Ratting.

The HOME SECRETARY has done MR. RUFFY the honour of conferring on him a Ticket-of-leave.

MASTER FRISK has got three months.

MR. HOOKIT, the Bank Director, has quitted England for change of air, that of this country having been pronounced too warm for him.

The destination of the honourable gentleman is at present unknown.

THE SWEET USES OF PROSPERITY.*

MAN, when prosperous, is kept regularly acquainted with all the pressing wants of his friends.

He is reminded of every little favour and obligation that has ever been conferred upon him during his life-time, even including his school-days.

He is beset by mothers with marriageable daughters.

He becomes the target of all begging-letter writers.

He is applied to by every charity, every hospital, every institute, every reformatory, besides every bubble company, for subscriptions, and must run the risk of being considered "mean," or called "a screw," if he declines subscribing to every one of them.

He becomes the slave of a large retinue of servants, and is obliged to put up with their caprices, their pretensions, their impertinences, and the various other forms and phases of ingratitude that Flunkeyism, in its pampered state, is mostly addicted to.

He is expected, every now and then, to take the chair at a public dinner.

He yokes himself to a magnificent carriage with the most beautiful horses, and becomes terribly alarmed at the smallest accident occurring to them.

He is doomed to hear nothing but flattery, and should the truth by any accident be told him, it sounds so harshly in his ears that he is almost inclined to resent it as an insult.

He has fulsome dedications, and is obliged to buy innumerable copies of stupid books, as he knows well enough that the dedication is written for no other object.

He has his town-house and his country-house, his carriage-horses and his riding-horses, besides hunting-horses and horses for his friends and his grooms, and favourite dogs, every one of which is a source of endless anxiety to him. With his possessions increase his cares.

He is doomed to death to be the Director, or Guardian, or Trustee, or Chairman, of nearly all the equivocal Societies and Companies, philanthropical or otherwise, that have "SWINDLING" written in large characters upon the brass front of their doors or prospectuses.

He has relations without end constantly springing up, and they clamour at his gates, and demand relief as boldly as paupers knocking at an union-workhouse.

He has every false *Apollo*, every Wardour-Street *Venus*, every Brummagem *Laocöon*, submitted to his critical notice, either for purchase, patronage, or puff; and is pestered by quacks of all descriptions for testimonials, testifying that he has had extracted without the smallest pain from his little toe a corn as big as a walnut, or that he has been in the habit of taking the *ESSENCE OF GAMMON* for the last nineteen years, and has derived the greatest benefit from it.

He preserves game, and is in a perpetual state of alarm lest the poachers should not leave him a single pheasant.

He must not question a tradesman's account, but submit gracefully to every imposition, inasmuch as he has plenty of money, and can well afford to pay for it.

He is expected, from his exalted position, to set an example to others;

so woe to him if he is not regular in his attendance at church, and still greater woe to him if he should happen, during an asphyxiating sermon, to fall asleep; woe to him if he attempts to sneak off a jury, or tries to get himself excused from attending at an inquest; woe to him if he refuses to serve as churchwarden; woe to him if he is diffident about examining charity children, or delicate about the distribution of tracts or soup-tickets; and everlasting woe to him, if he fail in running about with all the benevolent old women of the neighbourhood in catechising, relieving, and visiting the queerest people in the queerest places.

Notwithstanding all these cares and anxieties, in spite of all the persecutions and drawbacks to which Prosperity is, from its nature and worldly condition, condemned, I fancy that there are few amongst us who would not wish to be Prosperous to-morrow? For myself, I caudily confess I should not mind having the MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER'S wealth; though I should decline it, if the condition were attached to it, that I must be the MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER! No, believe me, that of all the sweet uses of Prosperity, the sweetest is in knowing how to use it!—*The Hermit of the Haymarket.*

HOMAGE TO THE HORSERADISH.

HORSERADISH, hast thou never stung,
At Christmas-tide, a poet's tongue?
No more shalt thou remain unsung.

A host of bards, with all their means,
Have glorified those evergreens
Which now adorn our festive scenes.

But holly, prickly though it be,
Hath nothing of such pungency
That it can be compared with thee.

Apart from mistletoe, right lief,
I'd snatch a kiss; but, oh, what grief
To miss horseradish with roast-beef!

LORD PUNCH TO LORD COVENTRY.

MY DEAR YOUNG LORD,

In the sporting papers of this week I read as follows:—

"LORD COVENTRY is entering, with much enthusiasm, upon the turf. His Lordship is forming an admirable stud."

Now, my dear young Lord (I may call you so, because I learn from my esteemed friend, Mr. Dod, that you were born in 1838), listen to me.

In the sporting papers of about this time four years, or perhaps less, I shall assuredly read as follows:—

"LORD COVENTRY retires from the turf, and his stud is on sale. He is so disgusted with the rascality which he has witnessed, and of which he has been a victim, that he will have no more to do with racing men. It is deplorable to see how all gentlemen are deterred from the noble sport by the scoundrelism of those who make it a trade."

And, my dear young Lord, your bankers' account will be the worse by some £30,000 by the interval between the two dates. And that sum will have gone to benefit a set of fellows whom it would be a most excellent thing to send to penal servitude for the rest of their natural lives.

Come, GEORGE WILLIAM, there have been some clever men in your family. It claimed a LORD KEEPER, in 1625, don't let it claim a LORD LOSER in 1858. Leave the turf to its rogues, send the £30,000 to the Indian Fund, and write me a letter of thanks for the hint.

Ever, my dear young Lord,

Your affectionate Guardian,

Shortest Day, 1857.

PUNCH.

CORRUPT PRACTICES.—FOR a medical man to be continually called out of church in the middle of the service!—FOR a young gentleman to practise the cornet-a-pistons in the middle of the night!—FOR a barrister to accept the fees for more briefs than he can possibly attend to!—FOR an infernal bore to begin proposing healths, and making speeches, directly after dinner!—FOR a conceited barber's apprentice of a singer to come forward, and repeat his dreary song, at the very faintest cry for an "Encore!"—FOR the stupid public to persist in the corrupt practice of having any "Encores" at all, more especially in sacred compositions!—and for a beautiful young lady (more shame for her! when she has a capacity both for singing and playing) to neglect her music, and give up practising altogether, as soon as she is married!

DESIGN FOR A CARTOON IN THE BANK-PARLOUR.—PAM teaching the Old Lady in Threadneedle Street to fly kites.

* Vide "The Sweet Uses of Adversity," Vol. xxxii., p. 107.

HOW MR. COOKE TAKES DELHI.

WE used to think that there were nearly enough of the SOMERSETS in the public service. Wherever there was a good berth vacated, if one of that family did not get it, his failure was certainly not owing to any want of asking. But there is a gentleman of the name whose merits have been overlooked by all Governments, and that is MR. C. A. SOMERSET, who supplies ideas and dialogue for the spectacles at Astley's. We only wish that he had been sent to India instead of that unhappy LORD CANNING. He would have made short work with the Sepoy scoundrels. You would not have caught him insulting the loyal English population of Calcutta, or its press, by placing them under the same disabling laws as the black traitors. You would not have found him preventing the Christian population from arming and organising. You would not have had him interposing between treason and its punishment. In a word, SOMERSET would have been as right as CANNING has been wrong, and that is saying a great deal.

This eulogy is not passed in ignorance of facts, as CANNING is defended by his ministerial friends. We have seen MR. SOMERSET's notion of dealing with the Sepoys. We saw it from a box at Astley's; and we declare it to be highly satisfactory. A new spectacle has been got up, in which the history of the rebellion is set out, from the mutiny at Barrackpore to the storming of Delhi. It is a most animated affair, the interest never flags, and the author has had the good taste (lacked elsewhere, and where it might have been reasonably looked for), to omit any attempt at reproducing the horrors of the Indian crisis. We see the black rascals plotting and rebelling, and rendering themselves just detestable enough to make the audience shout with joy when the swift vengeance of countless supernumeraries breaks upon the miscreants, and they are banged, beaten, bayoneted, blown from guns, or otherwise disposed of, as suits the scene. Small time are they allowed even for their greatest triumph, when some ladies are made captive. Hardly have the latter time to deal out defiance and a pistol-shot or so, when in dash the Highlanders, and every ruffian is pinned with the steel. Another attack upon the women is punished even more summarily—the soldiers, borrowing the bonnets, lie in ambush, and as the Sepoys rush upon a defenceless prey, out leaps the blasting volley. And as for Delhi, the revenge of England comes down upon it in a storm of fire that makes you smell powder for an hour afterwards.

The spectacle is quite a national one, and sends away the audience most confirmed anti-sentimentalists. LORD CANNING's head is said to be very cool—as cool as his conduct—but we have a notion that a jury from Astley's would order it off with very considerable promptitude. British enthusiasm is thoroughly stirred up, and we are far from sure that if the Sepoy actors held out too long, a reinforcement from the pit would not storm the orchestra and whack the traitors. And when it is desired to concentrate the feeling of the house, MR. JAMES HOLLOWAY, as a Serjeant-Major, promoted to be a Cornet, (the exclusive system will not do *coram populo*) fights such a dreadful sword combat with four enemies, that the applause of the spectators becomes hurricanish. The Generals, HAVELOCK, HEARSEY (with no one to snub him for promptly doing a wise thing), WILSON, and others, ride with heroic recklessness, and young MR. COOKE, as a military photographer, is alternately fascinating and valiant, as circumstances dictate. In fine, those who want to see lots of soldiers of all sorts, good fierce fighting, and the invariable triumph of HER MAJESTY's arms, had better go over Westminster Bridge, which is still tolerably safe.

VENISON HAM.

"MR. PUNCE,

"LOOKEE here, Sir. Here's a rum story out o' the *Forres Gazette* :—

"VENISON.—We have had an abundant supply of deer in the new markets for the last month. MR. TURNBULL, game dealer, has had a weekly display of a dozen of these noble-looking animals, the hinder parts of which have been readily purchased for hams, at 6d. a pound; while the other portions of the carcase were quickly disposed of at 5d. We understand they were sent from the forests at Glenfiddich."

"They must be preshus bad off for pigs, I should think, up there in Scotland, to be bliged to meak their hams out o' deer. How much fat, I wonder, is there on them Scotch deer hams? I don't suppose there's no acorns nor beech-nuts in the Scotch vorrests, so I dwoan't know what med be the case thereaway; but this I'll be bound vor—if there's any deer left in the New Forest, and people hereabouts was to begin turnun of their hindquarters into hams, I warnd there'd soon be a precious row tween they and the pigs as be turned out to 'ood in the fall. The hogs 'ood veel twas a mintervance wi their vested rights, and what a gruntun and a squeakun we should hear among um!

"Fancy a stag in a sty—magine a deer-tub and stag-wash. When you'd put un up to vat, what eod you gie un?—barley male, or what? Wonder what sart o' beeacon he'd make? Gammon, a goodish bit, no doubt. And how about stag-pork? If so be there was sitch a thing,

a chap med be puzzled to tell the difference 'tween a pork-pie and a venison-pasty.

"This here MR. TURNBULL, as sells the deer to make hams wi, had better be called MR. TURNSTAG, secun as how he sims to turn stags into pigs. I never heerd nothun like ut avore, 'cept once our parson talkun 'bout an old 'coman, one ZURSY, I thinks a call'd her, turnun of Christians into swine. That there beeacon must ha bin summut like this here—beeacon bewitch'd. But there, I mustn't trespass no furdur upon your colms; else I spose you'll begin to grunt. Zo no moor at preznt vrom your reglar reeder

"WILLIAM CHOOKS."

"*Swonthury, Hants, Dec. 1857.*"

BUCOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

ACCORDING to a recent commercial report relative to the Corn Trade :—

"Store and fat stock are still inactive."

How confidently this announcement may be depended upon, must be manifest to everybody who visited the Fat Cattle Show and inspected the Figs.



RANDOM REFLECTIONS.

YOUR cabman is the most aspiring of mortals. Whatever rank he may be on, he is always looking for a hire.

Hope cannot satisfy, it merely appetises. The man who "lives in hope" is generally hungry.

Happy the man who can meet his tailor without flinching, and can even be "at home" when the tax-collector visits him.

Bashfulness is merely a matter of position. Ladies who object to be kissed under the mistletoe show no such reluctance to be kissed under the rose.

Epigram by an Uneducated Donkey.

CLEVER MR. BRUNNLE,
His father made the Tunnel;
But touching this here ship
The son has made a—Slip.

A NEW INTERJECTION.

PEOPLE who are intensely disgusted often express their feelings by exclaiming, "Paff!" If the cause of their disgust is the conduct of a Bank Director, perhaps in future they will cry "WAUGH!"

IRONY FOR CHRISTMAS.—The Relieving Officer derives his name from his duty, because he is chiefly employed in turning the destitute away from the workhouse-door.



AS SLEEP IS OUT OF THE QUESTION, OWING TO THOSE CONFOUNDED WAITS, MR. BANGS, LIKE A SENSIBLE PERSON, ACCOMMODATES HIMSELF TO CIRCUMSTANCES, AND PRACTISES HIS DANCING!

LEAVES FROM A CHRISTMAS-TREE.

OR, THOUGHTS THAT HANG ON PLAYTHINGS.

PLEASURE is but a ball that a child runs after so long as it keeps rolling, but which he kicks away from him the moment it stops.

The character that has holes pierced in it isn't worth a pin, and you can say the same of a child's drum.

Drums also, partake of the quality given by NAPOLEON to English soldiers, for "they never know when they're beaten."

The child takes a pleasure in blowing its trumpet. What is music to itself is discord to others; and yet it will persevere for hours. The man becomes often as great a nuisance when he allows his vanity to be incessantly pushing him before others to blow his own trumpet!

A gong that is sounded too loudly only startles people. So, in sounding your praises, you cannot do it with too light a hand. If you sound them too thumpingly persons will only run away from you, or else put their fingers in their ears, to prevent their being bored with such empty noise.

The performer on a tin fiddle reminds one of the prosperous fool who is always boasting of having accumulated a large fortune.

We generally make the most of any little danger. We shrink one moment and laugh at our fears the next, like young ladies pulling bonbon crackers. Most apprehensions have a ridiculous or a pleasant termination. The end is generally a motto or a sweetmeat.

CHRISTMAS SHOOTING CHORUS.

AIR.—*Unmistakable.*

WHAT pastime can equal the sport of a schoolboy?
When Christmas Vacation at large lets him run!
Through lane and up hedgerow to chase thrush and blackbird,

Or follow the field-fare with bird-bolt and gun.

With bow and with arrow

To aim at the sparrow,

The chaffinch, and greenfinch, and bunting, till dark;

Or stones to go shying

At robins, or trying,

Now sitting, now flying,

To knock o'er the lark.

Oh, what a lark, what a lark, what a lark, what a lark!

What a lark!

What a jolly, jolly, jolly lark!

Ah, what a lark!

Oh, what a lark!

Hip, hip, hooray for a lark!

A DECEPTIVE SPIRIT.

CHEMISTRY is a wonderful science. Witness the following telegram:—

"An Imperial decree in the *Moniteur* announces that foreign brandies have to pay on importation into France a duty of 25 francs per hectolitre of pure alcohol."

Import brandy into France? Carry coals to Newcastle! You will perhaps exclaim. But we have long suspected that all the best French brandy was made in London. The *Moniteur* proves that we were right. We shall ask for Cognac no more; when next we require a little glass, medicinally, we shall call it "Smithfield."

Metallic Operations.

MARK the *Leviathan* lying up there all dry;

Pity the shareholders' panics:

"Metal on Metal" we knew was false heraldry,

Now it's declared false mechanics.

A good book is like travelling. The memory is sure to make some agreeable passage.

The doll that speaks too frequently ends badly. The possession of its gift is the cause of its destruction. To find out the secret of its inspiration it is picked to pieces. It is the fate of genius all over.

Scandal flies much like a kite, according to the length of the tale it has to carry.

At Christmas-time, in the society of children, every one is *presentable*; but more especially he who comes laden with presents.

Whipping may make a humming-top go spinningly enough; but it is thrown away on boys. XERXES, after his ships were wrecked, flogged the sea; but we never heard of the sea having taken a moral turn from that moment. In the same way many boys are wrecked at school, and the schoolmaster in his rage flogs the boy for it.

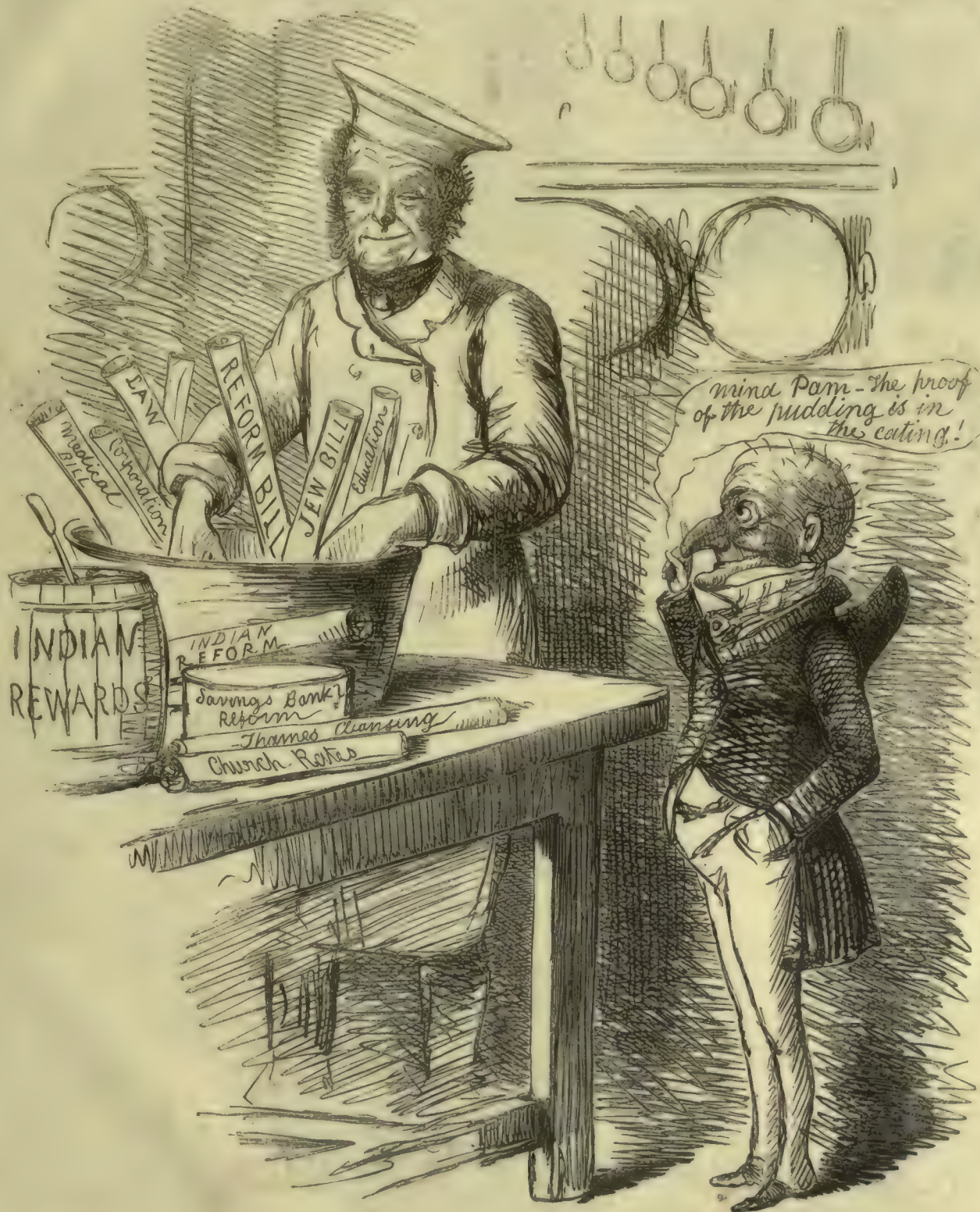
The full mind, like a money-bag that is full, makes no noise; but the empty mind, like a money-bag with only two or three coins in it, keeps up such an incessant rattle that its emptiness soon betrays itself to all.

A wooden sword has this advantage—that it doesn't wear out the scabbard. The same can be said of a body with a wooden soul in it!

It is pleasant to see a green old age, like a Christmas-Tree, comfortably boxed in at home. It is pleasant to see its trunk, bent beneath the weight of riches, surrounded by a host of happy children. It is pleasant to see it stretching out its hospitable arms to all, as though it were anxious to embrace the entire party. It is pleasant to see it blossoming with generous things, and shedding a cheerful light on the gay circle it delights in drawing around it. And it is pleasant to see it distributing with a lavish hand the treasures it has accumulated on all branches, and to notice its head rising higher every time it parts with a fresh gift!

Stocks for Scoundrels.

WE understand that recent commercial disclosures have determined the Government to propose to Parliament, early in the Session, a Bill for the protection of the public against fraudulent Joint Stock Company Directors, by securing all such delinquents in the parish stocks.



PAM (THE CELEBRATED CHEF) MAKING HIS CHRISTMAS PUDDING.





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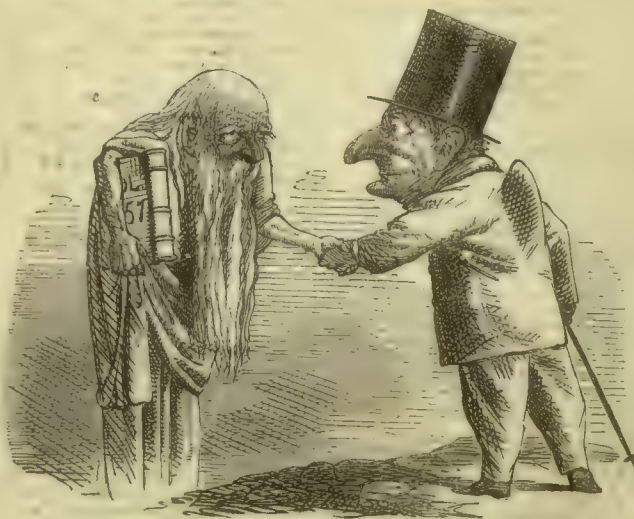
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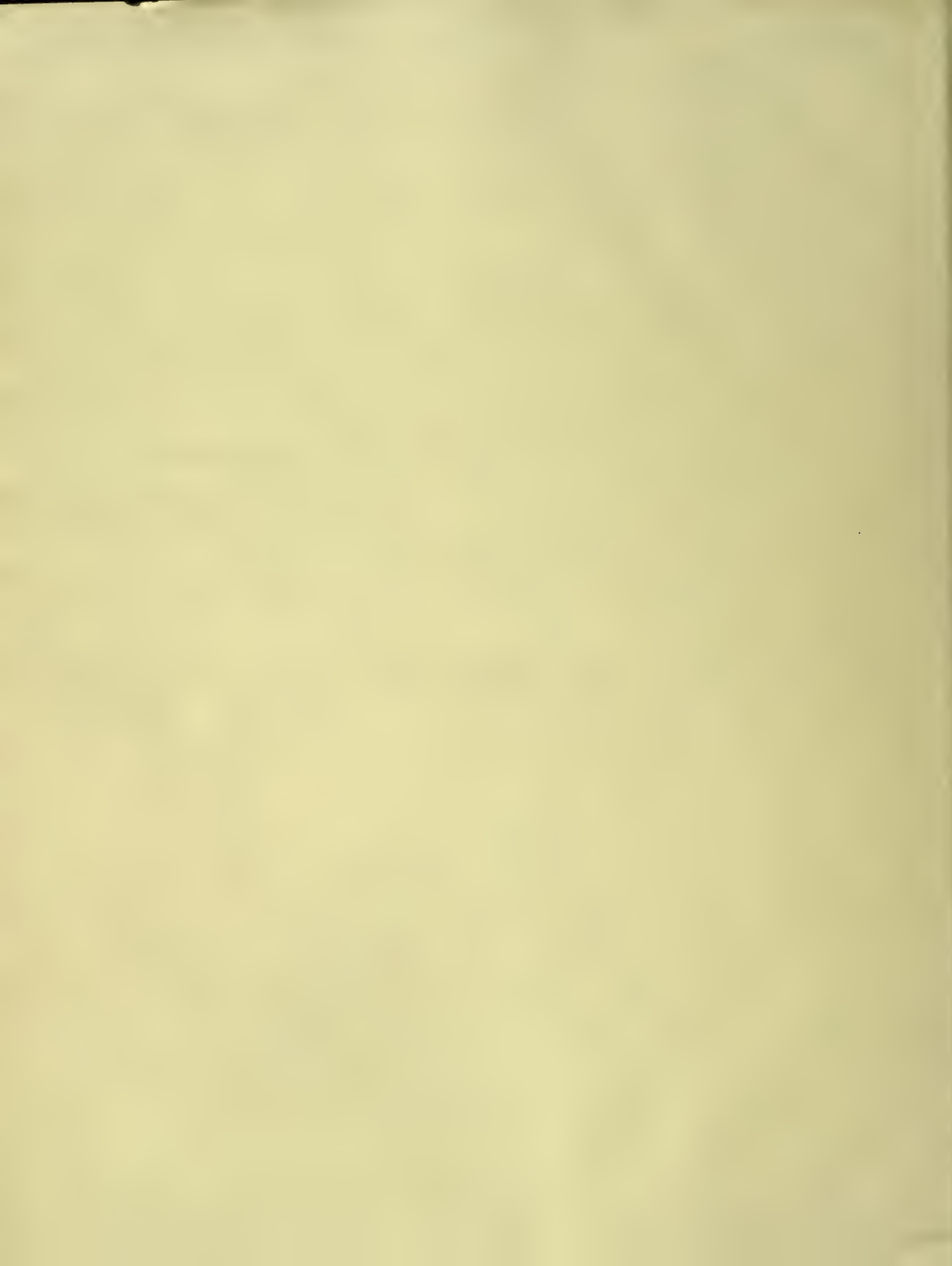
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